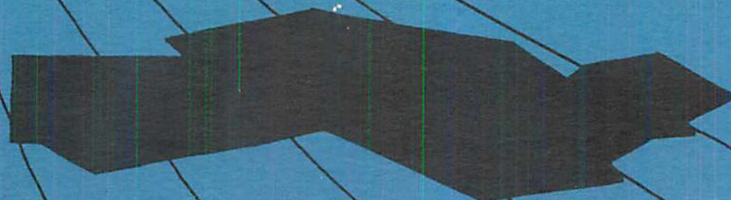
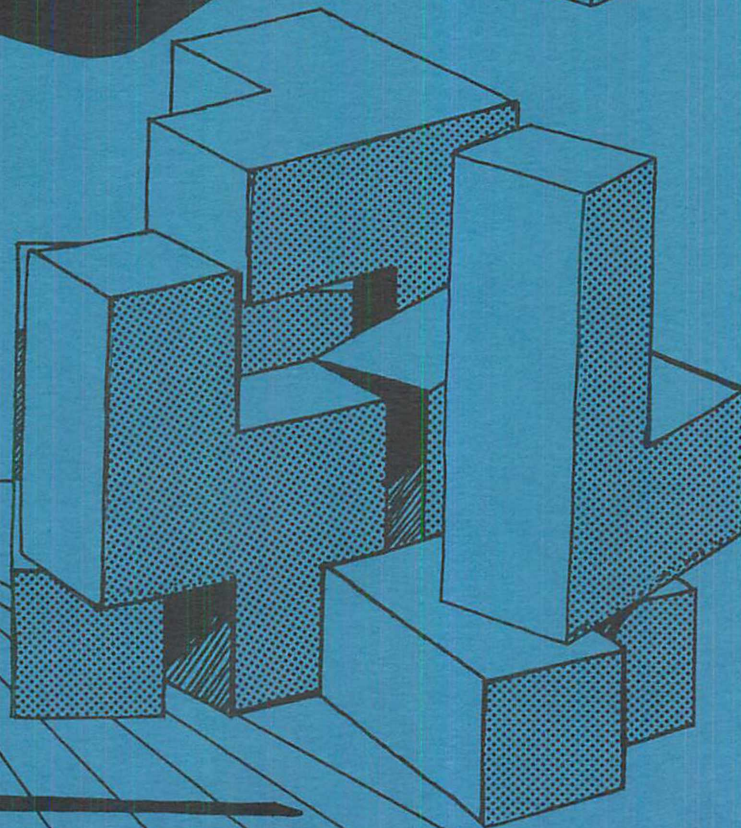
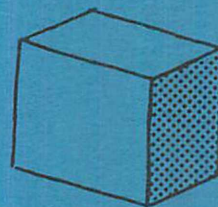


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FAN ZINE

Volume 1 No. 2

Spring '71

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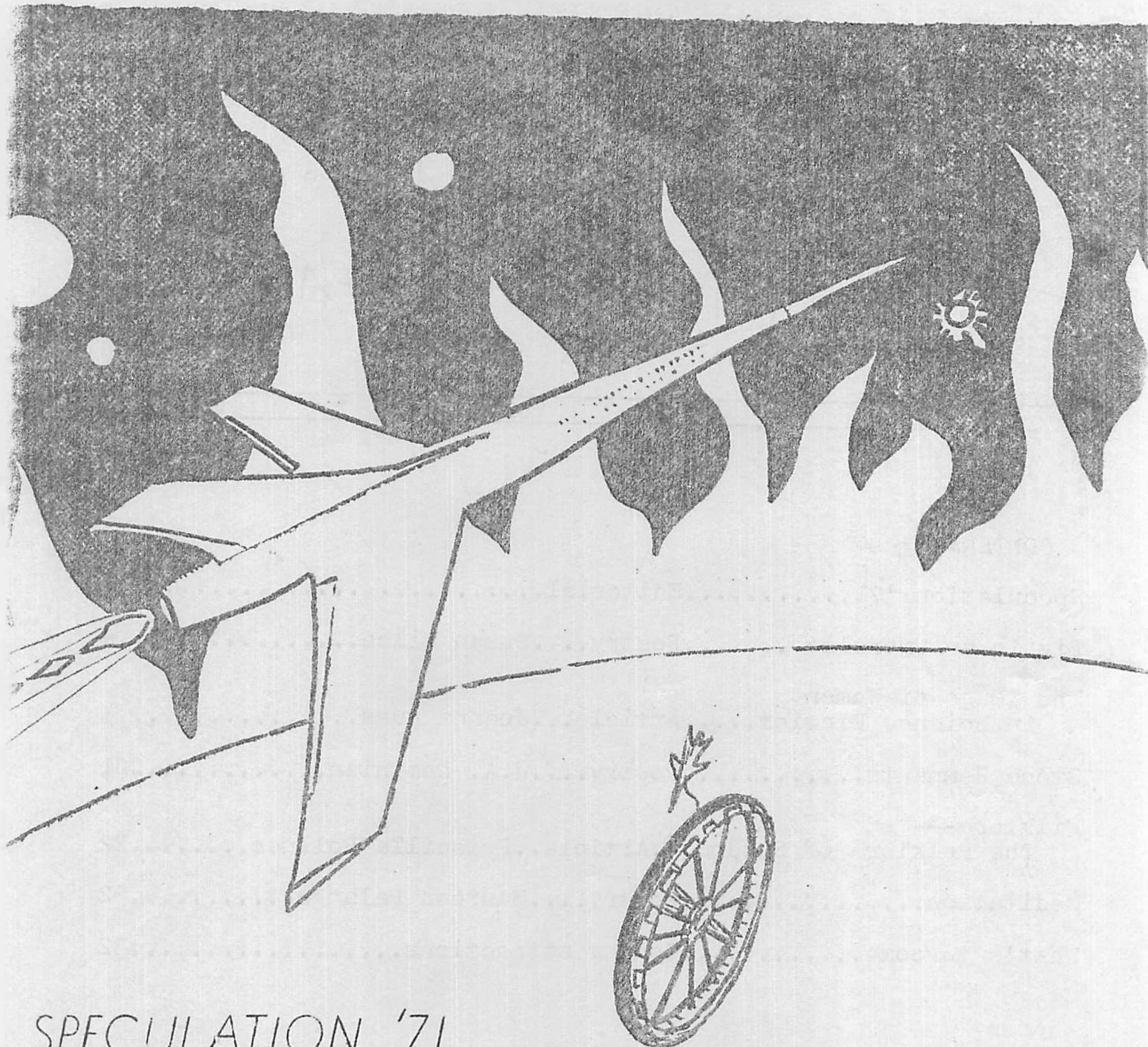
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SPECULATION '71

One. Nine. Seven. One. Nineteen Hundred and Seventy One. 1971. One Thousand, Nine Hundred, Seventy One. This is today, the year of the new SF... speculative fantasy. This is the year when the age old gender of science-fiction takes on a new birth-right in the field of literature. Science fiction/Speculative Fantasy is finally going to have class! And not just class, but "CLASS!"

Yes, the day of the Bug-Eyed-Monster has phased out into the past, alien invasions are rare, runaway robots and eccentric super-scientists have become obsolete. The new target is MAN.

Remember the days when man was so superior that no matter how radical his environment was, he always maintained control? Those were the days of "BILLY ZAP of THE SPACE PATROL!"

"The door of Billy's atomic powered rocket ship swung open with a clang. He looked out across the vast purple wastes of Saturn. Above his head the famous rings glowed brightly, shedding an eerie light over the alien landscape. Billy turned.

"Gee whiz, sarge, it sure is spooky out there."

"Well, Billy," he answered, "that's what our green Earth looked

like millions of years ago, before there was any life."

"Well, we might as well get going."

Billy and the sarge returned inside their rocket ship to get there space guns and rations. Somewhere out there, the Saturnians were holding the President of Earth's High Council. And it was Billy and Sarge's job to get him back!"

Such was an era. Today, most of it is gone. With the imminent realization that man must adapt to his environment, sometimes unknowingly, sometimes even against his will, science fiction has a new toy to play with.

Fanzines alone are over forty years old. Fandom is even older. But where did science-fiction begin?

"Aurakk stared at his family huddled around the crackling fire on the floor of his cave. The hunt had been poor. Rain had forced the animals to seek shelter. Hunting had been poor for the last moon period, Sabertooth were killing his mastodon and many of the other food animals had died out from the sudden change of climate.

The rain had stopped. Aurakk looked out at the sky and watched the moon come charging out from behind a bank of fleeing clouds. His children were hungry, his wife's breasts sore from the suckling, and the meager furs he had would not keep them warm from the ensuing cold. He had to keep their minds off the problems, but his eyes would not release him from the grips of the sky.

Suddenly, a white-hot, thin, streak flashed across the sky.

Aurakk smiled. An idea was forming in his head. Walking over to the fire, he withdrew a well-charred stick. On the cave wall, he sketched in the basics of a landscape. Resting in the center was a long oval object. Carefully Aurakk drew in three people standing next to it, and prepared himself for telling his family about the three strange people he met who came in a raft from the sky...."

Was there an Aurakk? The odds are that we'll never know. But there were many people who fostered science-fiction into the art form it is today.

And where is science-fiction heading tomorrow? That's the sort of SF'ey question that would make a good topic for a panel at a science fiction convention (God only knows how many times I've heard this debated!). But in any case, one thing can be said; SF is heading AWAY...in directions unknown...toward new horizons...etcetra.

