







# STARLING<sup>14</sup>

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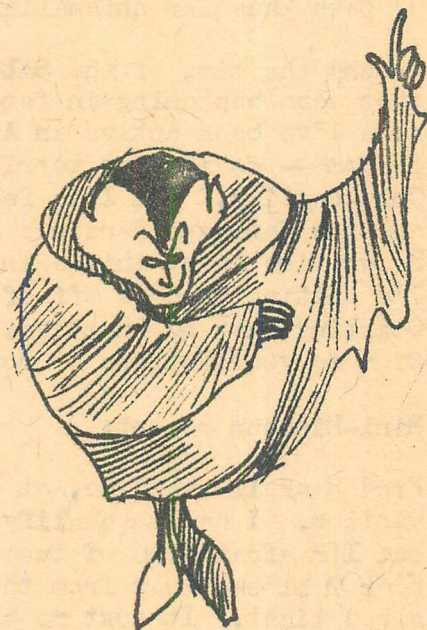
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I haven't put together a mailing list for this Starling yet, but I'm sure that 3 groups of people will be getting it:

1) fans familiar with Starling:

Dear Friends, I'm sorry for the long delay between issues. I'd particularly like to extend my apologies to contributors, for holding their work for such a long time.

2) fans somewhat familiar with Starling (but who have forgotten all about it during the long time it was inactive.)

3) fans thus far unfamiliar with Starling.

Around the time of the StLouiscon I was pretty much on top of most of the things that were happening in fandom. I still get a large number of fanzines, and all this time I've been active in Apa45, which is in pretty good contact with the rest of fandom -- so I'm not terribly out of it, out of touch. I haven't been gafia, But Only Resting. But I do feel, you know, just a little out of touch: I'm sure there are new fans and fanzines around that I've never heard of, I suspect that they may be writing about things in fanzines that I wasn't hearing about a year ago. I know I'm getting dropped off of more and more fanzine trading lists, as people decide Starling must be inactive. Help! Here I am! Put us back on your mailing list. Send me your letters of comment. Get me back in touch.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mini-Minicon report:

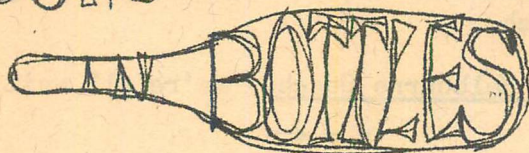
Fred Haskell asked me, at one point after the convention, if I had enjoyed the convention. I had to qualify my answer. I did enjoy many things about the convention, but I'm afraid one of the main things I'll remember about it was that when about 6 or 7 blocks away from the con hotel on our way home I rear ended a car stopped at a red light. It cost me about \$70 and several days extra in Minneapolis (missing work and Lesleigh and Mike Couch missing school) to get the car on the road again. I certainly didn't find that pleasant. Over all, I didn't enjoy the weekend, you know. . .but I did enjoy the convention, I enjoyed it because of two things, I guess: the most important was a nice chance to visit with the Minneapolis fans, and the second was making my debute as a dirty hustler. If it hadn't been for the accident, I would have come very close to paying all my expenses with the "work" I put in on my table -- work which involved sitting around talking to friends as they came by. I can dig that, I think. So you might expect the same thing from me at future conventions. In the mean time, there is probably a price list included with this Starling. . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Featured in the editorial of the last Starling was the announcement that Lesleigh and I were engaged. Well, as you may know, we are married now, and have been for 8 months. We are living in the college town of Columbia, Missouri, about a hundred miles from St. Louis and Kansas City (in different directions). Lesleigh is going to school, Anthropology, and I'm working (dishwashing, since I'm a hippy and have long hair and can't get any other type of work) and trying to write a little. I find life interesting, and hope you do too.



# MSS. FOUND



+ Banks Mebane +

When I moved to Melbourne Beach, Florida in January 1968, I knew I was going where science fiction was coming true -- the Cape Canaveral area. What I didn't know was that it's a place where fantasy comes true too.

I hadn't been living here more than two months when a witch moved in around the corner from me (an authentic witch, I mean, of the bubbling cauldron set, not what you're probably thinking.) Her name is Sybil Leek, and she hails from England.

The British, with their usual fairmindedness and lack of haste, finally repealed the laws against witchcraft in 1954. Immediately a great many adherents of the Old Religion popped out of the hedges and began to clutter up the landscape holding Sabbats. Sybil Leek was soon recognized (at least by the newspapers and the BBC) as a major guru in such circles.

In her book Diary of a Witch, she claims to come from a long line of witches. She was dandled on Aleister Crowley's knee as a tot, and in other ways showed early signs of an occult bent. She's also an astrologer, a trance medium, a ghost investigator, and a double widow.

After crossing to the New World in search of greener pastures, Sybil lived in New York and Los Angeles among other places, before moving to Melbourne Beach. What made her pick this spot no one seems to know -- maybe she wants NASA to make her a spaceworthy broom.

Whatever her reason, she arrived here with a shower of publicity in the local paper and has managed to get her name and picture in it several times a month ever since. She's had a date with the mayor and a cocktail party with the governor. She spent a week in a fall-out shelter. On Walpurgisnacht she disappeared to attend a coven-klatzsch, but on Halloween she stayed home and was annoyed by pranksters.

I haven't met her, even though she's a neighbor, but I've seen her several times. She'd do well in the role of Mme. Mandilip, A. Merritt's witch.

After a year here, Sybil's disenchanted. "Melbourne Beach is limbo-land," she said in a recent interview. She came here hoping to mesh into the community and its concerns, but "I'm incapable of becoming vitally involved with the sewerage system." (Believe me, the new sewerage system is a buring local question.) "I still love the area for its natural beauty," she added.



She gave that interview and flew off to Yucatan (by Pan-Am?), but she's back again and partners with a local bookstore owner to put up a new building for his shop with an office for her writing. Besides books, she does an astrology column for the Ladies' Home Journal or some such.

Her latest book is A Summer in Melbourne Beach. We're all waiting to see if it's hotter than Peyton Place.

\* \* \*

Sybil isn't our only fantasy character. Soon after she moved here, another one put in a brief appearance.

Early one morning motorists on Interstate 95 noticed a man by the road. He was tastefully attired in a flowing, red cape and nothing else. He'd been standing there for fifteen or twenty minutes watching the tourists speed by when a State Fuzz car stopped. The trooper wanted to ask him just what he had on his mind.

Quick as a flash, Supernude executed his well-planned escape. He climbed the fence, sprang on his horse, and galloped off through the palmetto scrub.

You may have heard this story. The wire services picked it up, and it was printed all over the country. Dan Rowan even read it on Laugh-Inn. But it happened right here in Brevard County. The Sheriff of the county didn't think that Supernude would repeat his performance very often. "After all," he said, "the mosquito season starts in a few weeks." And in fact Supernude never did show again. Not, that is, unless he was the one who startled two girls on the beach a few weeks later -- if so, he'd traded his cape in for a lady's girdle and bra.

\* \* \*

Fantasy abounds in the wild life around here, too. We have armadillos, which look like they were designed for another planet. On June nights we have sea turtles climbing the beach to lay their eggs; the sight of a five-foot monster lumbering out of the moonlit surf can give you a case of the Mesozoics. Some of the insects, though, are what'll really blow your mind.

Last August I was out on a sports car rally in the St. Johns River lowlands of central Florida. I had to drive through cloud after cloud of black flies, thousands upon uncountable thousands of them, darkening the sun and all that rot. They plastered over the windshield and gummed up the wipers, and whenever we stopped, they were into everything. And do you know what they were doing? They were all, every furschlugginer one of them . . . well, I'd better get technical.

There were Bibionid flies (to be specific, *Plecia nearctica*), popularly called "love bugs." They're completely harmless but an awful nuisance, because they don't look where they're going. They fly around but never dodge, so they're always bumping into things. But they have a happy life.

As soon as they emerge in their adult form, they mate. The male and female then remain physically mated for the rest of their lives -- they never separate. Naturally they don't look where they're going. Would you?

They live about a week.

You know, that just might be long enough to live.

END



# PANGAEA

A COLUMN ABOUT MUSIC

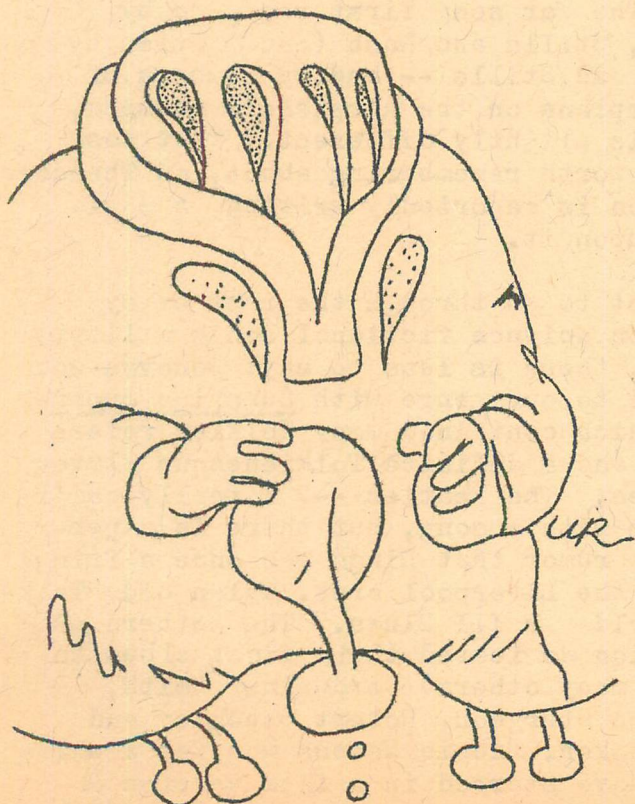
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+ Hank Luttrell +

For a long time I've wanted to write an article about science fiction and fantasy in rock music. This isn't going to be it. But I've got quite a few notes and thoughts toward that article, and it would be very helpful for me to organize them enough to fill up several pages in Starling and I hope those of you who share my interest in these subjects can also find it amusing.

The foremost authors of science fictional songs within the rock field is almost certainly the Byrds. This tendency first became clear on their third album, Fifth Dimension. The title song is space-y, while "Mr. Spaceman" is a science fiction story, though not a very deep one. On their next album, Younger-Than Yesterday the Byrds offered C.F.A. 102, which as I remember seems to be about our communicating with an alien race via a radio telescope, and about our urge to explore space. It features the voices of several aliens. On their next album, many songs qualify as fringe-sf due to their rather strange nature ("Artificial Energy" "Natural Harmony" and "Change is Now" on The Notorious Byrd Brothers.) But the last cut is the most interesting. 2001 had not yet been released when this album was issued, but already there was considerable discussion about it in the trade newspapers and such. About all that was known about the film was that it was to be based of Clarke's "The Sentinel." So on this album there is a cut called "Space Odyssey," telling what is basically the story told by the Clarkeshort. Dr. Byrds & Mr. Hyde, the next album with sfnal content, featured not only a good science fiction song, but a backcover with a series of photographs telling a sf story. The song was "Child of the Universe" (you heard it under the credits of the movie Candy). It seemed to explain that Candy was an alien visiting from outer space. But I don't know. . . Their most recent album is called The Ballad of Easy Rider (such fine music! rush out and buy it) and I think it reflects the overwhelming

SFROCK





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emotion that was felt by everyone interested in science fiction at the time when this material was recorded. That is, the only thing related to science fiction is a short tribute called "Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins." Right on.

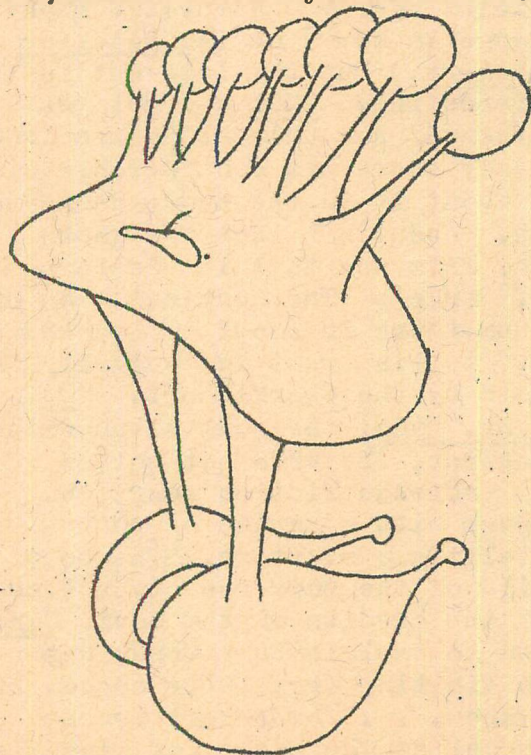
I think I would tend to rank the Rolling Stones next in importance -- they have given us only one effort, but it was a major one, a "novel" you might say, rather than the short stories that so many others have done. Their Satanic Majesties Request is considered by most to be the Stones' answer to the Beatles' Sgt. Pepper: it is a unified album. I think the consensus about the record was that it was less successful than Sgt. Pepper, more pretentious. I don't know. It is rather hard to see just what unifies the Beatles' album, at times, while with the Stones' the unity is obvious: this is an extended work of science fiction. "In Another Land," "2000 Man," "2000 Light years from Home," are the standout songs for me, though all the songs are something pretty special -- "2000 Light Year from Home" is one of the eeriest things I've ever encountered. It seems strange to me that with this superb science fictional effort to their credit, the Stones have never made any other ventures into the field.

Jimi Hendrix has recorded several science fictional items. From the first album we have "Third Stone from the Sun" a science fiction story, but with a rather hard to follow plot line, you know? "EXP" from Axis: Bold as Love is a non-song about flying saucers, while the next track, "Up From the Skys" is about an alien's reactions to the state of affairs here on earth. I remember reading or hearing someplace that Hendrix was a big fan of Isaac Asimov.

Jefferson Airplane has done many things of interest. It would take more time than I can take right at the moment to uncover the exact details, but supposedly many of the lyrics to (I think) "Crown of Creation" are taken, with no credit, from a John Wyndham novel. There are other songs. . . most recently,

they recorded "Wooden Ships" an excellent after The War song first recorded by Crosby, Stills and Nash (and written by Crosby and Stills -- and by members of the Airplane on the Airplane's version, which is slightly different.) That song may be worth remembering about, as Theodore Sturgeon is reportedly writing a movie based upon it.

