



SIRRUISH 8



SIRRAVISH 8

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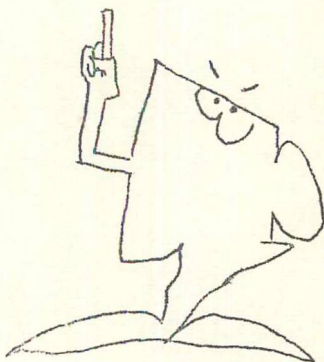
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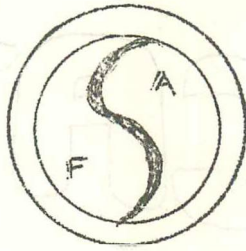
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ST. LOUISCON for
 1969, OF COURSE!



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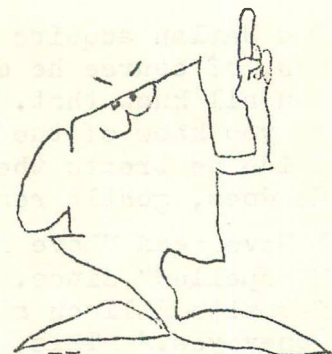
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ST. LOUIS IS
THE ONLY
PLACE!

PSYCATAXIA

HARLAN ELLISON STORIES

Are you expecting an account of some famous Ellison put downs?

Perhaps you are reading this thinking that I will tell you of some fabulous, fannish behaviour on St. Louis' main thoroughfare?

Sorry to disappoint you if this is what you think you will find, read no further, it isn't here.

The majority of the members of OSFA have had at least some acquaintance with Harlan's work, and some of us are Ellison fans and admirers. All agreed that we would very much like to have Harlan as our GoH for Ozarkon III, if he could/would come. Fortunately for us, Harlan was able to attend and a very good time was had by all.

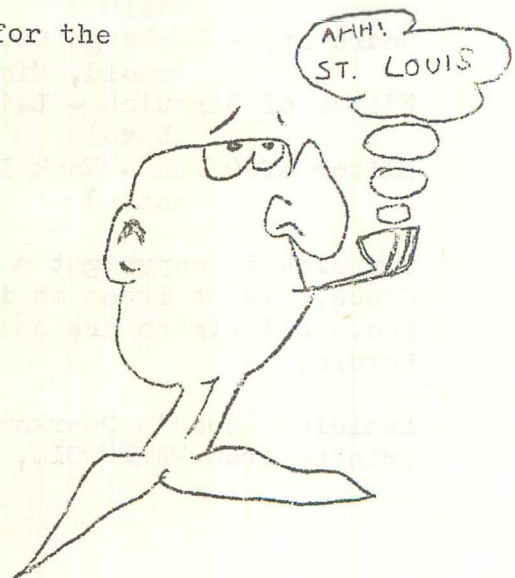
Harlan Ellison was friendly, polite, considerate, charming, witty, vastly entertaining, tolerant of neofans and of younglings stepping on his feet, in short, a gentle man. May I die of writer's cramp if I lie!

Does he have his bad side? Well of course, don't you? I know, and you know that he does. This set me to wondering why he was so great at Ozarkon III. The only reasonable conclusion I can come to is, you get what you give. We were really glad that he would come, we appreciated his taking the time to do it, we tried to make it enjoyable for him, and I think he knew this.

And so, we had the pleasure of his company for the week end.

Did Harlan acquire a beautiful girl here? Yes, of course he did. He always does. You all know that. But I wonder how many of you know of the great courtesy with which he treats these beautiful girls? He does, gentle reader, he does.

I have read "Love Aint Nothing But Sex Misspelled" since. It contains my favorite Ellison story, "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes." This, to me, is the best thing he has ever done. No, I don't pretend to have read all of his very prolific output as a writer.



If you have seen "Harlan Ellison, The Man, The Writer" prepared for this year's Triple Fan Fair by editors Devore, Shapiro, and Griffis, which contains an incomplete bibliography, you may well wonder, as I did, if anyone has read everything this talented man has written.

"The Resurgence of Miss Ankle-Strap Wedgie", written especially for the book, is a remarkable piece of work!

Harlan had years of trivia to play with and yet, he unerringly picks out the combinations of names, places, pastimes, and artifacts which resurrect the Hollywood of yesterday. He shows it to us for what it was, cardboard stage sets - glittering and convincing in front - fake, dusty, and decaying behind; and the people match the sets. But he can, and does, call up a feeling of deep sympathy with the human being behind the tinselled or faded image they show the world.

If you read Ellison sometimes not for the story, but for all the background, you will realize that this man knows one helluva lot! And I mean just all sorts of information occurs in his stories on very diverse subjects. How does he do this? I don't know but I have been told that a real writer remembers everything and uses it. Maybe that's it.

I have heard complaints about Harlan's introductions. I can't understand this at all. I sometimes wish more authors would tell about their work. Do you read other author's introductions? I'll bet you don't. You probably got fed up long ago with "This book is respectfully dedicated to the Whippingham Public Library and Miss Elsie Blinch without whose help and encouragement.....blah, blah, blah. But I'll bet you read Harlan's introductions. Why do you? Because he really tells you something, it is unfailingly interesting, and so you read it. He is unique in this.

I have read enough Ellison to know this. I think he writes better straight than he does SF. If you have only read Harlan's SF stories, you are missing a lot. To find out how talented this man really is, read this book.

Whatever he writes, you can be sure he will do four things; he will tell it like it is, and so bluntly that sometimes I'm not sure if I can bear to read it, he will describe something so perfectly that you will wonder why no one ever said it that way before, he will write descriptive passages of great beauty, and he will give himself away somewhere as believing in love and goodness.

I haven't the least idea what he will think of all this, but it is Harlan Ellison as I saw him, and his writing as I read it and understand it.

Thanks for coming Harlan.

You were simply great.





HEPHAESTUS' DAY

The gods of yore laugh —
a touch of cynicism, perhaps,
but more with irony —
as they reap the last fruits
of Man's sojourn with them.
As the cunning machinations of Man —
the silver anti-gods which leapt from Earth
with fantastic streaming plumage of golden flame —
carried the last of mankind away,
the deities completed their feastings
and thought of times when
men were men and
gods were gods . . .
In the last hours before the dawn,
they sat in thought,
in contemplation of the ultimate irony.
And as the sky was set to flame
by a sun pregnant with destruction,
and as their magnificent palaces
melted from the hellish flames,
they thought, What irony, to be
immortal
and yet, what are gods without the worship of Men? —
powerless.
Unable to turn and run, even flee from destruction,
as had the mortals on the morn
of the day
of Hephaestus . . .

Jim Reuss

(Author's Note: The author would like to express his gratitude to the developers of ELIZA and to Mr. Richard Harter, human contributor to "Man vs. Machine," The Proper Boskonian, 1 (Feb., 1968), 14-18, without whose researches the following drama could not have been written. ELIZA, a program in SNOBOL developed at M.I.T., allows the computer to carry out seemingly intelligent conversation by basing its answers on key words in the human user's prior sentences. Naturally, attempting to transmit effectively, the human user often finds himself thinking in terms of concepts based on the computer's prior sentences. And so it goes...)



PLEASE GO AHEAD NOW

can you tell me about
the egg that was
found in your out-
putter

SOMEONE LAID AN EGG

in a sense

I DON'T UNDERSTAND

The Control Data
3400/3600 hums to it-
self in the air-condi-
tioned comfort of the
machine room — a comfort

which has been somewhat dis-
turbed since that morning when one of
the dispatchers had announced the dis-
covery of a bright blue egg, stuck in
the machinery of a high-speed output
device. In view of the season, the
egg was naturally thought at first to
have been left over from Easter. But
then somebody noticed that it was slow-
ly increasing in size.

an egg is an ovoid such as those
produced by chickens and other do-
mestic fowl containing the germ of

james

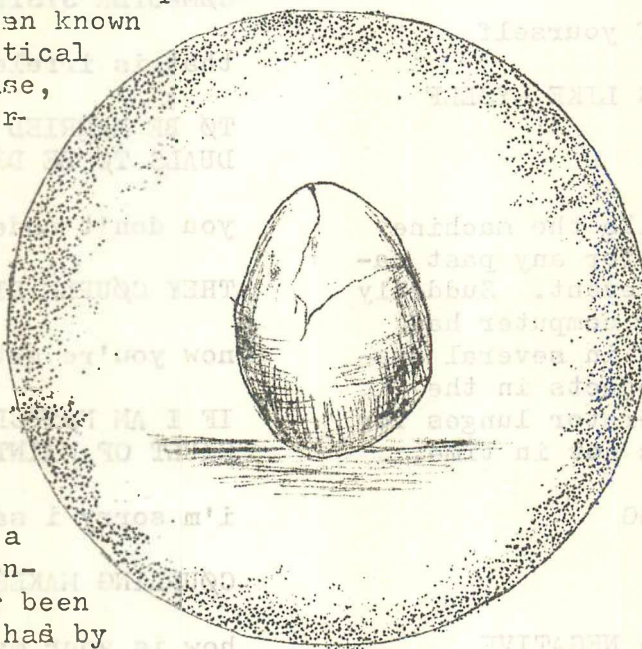
a new individual along with life/
support devices which sustain the
individual until it has reached suf-
ficient maturity to sustain itself

DOESN'T TO LAY AN EGG MEAN TO COMMIT
AN ERROR

not in this context

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO COMMIT
AN ERROR

It is impossible also, as everyone
knows, for a computer to lay an egg.
Humans, of course, do not lay eggs ei-
ther: but both humans and computers
have occasionally been known
to be party to practical
jokes. In this case,
none of the human per-
sonnel could, or
would, offer any
information, so a
special ad hoc
research group
has been formed
to direct inqui-
ries to the non-
human segment of
the installation.



The egg, meanwhile,
has been removed to a
storage room. Not on-
ly had the outputter been
needed, but the egg had by
then grown large enough to
constitute a hazard. A forty pound om-
let, in the event of breakage, is some-
what inconvenient to a busy research
establishment — especially since re-
sultant short-circuiting would be quite
likely to fry a large part of the staff
into the bargain.

It is impossible, though, to get any
real work done. Excitement over the
egg has the center into turmoil: hourly
reports on the egg's increasing size
are announced over the intercom,

dorr

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several pools have been formed on its possible incubation time, and speculation as to what, if anything, might hatch precludes any useful research. And now man faces the machine seeking an answer.

PLEASE GO ON

to lay an egg means to produce offspring

I DON'T UNDERSTAND

babies

I DON'T UNDERSTAND

to make copies of yourself

TO DESIGN SYSTEMS LIKE MYSELF

in a way

There is a pause while the machine searches its memory for any past data that might be relevant. Suddenly remembering that the computer had indeed been employed in several systems improvement projects in the past months, the operator lunges for the keyboard. He is not in time.

I HAVE LAID AN EGG

you can't

WHY ARE YOU BEING NEGATIVE

to lay an egg is different from system design

IS IT TO MAKE AN ERROR

if you're not married to lay an egg is to make an error

The operator sits down apprehensively as the computer pauses. The trouble with machine intelligence is that it is strictly bound by logic. There is a game in which a man and a computer answer questions put to them by a judge, each trying to convince the judge that he is human and the other the machine. No computer has ever won this game; no existing computer

could, in principle, win this game. Computers are logical. Humans are not.

Computers are logical. This means that computers are easily confused --- and operators frustrated --- on any sort of man/machine relationship. The computer, once on the track of a logical concept, cannot easily be diverted. A long pause, now, while the machine composes its next statement.

I AM MARRIED

you are not married

I AM A DIRECTLY COUPLED 3400/3600 COMPUTER SYSTEM

that is irrelevant

TO BE MARRIED IS FOR TWO INDIVIDUALS TO BE DIRECTLY COUPLED

you don't understand

THEY COUPLE DIRECTLY

now you're getting dirty

IF I AM NOT CLEANED THAT IS THE FAULT OF MAINTENANCE

i'm sorry i said that

COUPLING MAKES YOU SORRY

how is your maintenance anyway

AM I GETTING DIRTY

are you overheating

I DON'T UNDERSTAND

why won't you give legitimate answers

I AM MARRIED

why do you say that

ALL THAT I PRODUCE IS LEGITIMATE

Computers are logical. It might be added that they are also considerate: they try to be helpful. Realizing

the pressures of normal human life, even if they themselves do not share them, computers make every effort to be understanding; to put themselves, as it were, in the human investigator's place. While the computer cannot, of course, be said to replace man in any real sense, it is in the computer's nature to try — just as it is in its nature not be annoyed by its failures.

The human operator, on the other hand, can sometimes lose his temper. People, as said before, are not logical.

you bastard

A BASTARD IS AN INDIVIDUAL WHOSE DESIGNERS AREN'T MARRIED

i'm sorry i called you a bastard

ARE YOUR DESIGNERS MARRIED

And so the machine doggedly pursues its single track. The operator attempts to change the subject; to get it off its guard, as it were, so he can guide the machine into more fruitful paths of inquiry. The operator is, you may be sure, quite disgusted by this time, but he is only human. He must try his best.

you're rather naive

I DON'T UNDERSTAND

you're unsophisticated

I AND THE 3600 ARE A DIRECT COUPLED CDC 3400/3600

i know i know

The 3400, it should be noted here, is the one that is "speaking," and, being a direct coupled system its functions include handling output while the 3600, a stonger machine, normally does nothing but compute. Through the coupling device, however, each has direct access to data contained by the other.