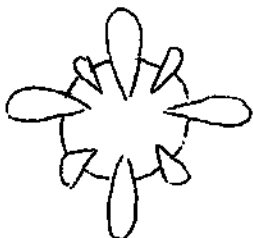
This is SON OF A BEACH NUMBER TWO. We're not anything special in the field. At times we may be even mediocore. But we enjoy what we are doing. Science fiction is a love to us and we treat it with care. A touch here, a caress there, and like the boy who couldn't lose his shadow, when SF get where its going...

...we'll be there.

Speculatively,



Les



The Shape of Things to Come

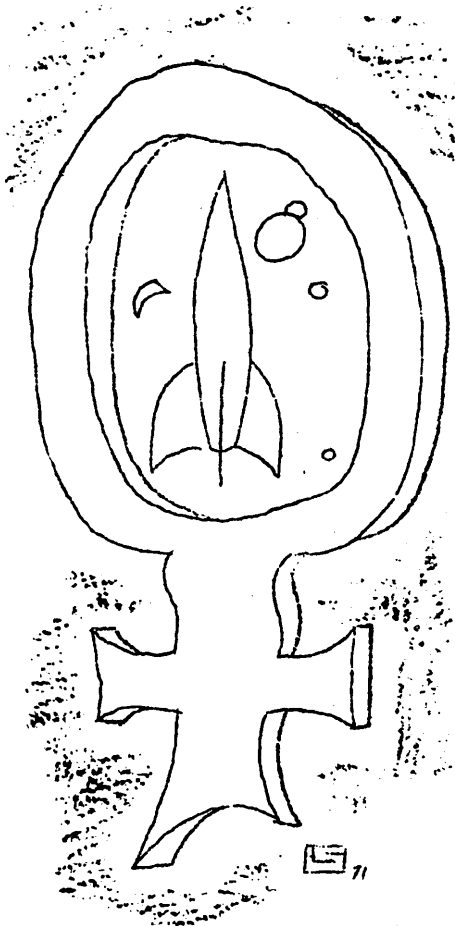
BIG IS AN UMBRELLA

Big is an umbrella,
Little is a toadstool
I put my big umbrella up
To make a little roof
Then no matter how it rains,
I stay waterproof
Beside me, in the rainy grass,
A toadstool, just so high,
Makes a little roof like mine,
To keep a beetle dry.

--Susan Wilce
Age 7

THE IMAGE OF → WOMEN IN SCIENCE FICTION

BY
JOANNA RUSS



Science fiction is 'What If' literature. All sorts of definitions have been proposed by people in the field, but they all contain both the 'What If' and 'The Serious Explanation; that is, science fiction shows things not as they characteristically or habitually are but as they might be, and for this "might be" the author must offer a rational, serious, consistent explanation, one that does not (in S. Delany's phrase) offend against what is known to be known (1). Science fiction writers can't be experts in all disciplines, but they ought at least to be up to the level of the New York Times Sunday science page. If the author offers marvels and does not explain them, or if he explains them playfully and not seriously, or if the explanation offends against what the author knows to be true, you are dealing with fantasy and not science fiction. True, the fields tend to blur into each other and the borderland is a pleasant and gleeful place, but generally you can tell where you are. Examples:

J.R.R. Tolkien writes fantasy. He offends against all sorts of archaeological, geological, paleontological, and linguistic evidence which he probably knows as well as anyone else does.

Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote science fiction. He explained his marvels seriously and he explained them as well as he could. At the time he wrote, his stories did in fact conflict with what was known to be known, but he didn't know that. He wrote 'bad' science fiction.

Ray Bradbury writes both science fiction and fantasy, often in the same story. He doesn't seem to care.

Science fiction comprises a grand variety of common properties: the fourth dimension, hyperspace (whatever that is), the colonization of other worlds, nuclear catastrophe, time travel (now out of fashion), interstellar exploration, mutated supermen, alien races, and so on. The sciences treated range from the "hard" or exact sciences (astronomy, physics) through the life sciences (biology, biochemistry, neurology) through the "soft" or inexact sciences (ethology, ecology, psychology) to disciplines that are still in the descriptive or philosophical stage and may never become exact (history, for example) (2). I would go beyond these last to include what some writers call "para-sciences"- extra-sensory perception, psionics, or even magic- as long as the "discipline" in question is treated as it would

have to be if it were real, that is rigorously, logically, and in detail (3).

Fantasy, says Samuel Delany, treats what cannot happen, science fiction what has not happened (4). One would think science fiction the perfect literary mode in which to explore (and explode) our assumptions about "innate" values and "natural" social arrangements, in short our ideas about Human Nature, Which Never Changes. Some of this has been done. But speculation about the innate personality differences between men and women, about family structure, about sex, in short about gender roles, does not exist at all.

AND WHY NOT?

What is the image of women in science fiction?

We can begin by dismissing fiction set in the very near future ((such as On the Beach) but most science fiction is not like this; most science fiction is set far in the future, some of it 'very' far in the future, hundreds of thousands of years sometimes. One would think that by then human society, family life, personal relations, child-rearing, in fact anything one can name, would have altered beyond recognition. This is not the case. The more intelligent, literate fiction carries today's values and standards into its future Galactic Empires. What may politely be called the less sophisticated fiction returns to the past- not even a real past, in most cases, but an idealized and exaggerated past (5).

INTERGALACTIC SUBURBIA

In general, the authors who write reasonably sophisticated and literate science fiction ((Clarke, Asimov, for choice)) see the relations between the sexes as those of present day, white, middle-class suburbia. Mummy and Daddy may live inside a huge amoeba and Daddy's job may be to test psychedelic drugs or cultivate yeast-vats, but the world inside their heads is the world of Westport and Rahway and that world is never questioned. Not that the authors are obvious about it; Fred Pohl's recent satire, The Age of the Pussyfoot, is a good case in point (6). In this witty and imaginative future world, death is reversible, production is completely automated, the world population is enormous, robots do most of the repetitive work, the pharmacopoeia of psychoactive drugs is very, very large, and society has become so complicated that people must carry personal computers to make their everyday decisions for them. I haven't even mentioned the change in people's clothing, in their jobs, their slang, their hobbies, and so on. But if you look more closely at this weird world you find that it practices a laissez-faire capitalism, one even freer than our own; that men have better jobs (the book's heroine is the equivalent of a consumer-research guinea pig); and that children are raised at home by their mothers.

In short, the American middle class with a little window dressing.

In science fiction, speculation about social institutions and individual psychology has always lagged far behind speculation about

technology, possibly because technology is easier to understand than people. But this is not the whole story (7). I have been talking about intelligent, literate science fiction. Concerning this sort of work one might simply speak of a failure of imagination outside the exact sciences, but there are other kinds of science fiction, and when you look at them, something turns up that makes you wonder if failure of imagination is what is at fault.

I ought to make it clear that American science fiction and British science fiction have evolved very differently and that what I am going to talk about is- in origin- an American phenomenon. In Britain science fiction not only was always respectable, it still is; there is a continuity in the field that the American tradition does not have. British fiction is not, on the whole, better written than American science fiction, but it continues to attract first-rate writers from outside the field (Kipling, Shaw, C.S. Lewis, Orwell, Golding) and it continues to be reviewed seriously and well (8). American science fiction developed out of the pulps and stayed outside the tradition of serious literature for at least three decades; it is still not really respectable (9). American science fiction originated the adventure-story-cum-fairy-tale which most people think of (erroneously) as science fiction. It has been called a great many things, most of them uncomplimentary, but the usual name is Space Opera. There are good writers working in this field who do not deserve the public notoriety bred by this kind of science fiction. But their values usually

belong to the same imaginative world and they participate in many of the same assumptions (10). I will not, therefore, name names, but will pick on something inoffensive- think of Flash Gordon and read on.

DOWN AMONG THE HE-MEN

If the most literate science fiction takes for its gender-role models the ones which actually exist (or are assumed as ideals) in middle-class America, space opera returns to the past for its models, and not even the real past, but an idealized and simplified one. These stories are not realistic. They are primitive, sometimes bizarre, and often magnificently bald in their fantasy. Some common themes:

A feudal economic and social structure- usually paired with advanced technology and inadequate to the complexities of a Seventh Century European mud hut.

Women are important as prizes or motives- i.e. we must rescue the heroine or win the hand of the beautiful Princess. Many fairy-tale motifs turn up here.

Active or ambitious women are evil- this literature is chockfull of cruel dowager empresses, sadistic matriarchs, evil



ladies maddened by jealousy, domineering villainesses and so on.

Women are supernaturally beautiful- all of them.

Women are weak and/or kept offstage- this genre is full of scientist's beautiful daughters who know just enough to be brought along by Daddy as his research assistant, but not enough to be of any help to anyone.

Women's powers are passive and involuntary- an odd idea that turns up again and again, not only in space opera. If female characters are given abilities, these are often innate abilities which cannot be developed or controlled, e.g., clairvoyance, telepathy, hysterical strength, unconscious psi-power, eidetic memory, perfect pitch, lightning calculation, or (more badly) magic. The power is somehow 'in' the woman, but she does not really possess it. Often realistic science fiction employs the same device (11).