I've got to go through the rest of my notes on science fictional songs a little faster, there is less to say: Donovan was closest to our genre with Sunshine Superman, which contained many Tolkien references, and a definite Tolkienesque flavor at times. The Beatles --? I really can't come up with a song, but there is a persistent rumor that Ringo was once a fringe fan in the Liverpool area. Dylan did "Talking World War III Blues." The Mothers of Invention dedicated their first album to (among many others) Cordwainer Smith, Theodore Sturgeon, Robert Sheckley and Bram Stoker. Richie Havens was for a while to have starred in a film version of Clarke's Childhood's End. The Incredible



MARTIAN MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

WR



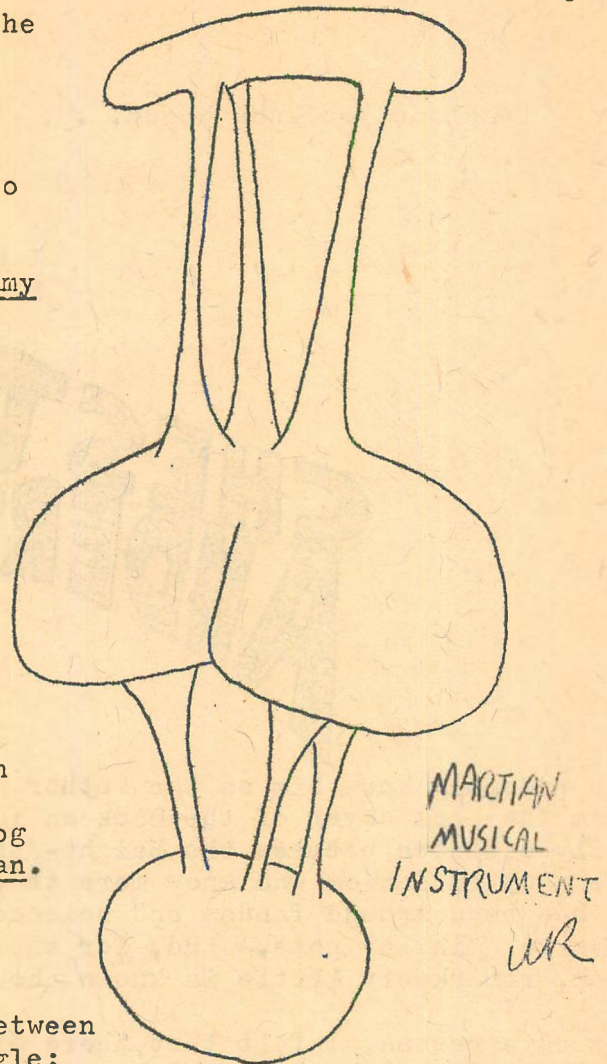
String Band does something called "Back in the 1960s" (see Lesleigh's article, right after this piece.) There were/are groups called Gandalf, Middle Earth and H.P. Lovecraft --

I mention them here because Tolkien and HPL have large followings in fandom, if I were to open the range of this article to include fantasy in general, I'd have a huge number of songs and artists to deal with. The Who's Tommy is probably science fiction. Do you remember the song about the Purple People Eater -- obviously an early sf side, about an alien with belligerent intentions. And do you remember the gimmick composite records (a composite of a bunch of well known recent hits) about a flying saucer invasion? With these records we are getting back to roots. . .

Right about now (and maybe a little before now) we are beginning to come to an area clouded by my ignorance. I know the following things have much to do with sf, but I'm not very familiar with it, and so can't comment. The Pink Floyd have turned in an effort called "Interstellar Overdrive" -- and probably more besides, while the Donzo Dog Doodah Band did an album called Urban Spaceman. The Steve Miller Band have an album called Brave New Worlds -- and I think from that album comes "Space Cowboy."

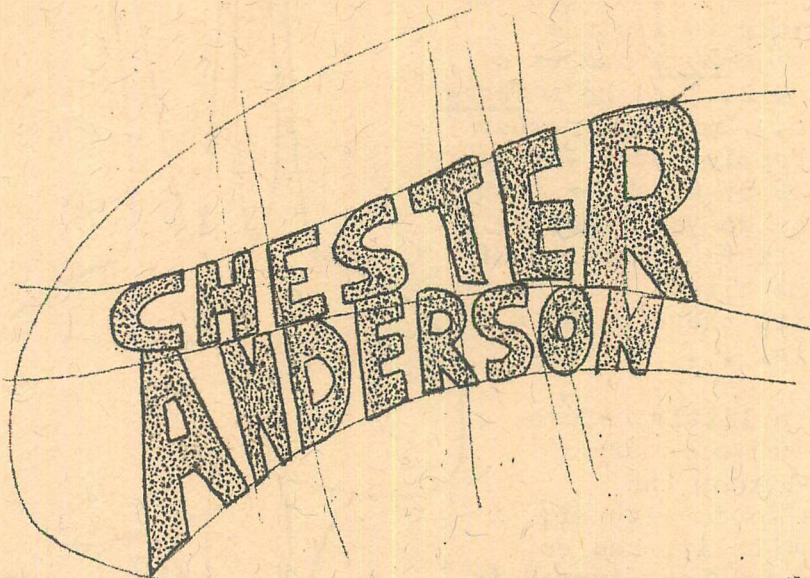
Real fast I want to cover the relationship between rock and science fiction from a different angle: Did you know that the publisher/editors of first two rock magazines were Greg Shaw (see his article and letter, this issue) and Paul Williams, both fans and fanzine publishers? Chester Anderson (see the Shaw article) took over Crawdaddy after Williams left it, and he is a fringe-fan and professional sf author. In fact, under Anderson, Crawdaddy at times seemed more an sf magazine than a rock and roll publication. Among the many professional sf writers who have written about rock professionally are Sam Delany, Richard Lupoff, Alexei Panshin and (if you count mentioning Ten Years After in an Amazing editorial) Ted White. Perhaps you might be interested in a list of the most popular sf books within our country's "rock culture" (I couldn't think of anything else to call it. . .) These books were on the Chicago Seed's (Vol.3#1) "Revolutionary's Word Stash": 1984, Dune, Cat's Cradle; while Stranger in a Strange Land and Childhood's End were mentioned as two of Ken Kesey's favorite in Tom Wolfe's The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test.

I'd be interested in any additions corrections or comments you might want to make to my outline of this subject. There are a few problems in dealing with this subject -- for instance, how does one tell surrealism or sometimes mysticism from sf? Or the supernatural. I started listing performers I knew of who performed songs sometimes concerned with the supernatural and decided that it was a popular subject indeed. I'm sure I'll be writing more about this, and hopefully next time I'll be a little better organized.





What do you know about. . .



You probably know him as the author of The Butterfly Kid, and you may recall from the back cover of the book an image of a shaggy-haired hippie who purportedly commutes between the Haight-Ashbury and Middle Earth. I doubt if there are many in fandom who know more than this about Chester Anderson, for, while he has been around fandom and science fiction for a long time, this is his first book to gain any note. And, for the author of such a popular and well-discussed book, remarkably little is known about him by the majority of his fans.

For this reason, I felt that there might be some value in revealing what I know of Chester Anderson. In truth, I don't know an awful lot. The most complete biography I could give you would read as follows:

Chester Anderson was born in Florida, possibly the town of Hollywood. He was a rather straight young man with a strong interest in classical music, and in the late forties he enrolled at the University of Florida as a music major. He was an accomplished player of many instruments, and his ambition was to be a composer of good old classical music. Something happened then, and he found himself involved in the early beginnings of the beat scene. He moved up to Greenwich Village, and spent about ten years in the same neighborhood of MacDougal St. that plays such an important rôle in The Butterfly Kid. During these ten years, he became thoroughly involved in the beat movement, made the usual pilgrimages to San Francisco, and established a far-flung network of what he calls "smoking companions" that included just about every hip artist and underground personage in North America. He did some writing in those days; a couple of cheap mysteries, some science fiction, some poetry and such. He acquired a literary agent. In December, 1966, he came to live in San Francisco, with the intent of finding out just what was going on there, to learn and contribute what he could, and to finish his latest work, The Butterfly Kid.

I met him about a month later, and it is my recollections of our acquaintance that will comprise the three installments of this essay, and hopefully throw some light on the character and personality of Chester Anderson.



We met at the offices of Ramparts magazine, on the occasion of my second or third visit there. Originally I was invited by Jann Wenner, who was then employed there as Entertainment Editor of the Sunday Ramparts, a local weekly published, probably as a tax loss, by Ramparts. I got into the habit of dropping in for a chat whenever I was in North Beach, and Jann and I spent many a fine afternoon talking about rock music. At the time, I was presumed to be an authority of sorts on the subject, in my capacity as Managing Editor of San Francisco's leading music publication, Mojo-Navigator Rock & Roll News.

There was quite a scene going on in the Ramparts offices in early 1967. The three small, modern offices devoted to the Sunday were covered with psychedelic poster, newspaper clippings, pictures of rock musicians. There were always lots of long-haired freaks around, and the odor of grass was always strong. Chester, at this time, was employed by Sunday Ramparts as "Marin County Sales Representative", or so his business card attested, though I never saw him do anything there except goof off. It was easy to goof off at Ramparts, and everybody did it. Another Ramparts employee at that time was digger Claude Hayward, whose unwashed black hair covered his shoulders. Chester was sharing an apartment with Claude and his wife. You might remember Claude as the local spokesman who gave Joan Didion such a bad impression of the Haight/Ashbury when she was researching her article on hippies which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post.

Chester took a liking to me right away. He seemed to feel almost paternal toward me; he referred to young people like myself as "puppies", a designation I resented, though I suppose it was pretty much justified. Like most 17-year-olds I was enthusiastic, brash and thick-headed. Chester seemed to enjoy playing the role of the all-knowing, wise old mentor for my benefit. He was in his late thirties but he looked at least ten years older. His hair was almost grey and his face had an overall grizzled look. His photo on the back of The Butterfly K.d shows him with his hair combed forward Beatle-style, which he must have done to cover the fact that he's going bald; when I know him he always wore it combed straight back.

He was well suited to his role, and gave the impression of having known and done everything years ago. You could say anything to him, no matter how far out, and he knew all about it. And the fact that he seemed to know just about anybody you could name, from way back, was undeniable. Much of his omniscience was put on, of course; Chester was very conscious of his effect on others. He would exaggerate and even lie without qualms if it served to help him make a suitable impression. For example, when he found out I was interested in Tolkien, he mentioned that he knew the professor fairly well. When I asked him

# THE POLYMORPHOUS PREVERT

## PART ONE: GREEN DREAM

+ Greg Shaw +



if he knew anything about Tolkien's long-awaited book The Silmarillion, he assured me he'd read the manuscript. He became very evasive when pressed for further details.

But he did know a great deal. As I said, he'd been in the beat scene for twenty years or so, and though he had been in San Francisco only two months, it was easy to tell that he was on the best of terms with virtually everybody of importance in the local scene.

But where were we? Oh, yes. I met Chester, and we had a long conversation about what projects each of us was involved in, and as we parted that day I invited him to drop by my apartment for a visit some time. The next morning he showed up. I was sharing the apartment with two friends, Jeffrey and Charles; Chester and Jeffrey hit it off instantly, for Jeff, though only 20 at the time, had been a freak for years and knew many of the same people Chester did. They spent a lot of time together during the next few months, and when The Butterfly Kid was finally published, it had been altered so that the description of the drummer of The Tripouss matched that of Jeffrey, who was a drummer himself.

At any rate, he brought with him that morning the manuscript of the book, which he left for us to read, and he asked me if I wanted to walk over to Ramparts with him. I did, and it was about an hour's walk. On the way he spoke to me with much enthusiasm of the Communication Company, his latest creation.

What he had done was to purchase, on credit, a brand new Gestetner mimeo and a Gestefax stencil cutter. The plan was to publish anything for anybody, free. He wanted to do news bulletins for the street people, poetry, his own comments on anything that interested him, artwork, books even. Instant, disposable literature. Chester was very heavily into McLuhan and had all sorts of original ideas for making the printed word meaningful in an electronic age. He was investigating the possibilities of setting up similar Communication Companies in other cities (New York eventually did start one) and linking the Gestefax machines the same way teletype machines are. At that time the half dozen or so small underground newspapers in the country were talking about organizing, and Chester played an instrumental part in the formation of the Underground Press Syndicate, when its first organizational meeting was held near San Francisco.

All his ideas were good and most of them worked out. Chester, however, liked to think big, one might almost say he thought in terms of Grand Designs. Not content to have scored a couple of thousand dollars' worth of reproduction equipment, he assured me that Gestetner was going to pay him a thousand dollars a month if he would include their name at the bottom of each page he ran off, like so: "Gestetnered by the Communication Company." He also planned a series of rock dances that would be "unlike anything the world had ever seen." Netting, of course, vast sums of money.

With this money, Chester wanted to rent a house. Not just any house, mind you, but a thirty room Victorian mansion on Nob Hill. A few of Chester's friends would be living there too, like the Ramparts people, an assorted group of people from the Diggers and the Mime Troupe, Richard Brautigan, and a rock band to keep things lively. The Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane were supposedly interested. And of course, I was invited.

At first I was excited, but as I heard a few more of Chester's plans, I realized how unlikely the whole scheme was to ever succeed. Take, for instance, the movie version of The Butterfly Kid. Most of the characters in the book were



based on friends of Chester's, mainly from his years on MacDougal Street in New York. The Kid himself was based on a young man who used to hang around with Donovan. As soon as Chester found a studio willing to produce the picture he planned to gather the whole crowd and have them play their own parts. Donovan himself was interested in playing the Kid. The Mamas and the Papas were supposedly interested in playing Sative and the Tripouts. He claimed to know them from the old scene in Coconut Grove.

This movie, he modestly predicted, would surely bring him and his friends a million dollars, at the very least. One hundred guesses what he planned to do with the money.

You're wrong, of course, unless you guessed that he intended to purchase a used aircraft carrier from the U.S. government.

WHAT????!!

Sure. You can get one for only half a million or so, you know. The big expense is actually in the fuel, but with the other half million he could easily buy enough fuel to get the thing to Japan. Chester figured there were enough hippies who had been in the Navy that there'd be no trouble finding a crew. The ship sleeps ten thousand, and it was to be filled with rock bands and freaks of every variety. The top deck would be covered with sod, and grass and trees and flowers would be raised. The lower deck would be an indoor stadium for concerts or whatever. The ship would sail all over the world spreading music and joy and love, and it would hold so many people that even at \$1 a head admission, which would entitle a person to a day and a night of whatever was happening on board, enough profit could be made to provision and fuel the ship for its next voyage.

It was a beautiful plan, and I could find little fault with it. It never occurred to me that there probably weren't a hundred hippies in the entire world with enough of a sense of responsibility to manage such an operation, but then it was early 1967, flowers were still powerful, and anything was possible if you believed hard enough. Think big, and the details would take care of themselves.

By the time I saw Chester again, I had finished reading The Butterfly Kid. We talked about it, and that was when he found out I was a science fiction fan. I wasn't surprised when he told me that he was too, and that in fact he had written a few science fiction books over the years. He named quite a few authors with whom he claimed acquaintance, and it was a believable list, composed of people like Randall Garrett, Larry Janifer, and Phillip Dick. I gave him a few fanzines to read, and he was impressed, not having known about fanzines before. In a subsequent Com/Co essay, one of the last he wrote, he had this to say:

It furthers a UPS member to gear now to serve the needs of the peripheral underground. It behooves us to try now to find & speak with our independent brother undergrounds that most of us don't even know about yet. Science fiction fans, for example, constitute an enormous invisible underground of our kind of kids who aren't heads only because they haven't been turned on yet & are amazingly easy to turn on. Their underground communications network -- mimeographed fanzines -- makes the UPS look amateurish, provincial and small. Their intelligence/energy levels are stratospheric. They are students of the future. They are fun to be with.

And he went on to urge people to attend the Worldcon that year.



That was written in August, just before he left San Francisco. We are still back in February, however, and I am telling him about the upcoming Westercon in Los Angeles. Chester is fascinated, and he immediately begins planning an Outrage.

Outrage was, at the time, Chester's favorite concept. He was as much a revolutionary as anyone, but his idea of making changes was to perpetrate something so outrageous that things could never be the same in the light of what had happened. He was an expert at it, too, and his nine months in San Francisco were undoubtedly the most outrageous nine months the city had experienced in a great many years.