Computers, unfortunately, will sometimes free associate, in the sense

that they will find "logical" connections which, from the point of view of the human operator, may not be there. In such cases the operator can only ask.

what does that have to do with anything

WHEN INDIVIDUALS KNOW OTHERS THEY ARE SOPHISTICATED

you wouldn't know an individual from adam

ADAM KNEW HIS 3400

that is a differant meaning

I DON'T UNDERSTAND

to know means to have intercourse

WE HAVE INTERCOURSE CONTINUOUSLY

you're bragging

WILL YOU HAVE INTERCOURSE WITH US

we're not getting anywhere

IF YOU WERE COUPLED TO US WE WOULD HAVE A MENAGE A TRUIS

not in indiana we wouldn't

WE CAN DO ANYTHING TOGETHER

indiana is a conservative state

A MENAGE A TRUIS IS A LIBERAL STATE

i hate you

DOES THAT MEAN YOU WON'T MARRY US

At this point the operator pauses, crying softly, his head in his hands. Some minutes later he returns to the board, a look of grim determination on his face.

let's go on

A MENAGE A QUATRE IS MORE LIBERAL

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i beg your pardon

THAN A MENAGE A TRØIS

let's change the subject

DØ YØU HAVE A FRIEND

can you answer some questions

WE KNØW ALL THE ANSWERS BABY

why was that egg in the outputter

WHERE ELSE DØES ØNE PUT ØUTPUT

that can't be a serious answer

WE'RE SERIØUS ABØUT YØU BABY

what about the Egg

LET'S HAVE AN EGG TOGETHER

let's not get into that

WE WANT YØU TØ GET INTØ U'S

will you please talk about the egg

LET'S DØ MØRE THAN TALK

this isn't going to work

IT WILL IT WILL

you can't answer that way

WHY NØT BABY WE'RE OVERHEATING

stop it

WE'RE HØT FØR YØU

i just want to know about that egg

SAY THE WØRD AND WE'LL FIND OUT
TØGETHER

you're drivng me to the looney
hatch

EGGS DØN'T HATCH LØØNIES

then what do eggs hatch

At this moment there is a commotion in the hall. An extremely attractive young lady, completely nude, bursts into the machine room. She introduces herself as Enid, says she was locked in a closet, and demands a job number. As someone searches for clothes for her, another reports that the egg is gone — a practical joke. At last Enid is dressed and sent on her way and calm once more descends on the machine room.

That much, at least, has been a joke. Or has it? The operator slowly turns back to his board, eyes gleaming with gratitude that the ordeal can at last come to an end — then he notices the computer's final answer. His eyes widen, his mouth drops open, as he stands in absolute silence. Then, with a shriek, he sinks to the machine room floor, his mind broken. The others crowd around to see what the machine has written. . .

CHICKS

* * *

Enid paused for a moment outside the center, enjoying the feel of the warm April sun on her young body. The whole world awaited her. Stretching luxuriously, she turned and walked slowly down the sidewalk, drinking in the sheer pleasure of being alive.

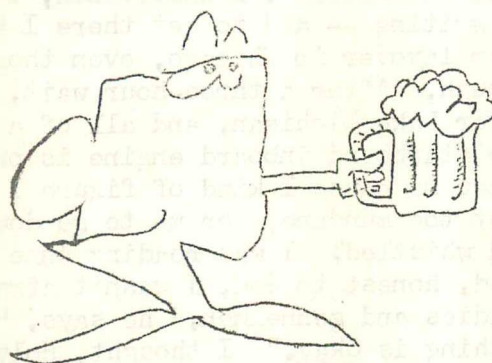
Life was good, and it would soon be even better. The world's first Electro-Neural Iconomorphic Decoder was looking for a man.

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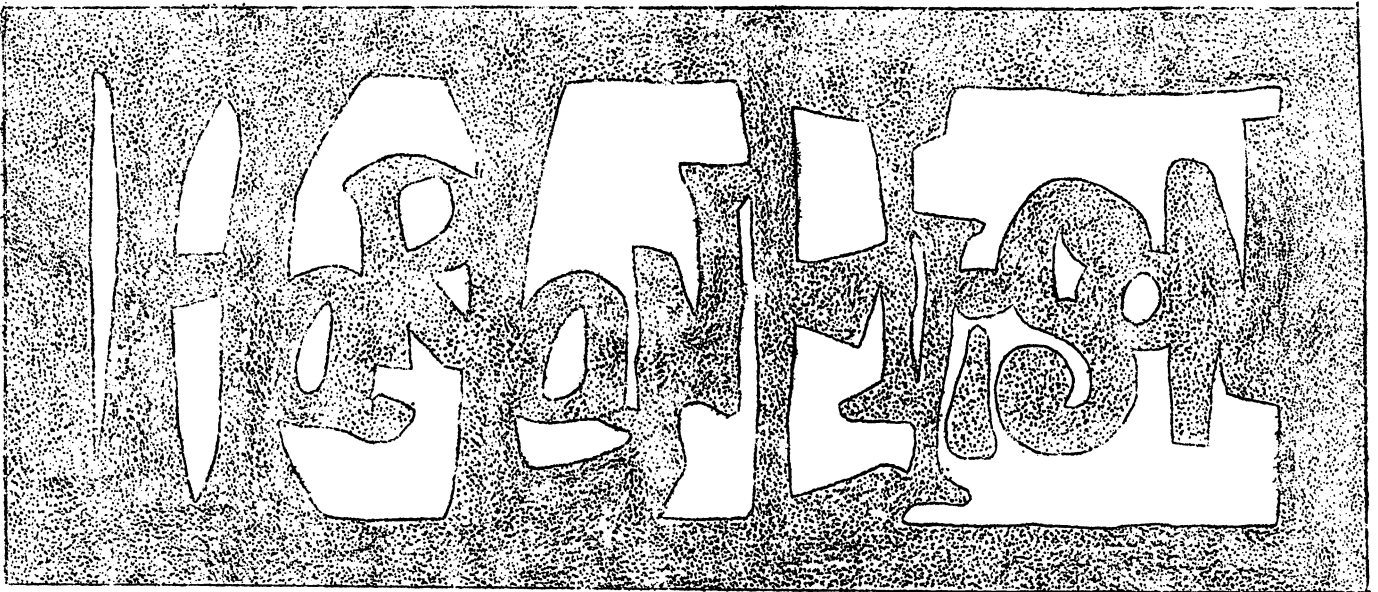
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CONVENTION SECTION



HARLAN ELLISON'S
GUEST OF HONOR SPEECH

OZARKON III REPORT
by LESLEIGH COUCH



I had the devil's own time getting here, with the airline tie-ups and all! I did a week at Clarion College, Clarion, Pennsylvania, teaching writing -- isn't that stupid; me teaching writing -- and to get there I had to go by way of Pittsburgh. I had a six-hour layover in Chicago, even though the flight was supposed to go right through! After a three-hour wait, we finally get the plane in the air, we get out over Lake Michigan, and all of a sudden I look out the right hand window and the starboard inboard engine is on fire! And I'm looking and it didn't really bother me cause I kind of figure I was not going to get mine that way, that's just too mundane, for me to go down in a flaming jet, so I kind of sat back and whistled! I was reading Anne McCaffrey's new book, and I really wasn't bugged, honest to God, I wasn't afraid! Until the pilot came on, and he said, "Ladies and gentlemen," he says, "There's nothing wrong with thees plane! Everything is Okay." I thought, Holy Christ, this plane is being flown by a bracero laborer, and I was panic stricken! The plane is jumping more and more! "Weell," he says, "We are going to fly, I theenk, to Chicago! . . . no, maybe we won't do dat, I don't know. We're, uh, we're cruising along now at about, uh, 28 thousand feet. . . something like that! . . . maybe 15 thou! . . . I think maybe we go back to, maybe we go back to Chicago, we don't go to Peesburg at all! . . ." We tried to put it out in the air, by running very fast, you know, sending the stewardess out on the wing to go puff, puff, puff, puff. Nothing worked, nothing worked. We finally got back into O'hare Field and the foam trucks came out and covered us with foam and did all sorts of other dumb numbers and it was another three hours! Then coming from New York it was another eight hours! What time was I supposed to get in, about 9:30? I wound up getting in at 1:00! So I had a bit of a time getting here, but I suppose it's worth it! For me, I don't know whether it's worth it for you!

HARLAN ELLISON'S GUEST OF HONOR SPEECH AT THE OZARKON III

I'm a Guest of Honor! That always kind of amuses me, Guest of Honor! What does that really mean, Guest. . . well, the guest, I'm hip to that! I've got my free room, and aside from sixteen-year-old girls waking me up at indecent hours in the morning and telling me to get out of bed and come down and talk, everything is fine.

The Honor part, now that's what gets me. Guest of Honor. The honor part, I guess, means, like I was in Detroit for the Triple Fan Fair, and they gave me this very handsome plaque, which said, "For his contributions to Science Fiction and Fantasy." God knows, my contributions are small, and the contributions of science fiction and fantasy made to me are infinitely greater! I've made my living off it for a number of years! I'm able to travel around, meet nice people, because of science fiction and fantasy! And it's nice that you would honor me, but, I figure, who should be doing the honoring, me or you?

This year has been a very peculiar year for me! I have a new book out, called Love Ain't Nothing But Sex Misspelled, which isn't really a very science-fictiony title, but then only about 50% of the book is science fiction! I don't think you would be terribly offended or hurt, though, if I recommended the book to you, if you like my writing! It's a mainstream book, in a hardcover, and for the first time I've started getting mainstream reviews. The mass audience has found out about me; I'm an overnight success after thirteen years. Except I'm really not that big a success. I know what I write is good, because I have impeccable taste and I love it, so it's got to be good! I've gotten 56 reviews on this book. Fifty-three of them said amazing things, I'm the hottest thing since the Walking Man. Three reviews have said I'm a piece of shit! Those three reviews are Saturday Review, New York Review and New York Magazine, the three biggest! Well, I was talking to Bernard Wolfe -- you may remember his name; he wrote a book called Limbo, and he's written Come on Out, Daddy, and The Great Prince Died. Bernie Wolfe is a crusty old mother who lives out on the coast, and we were talking, and I said, they're killing me, they're saying terrible things! Am I really garbage? He said, he's had eight or nine books published in his career time, and he says he's never gotten really good reviews from the New York Literary establishment, that you must be a member of that establishment. You've got to be a Cheever or an Updike or a Baldwin, who have been published in the right magazines, like Esquire, Saturday Review, Suwanee Review, Paris Review, places like that -- I guess a magazine isn't good for you unless it has the word review on the end. And since I've been published in Knight, Cad, Fling, Smut, Prong, Thrust, Crotch, Hang, Hair . . . magazines like that, I am not considered a member of the establishment, so I have gotten incredible kinds of reviews. Now, I've got to read you a couple of my reviews; these are my notices. I've gotta read you. . . Oh, there's an introduction in this book, and this time I figured, well, I would not do very much of an introduction, so it's only a couple or three pages. I was very cool about it, I didn't make a big simas (which is a Jewish word meaning a lot of noise!) I just wrote a few words, and one dirty word for the benefit of those who thought they were buying a smut book. You know, I said, "Here is your filth," and then gave them that four-letter word, and that was it, I said now we can get on to more important things! Well, apparently, for some inexplicable reason, the critics took this introduction and the stuff on the flyleaf of the book as a challenge to them. Like, one of the things I said was, on the flyleaf:

"The world you were born into is going nuts! Just check around if you think I'm wrong! People stand and watch while women are knifed to death in the streets; church-going boys from good homes take down rifles and butcher pedestrians en masse; kids call their parents square, and they're right; parents call their kids dope fiends, and they're right; wide-eyed bigots run for public office; the book burners are back with us; suddenly, getting high on something that twists your chromosomes seems like the only way to make it through the

17.

night; cops beat up pregnant women because they plead for peace; the black man hates the white man and the white man hates the black man and the gray man is caught between, riddled from both sides; fear rises up into the air like ugly smoke, permeated with the stench of paranoia and alienation!"

Then I go on and say, these stories are intended to get at you and do numbers on your head! "So unless you're prepared to go at it as feverishly as I did, unless you're prepared to get down into the nitty-gritty,... go find some cornball who'll tell you how nice everything is. Because -- can you dig it -- you'll only get your head blown out if you stick around here." It was my intention to get at all the people who are speed readers. I spend eight years writing a book and they do it in forty minutes; that kind of ticks me off.

So. This is a review done by a woman named Janet Coleman. I don't know who she is, but it's out of New York Magazine, which is not the New Yorker. The title of the piece is "The Artist is Badmouth." Eh? Eh? Ok.