The real focus of interest is not on women at all- but on the cosmic rivalries between strong, rugged, virile, he-men. It is no accident that space opera and horse opera bear similar names (12). Most of the readers of science fiction are male and most of them are young; people seem to quit reading the stuff in their middle twenties (13). The hard-core readers who form fan clubs and go to conventions are even younger, and even more likely to be male. Such readers as I have met (the addicts?) are overwhelmingly likely to be nervous, shy, pleasant boys, sensitive, intelligent, and very awkward with people. They also talk too much. It does not take a clairvoyant to see why such people would be attracted to space opera, with its absence of real women and its tremendous over-rating of the "real he-man." In the March 1969 issue of Amazing, one James Koval wrote to the editor as follows (14):

Your October issue was superb, better than that, it was uniquely original. Why do I think it is worthy of such compliments? Because the short-stories 'Conqueror' and 'Mu Panther', mainly. They were, in every visual and emotional sense, stories about real men whose rugged actions and keen thinking bring back a genuine feeling of masculinity, a thing sorely missed by the long-haired and soft-eyed generation of my time, of which I am a part... aiming entertainment at the virile and imaginative male of today is the best kind of business... I sincerely hope you keep your man-versus-animal type format going, especially with stories like 'Mu Panther'. That was exceptionally unique.

The editor's response was "GROAN!"

But even if readers are adolescents, the writers are not. I know quite a few grown-up men who should know better, but who nonetheless fall into what I would like to call the he-man ethic. And they do it over and over again. In November, 1968, a speaker at the Philadelphia Science Fiction Convention (15) described the heroes such writers create.

The only real He-Man is Master of the Universe... The real He-Man is invulnerable. He has no weaknesses. Sexually he is

super-potent. He does exactly what he pleases, everywhere and at all times. He is absolutely self-sufficient. He depends on nobody, for this would be a weakness. Toward women he is possessive, protective, and patronizing; to men he gives orders. He is never frightened by anything or for any reason; he is never indecisive and he always wins.

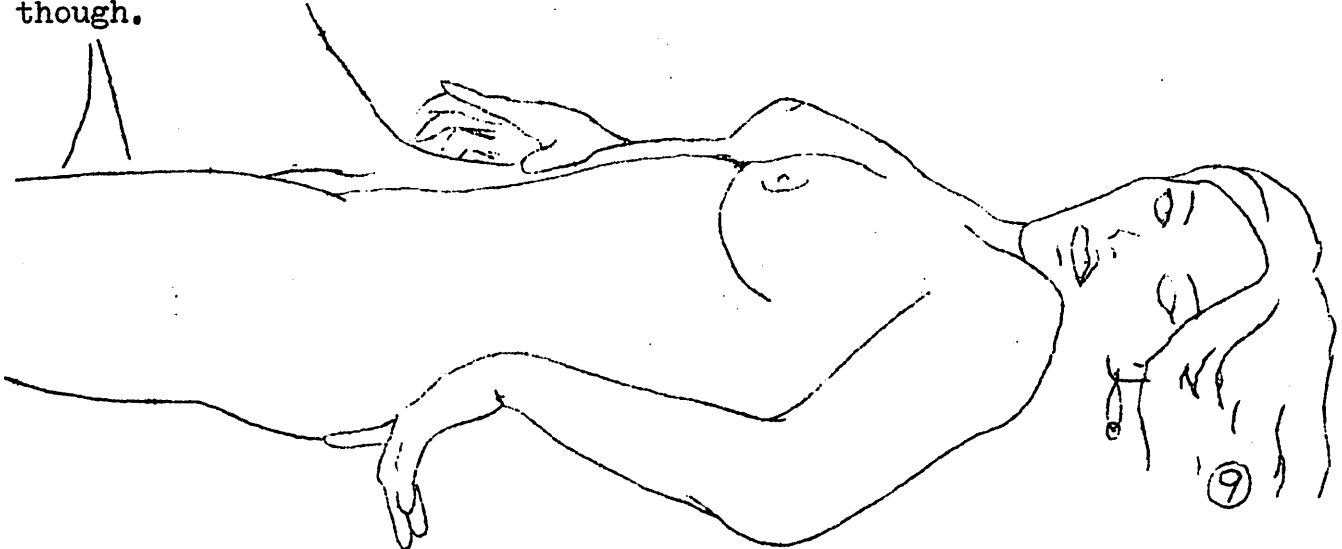
In short, masculinity equals power and femininity equals powerlessness. This is a cultural stereotype that can be found in much popular literature, but science fiction writers have no business employing stereotypes, let alone swallowing them goggle-eyed.

EQUAL IS AS EQUAL DOES

In the last decade or so, science fiction has begun to attempt the serious presentation of men and women as equals, usually by showing them at work together. Even a popular television show like Star Trek shows a spaceship with a mixed crew (16); fifteen years ago this was unthinkable. Forbidden Planet, a witty and charming film made in the 1950's takes it for granted that the crew of a spaceship will all be red-blooded, crew-cut, woman-hungry men, rather like the cast of 'South Pacific' before the nurses arrive. And within the memory of living adolescent, John W. Campbell, Jr., the editor of Analog, proposed that "nice girls" be sent on spaceships as prostitutes because married women would only clutter everything up with washing and babies. But Campbell is a coelacanth.

At any rate, many recent stories do show a two-sexed world in which women, as well as men, work competently and well. But this is a reflection of present reality, not genuine speculation. And what is most striking about these stories is what they leave out: the characters' personal and erotic relations are not described, child-rearing arrangements (to my knowledge) are never described, and the women who appear in these stories are either young and childless or middle-aged, with their children safely grown up. That is, the real problems of a society without gender-role differentiation are not faced. It is my impression that most of these stories are colorless and schematic; the authors want to be progressive, God bless them, but they don't know how. Exceptions:

Mack Reynolds, who also presents a version of future socialism called the "Ultra-Welfare State" (is there a connection?). He has written novels about two-sexed societies of which one is a kind of mild gynocracy. He does not describe the child-rearing arrangements, though.



Samuel Delany, who often depicts group marriages and communal child-bearing, "triplet" marriages (not polygamy or polyandry, for each person is understood to have sexual relations with the other two) 'und so weiter', all with no differentiation of gender roles, all with an affectionate, East Village, Berkely-Bohemian air to them, and all with the advanced technology that would make such things work. His people have the rare virtue of fitting the institutions under which they live. Robert Heinlein, who also goes in for odd arrangements (e.g. the "line marriage" in The Moon is a Harsh Mistress in which everybody is married to everybody, but there are seniority rights in sex) peoples his different societies with individualistic, possessive, competitive, pre-World War II Americans - just the people who could not live under the cooperative or communal arrangements he describes. Heinlein, for all his virtues, seems to me to exemplify science fiction's failure of imagination in the human sphere. He is superb at work but of his element elsewhere. Stranger in a Strange Land seems to me a particular failure. I have heard Heinlein's women called "Boy Scouts with breasts" -but the subject takes more discussion than I can give it here. Alexei Panshin's critical study, Heinlein in Dimension, undertakes a thorough investigation of Heinlein vs. Sex. Heinlein loses (17).

MATRIARCHY

The strangest and most fascinating oddities in science fiction occur not in the stories that try to abolish differences in gender roles but in those which attempt to reverse the roles themselves. Unfortunately, only a handful of writers have treated this theme seriously. Space opera abounds, but in space opera the reversal is always cut to the same pattern.

Into a world of cold, cruel, domineering women who are openly contemptuous of their cringing, seville men ("gutless" is a favorite word here) arrive ((s) men ((a man) from our present world. With a minimum of trouble, these normal men succeed in overthrowing the matriarchy, which although strong and warlike, is also completely inefficient. At this point, the now dominant men experience a joyful return of victorious manhood and the women ((after initial reluctance) declare that they too are much happier. Everything is ((to quote S.J. Perelman) leeches and cream (18)). Two interesting themes occur:

(1) the women are far more vicious, sadistic, and openly contemptuous of the men than comparable dominant men are of comparable subordinate women in the usual space opera.

(2) the women are dominant because they are taller and stronger than the men ((1)).

Sometimes the story is played out among the members of an alien species modeled on insects or microscopic sea-creatures, so that the tiny males are eaten or engulfed by huge females. I remember one in which a tiny male was eaten by a female who was not only forty feet tall but maddened to boot (19). There are times when science fiction leaves the domain of literature altogether. Least said, soonest mended.

I remember three British accounts of future matriarchies that could be called serious studies. In one, the matriarchy is incidental. The society is presented as good because it embodies the tradition-



ally feminine virtues,, which are taken as innate in the female character. There is something about matriarchy that makes science fiction writers think of two things: biological engineering and social insects; whether women are considered naturally chitinous or the softness of the female body is equated with the softness of the "soft" sciences I don't know,, but the point is often made that "women are conservative by nature" and from there it seems an easy jump to bees or ants. Science fiction stories often make the point that a matriarchy will be static and hierarchical, like Byzantium or Egypt. (It should be remembered here that the absolute value of progress is one of the commonest shibboleths of science fiction.) The third story I remember- technically it's a "post-Bomb" story- was written by an author whose version of matriarchy sounds like Robert Graves's ((21)). The story makes the explicit point that while what is needed is static endurance, the Mother rules; when exploration and initiative again become necessary,, the Father will return. The Great Mother is a real supernatural character in this tale,, and the people in it are very real people. The matriarchy- again,, the women rule by supernatural knowledge- is vividly realized and there is genuine exploration of what personal relation would be like in such a society. There is a kind of uncompromising horror (the hero is hunted by "the hounds of the Mother"- women whose minds have been taken over by the Magna Mater) which expresses a man's fear of such a world much more effectively than all the maddened,, forty-foot-tall male-gulpers ever invented.

So far I've been discussing fiction written by men and largely for men ((22)). What about fiction written by women?

WOMEN'S FICTION: POTPOURRI

Most science fiction writers are men,, but some are women,, and there are more women writing the stuff than there used to be. The women writer's work falls into four rough categories.