Chester Anderson's plan for the Westercon, as it grew and unfolded, was mind-boggling. It seemed that he would be content with nothing less than a full scale Acid Test. Chester and I discussed the plan, with the assistance of Jeffrey, who had spent two years with the Merry Pranksters and knew quite a bit about Acid Tests. Here, as well as I can reconstruct it, is the final version of our plan for Chester Anderson's Great Westercon Outrage:

The nucleus of the plan was the fact that I had been given the use of a meeting room in the convention area which would hold fifty people, in which I was supposed to present a Tolkien program. This would be done, in that we had The Elvish Orchestra, a group who wore medieval clothing and played Elvish music on hand-made instruments. A panel discussion on "Tolkien and the hippies" was planned too. And, of course, everyone who came into the room would make High Elven. ("...For acid doth make us all High Elven."...-Chester Anderson). Two methods were proposed for accomplishing this. The first was to provide Electric Kool Aid, as was done at the original Acid Tests. The second, which we favored was to make use of the legendary "contact chemical" that Ken Kesey had planned to use at the Acid Test Graduation. The way this worked was that a person would either ingest it or rub it on his skin, I forget which, and then the person would drop some acid. He would, or would not (I don't remember) get stoned himself, but anybody he touched certainly would. Everyone who has read Tom Wolfe's book knows that Kesey's plan was to put the chemical and the acid all over the chairs and leave it for a group of the state's leading politicians who were scheduled to meet there the next day. This Westercon meeting, however, was two years before The Electric Kool Aid Acid Test was published, and Kesey's true intentions were the subject of much uninformed speculation. A few of us knew the chemical did exist, but obtaining it was another matter. If anyone could have gotten it, Chester could have, but because of the uncertainty we never decided on which method to use.

There would be entertainment, too; The San Francisco Mime Troupe was interested. If you've never heard of the Mime Troupe, the only thing I can compare them to that you might know about is the Living Theatre. The Mime Troups, however, though they've gotten very political and lost their sense of humor in the last couple of years, were once one of the very best improvisational theater groups in the country. Many of them wanted to come to the Westercon and stage impromptu skits, mingle with the fans and perpetrate outrages when the occasion arose, and in general do their thing.

There would be music, too. There was little doubt that the Grateful Dead could be persuaded to attend, but Chester was holding out for the Steve Miller Band. He was a great fan of theirs.

In addition to all this, Chester said he'd get in touch with all his friends among SF prodrom, to see what ideas they had.



It was a huge undertaking, and by the time all this had taken shape on the drawing board, I was growing a bit frightened. I was seventeen years old, and I didn't have a lot of self-confidence. I definitely did not feel up to the task of taking the responsibility for an outrage of this magnitude.

The mere logistics of the scheme were awesome; we would have required a veritable caravan of trucks and buses to transport all those people, their equipment and girl friends, to Los Angeles. When this point was raised, it was suggested we invite the Merry Pranksters to come along and lead the procession in Furthur, the intrepid bus. This was, after all, their sort of thing.

I had the feeling that if this thing actually came together, we would be lucky to get to Los Angeles without some incident occurring that would make headlines in seven states. Or, if we did make it, that incident would occur at the Con, which would have been infinitely worse.

This was in 1967, remember, and I had been gaffiated for awhile, but I felt that fandom wasn't the slightest bit hip and just wasn't ready to have its collective mind blown on this scale. In 1968, of course, conventions began featuring rock music, and today there are more heads in fandom than in a cabbage patch, but looking back on the whole thing I sometimes wonder just what the effect would have been. I just don't know.

I do know, though, that in February, 1967, as Chester Anderson told me his plans for the Westercon, I was stupified. Terrified, actually. But I didn't say anything to Chester about my fears, because I had a feeling that it would never really happen. And, as I'm sure you must be aware, I was right.

And fandom will never know what it missed.

#### End of Part One

Next installment: "Outrage Upon Outrage", which tells of some of Chester Anderson's outrageous plans that really did come off.

\* \* \* \* \*

a poem by Chester Anderson

#### THE MINISTRY OF LOVE (i, 8/5/67)

##### A.) All centers

Initiate condition aleph.

Foreplay operations in effect, blue zones, cycling.

Projective techniques authorized, discouraged.

Street consolidation in progress.

No photographs. Repeat: no photographs. Important

HE says: make your love a power in the world. Be loved. No one is alone. You are peace. You cannot be defeated.

##### B.) Masters and activists report.

THE TIME IS ALMOST NOW. FEAR NOTHING. LOVE AND VICTORY SOON. REJOICE.



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## words FROM READERS

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

You may not realize that you have something to celebrate in the 13th Starling besides your hundredth fanzine. You really should have congratulated yourself on this continued proof that St. Louis fandom was continuing to publish all sorts of fine fanzines after winning the worldcon bid. Nobody could have blamed you people if you'd slowed down the publishing pace, out of sheer reaction to the victory and to provide more time for con planning. But it's going to be tense for us late this year, after the worldcon, as we sit around wondering if the slowdown will occur then. I hope not, if the publications continue to be as fine as the most recent ones reaching me from Missouri, like this Starling.

+The last Starling was published about January 1969. The only fanzine publishing  
 +that Lesleigh and I have done since then has been some things for Apa45. Odd  
 +hasn't seen an issue in a long time (though Joyce Fisher's Grills came out a  
 +little while ago) while Leigh Couch hasn't published a Sirruish. Bob  
 +Schoenfeld's Gosh Wow seems unaffected, it has come out as seldom as ever.  
 +The only regular fanzine now coming from St. Louis is OSFAn, I guess. So  
 +certainly the convention and convention bid affected our publishing. I suspect  
 +that things will return to a normal level of activity, but I think you'll find  
 +that "normal" level much lower than during convention bid-times. The con-  
 +vention bid provided lots of extra energy for publishing, we were all interested  
 +in doing a Public Relations thing with our fanzines. And there was just a  
 +whole lot more about fandom to be interested in when one was involved in the  
 +bid -- every new fanzine was read for convention bid-related news, each little  
 +piece of fan gossip was considered in the light of The St. Louis in 69 Way of  
 +Life. Fandom seems like a different world now, with that in the past. HL

Lesleigh's article on the draft dealt with a topic very crucial to me. I never got drafted but I was close to it for nearly a decade. It's quite probable that my life would have gone entirely differently, if I hadn't known all during those years that a slight change in regulations or a high quota for my local board might take me out of civilian life. A tachycardiac condition and underweight were the main causes for my rejection, but they weren't the sort of causes that left a person permanently exempt. Twice I got as far as physical examinations, once to an induction station, and while all this was not as life-shattering as if I'd really been accepted, it gave me some notion of what the continuation of the draft may be doing to today's young people. Even if the need for a standing army and limited wars is granted, I think that there are urgent arguments against the present method of conscription: the hell-with-it influence over kids as soon as they begin their teens and know what's ahead, the likelihood that conscription's existence may encourage the politicians to involve the nation in conflicts which should be avoided, and the military disasters that have been met by so many nations in this century with the custom of peacetime selective service. I wonder if Hitler would have been so successful in France if the nation's draft hadn't kept its young men so skillful in the techniques of fighting world War One?



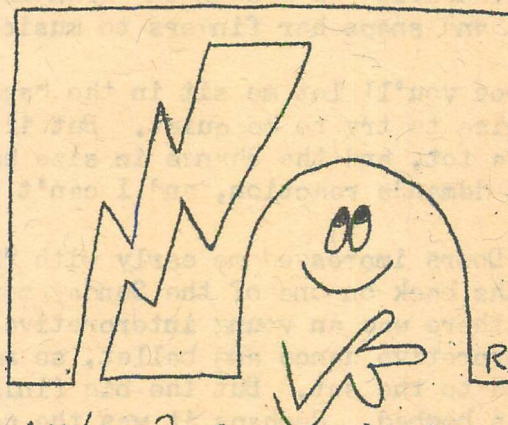
You make a good point about fandom's underground publishing tendencies. It's hard to think of many subcultures in the nation that share fandom's indifference to propagandizing and growing as a group, or non-profit publishing endeavors where the editors really publish what they want to publish. I'm curious to know if the first volume of my history of fandom really will attract the interest of sociology professors. One former fan who now teaches that topic in a university has a copy of an early version of the manuscript and seems to feel that it has all sorts of possibilities as instructional material, for its description of the dynamics of an unusual small group.

Creath Thorne, Route 3, Box 80, Savannah, Missouri 64485

"Way Back When" -- somewhere at home I've got a letter from Redd Boggs listing all the old Missouri fanzines he could remember

- +Last issue's "Way Back When" was about pre-OSFA St. Louis fandom, by Douglas O. Clark.
- +After publishing that, I was thinking it would be nice to know more about fandom in Missouri before OSFA and the worldcon. Creath forwarded the
- +pertinent parts of Boggs' letter:

"Do you know of some of the earlier Missouri fanzines? There were a few published in Kansas City and in St. Louis, though neither place ever harbored a large fan group. Perhaps the best were those of Van Splawn, in the mid-1940s: The Star Rover and other titles; these came from St. Louis. About the end of the 1940s came two famed fanzines from the small city of Poplar Bluff: Odd, edited by Duggie Fischer, and FanVariety, later called Opus, edited by Max Keasler. The later fanzine was very good in many respects, though rather sloppy, and was a big influence in the fandom dominated by Lee Hoffman's Quandry, circa 1950. Less important were a fanzine the title I've forgotten for the moment edited by Paul Mittelbuscher, who is known these days as Paul Kalin, from Sweet Springs. (Paul Kalin lives in Hollywood and belongs to the LASFS; a nice guy.) And a fanzine, title also forgotten, from one R. Falvie Carson, of Rich Hill. This was pretty obscure, as I recall; Carson was a contributor to many fanzines, quite often with poetry. Then there were a couple of issues of something called ICE from Kirksville, by Hal Shapiro. Ice was quite good."



AH! ME? I AM HONORED

- +The only other fanzine I know of published in St. Louis pre-OSFA was Fantasmagorique, edited by Steve Scott. I put together most of my notes on St. Louis
- +fandom, starting with the pre-OSFA information, and including important events
- +until we began the worldcon bid in OSFAN 50, if anyone is interested. I think
- +I still have some copies left. Now, wouldn't it be nice if Ray Fisher would
- +write a little fan history about Poplar Bluff? Perhaps Joyce should do it, I'm
- +sure she has heard all the old stories. HL

Buck Coulson Route 3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348

I hadn't read any of the material Lesleigh used for her draft article, but I did read "On The Raising of Armies," by Correlli Barnett (Horizon Summer 1968). The conclusion well buttressed by historical example, is that: "Only great national danger and a generally united national opinion have ever justified and sanctified large-scale conscription. Compulsory military service to make possible a general foreign or imperial policy has never, anywhere, been otherwise than extremely unpopular. Therefore the great powers of the past either relied on volunteer professional forces or took pains to see that the burden of conscription fell on those least able to resist it effectively." The recommendation is, if American armies must fight in Viet Nam and



elsewhere, to enlarge the regular army by making pay, living conditions and so on more attractive, and by hiring mercenaries. Which, of course, is not very idealistic, but it is practical. And it disposes of the draft. Americans are willing to pay someone else to do the dirty work, usually.

Not much of a letter on such a huge fanzine, but the best I can do. After all, I don't dig rock music, and. . .

+On the other hand. . .HL

Juanita Coulson Route 3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348

I've been meaning to write you for some time, not on any specific issue but on a Luttrell theme in general that I strongly approve: the material on rock and the modern music scene. Sometimes I feel like I'm an anachronism or in my second childhood or whatever, but dammit I dig rock and have since I was far younger than you kids. Never outgrew it, and it never outgrew me.

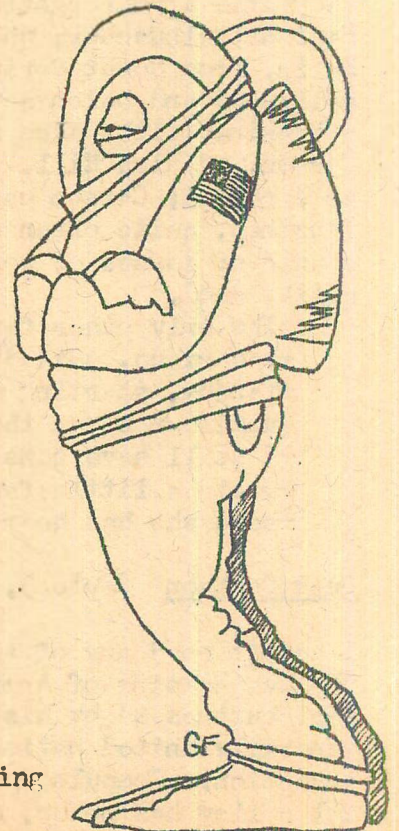
For instance, Bev DeWeese, who knows me well from way back, gifted me with Electric Mud for christmas, and I hope to get a Doors album from somebody for my birthday. (I don't want to explain the obvious, but in case you're not familiar with that particular branch, Electric Mud is Chi/Mississippi sound. I have two earlier non-electric Muddy Waters albums but this new one is something else again.) I fully expect to someday be classified as a swinging grandmother, one of these weird old ladies who stomps her feet and snaps her fingers to music she has no business enjoying.

I hope you'll let me sit in the back and feel and beat and wallow in the sounds. I'll promise to try to be quiet. But it'll be hard. I have been a mover to music since I was a tot, and the change in size hasn't deterred me in the least. There is some music that demands reaction, and I can't resist it.

The Doors impressed me early with "Light My Fire," but a couple of months back on one of the Sunday morning deadly time sessions on CBS there was an young interpretive dance group. Now I flip for interpretive dance and ballet, so naturally I was tuned in and glued to the set. But the big finish was to "Strange Days," and I was bombed. Perhaps it was the particular combination of the two art forms, but it really wowed me and I vowed I'd have to get the album. Real soon now.

For years Buck and I have more or less concentrated on folk. There was only so much money we could allow to records, and since our tastes were divergent and met strongly at the particular point called "folk" we spent our money on that. But we have reached the point in the field -- or perhaps the field itself has reach it -- where it is very difficult for us to find something fresh. (I'm speaking of so-called pure folk rather than folk-pop, although the line gets pretty blurry.) So I have started picking up stuff very slowly in two other fields I'm wild about, classical and rock. I have always had a small rock/jazz collection, but now I'm looking to expand it. I can have the fascinating experience of putting on The Clovers' "Mint Julep" and follow it up immediately by something that came out last month or last year.

I'm happy to see rock finally in as the accepted music of the upcoming generation. It wasn't when I was your age, unfortunately. Not by 99 1/2% of my white classmates, anyway. Bev and I were kinda odd because





we congregated over by the jukebox with our Negro brethren (they wanted to be called Negro then, as opposed to colored or black; keeping up with current preferences is all uphill). We'd feed in the quarters and stomp and snap to Ruth Brown and early Chuck Berry and The Clovers etc and get stared at as some kind of freaks. Then came Bill Haley and cha-whoom. All of sudden it was popular, and as usual everybody jumped on the bandwagon and accepted anything that came along as rock while us old timers sat there and groused and gleed that Berry was finally hitting pay dirt big. Anyway I may not be as au courant as I should be, but I know what I like, and it seems to continue to get me stared at.