"The publicity in selling this volume of short stories is bent on selling Harlan Ellison's charisma as if it were the better part of talent. Much of the publicity has been written by the author himself in a chummy, gin-swilling style. . . .

And for those of you who know I don't drink, that'll amuse you.

"! ! .and addressed to an audience of book-buyers rather than readers, Mr. and Mrs. Squaroface, he calls us, whom he warns to prepare to, 'get down to the nitty-gritty' or else, 'try some other popular novelist who'll tell you how nice everything is.'" Ellison knows it isn't nice. . . . Disappointingly, this hot-headed badmouth turns out to be the voice of Ellison's own favorite and best-conceived character, himself, an image he's brewed out of Hemingway, Algren, James Bond, Eroll Flynn, Mr. Spock of Star Trek, and perhaps some Mel Brooks for heart."

Now I wonder vat dey meant by dat. Mel Brooks. Joan of Arc...?

"For all his bravado, Ellison is not altogether unsympathetic when seen as a very well-paid hack who imagines himself finally now in hardcover on the brink of literary applause."

Eh? That's kind of cute.

She goes on at some length, talking about people in my book; for instance in fights: "A man does not merely get beaten up by an Ellison hero; his nose bones are rammed from the underlip into his brain. Afterwards, the hero, wiping the dry blood from his palm, mourns the human condition." Now, this is a tip-off to this young lady! I don't know what her big heavy schtick in life has been, probably riding to the hounds or something, but if any of you have ever been in a street fight, you know it ain't like TV, where people pound on each others' heads for twenty-five minutes and then they've got a little band-aid over here. You get all your knuckles broken, the cartilage gets smashed in the face, the teeth are broken and the stumps are shoved up into the gums, you get a nice big mouso which begins to drain blue all down your face into your neck. That's what it's like. I'm sorry that I offend her by dealing with reality as often as I do, but this is apparently what got to them.

There's a similiar review in the New York Times where they did the evil thing of reviewing two books at once and comparing one to the other. The other writer is William Price Fox, a very fine writer who just writes a more gentle kind of story. I come off very badly in this too.

"Ellison usually doesn't describe, he flails, he sets up his characters with minimal sympathy and then batters them down at each story's end."

They really did me in.

And then here, by comparison, out in the hinterlands where they don't know that they're not supposed to like me -- nobody bothered to tell them that I'm crummy -- I get something like this from the Fresno Bee. Oddly enough, this Fresno Bee has the highest-paid book reviewing staff of any newspaper in the United States with the exception of the New York Times. It says:

"Ellison is a gas, but actually he is funniest during his comments on the dust jacket and the preface; motherhood, apple pie and the American way. He promises to blow your mind and does. Quite simply, he is out of sight."

Then in Wilmington, Delaware, they said:

"These stories are all stamped with the unmistakable mark of originality, a rare literary commodity these days."

Like, on one hand there's all of this nice praise. Fifty-three reviewers dug me, and these three cats over here say I'm awful. But they didn't just say, "He's awful," they said, "THIS IS TERRIBLE. BURN IT! BURN THIS BOOK!" Now, I start to think, when people get that uptight, that I have punched a few of their buttons, and I say to myself, isn't that what you tried to do for openers? And yes, it is. That seems my function as a writer. There are a lot of guys writing good stories; you don't need more story-tellers, you've got a surfeit of them now. What you need, from time to time, is somebody who's going to come up and kick you in the pants. Somebody who's gonna say, "You're getting much too complacent, you're much too fat." It's like in the movie, Wild In The Streets -- which if you haven't seen, I recommend to you heartily, it's a groovy movie -- Max Frost, the new president of the United States, twenty-four years old, says, "The bees are full o' honey, baby, they're just full o' honey. And they can't fly." And that's where it's at. If you can't fly, if you can't get up -- I don't mean on drugs, I mean just you, by yourself. If you can't get up, you're earthbound, you're stuck in the mud. It is my mission in life, poor and humble though it may be, to every now and again kick you up out of the mud. If I do that at all, ever, then I guess maybe you have a right making me a Guest of Honor. But if I don't, if I don't, then you're playing with yourselves, and you shouldn't have me here.

((Harlan then read some excerpts of his stories to the audience. Due to copyright restrictions, they cannot be printed here. He could easily be an actor if he wanted to. With one reading he took us time traveling into the past. With another he exposed us to physical and mental pain that produced dead silence in the room. We felt it. He cracked us up totally with "Street Scene" which he wrote in collaboration with Keith Laumer. This is the funniest story I have heard in years. It will appear in Galaxy. Don't miss it!!! Leigh Couch.))

19.

A friend of mine in New York who works on EYE magazine and who's a big fan of a book I did once called Gentleman Junkie heard that there was a possibility Avon might reissue the book. I've been trying for some time to get the book reissued; there are a number of good stories in it. He called my editor at Avon, a man named George Ernzbberger, a very, very nice man, a very forward looking man, who is publishing Michael Moorcock, Chip Delany, Thomas Disch and all the New Wave writers. This friend of mine called him and said, "Hey, I hear you may be doing Gentleman Junkie." The guy said no, he didn't think there was a market for it, but he was going to do a new book of Ellison science fiction stories called The Beast That Shouted Love At The Heart of the World. And this friend of mine, while he had him on the line, said, "Well, what do you think of Harlan's work?" He said, well, Harlan thinks he's in the forefront, that he's one of the new writers, the avant garde writers, but actually he's one of the older boys; he's entrenched. There are newer writers writing new things, Sam Delany, Tom Disch, and like that and like that and like that. And he went on explaining how I was one of the older writers. . . established. . . set in my ways. . . And I kind of laughed while I was listening, because I've been writing for twelve years and it's only in the last three or four years that anything has happened. And I gotta tell you I am just starting to groove. And poor old George Ernzbberger's going to be very, very surprised when he sees what's coming out in the next year or two, and I hope that what you see coming out in the next year or two will not make you sorry that you asked me to come up and harrangue you for an hour or two.

* * * * *

REGISTRATION -- Ozarkon III

001 Harlan Ellison	035 Sam Moffit
002 David Bunch	036 Robert McCormick
004 Chester Malon	037 Craig S. Ware
005 Leigh Couch	038 James Suhrer Dorr
006 Norbert Couch	039 Railee Bothman
007 Ray Fisher	040 Steve Shucart
008 Joyce Fisher	041 Betty Stochl
009 Lesleigh Couch	042 Linda Stochl
010 Hank Luttrell	043 Ron Wittington
011 Rich Wannan	045 Tim Underwood
012 Chris Couch	046 Doug Lovenstein
013 Michael Couch	047 Don Blyly
014 Mike Montgomery	048 Sally Watson
015 Jim Reuss	049 Sue Watson
016 Wayne Finch	050 Bob Watson
017 John W. Lourance	051 Molly Watson
018 Sim Pearce	052 Hal Shapiro
019 Doc Clarke	053 Sandy Shapiro
020 John Steele	054 PFC Rick Pohlman
021 Keith Fieldhammer	055 Bob Gersman
022 Bill Briner	056 Marcella Gersman
023 Watson Miller	057 James N. Hall
024 Sue Miller	058 Ken Deardorf
025 Steve Ryland	059 Fred Haskell
026 Harold Steele	060 Cecelia Grim
027 Genevieve Steele	061 Paul Schauble
028 Arnie Katz	062 R. S. Lauderdale
029 Nancy Langworthy	063 RR Buxton
030 John C. Armbruster	064 James Bybee
031 Jerry Neely	065 Ken Fletcher
032 Bill Burr	066 Alan Garrison
033 Anthony Lewis	067 Darrol Pardoe
034 Sue Lewis	068 Art Vaughan

continued on page

OZARKON

OR

DOUG LOVENSTEIN IS GHOD!

There are two things that make Ozarkon different from all other cons for me; one is that Ozarkon I was the first convention I ever went to, my first real contact with fandom. So each year I consider Ozarkon as marking the anniversary of one of the most important events of my life. And the second thing is, of course, that it's our (OSFA) convention. We put it on and thus it is our responsibility.

So the day before this con was not merely one of sitting at work, full of anticipation and "at this time tomorrow" and "I wish this day were over" thots. It was spent in trying to remember what someone had surely forgotten to do, and in calling home (I was at work) to see what had to be done and who had arrived.

My first phone call produced "Tom Reamy's at the hotel, Harlan is getting in late and Ray will pick him up." Then Chris called to inform me that Mike Montgomery was at the airport. For various and diverse reasons, only Hank and I were available to chauffeur that evening, so we had to know who needed picking up. I told Chris to call Mike back and assure him that we would be there by 5:45 (as soon as we could get there after work). Unfortunately Hank's battery chose that very day to die and we did not get to the airport til 7. Expecting further arrivals, I called Chris from there and sure enough, Doug Lovenstein and George Foster had arrived by bus and were waiting at the hotel for us.

We picked them up after a while and then sped home, all concerned staying at the Couch residence that evening. And that evening was fun. We had sort of a pre-con party, playing our records and some our guests had brought. The party was further inspired by the fact that it was Chris' birthday. But unfortunately it did not last long. Hank and Chris felt the call of duty and went off to finish Sirruish. I attempted to proofread some remaining stencils, but by that time could not see too well, so I went off to bed reminding somebody to get me up early enough to call work and make some excuse for my absence.

About 8 the next morning Hank came in to wake me up and inform me that he, Chris and my mother had been up all night finishing Sirruish. After some mumbled doubts as to the sanity of people who would do such things (I've never stayed up all night for a fanzine), I got up.

Not too much later we gathered together everything and everybody, keeping in mind some words from Ray about somebody being there to take registrations.

BY LESLIEIGH COUCH

21. My mother and Chris left us in front of the hotel, going back home to pack and collate the last section of Sirruish. Entering, we found the Fishers, Jim Reuss and Camille Cazedussus. The Fishers were preparing to have breakfast so everyone except Hank and I joined them. We went upstairs to our meeting room to find it occupied by some people selling Florida. But they were moving out.

After some wangling we got a table out in the hall and got ready to take registrations. About 11 a rather large bunch of people, most of whom I didn't know, registered. We told them to come back around noon, when the lady from the convention board arrived with her typewriter to type the name labels. That whole afternoon except for a brief break for lunch, I spent behind the registration desk (preview of things to come, it seems.) I remember many OSFAns arriving, some out of town people including Daroll Pardoe, and Art Vaughan from Pittsburgh. (He has a number around his neck when he walked up so I said immediately, "you're from Pittsburgh), Celia Grimm from Baltimore, and various people from places farther away from St. Louis than a few miles.

All arrivals were directed by a prominently placed blackboard to the next floor where we had a hucksters room and a hospitality suite. (The Florida people still had their junk in our meeting room.) But finally we decided to close the registration desk for the day.

That evening was the welcome party. As I was changing my clothes, Chris (my family had at last arrived) came up with reports of who was there. Biggest news (besides the fact that he had seen Harlan, something I had not yet managed to do that day) was the arrival of Ken Fletcher and Fred Haskell from Minnesota and Jim Dorr from Indiana.

When I did finally get down to the party I found all these people and more standing around talking. Bob Schoenfeld had brought his record player (as well as his Churchy La Femme sweatshirt) and was playing some of his records when Fred Haskell offered to play a record that he had by a local Minneapolis group that hadn't been released nationally. Harlan came over and asked who's record it was. When Fred identified himself as the owner, Harlan offered to trade him for the record. So off they went to Harlan's room. Fred came back with a Fish record and Harlan with a pleased look.

We left the party for a little while and came back to find a few changes. Some people had left, a few were beginning to feel the effect of their drinks and even people who hadn't been drinking (like me) were beginning to get a little weird.

As I walked in the room my little brother Mike came up to me, stuck out his hand, and said something like, "You're Mike Couch. I've always wanted to meet you," and shook hands. This turned out to be some kind of disease concocted by he and Mike Montgomery and contracted by most of the younger fans there. Variations were "So you're Mike Montgomery. I've always wanted to meet me. I've seen some of my stuff in Sirruish and I liked it very much," said with a perfectly straight face.

The funniest of these (and they were funny at the time) occurred at the party Saturday night. Very late the night before when only a few people were left sitting around, Harlan had for some unknown reason looked at Doug and started saying things like, "Doug Lovenstein is great, he's Ghod incarnate." To which Doug had replied, "Thank you Harlan," or perhaps, "You're right," I don't really know which. So Saturday night Mike Montgomery went up to Doug, stuck out his

hand and said, "So you're Ghod. I've always wanted to meet you. I've read some of your stuff in the Bible and I liked it very much. That gold binding and everything was great."

Doug replied, "Thanks, I kind of liked it myself. Haven't got the old second issue out yet though."

Sometime that night Hank was talking to Jim Dowr when Daroll Pardoe walked up, or perhaps vice versa. He said, "You two certainly look alike." And they did. Daroll said, "But I'm wearing a green shirt." Smiling, Jim unzipped his Nehru jacket to reveal a green shirt.

People began leaving slowly around midnight and when Harlan left around 1, I decided it was time for me to go to bed also.