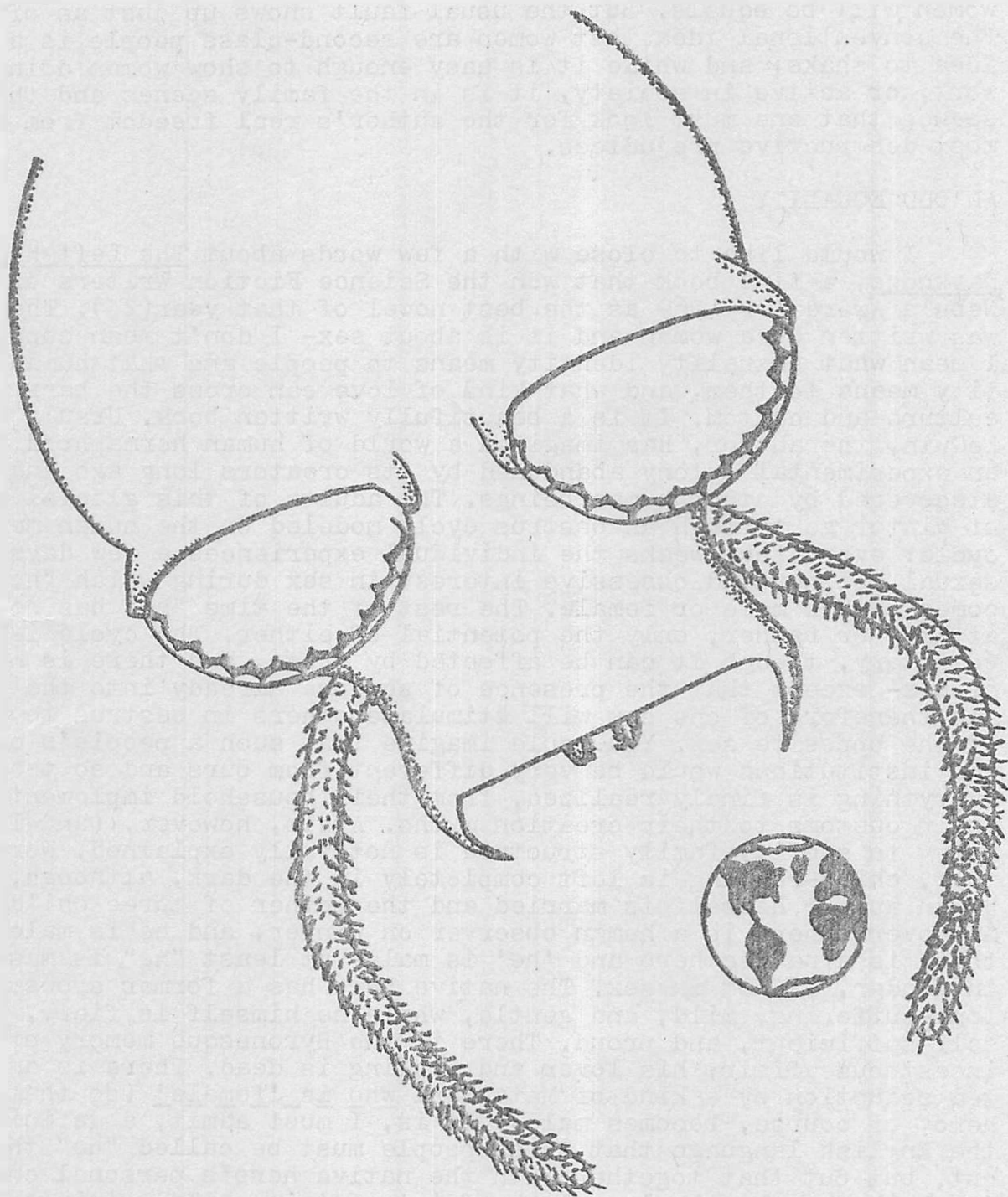
((1)) Ladies' magazine fiction- in which the sweet, gentle, intuitive little heroine solves an interstellar crisis by mending her slip or doing something equally domestic after her big heroic husband has failed. Zenna Henderson sometimes writes like this. Fantasy and Science Fiction, which carries more of this kind of writing than any of the other magazines,, once earned a deserved slap over the knuckles from reviewer James Blish ((23)).

((2)) Galactic suburbia- very often written by women. Sometimes the characters are all male,, especially if the story is set at work. Most women writing in this field (like so many of the men) write this kind of fiction.

((3)) Space opera- strange but true. Leigh Brackett is one example. Very rarely the protagonist turns out to be a sword-wielding, muscular,, aggressive woman- but the he-man ethos of the world does not change,, nor do the stereotyped personalities assigned to the secondary characters,, particularly the female ones.

((4)) Avant-garde fiction- part of the recent rapprochement between the most experimental of the science fiction community and the most avant-garde of what is called "the mainstream". This takes us out of the field of science fiction altogether ((24)).

In general,, stories by women tend to contain more active and lively female characters than do stories by men,, and more often than



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71

men writers, women writers try to invent worlds in which men and women will be equals. But the usual fault shows up just as often. The conventional idea that women are second-class people is a hard idea to shake; and while it is easy enough to show women doing men's work, or active in society, it is in the family scenes and the love scenes that one must look for the author's real freedom from our most destructive prejudices.

AN ODD EQUALITY

I would like to close with a few words about The Left Hand of Darkness, a fine book that won the Science Fiction Writers of America Nebula Award for 1969 as the best novel of that year(25). The book was written by a woman and it is about sex- I don't mean copulation; I mean what sexuality identity means to people and what human identity means to them, and what kind of love can cross the barriers of culture and custom. It is a beautifully written book, Ursula K. LeGuin, the author, has imagined a world of human hermaphrodites- an experimental colony abandoned by its creators long ago and re-discovered by other human beings. The adults of this glacial world of Winter go through an oestrus cycle modeled on the human menstrual cycles every four weeks the individual experiences a few days of sexual potency and obsessive interest in sex during which "he" becomes either male or female. The rest of the time "he" has no sex at all, or rather, only the potential of either. The cycle is involuntary, though it can be affected by drugs, and there is no choice of sex- except that the presence of someone already into the cycle and therefore of one sex will stimulate others in oestrus to become of the opposite sex. You would imagine that such a people's culture and institutions would be very different from ours and so they are; everything is finely realized, from their household implements to their customs to their creation myths. Again, however, (and I'm very sorry to see it) family structure is not fully explained. Worse than that, child-rearing is left completely in the dark, although, the human author herself is married and the mother of three children. Moreover, there is a human observer on Winter, and he is male; and there is a native hero and 'he' is male- at least "he" is masculine in gender, if not in sex. The native hero has a former spouse who is long-suffering, mild, and gentle, while he himself is fiery, tough, self-sufficient, and proud. There is the Byronesque memory of a past incestuous affair; his lover and sibling is dead. There is an attempted seduction by a kind of Mata Hari who is 'female' (so that the hero, of course, becomes male). It is, I must admit, a deficiency in the English language that these people must be called "he" throughout, but put that together with the native hero's personal encounters in the book, the absolute lack of interest in child-raising, the concentration on work, and what you have is a world of men. Thus the great love scene in the book is between two men: the human observer (who is a real man) and the native hero (who is a female man). The scene is nominally homosexual, but I think what lies at the bottom of it (and what has moved men and women readers alike) is that it is a love scene between a man and a woman, with the label "male: high status" pasted on the woman's forehead. Perhaps, with the strait-jackets of our gender roles, with women automatically regarded as second-class, intelligent and active women feel as if they were

female men or hermaphrodites. Or perhaps the only way a woman (even in a love scene) can be made a man's equal- and the love scene therefore deeply moving- is to make her nominally male. That is, female in sex but male in gender. Here is the human narrator describing the alien hero:

to ignore the abstraction, to hold fast to the thing. There was in this attitude something feminine, a refusal of the abstract ideal, a submissiveness to the given....(26)

Very conventional, although the story is set far, far in the future and the narrator is supposed to be a trained observer, a kind of anthropologist. Here is the narrator again, describing human women: (he has been asked if they are "like a different species"):

No. Yes. No, of course not, not really. But the difference is very important, I suppose the most important thing, the heaviest single factor in one's life, is whether one's born male or female...

Even where women participate equally with men in the society, they still after all do all the child-bearing, and so most of the child-rearing....

(Asked "Are they mentally inferior?")

I don't know. They don't often seem to turn up mathematicians, or composers of music, or inventors,

(27) or abstract thinkers. But it isn't that they're stupid...

Let me remind you that this is centuries in the future:

And again:

the boy...had a girl's quick delicacy in his looks and movements, but no girl could keep so grim a silence as he did...(28)

It's the whole difficulty of science fiction, of genuine speculation: how to get away from traditional assumptions which are nothing more than traditional straitjackets (29). Miss LeGuin seems to be aiming at some kind of equality between the sexes, but she certainly goes the long way around to get it; a whole new biology has to be invented, a whole society, a whole imagined world, so that finally she may bring together two persons of different sexes who will nonetheless be equals (30).

The title I chose for this essay was "The Image of Women in Science Fiction," I hesitated between that and "Women in Science Fiction" but if I had chosen the latter, there would have been very little to say.

There are plenty of images of women in science fiction.

There are hardly any women.

-- Joanna Russ

NOTE:

**** The above article "The Image of Women in Science Fiction"

was first published in THE RED CLAY READER Vol. 8, November 1970

and has been re-printed here by permission of the author.

(Footnotes to the article are located elsewhere in the zine....)