My one regret is that I've been unable to hear Hendrix. Local radio stations don't play his stuff and the local WASP oriented record stores don't carry them. Sometime when we're down in Anderson at a good record store I'll try to listen. But that's difficult with these sealed at the factory albums.

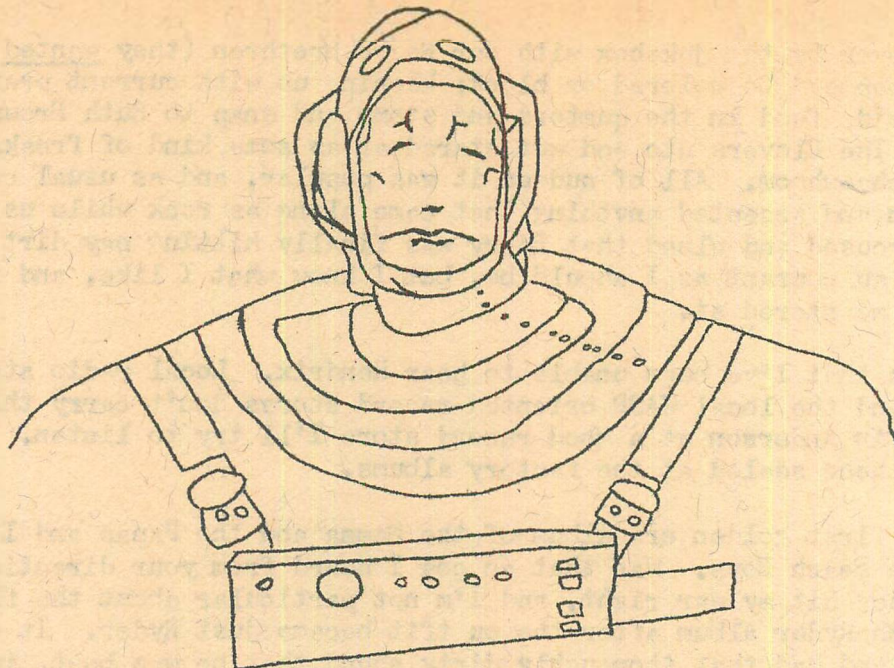
I picked up the first golden era album of the Mamma and the Papas and I'd like to do the same for the Beach Boys. Was that an oog I heard from your direction? I like all sounds if they hit my ear right, and I'm not particular about the flavor. I also picked up a Mitch Ryder album after the outfit became just Ryder. It was when he was with the Wheels and had that thoroughly dirty sound that he was best, in my opinion. Incidentally, the group is not given any credit on the album, just Ryder. I think he should have credited them, because a lot of the flavor of those hits of his was due to that driving background. One band got no play locally and this album was the first place I had heard it: a Jerry Lee Lewis style bouncer called "Bend Over Let Me See You Shake a Tail Feather." The current rock lyrics are a bit more subtle, but with the same end result. . . disclaimer.

The Electric Mud album is interesting. If you've heard it, I'd like your opinion. I enjoy it, but my knowledge of electric technique is nil and I simply go by simplistic ear satisfaction standards rather than any well thought out criteria. He has a fascinating thing called "She's All Right" which toward the end slides into "My Girl," very sweetly (compareatively), complete with crooning flute. Contrast is hardly the word for it. He does some of his standards like "Hoochie Coochie Man" and "I Want To Make Love To You," but juiced with electricity they become even more explicit, if that's possible.

Sort of an aside: I've been wanting to mention for months something by way of explanation. I used the term "spade" while we were at your house, and it occurred to me later that I had forgotten to keep my terminology up to date, again. When I learned the term, way back in the early 50s, it was not -- at least on my campus -- derogatory. A spade with shades was very very in, as was "terrible" as a term of approbation, and "crazy" was just moving into the general slang. As I mentioned earlier, black was then very out, and Negro with a capital N the thing to stress. I was part of a small integrated on-campus group that called itself Human Relations Society. Our main object was to get campus housing -- at a state college, yet! -- open to non-whites; our secondary object was to cajole, wheedle or otherwise reach restaurant and sandwich shop owners in the vicinity of the college to serve non-whites. There was a state law, largely ignored. One of our girls continually filed suits at the court house, where they were continually "lost." I envy the present civil rights movement. With a top membership of a dozen or so members we couldn't picket or protest with any effectiveness at all. We could only try to appeal to the better natures of our opponents, and it got terribly discouraging at times.

Then all of a sudden the Supreme Court was on our side, and after a few years other people seemed to be and the movement picked up steam, people and money. Now it was possible to actually do something. I felt like I'd been born ten years too soon, but





I could stand there and applaud and say go go gang.

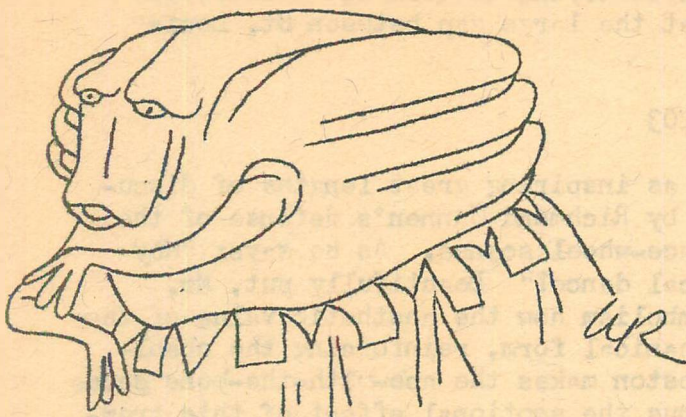
So I feel like telling the young discouraged of today, whether on civil rights or politics -- don't give up. Keep trying. Maybe it won't come when you want it most. Somebody always gets gypped out of that glorious moment. After struggling for it for years, you will suddenly find doors being opened and gains made by latecomers to the bandwagon, who will undoubtedly take lots of credit. The important thing is, the job will get done. It takes time, but it does seem to come around, finally. If it's worth feeling deeply about, it's worth keeping up the fight, even though your day is past.

And not to be a crazy juxtaposition, I'm impressed that Harlan stuck his neck out in the Montgomery march and is now a campaigner. He has money and position and can accomplish something by his influential aura. And heaven knows there are things yet to accomplish. But I remember with occasional bitterness that there was a time when Harlan could do no more than the rest of us -- grumble and talk. This was back in the early 50s, when a Negro girl was cleverly denied admittance to a convention hotel. Harlan at that time promised he would raise a stink in SFBulletin and let all the world know. If he did, we never heard of it. Lots of people commiserated and thought this was terrible and something should be done about it -- but nobody did anything. We happen to know this particular instance pretty well. The convention hotel was Beatley's at Indian Lake, a Midwestcon, and the Negro girl fan was Beverly Clark. She, Buck and Gene drove over from Indiana, had their reservations cleverly lost by the hotel management, much sympathy and no action from the other con attendees, and turned around and drove back that same night. A procedure I would not recommend. I didn't find out about this until Saturday night, despite repeated inquiries of other people, some of whom were witnesses to the earlier incident. (I had come on the bus with Lee Tremper, expecting to meet the other trio. Obviously, I never did.)

What could have been done? Well, at an outside guess I would say if the managers of the con and plenty of the fans had gotten together and promised the hotel keeper if she didn't admit a guest with a reservation regardless of color they'd take their business elsewhere, something might well have been accomplished. Nobody suggested this, and there was no indication that enough of the fans were willing to put their actions where their mouths were. They had lots of company in mundania at that time.



I've been thrown out of a drive-in restaurant because one member of our party was a shade too dark for the proprietor.



It's nice to think fans are slans and ahead of their times and farseeing and politically and socially advanced and all -- but I'd take it with a healthy dose of salt. I been there. At least I got into fandom on the time-line edge. It was at that break point in the early-mid 50s that hotels began realizing there'd been an emancipation proclamation, or Buck and I would have missed a lot of cons. We wrote

ahead to the hotel in Philly to make sure Bev Clark and her friend Eleanor Turner would be admitted, or we probably wouldn't have gone. And the North Plaza was Jim Crow not so very long ago, come to that. We had quite a set-to with the late Don Ford over that very matter.

Anyway, don't give up the faith, and keep your ears tuned.

There's a whole lotta things I could say about Lesleigh's comments on femme fans and their hairy experiences in and out of fandom. But that's a subject for a whole other letter. Let's just say I for one have rattled a mundane hair dresser by taking only moderate interest in the styling of my hair, and the conversation that followed was something like this: "But you should take great interest in the styling of your hair; after all, hair is a woman's crowning beauty." "The hair just grew; I worked on my brains, and I think they're more important." I was not understood.

+ I wonder why "hair is a woman's crowning beauty" but not a man's. It probably + has a great deal to do with keeping women in their places, but probably even more + to do with money. After all, barber shops make money by convincing men that they + need a haircut every two weeks, and beauty shops try to convince women that + they need a new hairstyle every month. I remember when I was in high school we + had a hair stylist give a demonstration and she spent the whole time trying to + convince us that boys didn't really like girls with long straight hair (who obviously + never go to the beauty shop). Unfortunately, more severe methods are used to + convince boys that they shouldn't have long hair. Easy Rider may not be an + accurate picture of such persecution, but ask any man with long hair how hard it + is for him to get a job, and you'll see the real persecution. LML

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road, NW, Albuquerque, N.M. 87107

Lesleigh's article on The Morality of the Draft was excellent, well thought out and well researched. She made many telling points and I agree with, oh, 90% of her points. She seems to object to farmers being deferred which I do not. When one considers that we are all dependent on them to keep us eating I have no objections at all to their deferment. If the farmers ever decided to say to hell with it there'll be 175,000,000 hungry people in this country -- give or take a few. And I must agree that artists, sociologists and political scientists do not have jobs necessary to national interests -- or hardly anybody else's. But there is no question that the draft is wrong from almost any viewpoint. Lesleigh did a good job on this article. Only one thing. . . it would have been more meaningful if Hank had written it. Lesleigh is not, after all, in any way directly affected by the draft while Hank is. As it is one can look at the Morality of the Draft as an interesting academic exercise but that is all. There is no direct personal involvement.

+ That pretty ridiculous. I'd certainly be directly affected if Hank got drafted.

+ Anyway, that another of the unfair points of the draft. It applies only to men LML

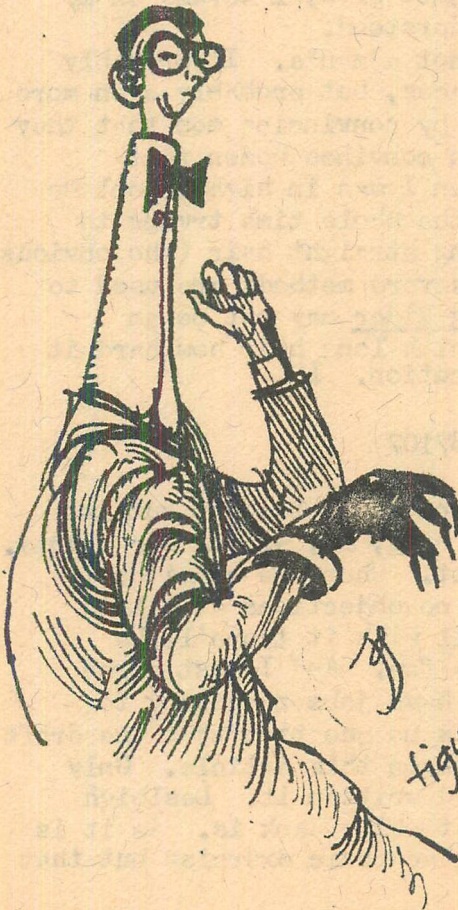


I think you are right in that fandom is the most underground underground of them all even though it has no real purpose. It is small, unknown and ignored -- which is a good way for it to be. You may recall the MIT crew trying to work out a coast-to-coast underground network. They were dismayed at the large gap between St. Louis and Albuquerque.

Richard Delap, 1343 Bitting, Wichita, Kansas 67203

"2001" seems to have great holding power as far as inspiring great lengths of discussion is concerned. I was especially impressed by Richmond Wannen's defense of the use of the Blue Danube music during the ship/space-wheel scenes. As he says: "Why not -- isn't a waltz a rather measured, mechanical dance?" Beautifully put, Mr. Wannen! I think it also showed with obvious symbolism how the aesthetic value of the dance had been matched (if not surpassed) in mechanical form, reinforcing the obsolescence of Man in his then-present stage. John Boston makes the ape-with-the-bone scene sound like it was half an hour long! It's obvious the emotional effect of this tremendously effective bit was lost on this clod who writes like I always expect the new, impatient sock-it-to-'em tv-age crowd to do. As for the "average movie-goer" who doesn't "find (the end-sequence) that easy," . . . well, who cares? If you have to explain it to them (and it's simple to get the message for anyone with even normal intelligence), then you're wasting your breath. Clarke tried to do it in his novelization; his failure only proves the point. I can't agree with you, Hank, that the film perhaps got even more attention "than was reasonable" in the fanpress. If anything, considering the depths to which most comments go, it hasn't received nearly enough!

Bill Marsh, PO Box 785, Sparks, Nevada 89431



*figure from  
a dream*

Lesleigh's article concerning the draft was an excellently written and well researched effort. The present system of 'manning the bastions' is indeed rife with inequity, inefficiency and stupidity. But, other than measures and legislation to correct or alleviate the malfunctionings in the apparatus, what other alternatives are open to the citizenry of this nation if it purports to be a truly democratic one? "Individual freedom" and all the other shibboleths with which we promote the notion that the individual citizen is endowed with the right to go about his chosen business with the practical minimum of interference from or demands by the state and his fellow citizens are what this country is all about -- or should be. However, duty and responsibility for the preservation of the system guaranteeing these rights are the concomitants and understood moral commitments upon which such personal liberties rest, and the fulfillment of the individual obligation to defend these prerogatives is the only manner in which they can be preserved.

The idea of a completely professional army is an utterly abhorrent one to me.



Such an army would be manned at the lower echelons . . . to an even greater degree than the present one. . . by ghetto youth, dropouts, all those psychically and economically disadvantaged, forced by circumstance and not free will to exist as our mercenaries. This might prove a convenient out for the more economically advantaged middle class kid who would be relieved of the nuisance to his embarkation upon the search for "life liberty and the pursuit of happiness." It would put the country in the position, though, of sending out those who have been least benefitted by our system to defend and preserve that very system. In addition to being grossly unfair, such an approach would not be likely to provide us with particularly spirited fighting men. Further, such a solution to the problem of national defense would be an over-riding affirmation by our citizenry that the USA has finally deteriorated to the point in its worship of the easy, spectator type life (make that the slothful life) that it is no longer worthy or sufficiently gutsy to warrant or deserve the free and democratic way of life.

The day that a majority of individual American citizens are not willing or able to place their all on the line to preserve our political heritage spells the beginning of the end. In their saner moments I feel certain that the American people would not seriously entertain such an effete, morally reprehensible approach to the defense of the nation as the advocates of the "professional army" set forth. It is only our unfortunate and ill conceived participation in the current Vietnam fiasco and the general frustration with it that makes such a horrendous alternative even a little bit palatable.