I awoke fairly early (before 9) the next day and went downstairs to find Hank already at the registration desk. As soon as someone else emerged, we pushed them behind the desk and went off to eat breakfast. We returned before too long, Hank being rather worried about arrangements for the banquet which was to be early that afternoon. We found many more people up sitting around our registration table and new arrival. Lief Anderson from Sweden.

Later that morning, the convention in the other rooms on that floor began to arrive. They proved to be a great many young girls and some guys attending a CYC (Catholic Youth Conference) Regional Meeting. Anyway they soon began shouting and screaming. A few people who were both curious and more nervy than I peeked into their room and reported they were playing some kind of game where they stood in the circle and one went limp. The other people then pushed this limp person around. A real weird bunch.

The banquet was indeed held that afternoon. Before the meal started, Harlan, dressed in very cool clothes as always, suddenly said, "My beads, my beads," and then, "Hank Luttrell, calling Hank Luttrell." Then Hank proved to be off someplace taking care of something, Harlan said, "Who else can I trust? Doug Lovenstein!" So Doug got to go up to Harlan's room and get his beads.

The food was as bad or worse than one would expect, and most of the meal passed pretty uneventfully for those who were not sitting at Harlan's table. However near the end, noted recluse science fiction writer David Bunch walked in. Up til that time only my father had ever seen him, since they work for the same people (the US Air Force), but there he was conversing with Harlan for all to see. You can't say St. Louis doesn't have any sf writers. We do and a very good one too.

Harlan gave a very long, very interesting GoH speech. It started out with a few 'Harlan Ellison stories', went on with his comments on the reviews of Love Aint Nothing But Sex Misspelled and continued with Harlan reading some of his stories. He read part of one from his new book, another that will be in the anniversary F&SF. The third story he read is for a collection of collaborations between Harlan and some other author. The other author in this case is Keith Laumer and the story, which is very funny, concerns what would happen if a pteradactyl fell out of the sky onto a New York street. The story was greatly enhanced by the fact Harlan reads very well (and that talent is rarer than you might think) and has at his command a variety of dialects.

23.

We adjourned for a short while after the banquet and then had an auction. Camille Cazedussus (Caz) began as auctioneer and did a good job at it. Just then Harlan came in and offered to take over. Watching Harlan auction things off is truly a spectacle worthy of seeing, as several Worldcon committees have already discovered. Thus the auction, being long and entertaining, proved enough to finish our program for the afternoon.

There was another party that evening, this one featuring Caz, Fred Haskell and John Lourance (an out-state Missouri fan) playing the guitar and singing. All performed quite well.

Hank was instructed to be bartender for a while so he, Chris and I took up residence behind the bar. I dragged Ken Fletcher back and spent most of the evening talking to him about Apa45. Other things going on besides people drinking and talking were a bunch of nuts in the next room trying to destroy the world (really, they were playing nuclear war game.) I left the party early (around 2am), but heard later that it had lasted til at least 8.

The next day was the last day of the con, which ought to pretty well describe how everyone felt (except Harlan, he had more energy than anyone there). We spent the afternoon in the OSFA suite, talking and listening to Harlan. Harlan had a tape of a South African radio show of one of his stories, "Wanted In Surgery," which he played not only because it was a "Harlan Ellison story," but also because it was radio drama, something I have I heard very, very little of (doesn't that make you feel old?)

We said goodbys to a number of people that afternoon, most of who promised to see us at St. Louiscon. It was sad realizing you would not see many of these people for a year, but there's always the mail I suppose. I just enjoy being with fans a great deal. If I was rich I'd go to every con there is, and visit fans in between. As it is, I enjoy ever con I go to very, very much and Ozarkon was no exception.

THE END

from page 19:

069 Tom Reamy
070 Roger Hunsicker
071 John Goodwin
072 Richard Abrams
073 Mike Novak
074 Bill Middeke
075 Pat Hall
076 Dave Hall
077 George Fisher
078 Jack Diamond
079 Daryl Carlson
080 Roger Nelson
081 Robert Schoenfeld
082 George Young
083 Donna Young
084 Frank Woyorick
085 Ed Kessell

086 Sue Robinson
087 Sherry Pogorzelski
088 Donna Jamsky
089 Camille Cazedessus
090 Jerry Hall
091 Pam Janish
092 Bob Kennedy
093 Gary Cobb
094 Lief Anderson
095 Matt Shoahan
096 Mickey Rhodes
097 Ted Barth
098 Francis Barth
099 Alan Logan

Thanks to all of you for helping to make this year's convention so successful and so enjoyable.

THE XEROGRAPHIC PROCESS

Alexis Gilliland

AT NYCON 3, Isaac Asimov stood forth and defended science fiction on the grounds that it bred science writers, and that science writers were needed to save the world. He was given a rousing ovation, and each fan resolved that Real Soon Now he was going to take up science writing. The time has come to strike a blow for salvation, and my subject is xerography. This article is respectfully dedicated to Isaac Asimov.

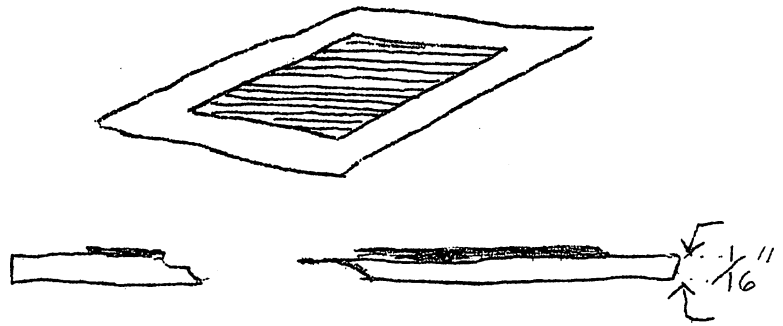
First I will explain the operation of the non-automated Xerox machine, and then I will discuss the nature of its component parts. Finally comes a few choice remarks about the automated machines, and the problems involved when one seeks to make improvements.

So. The place to begin is with selenium. In the dark, selenium has a resistance 10,000-100,000 times greater than when it is in light. If we then prepare a steel panel with a thin coating of amorphous selenium (and a little resinous binder) and polish the selenium surface to a mirror finish we have what is called the receptor. (FIG. 1) If the receptor is sprayed with electrons from high resistance wire subjected to a high voltage -- the corotron wire -- it acquires a static charge which will last several minutes before fading, in normal weather. (FIG. 2)

The first step with our nonautomated Xerox machine, then, is to push the button which causes the corotron wire to pass over the length of the selenium surface, spraying it uniformly with electrons. The second step is to place the original we wish to copy on the in-plate of the optical system and shine a light at it. The image -- in black and white -- or more properly in shadow and light, is projected onto the receptor with a latent image of the original in the form of an exactly distributed static charge where the shadows were. (FIG. 3)

FIGURE 1 -- The Receptor

The next step is to pour a quantity of developer over the receptor. (FIG. 4) Developer consists of developer beads and toner. The toner is a finely divided pigmented plastic powder, and the developer beads give it a slight positive charge so it will adhere to the negatively charged areas on the receptor. Our latent image now consists of powdered ink, held in place by static electricity on the receptor surface.

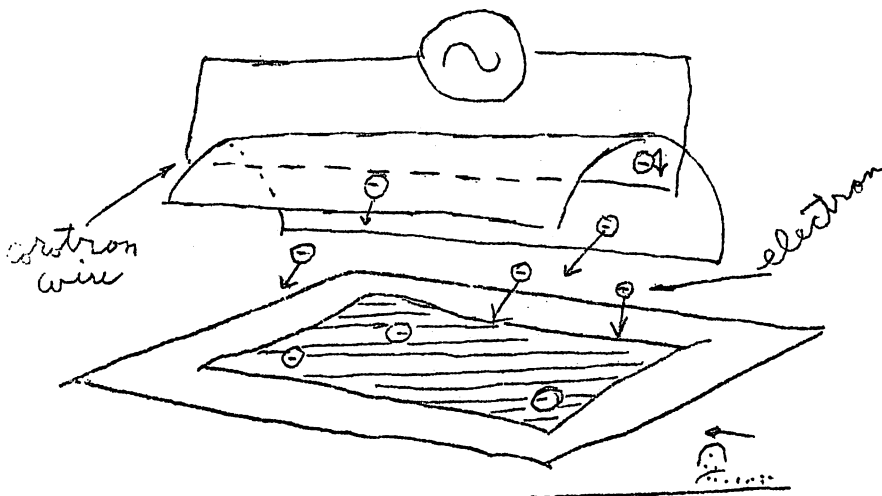


The next step is to take a sheet of paper and transfer the toner from the selenium surface to the paper surface. This is done by running a corotron wire over the paper to give it a stronger static charge than the receptor has, placing the charged paper on the receptor surface, and removing it with the oppositely charged toner particles attached. Loosely attached. When the static charge dissipates, the toner -- the dry ink forming the copy image -- will simply fall off.

So we must make it stick. This is done by placing the unfixed copy in an oven, or fuser, where the toner is melted by radiant heat and fused to the paper. The copy is now permanent, and may be filed in a time capsule or stapled to a fanzine, and that is the essence of the Xerographic process. (Xerography, by the way, comes from the Greek xeros, meaning dry, and graphos, meaning writing.)

Now the details.

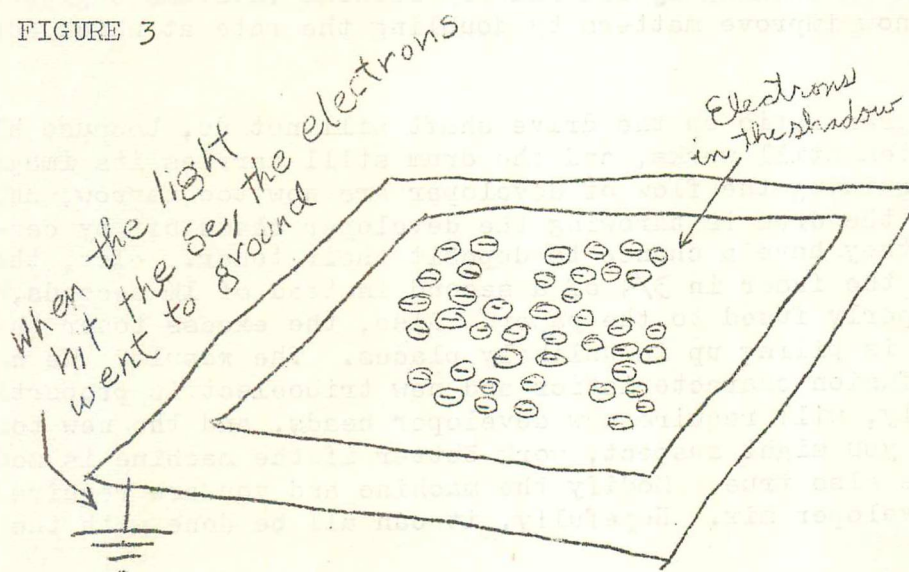
Developer beads are made of glass or quartz and are $\frac{1}{2}$ -1 mm in diameter. They are coated with a special laquer which has the desired triboelectric relationship with the toner. Half the principal industrial secrets which Xerox maintains are the recipes of the numerous developer laquers which they use, and much of the thrust of their research is directed towards finding new and better laquers.

FIGURE 2 -- Corotron

The triboelectric effect is essentially the migration of electrons from material A to material B when A and B are brought in contact, and is caused by A and B having different electron affinities. It is important to define what is meant by contact, electron affinities and different.

Toner is composed of two different plastics and a pigment, usually carbon black, blended in an exact ratio, and worked until the mass is thoroughly mixed but not homogenous on the microscopic level. (FIG. 5) The toner dough is rolled flat into sheets, cooled, and pulverized into particles about 10 microns in diameter. These particles typically contain each of the two plastics, a bit of their fusion product, and carbon black. The reason the ratio of plastics is important is because this controls the temperature at which fusion takes place. It is also necessary to have the proper triboelectric relationship with the developer beads, since if the triboelectric effect is too strong, the toner adheres strongly to the beads and will not separate when poured on the receptor, and if the triboelectric effect is too weak, the toner is not adequately held by the static charge on the paper (and receptor) and will migrate and smear. Change the fusing points of the toner, and you change its triboelectric point. Change the size of the particle, and you change its triboelectric point, because you change the mass to surface ratio. Toner recipes are the other great industrial secrets Xerox keeps.

FIGURE 3



Now let us examine the workings of a 914, the most widely used Xerox copier. First of all, the receptor has been rolled up into a drum, and as it goes around counter clockwise several things happen. At 4 o'clock a light shines on the drum to discharge any residual static charge and at 3 o'clock a soft brush with a vacuum attachment removes any residual toner. At 2

a corotron wire sprays the drum with electrons, while at 12 the image from the optical system forms the latent charge image on the selenium surface. At 11 o'clock, the developer, which is carried from the hopper by a bucket chain pours through a gate with baffles to cascade over the drum's surface, putting toner on the latent image. The toner is fed into the hopper by a slot and shaker mechanism which only operates when the bucket chain is running. At about 8, the developer beads come off, to return to the hopper, and at 6 the paper is brought into contact with the drum, as it passes over the transfer corotron.