JILL BRADY

fiction:

James Blish, Black Easter, Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y., 1968

Ray Bradbury, The Martian Chronicles, Doubleday, New York, 1950 (also in Bantam paperback)

Edgar Rice Burroughs, Thuvia, Maid of Mars, Ace Books, 1969 (others in the John Carter series are in Ace paperback)

Samuel Delaney, Babel-17, Ace Books 1966

Robert Heinlein, Stranger in a Strange Land, Berkley, New York, 1969 (many editions exist by now, the novel is copyrighted 1961)

....., The Moon is a Harsh Mistress, Berkley, New York, 1967

Ursula K. LeGuin, The Left Hand of Darkness, Ace Books, New York, 1969

Frederik Pohl, Age of the Pussyfoot, Trident, New York, 1968

J.R.R. Tolkien, Lord of the Rings, 3 volumes, Ballentine, New York, 1966

I suggest also the Orbit series for short stories

Damon Knight, ed. Orbit (number whatever), Putnam's, New York (published in paperback by Berkley), semi-annual

Several years'-best anthologies are published:

Judith Merril, The Year's Best Science Fiction

Terry Carr, World's Best Science Fiction

Harry Harrisom, Best Science Fiction of

current magazines:

Amazing and Fantastic, both edited by Ted White

Analog, edited by John W. Cambell, Jr.

Fantasy and Science Fiction, edited by Ed Fennan

Galaxy, edited by Ejler Jakobsson

criticism:

Kingsley Amis, Near Maps of Hell, Ballentine, New York, 1968

William Atheling, Jr. (James Blish), The Issue at Hand, Advent Press, Chicago, 1964

Basil Davenport, Inquiry Into Science Fiction, Longmans, Green & Co. London, N.Y., 1955

Samuel Delaney, "About Five Thousand One Hundred and Seventy Five Words" Extrapolation: the Newsletter of the Conference on Science-Fiction of the MLA, ed. Thomas D.

Claresom, College of Wooster, Wooster Ohio, Vol. X No.2, May 1969

Damon Knight, In Search of Wonder, Advent Press, Chicago, 1967 (2d ed, revised)

Alexei Panshin, Heinlein in Dimension, Advent Press, Chicago, 1968

Joanna Russ, "Dream Literature and Science Fiction", Extrapolation (see above) Vol. XI No. 1, December 1969

SF Horizons, Nos. 1 and 2, eds. Harry Harrisom, Brian Aldiss, available at 50¢ per copy from Tom Boardman Jr., Pelham, Priory Rd, Sunningdale, Berks., England (No. 1 was published in 1964, No. 2 in 1965, the magazine then died)

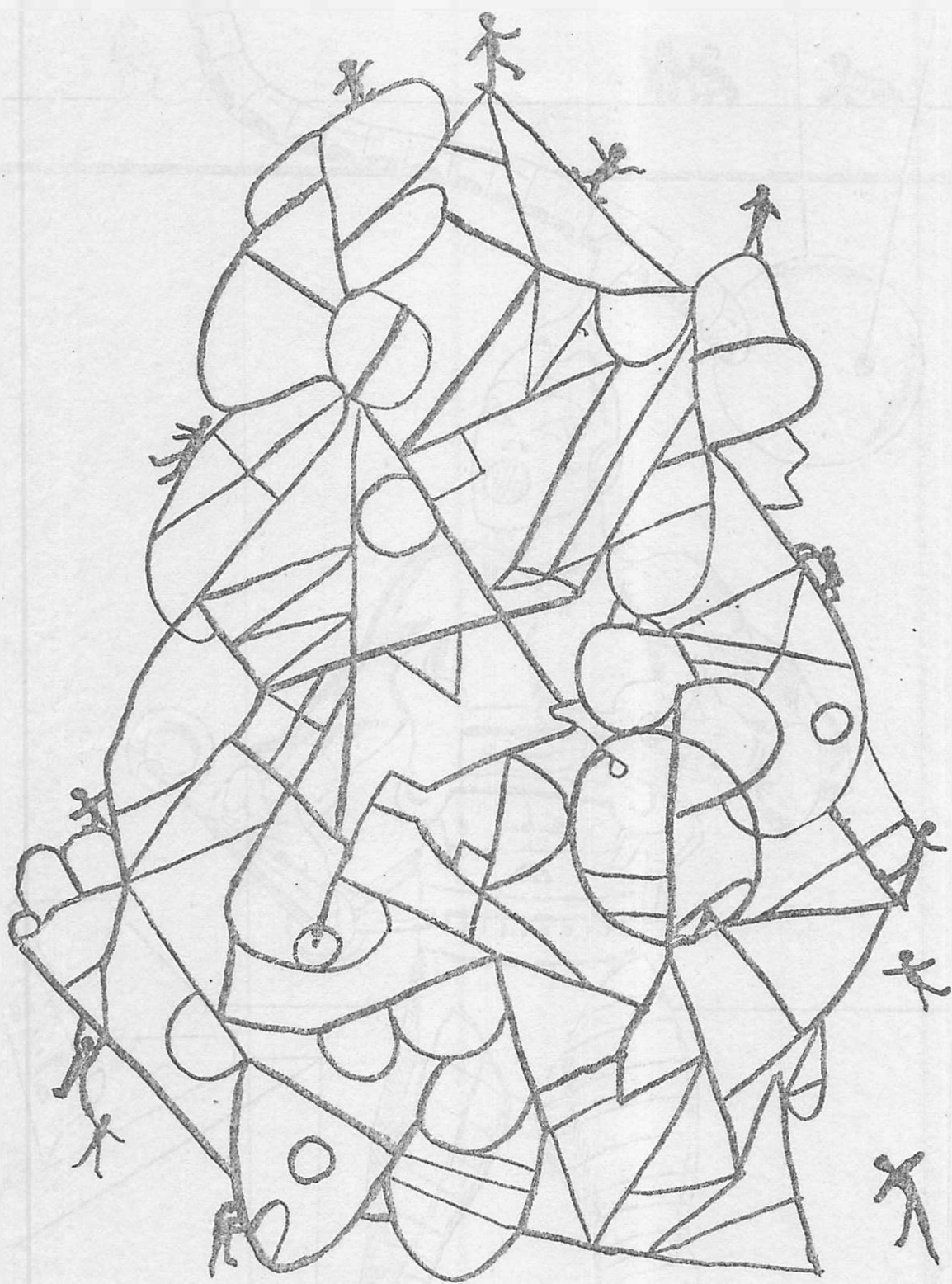
for those who wish to hunt it up:

James Blish, "On Science Fiction Criticism." Riverside Quarterly, August 1968, Vol.III No. 3, pp. 214-217