+I think there is a difference between a "professional army" and a "volunteer army." We already have a professional army in the upper ranks. Almost all +officers are career soldiers. The question is how to fill the lower ranks. +The draft doesn't seem to be a fair way, or even a legal way, to many people, +myself included. What I suggest is an all-volunteer army. Certainly many of +these will be people who have no hope of a career elsewhere. Armies always have +consisted of these people. But would not other young men be attracted through +a combination of patriotism and the chance to obtain benefits such as help in +going to college, veterans benefits and other things (and a decent wage would +help.) If the Army could not attract sufficient numbers this way it would mean +that the young people of the United States did not feel that the Army was engaged +in a necessary job. Perhaps we couldn't get enough troops for the Vietnam war +with a volunteer army. Then obviously we shouldn't be fighting in Vietnam. +The majority of the people are against it, if they will not provide the manpower, +and in a democracy, the majority rules. If the government feels that a draft +is necessary, then it doesn't believe in democratic principles. LML

Redd Boggs, Post Office Box 1111, Berkeley, California 94701

"The Morality of the Draft" by Lesleigh reads like it is a paper written for a college class, and had it been submitted by one of my students I would have downgraded it for not being on the stated subject. Lesleigh doesn't talk much about the morality of the draft. What does she think, what do these other people think, about the morality of evading the draft by claiming you are a homosexual, for instance? Or by going to Canada? Or about the morality of being drafted for the main purpose of doing one's bit to sabotage the army? She doesn't consider these and other aspects of the moral question, but instead talks about the draft law, the history of the draft, and the matter of the conscientious objector. She does a good job on these points.

+I think those points you mentioned would more properly belong in an article on +the morality of the draftees. LML



Joe Sanders' column of book reviews, "With Malice Toward All," continues to be the best thing in your fanzine. It's mistitled, of course, for Joe's quick sympathy for what writers are trying to do is one of his best qualities. I don't agree with him in some cases, as with his analysis of Roger Zelazny's "The Keys to December" -- Zelazny strikes me as one of those writers of superficial splendor that it takes people 20 years to discover is not so good after all, as with Ray Bradbury -- but Joe certainly makes the best possible case for each of his likes and dislikes.

letter column: There isn't much to get hold of in this small controversy as to whether fanzines are "underground" publications. But certainly newspapers like the Berkeley Barb are true underground papers if you define "underground" like my dictionary does: to mean activity done for "revolutionary or other disruptive purposes. . . against a civil order." Such a definition lets out most fanzines. Fandom is indeed obscure, but not clandestine or conspiratorial. You don't have to give the secret knock to get into a LASFS or -- one presumes -- an OSFA meeting. Perhaps the best examples of true underground papers I know are the "street newspapers" that are passed out occasionally along Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley, usually without any masthead info or other identification of editors and publishers; they are full of anti-Establishment "treason."

As for "Pangaea," I don't know what you mean when you say rock music is "basic music," but it is certainly ironic that this "basic music" can't even be played -- at least properly -- if the electricity goes off!

+Not strange -- electricity is absolutely basic in

+our culture. Hadn't you noticed? HL

And this "basic music" doesn't even rouse people to dance anymore. Somebody in the Bard was sneering at a rock musician at an Avalon concert who urged people, futilely, to dance: He was "straight" as hell, said the Bard writer, adding that the people were really dancing, anyway, "in their minds"! This "basic music" can't even rouse anybody to basic instinct to move in rhythm! Not long ago, I went to a place in The City called Pier 23, on San Francisco's Embarcadero, where they regularly feature jazz, as distinct from rock. A man got up and danced -- with a girl partner who tried gamely to keep up -- in a wild and acrobatic way that I suddenly realized badly dated the fellow. He must have been young about 1945, and his incredibly active and rhythmic dance-steps were 20 years out of date. Those few people who danced to rock are pretty pathetic compared with the people who danced to Benny Goodman in the 1930s and 1940s. But mostly the people just sit there on the hard floor of the "ballroom" looking miserable as hell, each isolated from the other by the loudness of the music and the lack of social atmosphere in such a place. Why, the delirium of a Strauss waltz that gripped the dancers at the Kettenbrücke hall was a thousand times as "basic" as rock!



It's also interesting that rock music has overturned at least two of the eternal verities that Americans swore by in an earlier day. There are very few Negro musicians involved in rock bands, and some of the most famous and important of the rock bands come from Great Britain. In the old days everybody in America, and probably in Europe too, knew absolutely that the French and the British couldn't play American music worth a damn, and made fools of themselves when they tried to mimic our bands. And of course while white Americans could play American music acceptably, the real geniuses of this music were all Negro!



One of the central points about the rock scene is implicit in your admission that "there are more bad musicians in rock music than in any other field, I'm sure." It takes little talent to be a rock musician, partly because of the nature of the instruments, partly because of the way they're played at top amplification, and partly because hardly anybody knows a good musician when he hears one anymore. Therefore, musicians are interchangeable; so, to a large extent, are bands, and the supply is nearly inexhaustible. Ed Denson, manager of Country Joe and the Fish, the Crabs, and other rock groups, alleges in the Bard (issue #190, April 3-10 1969) that there are "over 100,000 rock bands in the United States at any given moment." If almost anybody can be a rock musician, those who get into the business can be mercilessly exploited, and they are. (Denson in the article cited says only 1000 of the 100,000 bands are making a living, and many of them are only making a marginal living, no doubt.) This situation is great for the men who own the music business, who have thus been able to circumvent old union scales; indeed, I suspect that the union is dead in many parts of the country. Amateurism has supplanted professionalism, and commercial music is worse than it ever was. After one listens a while to utter dubs like Country Joe and the Fish making "music," one begins to realize that Fats Waller wasn't really so bad after all!

+There are a lot of rock bands because a lot of young people are interested enough  
 +in music that they want to try to play it, and because there is a huge audience  
 +for it at present. Much of it is unprofessional; the very best of it is not  
 +only professional but wonderfully musical and creative. If you can't hear and  
 +appreciate what is best in rock music, that's your loss. HL

Richard Gordon 226 Ladykirk Road, Benwell,  
 Newcastle-on-Tyne NE4 8AL



I must have been in a particularly arrogant mood to have made the comments I did make which you reprinted in Starling, especially those made at the implied expense of Mike Bloomfield. I must admit to having found The Live Adventures of Mike Bloomfield and Al Kooper a particularly fine album, whereas I found the third Ten Years After album, Stonedhenge, something of a disappointment after their Undead album.

Have recently seen several groups in concert; including Pink Floyd, Family, Nice, Eclection. All top-flight British groups without as yet much American reputation. The Floyd amazed me proving able to reproduce the same electronic weirdnesses on stage as they do on disc. They did a long instrumental called "Interstellar Overdrive" which employed perfectly controlled use of feedback, fuzz, and general electronic fiddling which produced strange and effective sounds. Similar to the Moody Blues who also have sufficient ability to reproduce their recorded weirdnesses on stage. Family played an excellent and inventive set; particularly good use of trumpet and sax. Nice played a strange set; Keith Emerson capering over his organ like a black frenzied vampire bat, stabbing knives into keys to jam them down, improvising on the Intermezzo from Sibelius' Karelia Suite and on



Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto for forty minutes, and finally switching to a strange version of Dylan's 'She Belongs to Me.' At times cacophony substituted for music, at other times the effects of lighting and insane organ were positively chilling. Election, an excellent folk-rock(?) group led by singer Dorris Henderson played a fine set with some good trumpet work. Of the four groups, Family and the Floyd were the most impressive; Family must break big in the States soon.

Had a party a week or so ago at home in Scotland and after two hours of blasting the drunken and sodden with Electric Ladyland and Stones and Steve Miller I turned the three speakers up to maximum and put on the Blue Danube from the soundtrack of 2001. The effect was quite startling; people virtually waltzed themselves out of the window. You should try it sometime; the shock effect is considerable, Strauss after Stones is too much for most people to take! However Ligeti's Lux Aeterna after that from 2001 was popular with only a tiny minority stuck defensively around the record player, beating off repeated attacks. How to break up a party in one easy lesson. Introduce Kulture. . .

I am sure that the Rowan and Martin Laugh-In is one of the graver symptoms of the collapse and destruction of western society. Occasionally I watch it with mesmerised fascination, the same way an animal is mesmerised by a poisonous snake about to strike. Its lack of venom, bite and humour, it totally hypnotic. Its careful covering of every ethnic group and every social class is calculated to a mechanical T. One awaits the apocalyptic day and hour when an original joke is made that has one howling. But the strange thing is that all its catchphrases have been borrowed and plagiarised and utilised by every other comedy programme on the air till it makes you sick. Why? Is mediocrity now a desirable artistic phenomenon or something? Is there suddenly something intrinsically funny about a desperately unfunny joke? So why do I watch it sometimes? I dunno. Some great plastic brainwashing conspiracy must be in the process of being conducted in beautiful downtown Washington or something.

Jim Ashe PO Box 253, Cambridge, Mass 02138

So you've discovered our legal system. Wish you luck and an early recovery. I recall reading an issue of Psychology which carried a discussion of our legal system and how it differs from the science and engineering approach. One of the basic assumptions behind the legal method seems to be that truth will out if examined from two opposite directions simultaneously. Can you imagine designing a bridge this way, trying to understand the circulation of the blood, reasoning about gravity, working out sociology? I don't think the legal method solves problems; it proliferates them. And maybe that is why lawyers favor "law and order."

Greg Shaw, 64 Taylor Drive, Fairfax, Calif 94930

The society is going through rapid changes, and the frontier where the changes are occurring (I think of it as 'Edge City') seems to be the youth phenomenon involving rock music, drugs, and the whole rest of that thing. It was about three years ago that I began getting involved with this scene, and one of the first things I wanted to do was share it with fandom, or at least make it relate. At that time, though, I concluded that fandom wasn't ready for it. So my interest in fandom declined and I put my efforts into publishing a rock and roll fanzine for the general public. Towards the end of that venture I had plans of including sf material, but it never got a chance to happen.

+At this point Greg told a little of the story about turning on a sf convention  
+with Chester Anderson which he talks about in the article in this issue. HL



I'm glad we didn't do it: I think it would have been a disaster. Fandom still wasn't ready. Three years from now, such things will be standard fare at cons, but it's got to happen in its own time. Over the past year I have been making plans for a fanzine that was intended to serve as a bridge between fandom and the new world, to turn both on to each other. A fanzine that would provide meaningful rock criticism and comments on "What's Happening" for fandom and, for the people on my "underground" mailing list, an entrance to fandom. I wanted to see a lot of interaction.

This fantasy was closely related to an insight I was experiencing, which told me that in the very near future fandom would undergo fantastic growth, go "overground" be discovered and embraced by the general public. I thought this for a lot of reasons: the "Underground" newspapers aren't really very amateur anymore (The LA Freep has a time clock!), lots of fans are becoming interested in the underground and like myself will probably want to promote interaction, and most of all, the fact that young people today live in a world of science fiction every minute of their lives.

The point that I thought significant was: with old social forms disintegrating everyone is searching for that which is "relevant" (supplies information that relates usefully to the actual situation). We are all trying to understand the changes going on, the changes are science fictional in nature, and my background in science fiction (fandom) has been highly relevant to me in attempting to understand what's happening. Therefore fandom is a highly relevant educational institution.

This was my fantasy a few months ago. The first issue of Mojo Entmooter reflected this, even though I was beginning to realize that it wasn't going to happen. Fandom has been changing much faster than I'd thought, and I can admit frankly that many others are already doing what I had planned to do better than I could have done it. In other words, writing about rock and such isn't "edge city" for fandom anymore. We must go further. I don't know what my next few fanzines will be like.

All this was sparked by the discussion in your lettercol of the meaning of "underground." I think I can add somewhat to that. First by way of credentials, I put out, as far as I know, the first underground newspaper in San Francisco. I was with many of the people who put together plans for the Underground Press Syndicate, and my zine was one of the first dozen members. I have seen the phenomenon of underground publishing, from the beginning, in all its aspects.

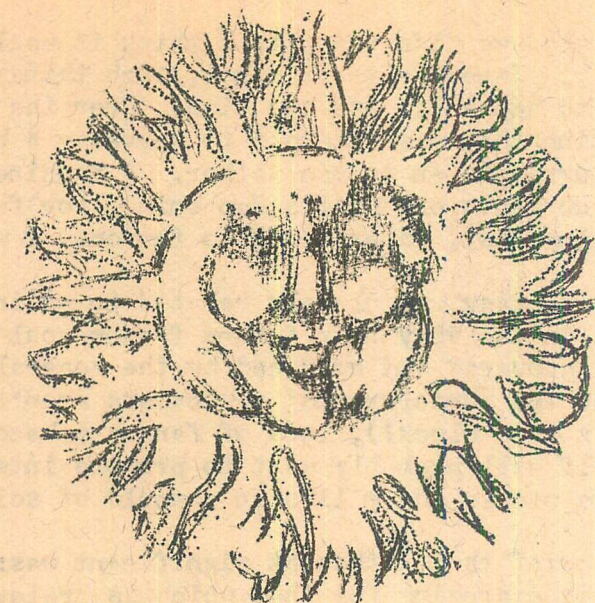
It seems only sensible that the meaning of a word be determined from popular usage. Underground once meant, you know, pamphlets put out in somebody's basement in the dead of night urging the populace to throw off the invaders, that sort of thing. When it became apparent, a few years ago, that there was a sizeable and complete culture growing in this country that was completely ignored by the press except when one of them got arrested, publications were begun so that these people could read about the things that concerned them. By my own definition, the "overground" is stuff like Time, Life, that you can get in the supermarket. I don't think you can attach the label "underground" on the basis of subject matter, ie rock music, etc. To me an underground publication is something produced by an amateur, someone who has some material that no major publisher would want, material that is aimed at a subculture. The underground subculture is a centralized one, it exists only where there is a group of such people, and fandom is a diffused subculture, it exists thru the mails. I think fanzines are very closely related to "underground newspapers." They serve the same function for the two communities that are so similar that they are potentially assimilable.

WAHF: W. G. Bliss, Gene Klien, Mike Gilbert, George Foster, Mike Deckinger, Leo P. Kelley, Jerry Kaufman, Harry Morris, Jr., Ann Chamberlain, Jack Gaughan & Bob Schoenfeld. Thank you, thank you, thank you.



# MAY THE LONG TIME SUN SHINE

+ Lesleigh Luttrell +



One of the most unusual groups around today is the Incredible String Band. They are an English group consisting of Mike Heron and Robin Williamson, assisted by their girls Rose and Licorice. The ISB gained underground recognition in this country about 2½ years ago with the release of their first and second albums and have been gaining popularity ever since.

It is difficult to decide what makes them unique. Perhaps it is the fact that they use over 50 instruments to make their music though the Beatles have lately been using great numbers of instruments to achieve their effects. Perhaps it is the quiet quality of their songs, though such people as Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young have been re-introducing the quiet type of singing to the field. Perhaps it is the poetic quality of Heron and Williamson's lyrics, though Bob Dylan has been writing poetry-songs for years now. Perhaps it is all these things blended together and stamped with the Incredible String Band's own personal touch.

Whatever it is, the String Band has something that no one else in the field has. And they have always had this special something, though it has grown and developed with the group. Perhaps the only way to find out what it is, is to go back and listen to all their albums.