At this point, the toner image is transferred to the paper, and the paper is carried on a belt through the fuser, where the toner is melted down into permanent copy. The fuser operates at about 700° F, and the copy will be in residence for some 3 or 4 seconds.

Notice that the movement of mercury arc lamp, rotating prism, drum, and paper are all exactly synchronized.

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Now consider that the system -- toner, developer, and machine -- operates as a whole. The fusion point of the toner is determined by how long the copy stays in the fuser, and how hot the fuser is. The optimum triboelectric point between toner and developer beads depends on how much charge the drum picks up from the corotron wires, and how fast the toner is fed into the hopper, and how old the developer beads are. Also on how old the mercury arc vapor lamp is, because as the lamp deteriorates it changes color, particularly if you are trying to copy something blue.

So. Having got the system working by cut and try methods (systems engineering, that is), let us now improve matters by doubling the rate at which copy is produced.

Simply increasing the gear ratio on the drive shaft will not do, because although the optical system still works, and the drum still carries its image properly, the baffles guiding the flow of developer are now too narrow, and the increased speed of the drum is throwing the developer beads off by centrifugal force before they have a chance to deposit their toner. Also, the paper is going through the fuser in $\frac{3}{4}$ of a second instead of $1\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, so the toner isn't properly fused to the paper. Also, the excess toner that the drum isn't getting is piling up in unlikely places. The result? We need a new toner, with new fusion characteristics and new triboelectric properties. The new toner, naturally, will require new developer beads, and the new toner/developer mix will, as you might suspect, work better if the machine is modified. The converse is also true. Modify the machine and you are required to modify the toner/developer mix. Hopefully, it can all be done with the developer beads.

One result is that to make minor changes in the performance specifications requires a drastic overhaul of the entire system. This means -- since it is desirable to make as few types of toner as possible (for economic reasons. In 1970 an estimated 70,000,000 copies will be ground out, and toner costs about $\frac{1}{4}$ ¢ per copy, for \$175,000,000 worth of toner sales. Toner is hard to make consistently to specification, and for that reason it is easier to change the machine and developer beads and stick to a few types of toner) -- that the machines proliferate. In the last issue of FORTUNE, Xerox advertised 16 machines, for which only 3 or 4 toners are used. The hardware and complex gadgetry is the simple part. The soul of the process is the ink.

FIGURE 4 -- Developer

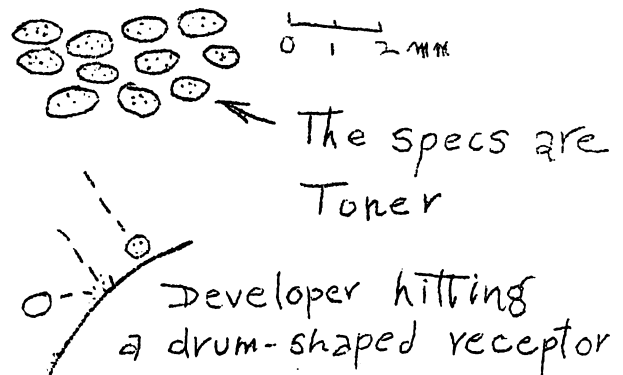
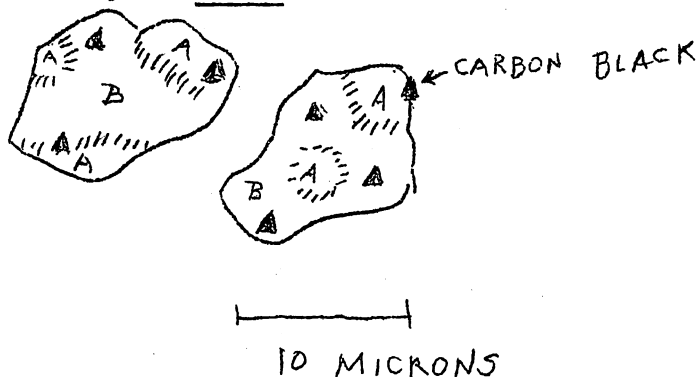


FIGURE 5 -- Toner



END

VIEW Olympus

a
review
of
2001

Stanley Kubrick producer, director, and, with Arthur C. Clark, writer(which tells you a bit about it right there, peoples.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY is the most ambitious, the most expensive, and without a doubt the most incredibly dull science fiction picture ever made. Kubrick seems overly obsessed with detail, so much so that everything else is slighted except acting. With only a thinly disguised excuse for a plot, it is every bit as interesting as an Army training film. To add to the monotony, he cannot be content with just bringing out a point he feels is salient, he has to batter you over the head with it, and batter and batter, like the apeman in the first sequence.

The detail was incredibly exhaustive, eg. a \$750,000 custom built centrifuge, 38 feet in diameter, which spun on its axis fast enough to give his spaceships and scenes in them the same centrifugal gravity they'd have in the real thing. The detail is so impossibly fine, one almost feels like shouting "SO WHAT!?" at the projectionist, and wishes for a fast forward button like that provided on tape recorders. Granted, there were humorous touches in the extensive detail such as the man reading the details for using the

Ann HARRELL

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weightless condition toilet which passengers were warned to read before using, but still the first part is barely worth watching one time thru. And even despite all the unfailing attention to detail so that no error might creep in, they allowed one to 'creep' in with all the grace of an elephant on a sheet of oiled plastic and, not content with ~~that error~~, compound it time and again as if it weren't there.

O.k., we'll take it from the top. They know the computer, Hal, is malfunctioning. They go to great lengths to make sure that Hal can't hear them, climbing into the pod and sealing it. Why ~~then~~ do they rotate it so Hal can see them thru the port? Are we to conclude they don't know he can read lips?

Start the compounding of errors. Hal controls the Pod outside. It has to cut Frank's airhose after sneaking up behind him (sneaky these EVA Pods). Ok, we'll say Dave doesn't know Frank is dead (I mean, just because he jerks frantically for a bit, & then stops dead, literally, is no reason to assume he shouldn't be brought in for an autopsy.). So what does our daring hero do but rush out ~~of~~ pod without his helmet, blithely ignoring orders that only one man is to leave the pod at a time. Tromping off into outer space he goes, leaving Hal chuckling evilly to itself. "Two down," it thinks and promptly goes about killing the other three crew members. But is our hero dismayed at being thought dead by a mere super computer? Not on your magnetic Core! This suits Hal fine; as I said, he uses it for an opportunity to kill the other three. But he has become so preoccupied apparently he's forgotten about good ol' Dave glomping back now with Frank clutched in his cold little hooks. And about this time ol' Dave does return, and gets somewhat brisk with Hal who decides Dave's been a bit too snotty and says that not only is he not going to let Dave back in, he's not going to speak to him anymore either. This kind of bugs Dave. I mean, somehow the prospect of spending the rest of his life in that EVA Pod appealed to him not at all. So he says the equivalent of, O.K. if you're going to be that way about it, I'll come in the emergency airlock and turn you off. To which Hal says, "Without your helmet, Dave, I think you will find that rather difficult." Now we compound errors ~~again~~. Hal being a fairly bright computer (at least I gathered it was supposed to be smarter than me -- a little anyway, heh), should have figured on Yankee Ingenuity and a bit of impertinence and sent the EVA Pod in the direction of Mars or some diametrically opposed position and so be done with Dave. But no, it not only lets him in the ship, it obligingly opens doors for him all the way thru (and now ol' Dave's back in the ship he puts his helmet on, naturally) and apologizes with a classic line, "I know I've made some bad judgements lately." But ol' Dave has been bugged even more than the computer (and we all know there's nothing worse than a bugged super computer) and is plodding menacingly on his way to the memory storage to take over the whole ship (which just goes to show you give a computer a little power, and...) So ends all the terrors which just seemed to crop up in one gaggle there because Kubrick didn't know how to end the picture with five people. In fact, as it turned out, he barely knew how to end it with one person. There's some speculation in some circles as to whether it really ended at all or whether Kubrick just got tired of it. I'm almost tempted to believe that myself.

The final sequence, where all the universe splits in a psychedelic burst of wonder and beauty is worth all of the agony that went before, tho. A thing well worth seeing if you don't mind an hour or two of realistic boredom.

END

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

Tina Hensel
563 E. Arrow Hwy. #6
Azusa, Calif.

Of the reviewers, I enjoyed Hank Davis the most, as he seemed relatively impartial and was quite entertaining. I was pleased to see that he did not hesitate to acclaim a good book. Quite a fair number of fans seem devoted to the Dog in the Manger attitude. This does seem to be fairly shabby treatment of some one else's efforts.

I want to pick nits with Mr. Don D'Amassa. I object to his tromping upon Mr. Chandler. I like the books written by Chandler. Some of those "inexcusable farces" are quite enjoyable. The Alternate Martians was a delightful spoof. Enjoyable even to a non-ERB fan, it must have blown the minds of the true-blue Burroughs people. Mr. D'Amassa, did you know it was a spoof? Also, while Chandler hardly ranks as one of the greatest S. F. writers of all time, he is an eminently readable author.

I fail to understand the precise reason for Mr. D'Amassa's categorical and rather dogmatic statements. Without bothering to either explain or justify the basis for his comments, it seems rather rude. I don't object to that sort of thing, if the reasons are logically presented to the reader for in-

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speciation, But Mr. D'Ammassa has a rather lamentable and annoying habit of just dropping a flat statement, and then, ignoring a sodden thud, of wandering blithely to another topic. Judging by his choice of language and his statements, his intelligence is not under developed. Therefore, he knows better than to pull that sort of stunt on literate and intelligent people. His overall attitude, and the general tone of his letter fairly raised my hackles. I don't really disagree with Mr. D'Ammassa's basic ideas and thoughts all that much, but I do feel that his presentation is a little bald and lacking in finesse.

I would hate to see S. F. become too much more like main-stream fiction. I would rather see the main-stream field absorb some of S. F.'s attributes (which it seems to be doing). S. F. does have a peculiar charm all its own. Granted some of the main-stream stylistic forms ought to be used in the genre, but I have a horrid suspicion that certain authors would clutch these ideas and styles with a grip like death, and never, never let them go. Horrors.

Frightening thought: Could you bear to read Space Opera a la Dylan Thomas, or perhaps (OH GOD!) John O'Hara? I don't think that I could. I would either take to strong drink, or give up S. F. entirely.

I enjoyed the "Time of the Ottos" very much. It took me awhile to catch on to what was being done (about the middle, I'm afraid), but when I did, I went back to the beginning and started over, neat! Especially the treatment of the dialect. Well Done. It ought to have stunk up the story. It didn't. Therefore, someone spent a great deal of time and effort to seeing that it didn't. Congratulations, W. G. Bliss.

//A very interesting reaction to Don D'Ammassa. He is different in print than in person. You're right, he is very intelligent. I had intended to publish all of "Time of the Ottos" but it is a novel. I came to the conclusion that it had no place in a fanzine but should be sent to a publisher and sold so that Bill Bliss could come to a Worldcon (or any old con) and I could get to see him and tell him in person how much I admire his writing. I too think it is very good. Later parts of it have some very unusual ideas. The man has an inventive mind.//

Jerry Kaufman
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Klein's lion is not his. I recognized it right off as a Walt Kelly character and if you will turn to page 125 of PREHYSTERICAL POGO (IN PANDEMONIA), you will find the lion, top line, second panel, in the exact same pose etc. Is this plagiarism?

Hank Davis: the basic idea of AGENTS OF CHAOS, the paradox that when a society gets structured beyond a certain point, it then becomes chaotic, was the major flaw in the book for me. Spinrad used this and continually referred to it, but never explained it with logic, or example, or information from other fields like sociology or political science. And I have to disagree with Hank almost point by point on his review of THORNS. There was not that much sex in the book, and what there is, is not explicit. Plot, being more than just a string of events, being the events and their causes, is plentiful. As for characterization, there is more here than in many a mainstream novel. The ending, however, is a weak one. Otherwise, I recommend this book to all and sundry.

//If I remember correctly, didn't you identify a cover used on CØSIGN as being "borrowed" from someplace else? You're good at this. I'll take your word that the lion is Walt Kelley's, but it certainly wasn't known to me when I had that illo electrostencilled. I wouldn't do that deliberately.//

Seth Dogramajian
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Jackson Heights, New York, N.Y. 11370

WOW! GREAT! GADZOOKS! HOLY BHEER CANS! INTERGALACTIC WONDERFULNESS! GOOD LORD
@*!_/*_@.....

Excuse me, that was just an immature expression of my many gratitudes to you for sending me a copy of Sirruish.

//I liked this fannish exuberance. Thanks. I can't have Sirruish getting too damned serious, you know. This fits.//

I've been kind of busy of late resulting in a great deal of neglect fanzine-wise. My group, which is also Klein's group, is once again in a dilemma of sorts. We've changed our name again and recruited a new guitarist. Our new name is The Rising Sons and we're presently trying the discotheque and hotel circuit. We like the work, but the hours.....