NOTES

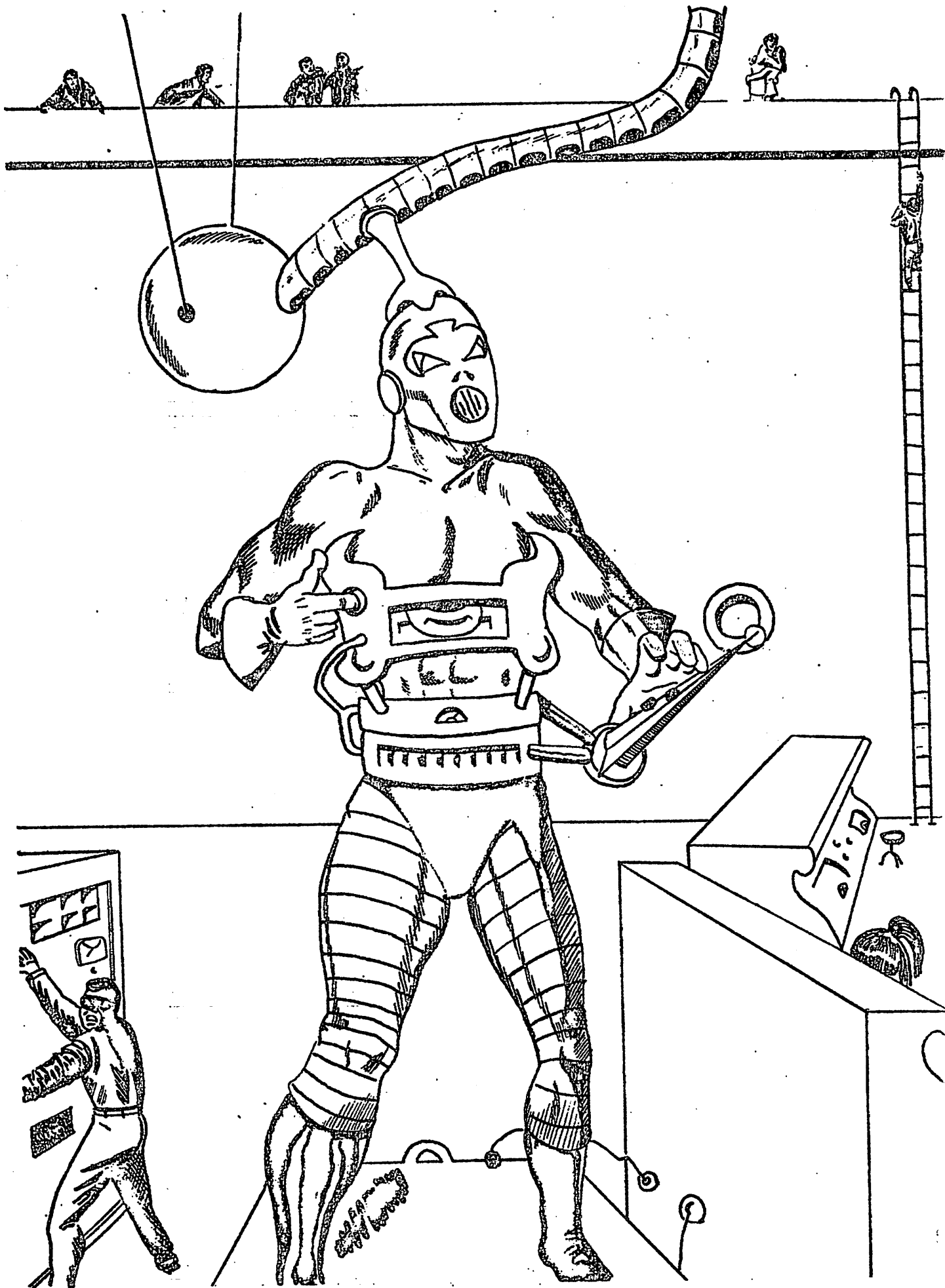
1. In conversation and the discussion of "Speculative Fiction" given at the MLA Seminar of Science Fiction in N.Y. City, Dec. 27. 1968.
2. Basil Davenport, Inquiry into Science Fiction, Longmans, Green and Co., New York, London, Toronto, 1955 pp. 39ff.
3. A recent novel by James Blish, Black Easter, published by Doubleday, Garden City, N. Y. in 1968, does exactly this. See in particularly the Introduction, pp. 7-8.
4. Samuel Delany, "About Five Thousand One Hundred and Seventy Five Words," in Extrapolation: the Newsletter of the Conference on Science-Fiction of the MLA, ed. Thomas D. Clareson, College of Wooster, College of Wooster, Ohio, Vol. X, No. 2, May 1969, pp. 61-63.
5. There have been exceptions, e.g. Olaf Stapledon, George Bernard Shaw. And of course Philip Wylie's The Disappearance. Wylie's novel really ranks as near-future story, though.
6. Frederik Pohl, The Age of the Pussyfoot, Trident Press, N. Y. 1968.
7. I don't want to adduce further examples, but most well-known science fiction is of this kind. It suffices to read Childhood's End, for example, (Arthur C. Clarke) and ask about the Utopian society of the middle: What do the men do? What do the women do? Who raises the children? And so on.
8. See William Atheling, Jr. (James Blish) in The Issue at Hand, pub. by Advent Press, Chicago, 1964, pp. 117-119. I ought to make it clear that I am talking here of science fiction as a literary/cultural phenomenon, e.g. nobody can accuse George Bernard Shaw of suffering from the he-man ethos. But Shaw's ventures into science fiction have had little influence on what is written by other people in the field.
9. The American pioneer was Hugo Gernsback, whose name adorns the yearly fan awards for best novel of the year, best short story, etc. In 1908 the Great Gernsback founded a magazine called Modern Electrics, the world's first radio magazine. In 1911 he published a serial of his own begetting called "Ralph 124C41+". Gernsback founded Amazing Stories in 1926 and by common consent, real science entered the field with John W. Campbell, Jr., in the late 1930's.
10. Some of the better writers in this genre are Keith Laumer, Gordon Dickson, and Poul Anderson. Most magazine fiction is at least tainted with space opera.
11. In Age of the Pussyfoot the heroine makes her living by trying out consumer products. She is so ordinary (or statistically extraordinary) that if she likes the products, the majority of the world's consumers will also like them. A prominent character in John Brunner's recent novel, Stand on Zanzibar, is a clairvoyante.
12. Also "Soap opera" - the roles of the sexes are reversed.
13. I would put the ratio of male to female readers at about five to one. It might very well be higher.
14. I think March and I think it was Amazing; it is either Amazing or Worlds of If for 1968 or 1969. Sorry!
15. Me.
16. It is noteworthy, however, that the ladies of the crew spend their time as stewardesses and telephone operators.
17. See Alexei Panshin's Heinlein in Dimension, Advent Press, Chicago, 1968, especially Chapter VI.
18. Entertaining use can be made of this form. Keith Laumer's delightfully tongue-in-cheek "The War With The Yukks" is a case in point. You will now complain that I don't tell you where to find it, but trying to find uncollected stories or novellas is a dreadful task. I don't know where it is. I read it in magazine publication; magazines vanish.

19. Again, vanished without a trace. It's an oldie and I suspect it appeared in one of Groff Conklin's fat anthologies of The Best S.F. For (fill in year). It was a lovely story.
20. This one may be American. A Russian (or American) and a Red Chinese, both from our present, are somehow transported into the future. They kill each other at a party in a xenophobic rage which their hostesses find tragic and obsolete. I remember that the ladies in the story shave their heads (tha is, the ladies' heads). Not exactly a matriarchy but a semi-reversal of gender roles occurs in Philip Wylie's The Disappearance, a brilliant argument to the effect that gender roles are learned and can be unlearned.
21. Again I find myself with distinct memories of the story and none of the author's name. I would appreciate any information. Science Fiction is in a dreadful state bibliographically.
22. This is perhaps too sweeping a statement; Isaac Asimov certainly writes for everybody, to give one example only. But male readers do outnumber female readers, and there is a definite bias in the field toward what I have called the he-man ethos. I think the generalization can stand as a generalization.
23. See William Atheling, Jr., (James Blish), The Issue at Hand, Advent Press, Chicago, 1954, p. 112.
24. Carol Emswiler is a good example. See the Orbit series of anthologies edited by Damon Knight (Putnam's in hardcover, Berkley-paper)
25. Ursula K. LeGuin, The Left Hand of Darkness, Ace, New York, N.Y., 1969 (paper). As of this writing it has also received the Hugo, a comparable fan award.
26. Ibid., p. 201.
27. Ibid., p. 223.
28. Ibid., p. 281.
29. I am too hard on the book; the narrator isn't quite that positive and one could make out a good case that the author is trying to criticize his viewpoint. There is also a technical problem: we are led to equate the human narrator's world (which we never see) with our own, simply because handling two unknowns in one novel would present insuperable difficulties. Moreover, Miss LeGuin wishes us to contrast Winter with our own world, not with some hypothetical, different society which would then have to be shown in detail. However, her earlier novel, City of Illusions, also published by Ace, is surprisingly close to the space opera, he-man ethos-either anti-feminism or resentment at being feminine, depending on how you look at it.
30. There is an old legend (or a new one-I heard it read several years ago on WBAI-FM) concerning Merlin and some sorceress who was his sworn enemy. Each had resolved to destroy the other utterly, but they met and-each not knowing who the other was-fell in love. The problem was solved by Merlin's turning her into him and her turning him into herself. Thus both destroyed and reconstituted in the opposite sex, they lived happily ever after (one assumes). Or as Shaw was supposed to have said, he conceived of his female characters as being himself in different circumstances.



/// Civilization ///

P.



STONE REMNANTS

Sifting through sands,
Two specks collide
And make one more

Again they touch,
Again one more;
A stone between -
And soon-no more.

Trampled and timeless,
Memory recedes,
Becoming a fragment
Of what was
And was to be,
Recording what never happened
As keepsake for what will be.

Perception becomes perspective,
Focused by temperament,
Lost through carelessness
And left by chance.

--J. A. Dominian

FILKLORE-THE FOLKLORE OF FANDOM

--Priscilla Pollner

I-Introduction

Individuals need to know that they are not alone in the world. For that reason, people with similar interests tend to collect into groups. One of these groups is called fandom by its members, who, of course, are the "folk" of this paper.

Fandom is (loosely) the state of being a science fiction fan in contact with other science ficiton fans. Yet, one can easily enjoy fandom never having read science fiction, and can like science fiction having no knowledge of fandom. Like many other terms, it can more easily be described than explained.

Fandom itself can be divided into different internal divisions. It differs in various areas of the country (not to mention the world, for it is not a distinct American custom). This paper is primarily concerned with the fandom of the New York-New Jersey-Pennsylvania area. Furthermore special interest groups also exist as parts of total fandom. One, which will be examined in greater detail here is the "trekkie" group. It is composed of fans who are greatly interested in "Star Trek," and shows more unity within itself than with the other groups in its immediate geographical area. In general, most trekkies seem to have less status in fandom than do other fans, although neither group is mutually exclusiv

While collecting for this report, I was re-baptised into the True Faith of the Sacred Cat, and became a believer in the Vulcan Idic. These connections give me some small insight into fandom, yet, not being a member of the New Jersey Imperialist Party, or the New Jersey Imperialist Army for the Liberation of Staten Island, I must confess that my discussions of some aspects of fandom (particularly the Heresy Trial) are woefully inadequate. Besides that, I am a trekkie, and so, according to my friends, too dumb to understand anyway.

As can be seen, much of fandom is involved with "gafia," which in common speech means getting away from it all. Gafia plays an important part in fandom, especially at the personal level. This includes almost all convention activity (except for most scheduled speeches), and most of the games fans play in their spare time. However, gafia is not the only characteristic of fandom. Much of fandom deals with more serious topics, the dreams and feelings which may have bound fans together originally. Yet, interchange of these thoughts rarely occurs on a persona

level, but instead takes place by mail. The principal organ of this communication is known as the fanzine (fan magazine). These amateur magazines include many elements of gafia as well. For example, Raunch is "dedicated to the proposition" while Locus is news, both of fandom and the literary side of science fiction such as forthcoming books and bookreviews, and market reports.

At any rate, science fiction fandom is a complex union which somehow serves many purposes for its folk. It really matters very little how these ends are accomplished.