## The Incredible String Band (Elektra, 1967 release)

The original Incredible String Band was not the same as it is today. Its first manifestation consisted of Mike Heron, Robin Williamson and Clive Palmer. They worked together playing small English clubs for about a year, in 1965-66, recording this album during that time.

There are fewer instruments on this album than on any of the others. Palmer plays a banjo, and Heron and Williamson play guitar, fiddle, violin, mandolin and several sorts of whistles between them, foreshadowing their use of varied instruments on the future records.

# PANGAEA PART TWO



The album reflects the String Band's beginnings in Scottish and English folk music though in the liner notes Heron remarks on their "Bulgarian, Indian, Scottish influences". There are a few traditional instrumentals, one song by Palmer, and the rest by Heron and Williamson. These songs are not unlike songs on later albums, but they do show more folk influence. They are simpler and more direct than later poem-songs. But they are already dealing in strange images, such as in "Smoke Shovelling Song" (A thousand foot high, pillar in the sky, of smoke full of song).

The music is concentrated around folk guitar, although the use of the penny-whistle as an important instrument on several cuts reflects the ISB touch for using strange instruments. Another strange use of instruments is the "Whistle Tune", a traditional English song, which is played by Williamson entirely on, not the pennywhistle, but something called an Indian whistle.

Palmer does not really contribute much to the album. He plays banjo and guitar on a few cuts, and sings lead on his "Empty Pocket Blues". This is an unremarkable blues song, sung in a semi-folk voice. Heron and Williamson, however, are already developing their unique singling styles. Williamson uses Scottish folk style, a style that sounds strangely but not unpleasantly off-key. This may be due to the influence of bag pipe music, which is modal. Scottish folk music actually has many similarities to Indian music and Williamson will join the two in later records. Heron is developing a "talking" type of style.

All and all this album is not as good as later ones, probably because of the short time the group had been together when they recorded it. But already one can see Heron and Williamson developing the unique style which characterizes the later Incredible String Band.

#### The 5000 Spirits of The Layers of the Onion (Elektra, 1967)

In 1967, Heron and Williamson joined again, after a year of traveling in Africa and India, again as the Incredible String Band. Licorice is with them on this album so it is really the same group as is playing today. This album reflects a year of musical growth, a branching out, a broadening of musical horizons for Heron and Williamson. It is a remarkable album.

With this album, Heron and Williamson really begin to show their talent at joining varied instruments. Heron plays standard instruments such as guitar and harmonica. Williamson plays an assortment of strange instruments, many of them Indian, including the bowed gimbri, tamboura, mandolin and sitar. There are sidemen on bass and piano on a few cuts.

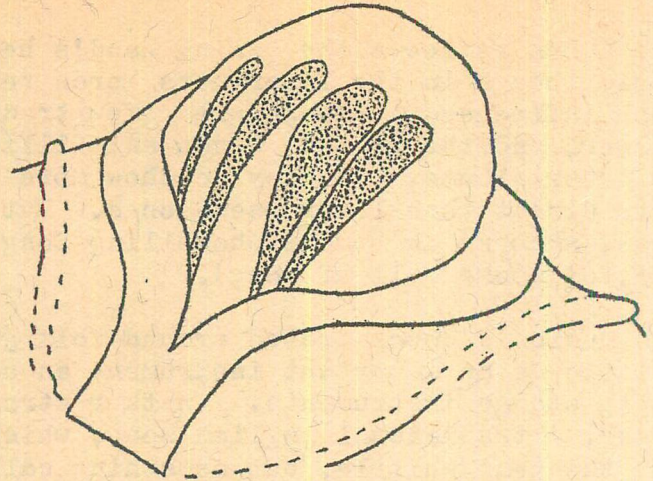
All songs are by Heron and Williamson (they don't collaborate, but write the songs separately, generally singing lead on their own compositions). The songs have a uniform soft quality, lent to them by the quiet instruments, but the lyrics themselves reflect a wide range of song-writing talent.

The songs can be roughly divided into three groups. The first isn't really a group, but several unclassifiable songs, all by Williamson. They are poems, very like Dylan things such as "Gates of Eden." They are groups of incredible images, things that make sense in ways that can't really be understood without the music. In this song, and in many of the others, the instruments weave weird patterns and the words and music become so intertwined that one can't separ-

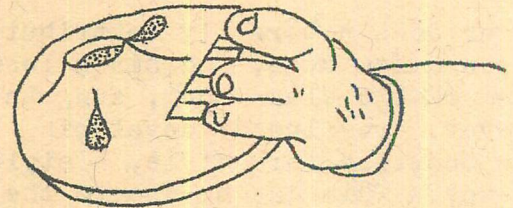


ate them. And the vocal also becomes part of the whole tapestry to give it shape and meaning that don't exist outside of the framework. To quote a few lines from "The Mad Hatter's Song" can't really explain it, but it gives an idea of the complex images used.

"But in the south there's many a waving tree/  
Oh would that musky fingers move your pair;  
In the warm south winds the lost flowers bloom again."



The second group of songs could be called love songs but not in the sense that the term is usually used. They are songs addressed to a love, yes, but they are much more. They are beautiful gifts to present loves. "For somewhere in my mind there is a painting box, / I have every color there it's true. / Just lately when I look inside my painting box, / I seem to pick the colors of you."



(Painting Box). There is a tribute to loves passed in "First Girl I Loved" which was done beautifully by Judy Collins, but Unbelievably by the String Band. Miss Collins was able to imitate Bob Dylan's strange skips and slides on "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues", but no one can imitate Williamson's singing style. "First Girl" is the saddest, most beautiful songs I've ever heard. A few lines can perhaps give some of the feeling. "Well, I never slept with you, / Though we must have made love a thousand times / For we were just young, didn't have no place to go / But in the wide hills and beside many a long water / You have gathered flowers and they do not smell for me."

The third group is more lighthearted. Some are almost childrens's songs like "Little Cloud". The first line "How sweet to be a cloud, floating in the blue" is very similar to an A. A. Milne poem, which perhaps gives it some of the childrens' song flavor. It is the story of a little cloud which doesn't want to stay up in the sky all the time, very much like Tootle'n'Toot the little train that wouldn't stay on the tracks.

Another of the strange songs in this group is "No Sleep Blues" which, if it's blues, is very strange blues. Heron is thinking the way someone does who has not slept for days, with strange thoughts that make little sense in the real world, but do if your sense of wonder is in good working order. ("The dawn comes sneaking up when it thinks I'm not looking.") Among all these is the line "If you let the pigs decide it they will put you in the sty" which I think ranks with anything Dylan ever said for aptness, perhaps proving that insights come with lack of sleep, too.

One of the most delightful songs the Incredible String Band has ever done is "Way Back in the 1960's", their only real science fiction song. It is an old man telling what life was like when he was young, when England still existed (apparently before The War), food was real, and Bob Dylan played.

There is really nothing bad on this album and many very good and striking things.



Most of the things they will do in future albums are at least hinted at here. But that's not to say that the next albums are better. The Incredible String Band have found something here, and in the future they will continue to explore it.

### The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter (Elektra, 1968)

With this album, the Incredible String Band is produced by Witchseason Productions, which somehow seems very appropriate remembering the Donovan song. It is also the first album to have both Rose and Licorice on it. The String Band continue to use the same variety of instruments, and to practice the integration of words and music. It seems to be very much Williamson's album; seven of the songs are by him and only three are by Heron. But Heron's songs are some of the best on the album.

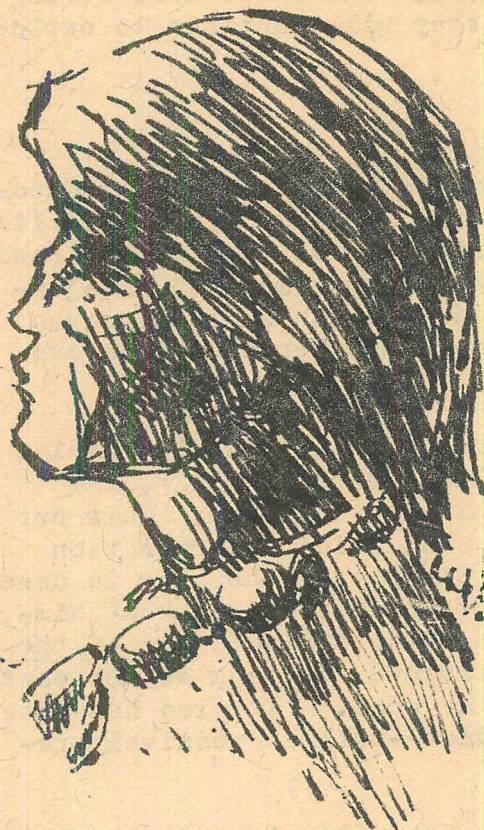
The album can conveniently be divided into side 1 and side 2. Side 1 contains songs with a mythical quality, "Koeada There", "The Minotaurs Song", and "Witches Hat". Perhaps the best of these is "The Minotaur's Song". This cut is very Gilbert and Sullivan, reflecting the ISB's continuing incorporation of all sorts of influences. The backing is mainly piano, and the song is done by a lead singer and a background chorus. The minotaur is singing about himself. He sounds rather like the minotaur in Thomas Burnett Swan's Day of the Minotaur, though this minotaur is a little more ferocious. "Strong as the earth from which I'm born/ I can't dream well because of my home." It also has some terrible puns. "A minotaur. . . his habits are predicta-bull/ Agressively re-lia-bull, bull, bull." It is a very funny song.

Also on side 1 is Heron's "A Very Celluar Song." A long (13 minute) cut, it consists of a number of parts which fit together round-like. It begins flowingly with an Indian section, and goes into an old-time religion sequence; "They built the Ark, that wonderful boat. Goodnight, goodnight." Backed by organ and syncopated clapping. This is followed by a harpsichord, flute and kazoo section which is as strange as that sounds. The song ends with the chant, repeated for several minutes, "May the long time sun shine upon you, all love surround you. And the pure light within you guide you all the way on." This greeting has become somewhat popular in rock culture and can be bought on postcards and poster. It really is a beautiful way to wish all happiness to a friend.

Side 2 begins with Heron's "Mercy I Cry City", a picture of the ugliness and loneliness of the modern city. "You cover up you emptiness with brick and noise and rush. . . Your slowly killing fumes squeeze the lemon in my head/ Make me know just what it's like for a sin-drenched Christian to be dead/ Ah, show to me your glitter and you flashing neon light./ You see, I think just the sun knows how to be quietly bright."

The remaining 5 songs are Williamson's counterpoint to the city. They are songs of beauty and of nature; "Waltz of the New Moon," "The Water Song," "Three is a Green Crown," "Swift as the Wind," "Nightfall." The most beautiful is "The Water Song." Prefaced by the sound of flowing water, the song seems very medieval. The main instrument is a flute, and Williamson sounds like a court minstrel singing a tribute to God and the world. "God made a song when the world was new./ Water's laughter sings it through./ Wizard of changes teach me the lesson of flowing." An interlude of Indian music gives another view of water, the cascading mountain stream, as the flute presents the babbling brook.





"Three is a Green Crown" is very very Indian, perhaps comparable to George Harrison's "Within You, Without You" on Sgt. Peppers' The ISB seems to capture the Indian flavor better, because Williamson has always sung like that. The songs are all patterns of images. Very beautiful and very strange. Perhaps that is the best way to describe the entire album.

Wee Tam and The Big Huge (Elektra, 1969)

Issued as a two record set in England, we got two separate records in the U.S. The albums are done entirely by Robin Williamson, Mike Heron, Rose and Licorice, who do all the vocals and music (Rose and Licorice play some on the set). Their assortment of instruments continues to be large, this time including kazoo, harpsichord, wash board, Irish harp, sarangi and sitar. It seems to be somewhat of a return to the folk music of the first album. Everything is quieter and some of the songs are very definitely folk influenced.

But there are still songs full of strange things. They continue to experiment with words and music. Some songs make little sense when read off the album cover, but they make sense to your ear.

Among these strange songs is "Maya". The title is defined within the song itself. "Maya, Maya/ All this world is but a play/ Be thou a joyful player." The song can be interpreted as a study in this frame of mind. It includes a description of the great man. "The great man, the great man. . . And soldiers his death each second/ And mystics his rebirth each second. . . The mystery his source/ And civilization he leaves behind/ Opinions are his fingernails."

Another of the strange songs is the Dylanesque "Lordly Lightshade". It reminds me very much of "Desolation Row", though the music tends to make it not as depressing as the Dylan song. It sounds almost fun. "While a group of middle-aged persons with dwarfish expressions and tinny conversations in Sunday blessed blue/ Standing around for a photograph, watch the cuckoo" (chorus of cuckoo, cuckoo).

The strangest song of all is "Douglas Traherne Harding". "When I was born I had no head/ My eye was single and my body was filled with light/ And the light that I was was the light that I saw by/ And the light that I saw by was the light that I was. Perhaps it's a riddle, perhaps it's a poem. It's up to the listener to decide.

Another element of the set is religious music. "The Mountain of God" sounds like something you could hear in church, a semi-Gregorian chant backed by organ, ending with the Glory Be. "Job's Tears" contains the String Band's own interpretation of the Bible. "O I remember it all from before. . . Rise Up La-



zarus/ Sweet and salty/ Brother soldiers/ Stop your gambling and talk to me/  
The Thieves were stealers/ But reason condemned him/ And the grave was empty/  
Where they laid him." It also seems to contain some of the ISB's own religious idea. "Why heroes die at sunrise/ Why the birds are arrows of the wise/  
Why each perfumed flower/ Why each moment has its hour. . . Stranger than that  
we're alive." From here the song goes into a country religion ending, "We'll  
understand it better in the sweet bye and bye."

The String Band has several country-influenced songs on the album. Another country religion song is Heron's "Greatest Friend". He recreates on guitar and harmonica the sort of song one would expect to hear in a little country church. "The waters from that wondrous well/ That made my eyes to see/ And made my mind to ever show/ My greatest friend to me." It reminds me very much of "Amazing Grace" which Arlo Guthrie has been doing recently, perhaps as part of the country revival in rock. "Log Cabin Home in the Sky" is played on two fiddles, guitar and washboard and has a genuine country sound. It reflects a Byrds "leaving for the country" attitude: "Now is the time to slip away from the California sun/ To a place where a man can be free as the wind." It expresses the thought that one must have a place to flee when the "lights get much too bright." But the log cabin is in the sky, so perhaps the String Band doesn't believe as strongly in the regenerative powers of the country as the Byrds do.

Many of the other songs on this set are about nature. Some are just happy songs about the things of nature. "You Get Brighter" is about the sun; "You give all your brightness away and it only makes you brighter." "Air" celebrates the breathe of life that comes "right inside of me". "Puppies" is a delightful song addressed to "that new born fur." But it asks a question, too. "Just how far can you take me/ How far can you take me, Mother Nina/ Before I'm on my own?" The Incredible String Band celebrates nature, certainly, just for being what it is, but they look for something more in it. They ask Mother Nature (Nina) what she can teach them about life.

And they find lessons in nature. "Cousin Caterpillar" "Takes his changes easily/ O happy we/ Could we take each change so easily." But "Ducks on a Pond" lead them on to further meditations. "The answers are the questions, sir". Ducks are like clouds, clouds are like thoughts. Their thoughts float everywhere, thinking about "Moving pieces on the plains of Troy. . . Peacocks talking of the colour grey. . . Lovely Jesus nailed to a tree." This, the last cut on Wee Tam, seems to lead them to something more. "Farewell sorrow, praise God the open door/ I ain't got no home in this world anymore." Are they on their own now? Have they found the answer in nature, in religion, in the country? It could be any of these, or perhaps there is no answer at all. The answer is to combine everything you know and see what questions you will get. This is what the Incredible String Band has done. Perhaps that is why they are unique.