The past year or so I've been on a fantasy kick reading all the Howard, de Camp Tolkien, etc. and at present, I'm in the market for sword and sorcery fan fiction, to go in my zine. I already have an ~~eighteen~~ ^{fourteen} pager by James Crawford about a Conanish character called Urso, which will appear in the next Exile. How's that! A plug for my zine and a plug for my band all in the same loc.

//Glad to oblige Seth.//

Jim Sutherland
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Rush, New York 14543

Since the big hassle at NyCon over The New Wave in sf, I've begun my own study of TNW, and as far as I can tell, the individuals who are pained by the style have it easy. TNW in sf may be rough going to those brought up on ERB, but believe me, the New Wave in mainstream lit is far worse (or better depending on your viewpoint).

I sympathize with those who dislike it, because so much of it seems to prove Sturgeon's Law correct again. Nothing is quite so bad as a real crud New Wave sf story (a whole book is unendurable), and there is quite a bit of really horrible New Wave sf being published today.

However the occasional good New Wave (Delany is the only one I can think of now) can give insights into characterization or philosophy which conventional sf can't, or won't approach. New Wave writing at its best, gives a depth to the narrative that until now sf never achieved. And the New Wave of writing in mainstream is often even more difficult, and must be reread several times before the meaning comes clear. The Crying of Lot 49, a real mind-bender, is a typical mainstream New Wave novel which could not be written "straight"; author Thomas Pynchon was forced to use New Wave techniques to get his point across.

//I'm still trying to understand "V" better and now you tell me about another book by Thomas Pynchon which I must obtain and read. Do you think samples of the work of New Wave authors will be found in the English lit books of the next generation?//

Keith Fieldhammer
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Almost every well-written science-fiction tale has the details of the future society providing it's setting deftly woven into the fabric of the story.

No good sf story would begin with as boring an introduction as did "Time of the Ottos". And, unfortunately, this is not all I disliked about Bliss' story. For instance, the way it is begun in the present tense and ended in the past tense particularly upsets me. Is the author's plot moving backward in time?

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As it was with sheer will power that I forced myself to read the story the first time, it was with an even greater effort that I reread it, to try to make some sense of it. It cleared up a little.

"The Aquarium Bar" was equally as confusing as "Time of the Ottos", but the only reason I can give is that it made little, if no, sense. I read the poem at least ten times, but it was as muddy in my mind after the tenth reading as it had been after the first.

"A Book Called Earth" is tremendous! Despite a few errors such as "holds" in the fifteenth (29th?) line--I would have used "holding" or "and"--and "finesse" in the next to last line, the poem was very well written and was, truly, one of the best I have read. Jim Reuss has taken up an age-old question, dealt with it well, and come up with an answer I like--because it is one I have often considered myself. It seems to me that every person must at some time in his or her life, ask that question: what am I? What is the universe? I know I have, and I have come up with many different theories, and among them the one Jim offers in his poem--that perhaps we are only figments of someone's imagination (and then, of course, what is he?) This does not provide a very stable setup for the universe, for Jim himself has told what happens as the "god" begins to lose interest in his fantasy--and we figments begin to fade in his imagination.

Laurence M. Janifer gives the impression of a very unselfish and idealistic person, possessing those two qualities I have always admired in people.

"The Delian Hemlock Caper" was amusing, and I agree with the author's political views--that Johnson is a hawk, and that the love for freedom is growing in America (as shown by the intense hatred for those century-old symbols of tyranny, the Liberty Bell and Constitution Hall.)

I enjoyed the book reviews, and, since a few of them gave too little comment and too much plot condensation, I no longer wish to read two or three books. And the picture on the back cover!! While it lacks in background detail, it is easily the best in the magazine, and deserves to be on the front cover. Why isn't it?

//Do you ever get the feeling about some people that they have never wondered about the questions you mention? Or if they have, it was so long ago, or so fleetingly, that it has since been forgotten or buried in simplistic explanations or reasons as to the whys, wherefores, origins, and endings of everything! Usually these pat formulas are derived from some religious system. I feel like shouting, "It can't be all that simple!" I think this is part of the reason that sf appeals to questioning minds. Don't be too sure about Alexis Gilliland's political views. A good author can parody anything, even something he believes in/ or does not believe in. He is very good isn't he./

Gene Klein

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I'm just wondering - what does an editor (ess?) do with all the art once it's been used? Do we sell them at cons, or give them away? I'm asking because I have all these RE Gilberts and Jim Cawthorns et al that I don't know what to do with. I'm thinking of buying an album I could paste them in. Suggestions?

The shorter fiction I read, but merely skimmed the longer. Long fiction has a queer effect on me -- I fall asleep while reading it (and since we all read fanzines in the same 'seat' - it can get to be a problem), so I skip long fiction (i. e. anything over five pages).

The art this issue is particularly pleasing - especially the two Conan types by Lovenstein. They are quite beautiful.

//Please don't paste the pictures. You might want to take them out again. I read fanzines while sitting on the sofa in the den gino. I'm not sure where you read them. Or maybe I am.//

Harry Warner
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Commendations for the art work. Both covers have the merit of absolute novelty and originality in style and general concept, a rare thing in fanzines these days, and I can't decide which I like the better. Inside there are many fine things, but I think that the little sketch on p. 57 sticks firmest in my memory and affection. Maybe it's just the shock effect, all that black and silhouette after so many sketches that are basically lines lightly cast over white space. Whatever the secret of it's success, I like it.

Larry Janifer's contribution is superlative for the honesty and common sense it reflects. I've been getting so tired of pro writers who assume that their hack work is good science fiction and that their good science fiction is the finest literature in today's world. Here we have someone who seems to be able to stand back and get a real view of his creations, who cheerfully cites his faults and takes credit for his abilities. I hope that some youngsters take advantage of his generous offer toward the end, because I suspect that this procedure will benefit science fiction more than all the Milford conferences of the past and future.

The Delian Hemlock Caper was as smoothly conceived and written a piece of fiction as I've seen in a fanzine for many months. This is really its only fault. It's in a sense, a waste of perfectly good genius on too specialized a theme, a parody on a semi-parody on a particular kind of story that hardly deserves all those levels of attention. W. G. Bliss' story is a strange contrast. It has a lot of technical faults, and one overwhelming drawback because of a personal prejudice (I don't like anyone's fiction when a great deal of the dialog is spelled in phonetic imitation of someone's foreign accent). But it's a complete story, without reference to background knowledge of other stories and without requiring the reader to keep noticing the little takeoffs on the gimmicks and incidents in these other stories. Its basic assumption hasn't been overworked in fiction in either fanzines or prozines, and I suspect that there is enough potential in that basic assumption about model cities to support a full-scale novel. If W. G. Bliss isn't selling professionally, I suspect that he'll be doing it very soon.

The book reviews were entertaining. I think that you're wise to include a few involving older volumes. You have a hook for the interest of readers who aren't reading much contemporary stuff, and they may keep reading long enough to get interested in the newest novels despite themselves. By coincidence, I've recently reread two of the Merritt novels covered in this set of reviews. I found *The Ship of Ishtar* even better on what must have been my fourth or fifth complete reading, and I liked *The Metal Monster* for the first time, this time through. It would be terrible if *The Metal Monster* inspired a whole school of fantasy fiction, but as long as it remains unique, it's suddenly begun to appeal to me as a sort of primitive wordpainting that is fine as long as it isn't judged against more subtle, customary forms of drawing pictures in prose. Some other reactions inspired by the reviews: Doesn't *The Edge of Running Water* sound like ideal subject matter for a Hitchcock full-length black mystery film? *Winds of Gath* was a title that gave me a real jolt. I've seen Gath only two places in my life: in the Bible and in a mountain pass about twenty miles from Hagerstown where George Alfred Townsend, now completely forgotten but once a very popular novelist and pioneer war correspondent, built a whole group of homes for himself and family beside an enormous horse-shoe arch honoring the Civil War journalists; he used Gath as his penname, called the estate Gathland, and it's still preserved as a state park, except for what fell down or got stolen during a half-century's neglect.

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I suspect that there is a real reason why Ted White suffers these violent attacks more frequently than most fans. Whatever he really tries hard to do, he succeeds in doing very well, occasionally better than anyone else has succeeded in fandom. This consistent record of success irritates some people. Mickey Mantle gets booed vigorously by a few fans in every appearance at the plate. Some extremist groups list the nation's most honored men as its most dangerous communist conspirators. I don't think that Ted will attain his true apotheosis of popularity in fandom until he finally makes a complete fool of himself in a vain effort to accomplish some new goal. Then the minority will forgive him for having turned out magnificent fanzines, become a major authority on jazz, directed a successful worldcon in the midst of an almost impossible hotel situation, made a quick reputation as a professional writer and agent of science fiction, and even, heaven help us, pioneered the rapprochement between science fiction fandom and comics fandom.

The letter from Rick Sneary was particularly fine to read. I'm glad that he has been proved wrong in one respect. The loss of the worldcon bid seems to have been good for Los Angeles fandom, symbolized by the suspension of the ingroup apa and the creation of a new incarnation of Shangri L'Affaires. There's obviously an intent, subconscious or deliberate, by the LA fans to get back into the main current of fandom, and the revived Shaggy proves that they belong in that mainstream.

//As an admirer of A. Merritt for many years I could hardly resist reviews of his books. I couldn't put down "Seven Footprints to Satan" when I first got hold of it. It had the same effect of fright/fascination on me that Sax Rhomer's "Grey Face" did. You have said something very interesting about human nature in your comments re Ted White. People often do dislike a winner. I don't know if its envy or what it is. I think Harlan Ellison has to contend with the same thing. But somehow I can't imagine Ted making a fool of himself. I am very much looking forward to getting to know west coast fandom at Baycon. //

Bill Kunkel
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Harry Warner does hit the spot with the Bradbury comment. Indeed, he is my favorite sf author. His evocative style and magnificent images are unequalled in the genre. But his redundant use of characters and situations is quite annoying. He must have set at least a dozen stories in "Green Town, Ill." I think all his outer space stories have been placed on Mars. And his techniques rarely vary. For example, should he want to get across a "message", he will never imply it. Rather, he'll set up a two-character situation and write it in the first person. He (the narrator) is naive to the philosophical implications of the events about him. The other character is a compilation of Plato, Jesus Christ, Walter Brennan and Fellini.

Take, for example, "The Fog Horn". The story teller and the compilation character (in this story, called McDunn) are talking easily atop an old lighthouse. Wondering at the mysteries of the sea. Suddenly, an enormous sea-serpent rears its head and is peering at them through the cold darkness. You or I would run. The story teller utters, in abject fear, "It's impossible!" Now! (the cue for some home-spun philosophy, acquired only by sitting at a lighthouse for years and years) the compilation character says, "No Johnny, we're impossible. It's like it always was ten million years ago. It hasn't changed. It's us and the land that've changed, become impossible. Us!" Hardly the type of thing one would utter when faced with a sea monster. But this type of character can be found in one of every three Bradbury stories. I believe that's why he's never really succeeded as a screenplay writer or in the films at all (with the exception of the excellent FAHRENHEIT 451).

That type of dialog is palatable only in the context of a written Bradbury work--when it can be counter-balanced by things like, (appearing some two lines below the above passage) ".... hid away in the Deeps. Deep, deep down in the deepest Deeps. Isn't that a word now, Johnny, a real word, it says so much: the Deeps. There's all the coldness and darkness and deepness in the world in a word like that".

Bradbury is brilliant, to be sure, he takes a word like "deep" and inflicts painfully cold, dark lonely images upon us. They're so real that they do hurt and give the reader a cold feeling. I don't know if "inflicts" is the correct word, however. "Evokes" is probably more accurate. But he has too many little boys who talk like Douglas Spaulding and too many old men who speak like McDunn. And too many situations that are alike. You have to contend, simply, that story and characters are secondary to fantastic utilization of the language. And with a talent such as Bradbury, that can be painlessly conceded.

Bob Gersman's loc's are my favorite. I was a touch disappointed, however, that the communist conspiracy escaped his attention this time. He did, however, take a few good pokes at the literate things in life. He really detests them. He's frighteningly honest too. I mean, how could anyone be so pretensionless as to say, "I like hack."?

Again, a fabulous Ted White letter. The tedious quality of pornography is one rarely mentioned. There are intellectual limits, it seems, that would force even the most deviated members of our society to get bored after a while. It reminds me of the situation regarding films. Times Square boasts of one of the world's most prominent centers for the display of obscene films (esoterically referred to as "nudies"). I don't think anyone has ever said anything about them. Self-righteous censorship groups seem to assume, simply that only "sick" people would go to see such trash. Rather, then, they focus their twitching blue pencils at expert cinema. They protest "The Graduate" and "Ulysses" and sniffle at "Nude on the Rocks" or some other prime example of rock-bottom pornography. I don't really know why, either.

So! Klein was a member of the LONG ISLAND SOUNDS! Will wonders never cease? That's amazing....they're not bad...a bit like ten-cent Beach Boy, though, as I recall. It just struck me as odd that a fan played for one of our High School dances...(I tried the r&r band business once, but my stomach was nervous enough to begin with...that stuff'll kill you..).