II-The Language

A group as tightly knit as fandom is eventually develops its own slang. This not only helps to unify the members even more, but helps delineate concepts which cannot be clearly or concisely defined any other way. A short list is included below to give an idea of widespread folk words in fandom:

fandom -science fiction fans, as a group, and their activities.

fan -a member of fandom(plural -fen; adjective -fannish).

neofan, trufan -variations of the fan. A new and true fan, respective

con -a science fiction conference or convention.

filk song -a song, usually of a science fictional inspiration. A

fannish song. A song sung by a fan at a con.

pro - a professional writer, artist, etc.; as in "dirty old pro"

trekkie -a "Star Trek fan.

idic -the infinite diversity of infinite combination, a Vulcan

(from Star Trek) philosophy represented by a triangle intersecting a circle.

Any other "Star Trek" references in this report can probably be found in the "Star Trek Concordance. (However, if you already have one, then you probably know what I'm talking about anyway. The rest of you zombies can consult your local trekkie.)

III-Art

Fan art is another widespread aspect of fandom. It ranges from sheerl abstract to highly representational, and includes fanzine illustrations and cartoons, poster, and ready-to-frame drawings. Furthermore, a great deal of good art appears on the convention name-badges.



IV-The Hoax

Another part of fandom which involves both postal and personal means of communication is the hoax. Hoaxes have rapidly evolved in the last fifteen-odd years. The earliest type of hoax could be classified as the "fake person" hoax. A group of fen would get together and write nasty letters to people that they liked(?), and signed their letters with obviously false names. The victim would have the excruciating pleasure of finding out who wrote the letter. Few libel suits were actually incurred.

Death hoaxes followed that. Once again, a group of fen would get together to send out obituary notice of a (living) friend. Anyone reading of his own death was understandably shocked.

Another hoax popular in recent years is the "Fred Lerner" joke. Fred, originally a native of Canada, served a fairly disagreeable term in the U.S. army. Some time later, his friends decided he should serve a hitch for Canada as well. So they informed him of his induction into the Canadian army (basic training included). After the original clamor died down and the pranksters (Sherma and Brian Burley) were still safely anonymous, they decided Fred had been in the army long enough and gave him an honorable discharge and a Canadian penny as part of his pay. The word spread rapidly until Fred was flooded with Canadian pennies from all over the world.

This hoax was another type of "confuse-your-friend" hoax. It is especially noteworthy because of its bearing on the Lyman Blakely Memorial Award hoax.

During the Canadian penny hoax, Jon Silver had made the statement (in reference to the Burleys) "If something like that ever happened to me, I'd know exactly where to look. The Burleys decided to test him on that, and the Lyman Blakely Memorial Award was born. Jon Silver was announced as the winner of this nonexistent award with great fanfare several months before it was to be presented. Strange people sent even stranger letters to Jon. Eventually (and with the help of his friends) Jon was ready to receive the award, which was given at the 1970 Philcon. Lester Del Rey (a pro) made the presentation, and while Jon expressed his doubt about the authenticity of the award, he was not able to pinpoint the culprits. The "award" (wrapped in a plain brown wrapper) was inscribed, "If something like that ^{ever} happened to me, I'd ^{know} exactly where to look." Underneath the quote was a picture of the Burleys and

their accomplices grinning angelically out at Jon.

V-The Fanzine

The fanzine is the chief organ of communication in fandom. Some are fiction, some new, some reviews, and some completely art. Most combine aspects of all four. Some are exclusive to certain groups, and some are open to anyone who wishes to buy them.

An important part of the fanzine is comedy. In many of the trekkie-zines that I have seen, this is especially exemplified by a note on the last page which says:

"You are receiving this fanzine because-----

1. You helped.
2. You paid.
3. We trade.
4. You deserve one after listening to us talk about it all these months.
5. You are Isaac Asimov.
6. You are totally illogical.
7. You do not compute.
8. You won't tell me where you got them ears.
9. Your sehlat ate my tribble and I'm getting back at you.
10. You are a multi-tentacled being with vast mental powers.
11. You're the Captain's woman 'til the Captain says you're not.
12. You're madly in love with Ensign Chekov and aspirin doesn't help.
13. You have Vulcan Mind Mold.
14. You too have broken the Prime Directive.
15. It seemed appropriate at the time.
16. Ah Ha! You put the tribbles in the quadrotriticale.
17. We hate you.
18. You are the creature that walked among us.
19. You were thrown out of the western lands for behavior unbecoming an elf.
20. You too smiled a smile so rare.
21. We reach."

(examples collected from various Spockanalias and Vorpai Swords).

VI-Proverbs and Other Expressions

It is not unusual for an intensely creative form of fandom such as trekkie-dom(?) to evolve a new slang or play with language itself. Fans of Tolkein's Lord of the Rings have long studied Elvish. Trekkies are trying to create the Vulcan language. It is being spread through

expressions like "Pastak V'dora lashe¹ (Peace and long life, commonly rendered in the vernacular "Live long and prosper.")).

VII-Rhymes and Poetry

The poetic forms found in fanzines range from limerick to sonnet, to parody, to humorous quatrain. Some have even been set to music. However, enough have survived in their original poetic forms to show the stylistic range present in just one of the "Star Trek" fanzines.

A limerick:

There once was a Vulcan Named Spock
Whom girls all attempted to shock.
"Show emotion!" they cried,
Til it welled up inside,
And he beat out their brains with a rock.²

A dialectic rhyme:

While the valiant Enterprise
Woyages through welvet skies,
Yeoman come into my arms!
I'm a wictim of your charms!
With wiolets and wiolin,
You I'd woo and you I'd win -
With caviar and wintagw wine³
I would be your valentine.

A humorous quatrain:

Plomeek soup is a Vulcan dish
Made with noodles and a four-legged fish.
It smells just ghastly, it's a vile-tasting brew.⁴
And that's why Vulcans have a greenish hue.

Finally, a bi-lingual parody of a poem by Byron:
(*-my lord (crystalline jewel) I love you)

Man of Vulcan, ere we part,
Give, ab, give me back my heart,
Lest it follow you unheard
Like the silver-bodied bird,
Wings outspread on scarlet air.⁵
Halda min, va heli ler.

VIII- The Tale

The basic tale in science fiction fandom is, of course, the professional science fiction novel or short story. It is discussed and re-told at any opportunity that arises. These tales form the Marchen of fandom, and in fact, it should be easy to assign motif and tale-type numbers to them. Indeed, in trekkie fandom, the original telecasts form only a basis for the tales at this time, since they are by nature not as imperishable as are written stories. Thus, originally created "Star Trek" tales outnumber their televised predecessors. (Of course, science fiction tales of all kinds are published in other types of fanzines as well).

IX- Games

Recreational activities popular among fans vary tremendously. Numerous variations of tic-tac-toe are played, as well as many species of chess. (If 3-D chess is ever perfected, it may become the most popular game in fandom). Sex, Trivia, and guerilla warfare are among the other amusements that fans indulge in.

X- The Convention

The convention is a high point in fannish life. The fan finally has the chance to meet people with whom he has been corresponding, and is likely to see some of his favorite authors (if lucky (?) a female fan will get kissed by Isaac Asimov...)). After all, many pros are or were fans themselves. He also has the opportunity to buy fanzines, prozines, old books, comics, posters, pictures, etc., in the huckster's room, watch old movies (Oh for the Golden Age!), listen to excellent speeches, all of which form the very soul of fandom. He also meets other fan, who are, after all a rather nice bunch of people to know.

Cons are relatively simple in basic format. In the afternoon, authors make speeches, and in the evenings, they hold parties (the Lin Carter party is a tradition in itself). It is the parties, not the speeches which form the very heart of fandom. At these gatherings fans do what they enjoy doing. All of the fans I've questioned say they go to conventions because they're fun. They are.

XI- Costumes

As mentioned earlier, fandom itself is composed of diverse interest groups. These groups possess their own distinctive wearing apparel, that is, unusual costumes. The Society for Creative Anachronism generally holds closed meetings at conventions, and its members wear costumes from different historical eras. Trekkies occasionally wear home-made Star Fleet uniforms and idics as medallions. Unusual medallions are popular among other fans as well. Some will even spice up their outfits with capes and swords, just for the fun of it, of course.

XII- The Movie

At the 1970 Philcon, a seven hour film festival was held. Movies do not belong to fandom alone, but they represent another one of the bonds that holds fandom together. Besides old science fiction films, serials, and (for trekkies) blooper films are the most popular types of movies.

A serial is, or rather was, a movie that was shown in continued segments. Some well-loved serials are "Flash Gordon" and "Fu Manchu".

The blooper is really peculiar to trekkie fandom. It consists of a juxtaposition of discarded and often amusing film clips from the original "Star Trek" telecasts. Some bloopers are partially described here:

Asserted characters walked confidently into doors that didn't open.

"Can such purity survive?" Kirk tenderly asked Reena.

"Ob, shit!" she replied.

Kirk cautiously sneaked up to the cloaking device, looked all around, heisted it, and started for the door. The bottom fell off the cloaking device. 6

XIII- Customs

The most unusual custom in fandom is the observance of the True Faith of the Sacred Cat. The "catma" of the faith is:

1. the spirit of the Lord Mota resides on Mars in the body of a sacred green cat.

2. if you'll believe that, you'll believe anything.

A memorial Mass, Baptism, and Heresy Trial are held at many conventions. The rites are begun with the Invocation "On Joyousness". Then conversion is held for all non-members of the faith. The means of conversion are Internal, External, Voluntary, Involuntary, and Baptismal. The first four methods are discounted for various dubious reasons, so conversion by Baptism is performed. A communion is held with the highly alcoholic Blood of Mota, and the Body is eaten, after which the entire congregation solemnly (or is it drunkenly) intones "Mota tastes good, like a sacred cat should".