## CHANGING HORSES

(Electra 1970)

guest review + James Schumacher +

The Incredible String Band is incredible mainly because of their ability to consistently put so much of their own world-view into music, and the uniqueness of that view. In The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter they showed awareness of nature and our place in it; Wee Tam and the Big Huge presented lovingly concise interpretations of Oriental outlook and religious thought. Their newest album deals mostly with equanimity and joy in the face of sorrow.



That they are Changing Horses isn't extremely evident, as their motifs and roots remain basically the same; but the music is not as delicate as that of WEE Tam; the girls (Rose and Licorice) play a much more important part, new forms are tried, and electric guitar is used as a major instrument for the first time. Of six songs, the four by Williamson are generally more successful, Heron's more experimental in approach. "Dust Be Diamonds", the first song Mike and Robin have written together, is most typical of the religious/tranquility theme: "King Jesus he whispered/ it is not so far/ And Buddha declared/ it is right where you are." "Dig Ted" concerns reincarnation--Ted, a butchered pig, "might be a moocow next time around." Heron's "Sleepers, Awake!" is effectively sung a capella in choral arrangement by the four. "Mr. and Mrs." enjoins unhappy citizens to take up the joyous life; the String Band brings it from satire to real concern.

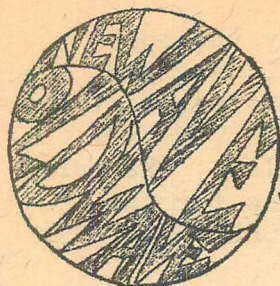
Lyrics are included for the two longest and most important cuts on the album. "Creation," by Williamson, weaves Genesis and Greek mythology with his own imagery. Evil, as conflict and guilt, destroyed the Paradise, yet it moved "with a perfect pattern/ and complemented harmony with discord/ and light with darkness." It is a remarkable song-poem, at times similar to established concepts of the Earth and yet profoundly personal; it is spoken, sometimes sung, against a droning background of voice and instrument.

Although Heron's "White Bird" begins weakly, his guitar interludes make it the most quietly beautiful song on the album; even more impressive is its parable-like structure. Beginning with a prologue to the listener, it describes the calmness of a white swan on the water; a sorrowing lover seeks the swan and its beauty, and finds "not water, but ice. death, not life." Yet the song concludes on a tranquil, instructive note.

The illustrations by Mike and Robin are simple and appropriate, and the cover, like the songs, is natural and happy. If the String Band really is changing horses, they seem far from drowning.

the  
heron  
standing  
in the mind  
roaring  
water  
is the  
appearing  
singing





# SECOND IMPOUNDATION

+ Don D'Amassa +

Recently events transpired here in Vietnam which will have enduring effects on the world at large. A visitor from the year 2069 appeared in the hamlet of Kiem Chao near An Son. As editor of the battalion newspaper, I was given the opportunity to fly north and interview this strange visitor. During the course of several hours' conversation, I indulged a personal fancy and asked the individual for news of the development of science fiction during the next century. The following is a condensed version of the information which I received.

In 1973, a well-known fan by the name of John J. Fierce entered the battle between the two schools of sf writing, New Wave and Old Wave. But Fierde did more than simply enter into the meaningless exchange of invective. Championing the traditional style of writing, Fierce organized a loyal group of supporters into the Second Impoundation. To lend an aura of respectability, he acquired permission from the popular writer, Lester del Rege, to use his name as Primary Speaker,

Using the motto "If thy nose offend thee, strike it off," Fierce launched a vigorous movement to expel the New Wave writers from the ranks of SF. At the second convention of the Second Impoundation in Texarcana, he thrilled his now hundreds of followers when he said, "If science is based on formulas, then science fiction should also be based on formulas.

In 1976 he established the Fan Review Board which received advance copies of all new releases and ruled whether they were New or Old Wave. Recommended lists were issued to all members and a special publication, The Index, listed all of those books which were guilty of straying from the fold. Originally only those items were boycotted by the Index, but by 1978 interdiction of any book by an author would cause all of his works to be placed on the Index.

In 1977 the Second Impoudation had raised enough money to buy controlling interest in the Universal Publishing Company. Authors whose works were construed to be New Wave found themselves cut out of GALAXY, IF and WORLDS OF TOMORROW, the profits from which eventually gave them control of Ultimate Publishing Company. By 1979, Ultimate's 4 reprint magazines had increased to 8, 6 of them monthly. THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION was the last bastion of New Wave writers, who had pooled their resources and bought control to prevent takeover by Second Impoundation,

Their days were numbered, however, for the rival magazines provided a launching board by which the Science Fiction Writers of America was padded with one-story, Old Wave writers. The New Wave, and many independents, withdrew from that organization in disgust. There was talk of setting up a rival organization, the International SF Writers Association, but a concentrated boycott finally forced F&SF to fold and the movement disintegrated. Many younger New Wave writers migrated to England. The bulk drifted into mainstream, mystery or non-fiction.



<sup>35</sup>  
In England the upper hand went to the New Wave people. Angered by the book burnings in Los Angeles, and the sacking of Milford, Pennsylvania, New Wave writers agitated successfully for closure of British distribution agencies to American SF paperbacks. NEW WORLDS was joined by NEW GALAXY, THE NEW MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, and THE NEW ORIGINAL SF STORIES. The market flourished briefly and SF received much notice from the critics for the first time, but the younger readership dwindled and all but NEW WORLDS had folded by 1981.

In late 1981, Fierce convened the fifth convention of the Second Impoundation. In his famous "We Must Expunge" speech, he proclaimed a boycott of all publishers who issued any of the works of the New Wave writers. Bowing to his now monumental support, publishers quickly allowed the complete works of Cordwainer Smith, Ray Bradbury, Michael Moorcock, Harlan Ellison, Thomas Disch, David Bunch, and many others to lapse into obscurity.

The convention also established a Fan Examination Committee, which studiously plunged through the minor works of accepted authors. Any taint of experimentalism condemned an author's works to limbo. CRYPTOZOIC destroyed Brian Aldiss, the lack of articles in THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS was rightly defined as experimental and the works of Robert Heinlein were reluctantly consigned to oblivion. The visual use of print in THE DEMOLISHED MAN and THE STARS MY DESTINATION caused the banning of Alfred Bester.

The fifth convention also created the retroactive Hugo. It was remarked that many classic SF novels had been written before the institution of the Hugo award. In order to correct this, pairing was initiated. For instance, in 1982 the possible contenders for the Hugo were all novels originally published in 1981 or in 1937. During the course of the decade, Hugos were awarded to such SF greats as Alexander Blade, Don Wilcox and Neil R. Jones.

In 1982, IF, GALAXY and WORLDS OF TOMORROW announced that they were going to stop publishing original stories. AMAZING and FANTASY began printing exclusively reprints from STARTLING, THRILLING WONDER, DYNAMIC, and others. DOC SAVAGE magazine was revived early in 1983. Only ANALOG continued to print new material.

In the last months of 1983, NEW WORLDS in England was forced to resort to mimeograph reproduction and distribution by subscription to members of the British SF Writers Association. This preceded by only a few days the dissolution of the SFWA because of lack of interest.

The break up of the SFWA was followed by the sixth convention of the Second Impoundation. In four dazzling days, control of the organization was wrested from Fierce by the Jamaican, Blake Ericson. Ericson established the SF Morality Board which strove to clean up contemporary SF. Edgar Pangborn's works were among the first to go; Philip Farmer followed almost immediately. Sturgeon's ramblings about incest and homosexuality caused him to be anathematized, although pirated editions of his works still appear. Norman Spinrad, somehow overlooked by Fierce, was scuttled by Ericson.

By the beginning of 1984, Ericson was establishing the Fanzine Review Board which set rigid restrictions on what could and could not appear in fanzines. The revolt against Ericson at that year's World SF Convention was squelched. Ericson called the seventh convention of the Second Impoundation and declared The World SF Convention Committee dissolved. Hugos would thenceforward be selected by a committee, as were the Noble Prize, Pulitzer Prize and National



By this time, most of Ericson's contemporaries had died. Fierce passed on that April. The bulk of the readership was composed of boys in their early teens. Unfortunately, there was a growing tendency to stop reading sf upon completion of high school. The first warning was the bankruptcy of the Universal Publishing Company in June. August saw the Ultimate Publishing Company follow suit. Only ANALOG continued to flourish.

The British SF Writer's Association began to fill with Australians and eventually took the name of the International Fantasy Writers Union. Members came from Italy, Germany, France and Russia. NEW WORLDS was given a grant by the Australian government and moved its offices to Sydney. Most of the expatriate Americans followed, along with a considerable coterie of British writers, hoping to make use of the burgeoning Australian market.

By the early months of 1985, there were six sf magazines thriving Down Under. Many of the Old Wave writers from the United States began sending their works overseas to the lucrative new markets. By 1986, despite attempts by the Second Impoundation to ban them, Australian SF magazines were being imported into the US. Even ANALOG was finally driven from the stands, though it was revived by an Australian Corporation as ASTOUNDING.

In 1986 a World SF Convention was held in Melbourne, at which the Hugo was re-instituted. The tenth Second Impoundation Convention was called by Ericson. Maps of Australia were burned in effigy; various writers who had contributed to the Australian publications were expelled from the organization. Despite this counterattack, the Second Impoundation was doomed. Its membership waned steadily until its dissolution with Ericson's death in 1990.

Eighty years went by before American SF began to rival the Australian imprints. By then France, Italy, Russia and other countries were steadily adding to the market. World Conventions rotated among the continents and each country gave its own award. England presented the Moorcock, France the Jules Award, Russia the Alexei Tolstoy Literary Workers Award, etc.

As of 2069, that is the situation, although our time travelling visitor tells me that a Third Impoundation has recently been formed in Australia. Their policy is apparently to ban all stories dealing with space travel or time travel from the SF magazines on the grounds that these are both demonstrably possible, therefore do not fall within SF's realm. Perhaps someday we will encounter a visitor from 2169 and he will be able to tell us how it all comes out.

## THE FIRST FOUNDATION [BACKGROUND]

+ Jim Turner +

I never knew John J. Pierce and probably should have forgotten most of what I knew of him. J.J. -- as he was known in those Precambrian times -- left the University of Missouri-Columbia the year before I started there. I became active in campus politics within a couple of months after my arrival in 1965. There was, therefore, a good number of people around who remembered him. I was intrigued when I heard about him. He had been a leading exponent of "Independent Nationalism" -- organized competition with the fraternity-sorority orientation of student life by non-Greeks, then located primarily in dormitories.



J.J. lived in Williams House of McDavid Hall. Under his "intellectual" leadership, Williams House gained and for many years held the reputation of being the Independent House. In early days, the house had a pseudo-Greek image, with pins and the nickname "Kappa Kappa Williams."

It's hard to understand politics at the University of Missouri. I have been told that no other campus in the country spends as much time and money electing student body officers. One year, one campus political party spent nearly \$2000 in a two-week campaign (and lost to a party spending not half that much.) Only lately have left-right politics surfaced at Missou. Knotty variations on the Greek-GDI (Goddamned Independent) rivalry were the usual issues.

J.J. was one of the early editors -- if not the founder -- of one of the early and most influential GDI newspapers: The Williams Word. Each issue exhorted GDIs to greater heights, uncovered Greek plots, peddled Independent -- and especially Williams -- Nationalism. He and a number of other individuals (with some of whom I have discussed J.J.) founded the first truly Greek-Independent party in which GDIs had a true voice, the Alliance party which, unfortunately, became totally corrupt and folded five years later. He established himself as an Independent before that time by winning election to the student Senate as a write-in.

His greatest project was a history of the Independents at the University from the earliest times to the present. The work was 100 almost perfectly printed pages, illustrated, well researched and utterly biased. Well nigh every catastrophe that befell GDIs was seen as some Greek plot from the demise of boarding clubs around the turn of the century to modern campus elections. This does not detract from the fact that it was a staggering feat of amateur journalism-history.

J.J. has remained interested in Missou affairs. He returned for Independent Week 1968, still corresponds occasionally with GDI newspapers, and promised a supplement to the history bringing it up to the present which has not been forthcoming. He was truly an outstanding figure in the struggle for a more representative student government.

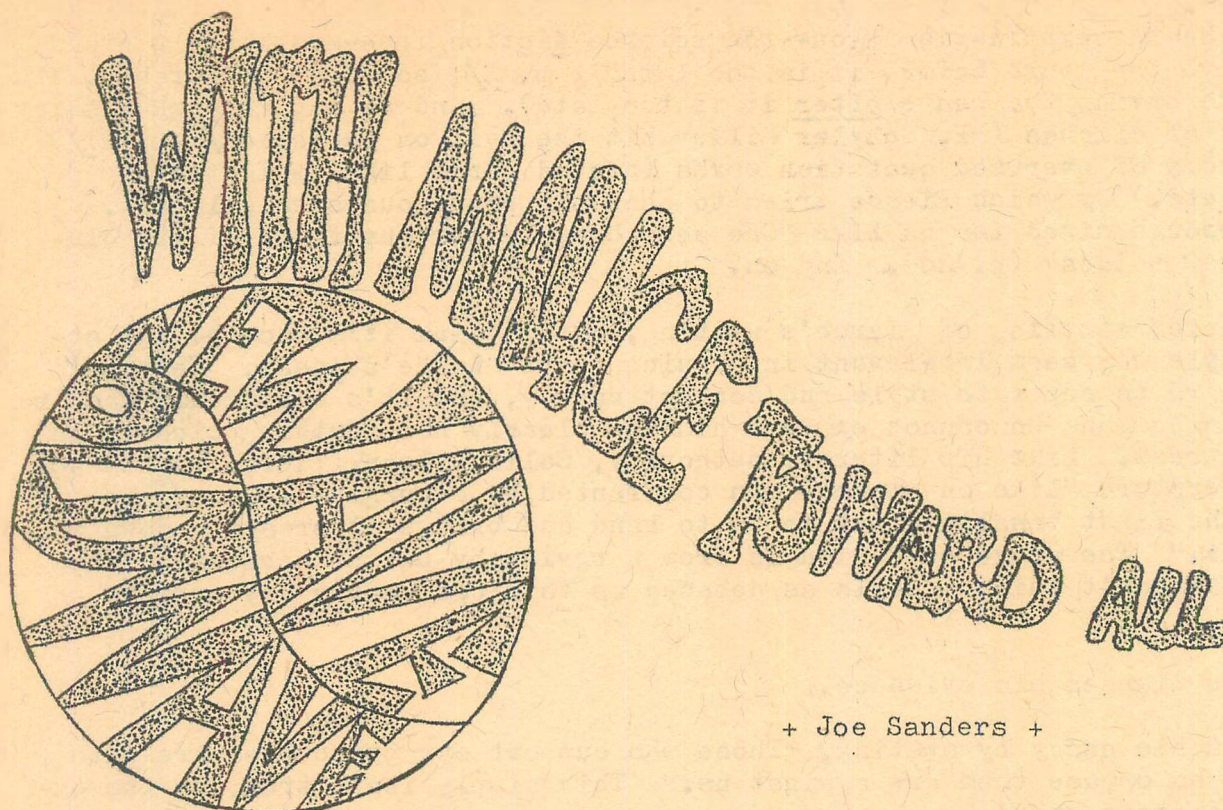
But. . .