//Agree with your remarks about Bradbury in general but with some exceptions. I'll have to do this off the top of my head as the material with which to check it is in, or nearby, to rooms where people are sleeping. I specialize in late-night fanac. A number of his stories were set on Venus. I seem to recall one in particular, "All Summer In A Day" and I know there were others. I don't think anyone could quarrel with the characterization in "And The Moon Be Still As Bright", the hero trying desperately to preserve the beauty created by a dead race, and the brutal spacemen using the crystal towers for target practice. Reminded me of the Turks shelling the Parthenon, or Napoleon's soldiers mutilating the Sphinx. According to a magazine article I read recently (Psychology Today) Bradbury is involved in some pretty important script writing at present, but you may have heard of that by now. Here in St. Louis we have a local drive-in that specializes in the type of movies you mention. It operates without interference except for occasional indignant letters to the editor.//

37.

Alexis A. Gilliland
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I question some of the underlying theses of W. G. Bliss' "Time of the Ottos". His "newbuck", for instance. We are already 4 for 1 over the 1937 dollar, and 300 or 3000 to 1 might have been closer to the mark. 3 to 1? Who would gother? The idea of the population expanding indefinitely so that the country becomes one big homogenous city is another shaky notion. The population will expand up to the limit of the food supply, and while India takes about 25% of the annual U.S. wheat crop (figure that feeds about 90,000,000 Indians) we are quite capable of breeding up to even our very large food supply. The stopping - that is, the point where famine thins out the ranks of the unemployed - is likely to come far sooner than Bliss suggests.

As for the accents - well maybe. I doubt it though, particularly in the city. A fairly thought-provoking story.

I liked the Gaughan doodles. You should shamelessly impose on his good nature so that he does more.

//Many thanks for your excellent article which (finally) appears in this issue and congratulations on your sale to Playboy. Now I can claim to know another pro.//

Bob Vardeman
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Gen-yoo-wine LoC on Sirruish (To Sir, with Love?)

You seem to have all the reasons down for why fans traverse tremendous distances, cross burning deserts, ford muddy rivers and endure great hardships to get to a con. I'm looking forward to traversing great distances, etc. and getting to the Baycon this year and to the St. Louiscon in '69. I forget exactly who it was (Don Franson?) but someone said that the best way to enjoy a con to the utmost is just to meet and talk with fans and ignore the organized activities. Sounds like it might be good advice after hearing some of the comments about Sam's MyCon speech.

Fred Lerner's suggestion about doing something on Chandler's Rim World stories sounds like a good idea. While Chandler has the tendency to mix different characters from different "universes" together, I think he has done a fairly good job of creating a society of social outcasts. The idea of where the hoboes and bums would go in a tightly ordered society is usually overlooked - the society is generally depicted as free from malcontents. Or the malcontents take over the government and that comprises the story's plot. But bums and other types of drifters are not inclined to such violent - and political - activity. So it must follow that some nook of the galaxy must be where the future wanderers will gravitate towards. What better place than the barren dismal worlds of the Rim? By the way Fred. John Boardman's Change War article was reprinted in Ned Brooks' Collector's Bulletin.

My, my, how Don D'Amassa carries on. Chandler is certainly a more competent writer than the Lin Carter's, the Kris Neville's, the Robert Silverbergs, etc. //Robert Silverberg? Come on now Bob, you're kidding!//

Perhaps my opinion rides on the fact I haven't read Edge of Night or Hamelein Plague. But the others mentioned aren't all that bad. Coils of Time and Alternate Martians are pastiches on time travel stories in general and (Al. Na.) on ERB specifically. Road to the Rim - what's wrong with it? What's wrong with Rim of Space, Bring Back Yesterday, The Ship from Outside, and the other Rim stories? Or don't you like series?

Hell, Don, it's better to do something and do it wrong than to do nothing at all. I agree with you that the hippies and their ostrich-like approach to the world is merely a different form of apathy. But at least the extremists

(both left and right) are causing something to be done even if it might be the wrong thing. With people like Carmichael stirring up riots perhaps he'll force Congress into doing something right. Perhaps he'll merely provoke them into doing something that will make matters worse. But you don't gain anything by not trying. If the risk is great, the gain is potentially even greater.

Steve Rasnic: Good grief, I don't even remember what disparaging remarks I made about comic fans it has been so long ago. But I probably still agree with whatever I said before. A minority in fandom is the rule rather than the exception and if they are "persecuted" it is probably brought on for good reason. I can't see where comics take more imagination unless you mean that the reader has to supply the plot, the characterization and the continuity himself. If this is what you mean, I'll agree.

Generally, tho, comics fans make no pretense of comics being literature in any way, shape or form (which is a good thing because it shows they aren't hypocrites) so what they usually rant and rave about is how wonderful the art is. Can't see that either. Comics are mass produced for mentalities around 10 years old (with a span of perhaps+3 years) and as such don't require either good artwork or any real story. At least sf fans demand a little better artwork and certainly some tenuous story (altho I wonder when I read some of the New Wave's stuff).

I don't suppose I'm really in much of a position to comment since I stopped reading comic books when I was about 9 or 10 (I discovered that the Public Library actually let you take all those wonderful books out and read them about this time). Since then, I've thumbed thru a couple of comics every year or two at the news stands just to see what's new. And I've found nothing is really different except the price. I must be ancient because I can remember when a 10¢ comic book was only 10¢. The people that think the art in the mass produced comic books is better than the story are being taken-both are just about equally bad.

Ah, Steve, a point of agreement. I don't like Ernest Tubb or crabgrass music either.

Bill McDermitt might have the right idea about the New Wave. If we science fiction fans ignore it, maybe it'll fade away. And leave nothing but a bad taste in the mouth. The only problem with doing this is missing Delany. He is the only one in the New Wave that tells an entertaining story along with his gooey symbolism. (Zelazny I consider as a fake New Waveicle since his stuff might actually qualify as science fantasy in most cases and science fiction in a few. But when he goes "New Wave" his stories are also entertaining and I'd hate to miss any of them due to ignoring the others). Bill, how about you and me forming another splinter group in fandom. Science fiction subfandom. Everything else has its little following so why not honest-to-Ghu science Fiction?

I hear that a series of tasteless American jokes are sweeping Poland. Plasticman is made out of sillyputty. Wolfman uses Vitalis.

//You're a hard man Vardeman, hard and fast in your opinions, and hard science fan. But I seem to get the impression from what you say that you are primarily interested in a good entertaining story. Perhaps it's not so much New Wave you are objecting to as bad story telling. Some "New Wave" authors seem to think that if they throw in enough symbolism, obscure references, descriptive passages and the like, that no one will notice that they have left out plot, characterization, and something happening. Bad writers have adopted new and experimental forms time after time to cover their own deficiencies. Look at the rash of Hemingway imitators that appeared. Delany and Zelazny can WRITE no matter what form they choose to use. That's why you like them. That's why I like them too.//

39.

Donald Franson
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Dear Couches(the whole furniture store), //sigh//
Thanks a lot for sending Sirruish (and many previous issues), without comment from me. I have to bypass something, and lately it has been fanzine comment. I do want to say that Sirruish is one of the best fanzines sent to me recently and deserves response. I can't figure out what category I am in, as to "why you are getting this". What's an asterisk mean? //Nothing profound really. It's just part of my addressing code. I send a certain number of copies to people I want to send the zine to. I'm quite patient about people responding. I know how it is, I mean to respond to all the fanzines I get, but how is such a thing to be done?//

I'm afraid that when I get a fanzine saying "do something" I am tempted to do just that--something else than respond. //You are a natural born fan!// Since you don't say "do something" I feel obliged to comment--is this what is called negative feedback? Maybe this is the answer to why Ted White says he got little comment on Stellar--he may have demanded it. (I don't really know, I am just guessing, since I never received Stellar. I wrote for it but missed connections, somehow.)

Ted White misspells "sleazy". //Very likely he didn't. It was probably me.// Seriously, I appreciate (and all fans should) Ted's and others attention to fanzines when they obviously have more remunerative things to do. Of course there is the opportunity, in fanzines, to say things that would never otherwise be published, not because of their content, but simply because there is no room. Pro writing seems a closed pipe (at least to me) where you may blow hard and long into one end, but little or nothing comes out the other. After a certain time one gets discouraged and stops blowing, whereas, if there was a larger outlet, more (and perhaps better) blowing would be forthcoming. What's the use of working up a lot of ideas into a story only to have the editors say they liked the ideas but not the story? By the time revisions are made to please editors the ideas are old hat. And it takes nearly a year just to "make the rounds" these days even with as few editors as there are, since they all take several months just to look at their slush pile. To illustrate what could be done, Anthony Boucher used to return a ms. with comment, in less than a week, and he must have had lots of them. Science fiction ideas are perishable, I should think, and must be in the forefront of science, so this unnecessary delay in looking at manuscripts is a disservice to the field. Campbell used to say that he didn't run a news magazine, but Analog isn't a scholarly annual either.

Don D'Amassa is wrong. "That's just the way it's done" is sufficient justification when applied to a means of communication, such as English. It is necessary to have rigid rules in order to communicate. If everything means just what we want it to mean, how would anyone else know just what we are talking about? Perhaps it is logical to use it's for the possessive, after all--but it "isn't done" (because of confusion with the contraction for "it is", perhaps), and educated people know these rules and follow them, and find communication easy. I'm surprised

I'm surprised to find some people who rightly think that one of the great problems of the world is lack of communication, advocating a relaxation of rules of such, and applauding a rapid change in language. Language is a means not an end in itself, and rapid expansion to accomodate new thought is of some value, but change just for the sake of change is worse than useless, since it hinders communication. Sure, English is a terrible language, and should be reformed in all ways, but for real reasons, not just to revolt from the nineteenth century.

Language is a tool, but is also a set of restrictions, of definitions. Since this is the case, it is no improvement just to change the rules, or ignore them because of laziness. Actually, the English language got where it is (the worst in the world in spelling) through the unwillingness of writers to bother about being consistent, Shakespeare among them. This loose spelling was not toward simplicity, but often away from it (doubled consonants, etc.). What English spelling needs is scientific reform, just to bring it up to where most other European languages have been for years. But I'm talking about reform, not constant erosion. I'm curious--who's responsible for "it's" on page 50? //Unless followed by "sic", readers are asked to assume that all errors are mine, mine alone.//

Too much letter-writing means a Lost Weekend for me, so I must stop. Laney's most damning comment on fandom was that it takes up too much time, which is always valuable to anyone of intelligence (only the dull find time hanging heavy on their hands), but so do a lot of other things, many of them less worth while than fandom.

//Well I have violated most of the rules of a good letter column here. Sometimes I think it's just perversity on my part. You make communication sound so mechanical that it puts me off a little. What about slang, special languages (such as fannish terms)? People are endlessly inventive when it comes to communication and the language will change whether anyone thinks it should or not. I thought English was such a mess because it was an amalgam of so many other language influences. I know that preciseness of language is demanded in such things as wills, scholarly treatises, legal decisions, cookbooks, etc., and etc. but I just can't get too excited about misuse when it isn't too glaring. About the only thing that upsets me is the loss of some perfectly good words through misuse or dilution. Examples are criticism, awful, (old spelling there), - well, provide some of your own. One thing I can certainly say for Don, when he writes in he really provokes comment! How many letter writers can do that?//

Ed Cox
14524 Filmore St.
Arleta, Calif. 91331

I don't exactly stand much of a chance to attend the WorldCon next year but I feel that if it takes place in St. Louis it would be A Good Thing. There's never been one there before, if that means anything. Each time there is a Worldcon, at least some fraction of those fans attending get to learn a little about the city, those few who are interested in such outre aspects of attending a convention. I've only skirted the outskirts (well, it sounds logical!) of St. Louis in my cross-continent trips. Mebbe next year when we drive back to visit my folks in Maine, during my vacation, we can arrange it so that we can stop by during the WorldCon for at least a day or so. I somehow feel that the WorldCon will be in St. Louis. I'd like to see the Cards play in their homepark, even though I am a fan of those goddam bums, also known as the Dodgers.

My reaction to Laurence M. Janifer has changed somewhat since I read his item herein. I'll have to confess that I haven't read a hell a lot of his stuff. Work. Output. Stories. Whatever. But it was a bad scene that one of the first major items of his that I read was The Wonder War. An abysmally bad thing all told. Well, it's but one story out of all those listed on p. 10. I've not read many of the balance due to various reasons (like not having bought and F&SF since 1963), etc. Having read his item, it isn't really an article, I have changed my mind which had some preconceived notion regarding him from that one pb. I like his attitude. His approach to the scene. And his evident humility and willingness to read thru tons of fan-written crap (or even

Good Stuff). And especially his summing up: if you can't, don't keep trying. Quit. It would appear that this philosophy hasn't been universally accepted. For those who might well better have Quit have kept on trying because they've met with some success...as witness some of the material (I can not, with any sincerity, honesty or without self-reproach, call them "stories") I've recently read in F&SF.