After that, The Trial begins. One is informed that "Justice in the true faith moves by leaps and bounds, that is, it's a kangaroo court." The trial proceeds as follows:

The charges- generally brought against Fred Lerner (the corporeal manifestation of the Lord Mota and representation of his infinite wisdom). He supposedly helped to form the N.J. Imperialist Army for the Liberation of Staten Island. Then he moved to New York, thus committing high treason (and, as High Priest of the Sacred Cat, an act of Heresy as well). At the last Philcon, Sherma Burley, The High Priestess bung an effigy of Fred Lerner, so that she could be tried herself.

The verdict- it is always guilty.

(Through special request, Sherma had the verdict waived until the end of the Trial. Through a spectacular defense wherein she bribed the lowerarchy, she was declared neither guilty nor innocent, and Phila-

delphia was declared non-existent.

The defense and persecution- both are punning contests between the Defendant and the Persecutor, which the latter wins by tradition.

The sentence- the sentenced must drink him-, her-, or itself to death within one hundred years, with right of appeal if the sentence is not carried out within that time.

When the trial is over, The Persecutor declares it to be Midnight, regardless of the actual time and leads the congregation in "God Save the Queen". Yelling "Free Ireland" at the conclusion is optional.

XIV- Songs

Singing is an action that binds fans together the most. Many songs are humorous, some are catalogues of science fiction references, and some are completely serious. These songs are known as filk songs in fandom.

One of these songs, which has little to do with science fiction itself is called "The Twelve Days Of Marxmas", a parody of "The Twelve Days Of Christmas", with the following Marxmast Gifts:

Twelve Hunky Fascists
Eleven Lenins Leaping
Ten Shaking Days
Nine Bulgarians Bulging
Eight Kruischevs crushing
Seven Strikers surging
Six Splinter groups
The Five Year Plan
The Fourth Internationale
Three Bayonets
Two Das Kapitals
and a portrait of Leon Trotsky

Another parody of a number song is called "High Fly the Nazgul". It is based on Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings, and is similar to the old folk song, "Green Grow the Rushes". The substitute verses are:

One for the ring, lord of all, that was destroyed by Frodo
Two for the watchful towers, guarding over Mordor-O
Three, three, the elven rings
Four, for the (questing) hobbits (on a quest)
Five for the wizards of the West
Six for the names of Strider (the King)
Seven for the dwarf lords' magic rings
Eight for the ancient elf swords
Nine for the nine brave walkers
Ten for the battles of the Ring.

Many filk songs are quite long. One which runs to about fifty verses, ends each verse with "and that's the strangest thing a man will ever do". It gives a quick review of a story per verse. Another similar filk song, "Oh, the Planets We've Seen" has the chorus: "All the pla-

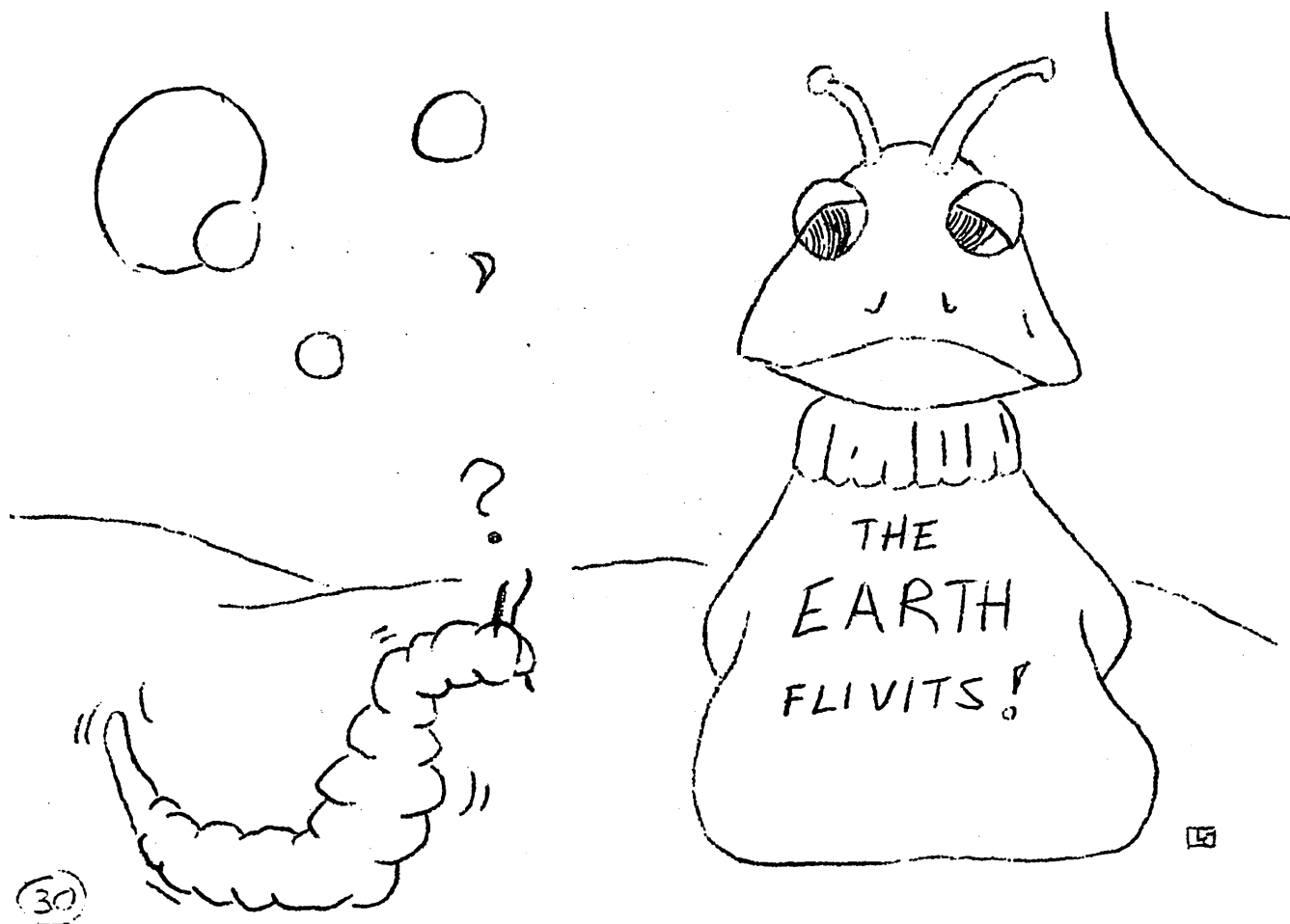
ces we've seen/ and all the people we've met/ All the places we've seen/ But come on boys, there's more to be done yet.!

Many of the newer filk songs originate in fanzines. One which sticks in my mind is not really sung popularly, but I like it anyway: (To the tune of "We're Off to See the Wizard")

Oh, we're off to meet the Menace
The Marvelous Menace from Mars
We hear he is a Menacing Man
If ever a man he was.
If ever a menacing man there was,
The Menace from Mars is on because
Because, because, because, because, because 7
Because of the menacing things he does.....

Some filk songs are actually verses in books. The most beautiful of these is what I consider the national anthem of filkdom. It is called "The Green Hills of Earth" and is taken from a Robert Heinlein story of the same name. Its haunting chorus strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of all fans:

I pray for one last landing
On the globe that gave me birth
Let me rest my eyes on the fleecy skies
And the cool green hills of Earth.



FOOTNOTES

1. Dorothy Jones, "Proposes Structural Sketch of the Vulcan Language," in Spockanalia #3, ed by Devra Michele Langsam and Sherna Commerford Burley, Garlic Press, Sept. 1968.
 2. Marian Turner, "Spock", in Spockanalia #3.
 3. Shirley Meech, "Chekov Thoughts" in Spockanalia #5, June 1970.
 4. Alicia Austen, "Poem", Ibid.
 5. Dorothy Jones, "From the files of the Terran Bureau of Investigation," Ibid.
 6. Ruth Berman, T-Negative #5, February, 1970.
 7. from "The Menace", by Sherna Burley, in Spockanalia #3.
- Note: The Vorpall Sword is edited by Michelle Malkin and Deborah Kogan; assistant editor, Kathy Surgenor.

I wish to thank Sherna Burley, the Terminal Beach Club, the membership of Philcon 1970, the Lord Mota, and especially Kathy Surgenor for help and encouragement above and beyond the call of fandom.

IF YOU THINK THAT THIS
is something

wait until ~~XXXX~~ SEE

Vol. of a ~~HPAEB~~ # 3

COMING

SOON

MEDITATION

In an eon the mud, the mounded earth that covers
My neatly buried bones will become rock
And the bones, petrified, will be fossils.
How divine the deed, to so prepare our dead
For union with the strata that solidifies around them,
To reserve their niche, their record in the earth!

This truly is immortality, to join the trilobites
In the built-up strata of a billion years
(Along with the indigestible evidence of what they ate).
So why do I grieve before the certainty of the grave?
Once it grows against the rain, the grass
Will surely hold my life in place.
At peace finally, to have found an absolute,
I shall humbly be resigned, to be resurrected in rock.

Kindly this comfort, this consoling salvation
Is granted me to cling to, unless, of course,
Unless the glaciers grind southwards again
To smash my earthly remains into unstratified silt.

--Maureen Palanker

THINGS

to Go!

SO2B NUMBER 3

WILL CONCERN ITSELF PREDOMINANTLY

WITH FAN-LITERATURE

WAIT AND SEE!

BYE NOW,
THE TBC