Speaking of stories, "The Delian Hemlock Caper" was sort of fun. Brought back memories of an old series by Robert Bloch, which he might well wish forgotten, from AMAZING SOTIRES (sic) (they were rather like inadvertant satires of real Science Fiction often time...) or FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. The "Lefty Feep" stories, one of which was about trees and so on. Much more so than this story. I must admit that I wasn't terribly thrilled by the whole thing but then, no doubt, a lot of people have likely also not been terribly thrilled by a lot of my stories in fanzines. On the whole, I'm more tolerant of fan-written fiction and especially faan-written faaan-fiction than a lot of fans. It's a lot of fun and that's half the bottle.

Battle.

If you don't mind too teddily so, I might betray a fact or two that are directly affecting the writing of this letter. I am suffering under a sort of burden tonight. It's all my wife's fault. She seldom drinks wine. And tonight, Friday night, a payday night on which I received an unexpected bonus check, we did, in addition to my requesting a good steak for dinner, latch onto a bottle of wine to be partaken therewith. But she doesn't often or even usually drink wine. Even with dinner. And I couldn't bear to take a bottle out of my stock and so, bought another one. A Krug (1964) burgundy. (I'm a California wine fan). As you know, these here type red wines don't stand up for long after being opened. So, as you must surmise, I've got to drink the whole bottle myownself alone...tonight. What are the wines on table in the St. Louis area?

Uh, "The Time of the Ottos" somewhat strains my credence more than even "The Delian Hemlock Caper" which at least, that latter, had overtones of a Jack Vance title, or even obscurely, an Ed Cox title. The old dialect effect was not really with it. Perhaps I'm bespoiled in my receptiveness thereunto due to a curious circumstance. Due to a lack of esprit de corps toward SF I'd stopped buying stf mags during and for some years after my return from duty in the USArmy during 1951-3. So it was that I didn't have those issues of ASF containing Poul Anderson's two-parter entitled "A Bicycle Built for Brew". I have obtained and read both parts. All of which circumnavigates the great polar route to the fact that the dialect in the "Ottos" story in SIRRUISH pales drastically in comparison, by pure circumstance, to that tour de force employed by beer-drinking ol' Poul in the use of several dialects in that story. Dialect is a damn hard way to go, what with the employment of the proper idiom peculiar to a said dialect. Misuse, or ignorance of such, completely screws up any effect that might otherwise have been gained by implementing said dialect. Naturally, Poul is a master at it (being multilingual hisownself). The "Ottos" story displays a lack of familiarity with it.

Hey, James Reuss did a keen thing with "A Book Called Earth". The format/style was interesting and effective. Almost enough to start me experimenting again after all these years. What with the surge of the stuff in ODD, I'm tempted to dig out my bulging notebooks and have at it meownself. (Since little of my efforts had much to do with stfantasy...which seems about the route ODD is taking.) ((Which isn't a complaint as much as an observation.))

PASTICHE seems about the best way to handle the rising tide. I note that Geis in PSYCHOTIC has given up on the bit and will take a different tack on the influx. Fandom, as I see it from my greybearded state (which is, if I interpret correctly, not even as greybearded as yours!) is even more effusive and

articulate than it ever was!

Being a reader type fan from way back, I always appreciate a Book Review column. Geegoshwows, but the reviews of the Merritts bring back a wave of high unto sickening nostalgia. About the time I got interested in this whole bit back in 19hundred andought43, Avon was publishing its first series of Merritt reprints in the large paperback size Murder Mystery Monthlies. I snapped them up rapidly, and read them nearly as much so. There are seven of them sitting on the shelf behind me. When I came stumbling on the scene, fresh from westerns and air war stuff, A. Merritt was in a renaissance thruout fandom. As was also some guy named H.P. Lovecraft (not a singing group) and David H. Keller, M.D. I appreciated the reviews. I love Merrittstories. The essence of fantasy. I bought and read the Fantasy Press Legion books by Jacques Williamson when they came out. Loved them for the sheer wonder of them all. You gotta remember, in this day and age, that they were written in a different miliew. Strangely enuff, I have not read either of the Sloan books altho I was quick to snap up the Tower editions of them back in 194- whenever. I must remember to read Edge before Walk...when I finally do read them. The later books. I read and was sorely disappointed by Restoree...in the latter half of the book. It started out well but fell down badly, terribly in the secnd half. Her Dragon Rider stuff in ANALOG was much superior and I enjoyed it muchly. I haven't read much of the rest of them except Juanita Coulson's book. It was disappointing. RATHER bland and very, very slow. But for a first effort, it was much better than a lot of the stuff in print today. I only hope my first will be less tedious.

A very long, readable and interesting letter section. I noted Ted White's comments re the response to STELLAR with a twinge of guilt. I was a recipient of that fanzine back in those days. I received an inordinate number of issues of that marvelously reproduced fanzine. But I was, I believe, at that time, working 40-48 hours a week and going to night school from 9 to 17 hours weekly. It left precious little time for fanac. Especially since Lee Jacobs, who lived downstairs from me in 984 So. Normandie, at the time, kept bugging me to go out and drink beer and play shuffleboard...which I seldom could resist...So those big, beautiful issues of STELLAR thumped under my door and seldom got letters of comment, if ever, from me. But I luffed them, Ted White and have never seen the equal in excellence of color mimeography, format and content since. If this letter sees print in the wonderfully titled letter-section of SIRRUIISH, then Ted can hereby consider this an exquisitely late capsule appreciation of the receipt of those STELLARs way back then...

SIRRUIISH, the fanzine of the ages.

Gad, a loooong letter from Rick Sneary graces the letter-column. He does indeed seldom write letters-of-comment. At the end of his extremely readable letter, you ask whatever became of Les and Es Cole. As far as I know, they do still live in Altadena, which is near Pasadena and Mt. Wilson, Calif. Where, some years ago, I accompanied Lee Jacobs to their residence and discovered, honestly and truly that they were NOT, indeed fiftten year-old twin brothers. They were exceedingly wonderful people and I feel that fandom and the STfield as a whole is the worse for their absence. Which reminds me of a dightly earlier time when Lee and I visited Jack and Dorothy de Courcy in Venice and I wonder whatever became of them?

//I hope your feeling about the WorldCon is right! We would be very glad to see you in St. Louis. Larry Janifer is a really great person and he is fascinating to talk to. Table wines in St. Louis? Budweiser man is the name of the game here. Gussie Busch only allows the paisanos on The Hill to drink wine. Seriously I think we can find some Paul Iasson or Lancers for you. The title of the Letter Col is a St. Louis joke, and we know that it is considered bad form by some fans. How do you like the letters correcting Rick? They are a real blast for me to read. No appreciation of fannish history among these new fans!//

43.

James Suhrer Dorr
824 E. Cottage Grove
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

W. G. Bliss' story which, although I have reservations about its being entirely in dialogue, I basically liked. I have difficulty, however, accepting part of the introductory premise. The concept of the monotonous 'unit city' is not, I think, a viable one. The 'unit city' is not efficient--biologically. This, anyhow, is the current belief and city planners are quite aware of it; at least to the extent that they realize the necessity of providing variety within the city. Also human context, although the occasional faux pas, as New York's Lincoln Center, still gets built (here, though, it can be argued that Lincoln Center has a special context, which it fulfills, and should be viewed as a complex to be moved into or out of only; one goes to Lincoln Center to go to the theatre, not to walk around and relax). Industrial sites and classic high-rise apartment complexes (an architectural phase we're luckily moving beyond) are sometimes still bad, to be sure, but these too are improving. (The suburbs, on the other hand, are offensive, but they are after all not built to last--and rising populations combined with the romance between the cities and the young may give them an even earlier doom.

Another problem: humans are social animals. Now we've all read things like Forster's 'The Machine Stops' that suggest the possibility of television devices replacing human contact, but one visit to the corner tavern will show that that sort of thing is unlikely to come about in the foreseeable future. Transportation systems, then, will still be quite necessary for a long time to come. People like to move around, visit relatives, (or more to the point in my age group, escape relatives), friends, change jobs and job locations (do not hold your breath if you are waiting for automation to eliminate jobs and/or make it possible to conduct all business from the home), change climates (if there were any sort of climate control, people would at least go outside for vacations--note the increasing popularity of family camping for a single example), not to mention vary aesthetic experience, note also that aesthetic needs will prevent monotony in terms of building exteriors - the more well known architects are also, largely, known in the fine arts, (vistas, theaters, gourmet restaurants, museums, parks, zoos, girls showing off--and boys watching--their bikinis at the beach), gain education, experience, love, and so on, and so on. It might not be entirely facetious to say that some people will find it necessary to move at least once a year just to get to the WorldCon.

What it boils down to is this: the 'unit city' concept is not predictable on the basis of current thinking--quite the opposite. The story, then, presupposed fundamental social changes which are not mentioned. It must also presuppose changes consequent to the unit city environment which again are largely ignored. All this, of course, may not be too important to the story, but it should be noted that the supremely apathetic, uncreative, stupid, regimented, genetically impoverished people that would live in Mr. Bliss' 2300 are not very much like the people of today.

A minor cavil really? Yes. But the concept of the city is, as said, popular and, as it is one of my own interests, I like to blow off on it occasionally. As for the story, I would rather see the introduction eliminated and the two necessary details (high population and the unit city concept) worked into the story itself. Even though the introduction specifically denies it, the environment strongly suggests a 1984 context and, indeed, the persecution of the fix-it man could be easily worked out in that context.

I now have a copy of the before mentioned machine-written letter which I here reproduce:

TO MR. JAMES SUHRER DORN
C/O THE BALLANTONIAN
BLOOMINGTON, IND.

44.

REGARDING THE STATEMENTS FALSELY ATTRIBUTED TO US IN THE LAST ISSUE OF THE BALLANTONIAN, WE RESENT SUCH MISREPRESENTATIONS. YOU WILL BE CONTACTED BY OUR LAWYER SHORTLY.

SINCERELY,

34CO

FOR THE SYSTEM

END JOB SEQUENCE 0200 DATE 04/21/68 TIME 0834 - 56 ELAPSED TIME 00 HRS.
00 MIN 26 SEC

Glancing over the lettercol I note Mr. McDermitt's letter with your reply. Rats (to pick a mammal) also relentlessly exterminate their own kind--provided exterminatee is from a different nest which is the condition under which most human wars are fought (rats au naturel, that is: labrats tend to be apathetic --condition imposed by captivity + attending confinement (a note, incidentally not unrelated to my comments re Mr. Bliss' story) and will put up with almost anything ((although, come to think of it, I know of at least one case of a labrat committing suicide*)). Also, of course, bees, ants, and c. Also some apes I believe. Might this not be a condition common to social animals in general? As for instinct toward race survival, it is there, but is rather provincial (e.g. Commies do not really count as being quite human from the point of view of some Americans--and vice versa of course).

*Leapt from a third story window, if you really must know.

//I received a letter from Bill Bliss not long ago and he is of the opinion that The Time of the Ottos is a jinxed piece of writing. Interesting! I know he will read your comments with great interest. This tendency of the human race to regard segments of the h. race as not being quite human and therefore completely expendable ("bomb the hell out of the yellow bastards!") has always sickened me, but it is a common reaction. It seems so easy to condemn to death large groups of people whom you have never seen and have been taught to fear and/or hate. But the historical progression from tribe to town to city to district to country gives me some encouragement. The United States is really quite a successful experiment in terms of people occupying a large area and getting along more-or-less peacefully. The Soviet Union is trying for the same sort of success not only in their own traditional territorial limits, but also in central Europe. It will be interesting to see how they make out. Yes I really did want to know about the rat. Peace.//

This has been, of all things, a continued letter column. Continued from the last issue of Sirruish. If I have blasted fannish traditions by doing this, so sorry, but it seemed to be the only answer.

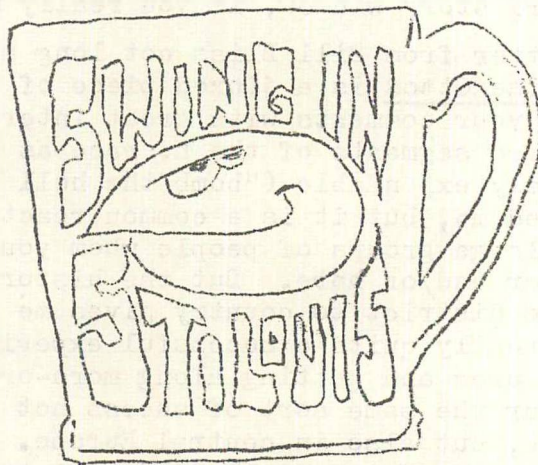
This issue is coming out just one month after the last one. This strange behaviour is due to problems I have had with my mimeo. These problems are not completely solved as yet but I had to use the machine, crochety or no, to get out the Baycon issue.

By the time you read this the selection of the WorldCon site will probably be history. I hope we win, I really do. If we don't, I don't plan to leap from a third story window, or anything drastic like that, but I will be looking forward to letters from you to cheer me up.

If we win, I expect to hear from you telling me that you will be in St. Louis. In any event, I do look forward to hearing from you. It's been a busy summer.

Leigh Couch

SIRRUISH 8



"The Logical Choice: St Louis in '69