J.J. invariably provoked comment. You either loved or hated him. I have met mainly the latter. He has been accused of crashing the Greek Week Banquet in sweat shirt and jeans, trying to rattle an opposing speaker by sitting on the front row staring and picking his nose, and blatantly lying. I have been told he has been threatened with libel suits twice, is adverse to bathing, is totally ill-mannered, and a dangerous lunatic.

Obviously not all of this can be true, of J.J. or anybody. Such a person would have been long ago canceled due to public indignation

I have spoken to at least half a dozen persons who knew and associated with him either in politics or Williams House, I have read his GDI history several times, and at least two dozen issues of the Word either under his editorship or with his "Gamma Delta Iota" column on campus politics in it, as well as articles in the student newspaper and various letters and articles elsewhere. The overwhelming theme is simplification of vastly complex and subtle matters and a firm belief in conspiracies of one sort or another. It used to be Greeks abusing GDIs. Now it is the New Thing subverting sf. I often wondered what J.J. was doing. Now I find that he's got another sandbox. P. Schylur Miller said in another context, "Cherish them as you would a man who still believes the world is flat. Soon they may be extinct."





+ Joe Sanders +

## Part I

Hank has suggested that I devote part of this "Malice" to a slightly revised version of an extended mailing comment in my last FAPazine--my reaction to J.J. Pierce and the Second Foundation. I was surprised he thought the piece would fit in a genzine, though I suppose it's no more astonishing that Moskowitz circulated "Science Fiction and the Romantic Tradition" widely than that Pierce wrote it in the first place. But I was flattered--and I'm pressed for time--so here it is. Page numbers refer to the Pierce essay as published in Different.

At first I supposed that "Science Fiction and the Romantic Tradition" was a brilliant put-on, in the vein of Swift's "A Modest Proposal." It was a bit long for that kind of jape, I thought, but SaM's introduction was splendidly tongue in cheek--especially that ironic "The Quality of those actively against the New Thing will reveal itself in Pierce's presentation." Now.

If this is a serious manifesto, though it certainly deserves more than laughter. It deserves several snorts of anger and a sprinkling of tears. A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing, but a mountain of second-hand and poorly digested knowledge is just irritating and saddening. I find "Pierce's presentation" irritating and saddening--and revealing--in several ways.

### I. "Science Fiction and the Romantic Tradition" is poorly written.

Strident pomposity sets my teeth on edge. Too often, when an author attempts to prove he knows a lot, he shows only that he can fill a lot of pages with ornate patterns of words. Such a prose style is the verbal equivalent of cheap gilt paint, and I don't think Pierce has missed a chance to gild his ideas. His prose is thick with glittering triteness (like the pseudo-Biblical comment "Those who threaten the genre know not what they do" /p.2/) and shimmering flap-



doodle (like the exhortation "you--the science fiction fan--must take a stand now, to save the genre before it is too late" / p. 2/; somewhat preferable, I suppose, to saving the genre after it is too late). And so on, through a shiny scrollwork of cliches ("F. Schyler Miller hit the nail on the head" / p. 21/) to the layers of overused quotation marks (around words like "mainstream," "escape," etc.) by which Pierce tries to show his ponderous scholarliness. And on, through mixed images like "One sees brashly nervous faces of 'revolutionary' new voices" (p. 28). And on.

That's a brief sampling of Pierce's writing, but I think it's enough. An attack on style may seem irrelevant in arguing about Pierce's ideas. Perhaps. But it's hard to separate style and content anyway, and it's especially hard to believe that a man who cannot express himself clearly had anything clearly in mind to express. Like his literary authority, Colin Wilson, Pierce reacts to modern literature "like an unarmed man confronted by a burgler, . . . / he / picks up the first banality that comes to hand and brings it crashing down on the subject." The above quotation is from a review by Dwight Macdonald, who concludes "I don't think a style as debased as this can convey any serious meaning."

## II. Pierce misuses his evidence.

Pierce ends his essay by stating, "Those who support our principles are with us; those who oppose them are against us." This simply isn't true, as the examples he chooses prove.

It seems necessary to remark, here, that cutting reality to fit a preconception is a bad thing, and that sticking two crudely trimmed half-truths together does not create on full truth but a two-part monstrosity neither truth nor lie.

For example, it is at least trimming reality rather closely to quote Andre Gide, identifying him only as one of the "writers who did not themselves crusade against 'sick' literature" (p. 11). Pierce has a lot to say about "'sick' literature" and elsewhere in the essay he glories in sordid personal details, as in his description of William Burroughs as "an on-and-off junkie who thinks heroin has nutritional value, once shot his wife to death in a William Tell stunt," etc. On the same page, he sneers at John Barth as "a 'black humorist' from the 'mainstream' who can fill up 700 pages with... virtually any kind of sexual activity--except healthy heterosexuality" (p. 31). It should be relevant to Pierce, then, that Gide was a devout homosexual, who wrote about homosexual love in his novels and who composed a full-length philosophical justification for pederasty, Corydon. Even discounting, as I try to, critical opinions based largely on an author's background or his choice of subject matter, Gide's background is relevant here because Pierce can appeal to his literary authority; like Pierce, Gide admires what St. Exupery did in Night Flight. But he does not have to devote himself to the whole bulk of Pierce's principles to like the book.

Pierce's major preoccupation is that the literary world is divided into good guys and bad guys. The good guys believe in man's ability to control his existence; the bad guys think of man as the product and prisoner of natural forces. The good guys believe in human nobility; the bad guys wallow in depravity. The good guys like traditional science fiction; the bad guys like the New Thing. In drawing a point from all this--which I'll get to in a few minutes--Pierce uses a lot of other people's words and refers to a lot of authors by name. He labels them as either good guys or bad guys. And much of the time he oversimplifies things.



William Faulkner's works, for instance, are examples of "defeatism"--at least Colin Wilson says so; on the other hand, in revolt against "the snobbish pseudo-intellectual 'arty-farty' school that monopolizes all serious literary criticism these days," Pierce offers us Ian Fleming (p. 15). Thus, to Pierce, the man who used his Nobel Prize speech to declare "I believe that man will not merely endure; he will prevail" is a defeatist, while the creator of James Bond speaks for the optimistic, healthy human spirit.

In his editorial, SaM admits that "a certain amount of undesirables seemed to have lined up on the right side" (p. 1); this kind of admission is beyond Pierce, though, for it would complicate his system, and a complicated worldview is only a handicap to a man who intends to wage a holy war.

But complications keep squeezing in, unacknowledged. When Pierce discusses Wells's The Time Machine, he sums up its appeal as follows:

this is a story in which there is much eeriness, and even dread. But I do not think these elements are what create the sense of wonder in the story. . . .

Rather, the sense of wonder arises from the tale's perspective, a viewpoint embracing, not the present moment, but millenia. Human life may be brief in cosmic terms, and yet the human imagination can span the ultimate and the infinite. It is as if the free imagination were in love with eternity. (p. 24)

Elsewhere, Pierce uses Colin Wilson's opinion of Wells as a counterweight to modern defeatism (p. 12). This picture becomes confused only if one remembers what actually is going on in Wells's book. The human race of the future world, remember, is composed of Eloi (descendants of capitalists) and Morlocks (descendants of proletarians). The Eloi are beautiful, fragile, and charming. At night the Morlocks come out and eat them. When the Traveler journeys farther into the future, he finds giant crabs crawling over a beach in the Earth's twilight. Man has disappeared.

Farther still, and all life has disappeared except for a few rudimentary plants. The Traveler himself hardly embodies defeatism, certainly, but it's clear to the reader that the Traveler's descendants will be either Eloi or Morlocks. And all animate life will end scuttling on a cold beach under a dying sun. After that cold, darkness, death. There is more--more basic pessimism--in The Time Machine than Wilson or Pierce can admit.

For that matter, where is the optimism in The Island of Dr. Moreau? And where is the rational nobility in a story like "The New Accelerator," in which a scientist, under the influence of a drug that increases his activity rate, employs his super speed to snatch up the obnoxious lapdog belonging to the woman next door and try to throw it over a cliff. Such impulsive spitefulness does not seem very noble, and barely rational. Neither does the story's conclusion:

No doubt its use renders a great deal of very extraordinary things possible; for, of course, the most remarkable and, possibly, even criminal proceedings may be effected with impunity by thus dodging, as it were, into the interstices of time. Like all potent preparations it will be liable to abuse. We have, however, discussed this aspect of the question very thoroughly, and we have decided that this is purely a matter of medical jurisdiction and altogether outside our province. We shall manufacture and sell the Accelerator, and, as for the consequences--we shall see.

In short, Wells's early fiction shows a great deal of what Pierce elsewhere labels reactionary Romanticism. I'll discuss Wells as a writer of science fantasy



in the next installment of this column; meanwhile, see The Early H.G. Wells: A Study of the Scientific Romances, by Bernard Bergonzi (Manchester University Press, 1961), for an intelligent study of Well's best works. I don't think it's necessary to go to great length here showing what Wells was doing; it's enough to show that he was doing much more than Pierce claims.

Throughout the essay, Pierce lumps together as Romantic--i.e., on his side--basically different authors and whole genres. Pierce wishes, naturally, to include Tolkien and C.S. Lewis on the side of the good guys, but in trying to do so he is able to draw only the broadest parallels between fantasy and science fiction; both inspire a sense of wonder at a work of fiction's created world, both are feats of the imagination, and both are tributes to human rationality--to the extent that they involve created worlds of solid integrated complexity (p.25). There is nothing in this brief list, however, which excludes mainstream fiction--the writings of Joyce and Faulkner, for example--and the differences between science fiction and fantasy are more important than their similarities. Pierce can see that there are differences between science fiction writers and the authors he describes as "largely anti-scientific Reactionary Romantics" (p.25); he can even admit that C.S. Lewis and Ayn Rand "have different interests, let alone philosophies" (p.11). But all this does not stop him from drafting into the Romantic army everyone he cares to lay hands on.

Pierce echoes Ayn Rand's belief that all literature can be classified as either Romantic or Naturalistic. True. Novels can be classified in many ways; happy or unhappy endings, action set in Mississippi or Mars, printed in England or America. . . However, I question the value of a system of classification which distorts the identity of the things being classified and which hides real differences by stressing superficial likenesses.

But Pierce's whole essay is based on this process of dividing absolutely the healthy literature from the sick, the writers who are on his side from the writers who are against his principles. He assumes that those on his side are healthy; therefore, anyone not on his side must be somehow depraved or deranged. Thus Pierce explains the growth of Naturalism by quoting Emile Zola's cynical comments on literary success (p. 12); he uses Zola's statement not only to accuse Zola himself of phoniness but to associate the whole literary movement with "basic dishonesty" (p. 12). But science fiction's unquestionable wholesomeness prevents Pierce from seeing anything mercenary in Jules Verne's remark, "I have just written a novel in a new form, one that is entirely my own. If it succeeds, I will have stumbled upon a gold mine!" (p. 17). Motives have to be trimmed, cut to fit the either-or formula. When Judith Merrill fails to review one of Zelazny's books because she is out of the country, Pierce describes her as "conveniently away on one of her periodic jaunts to England" (p.38). When C.M. Kornbluth, formerly a good guy, is critical of the works of Doc Smith, a super good guy, Pierce must explain that Kornbluth had been "brainwashed" at Milford (p. 34). Who brainwashed Kornbluth, since there's no conspiracy behind the new wave (p. 39)? No matter, no matter; there must be a powerful (and sinister) reason for a good guy to turn bad. (Lesser men can be seduced by lesser means; Harry Harrison has been "an apologist for The New Thing" ever since Brian Albiss dedicated a book to him" (p. 38/.) This kind of trimming, slanting and twisting goes on and on.

Pierce's treatment of Damon Knight, though, provides both another good example of what I'm talking about and a nice approach to another issue--the philosophical basis of Pierce's essay.

Just to let Knight sum up his position for himself, I quote from a letter printed in Habbakkuk, I, 3 (February 1967), p. 37:



it strikes me that s.f. fans and critics shake down into the usual three groups, the Conservatives, the Middle-of-the-Roaders and the Radicals.

On the right you have people who read s.f. for a specific kind of kick, as mystery & Western addicts do, and who could not care less whether the stuff has any literary quality or not. The far-left attitude is just the opposite: what matters is the literary quality, and if the specific s.f. stuff gets left out, who cares?

As you will have guessed, I am a Middle-of-the-Roader. I maintain that s.f. can have both kinds of values, & I tend to believe, rightly or wrongly that it is dangerous and degrading to leave either one out. I want more critical recognition for s.f., but not at the expense of the things that distinguish it from other kinds of fiction.

These categories, however, like most categories, are only approximations & I reserve the right to like both Keith Laumer and J.G. Ballard. . .

I submit that this doesn't sound at all like Pierce's description of Knight, nor does Pierce's description of Knight at all resemble In Search of Wonder (my quotations will be from the 1956 edition, since I don't have a copy of the revised version). To Pierce, Knight is an especially baleful figure. He is a respected but negative-thinking critic, a Literateur who likes the New Thing. A bad guy. But to match this image with the actual Damon Knight, Pierce must trim and paste frantically.

One chapter in In Search of Wonder is devoted to Robert A. Heinlein. There, after mentioning some weakness in Heinlein's work, Knight says, "Either Heinlein is the nearest thing to a great writer the science fiction field has yet produced, or with all my pennyweighting I'm hopelessly biased on the subject" (Knight, p. 61). Pierce, who used Heinlein as a basic authority but is unable to imagine a Literateur liking him, belittles Knight's praise for Heinlein, calling it "a pat on the back" (Pierce, p. 34).

Summing up Knight's critical goals, Pierce summarizes: "he says that his goal is to make S.F. into 'reputable fiction.' And 'reputable' fiction is whatever 'critics and librarians' like--'mainstream' critics and librarians, that is" (Pierce, p. 33). What Knight really says is that "/science fiction/ can't, I'm afraid, ever become a popular form--it won't stand the suppression. But it can be wholly respectable. . . The librarians are already on our side; give the critics time" (Knight, p. 4). So Pierce's reading is clearly off, even in his two-sided world. Since when does "Some day they'll be on our side" mean "we'd better hurry and join their side"?

Pierce says that in Knight's reviews "one notices, the adjective 'human' tends to be used only in a perjorative sense" (Pierce, p. 34). In addition to noticing the clumsiness of using "tends" and "only" together, one might notice, flipping through In Search of Wonder at random, Knight's review of Asimov's "The Martian Way," which Knight calls "one of the best science fiction novellas ever published"; there, one might notice the sentence: "Asimov's characters are good-natured, human, unextraordinary, wonderful joes" (Knight, p. 68). Or one might notice the attitude toward man shown in the last sentence of Knight's review of Charles Harness' Flight into Yesterday (which Knight calls "brilliant"): "This is the rock under all Harness' 'hypnotic cat's-cradles of invention--faith in the spirit, the denial of pain, the affirmation of eternal life" (Knight, p. 136). One might notice all kinds of things, if one cared to notice. . .

Pierce says that Knight made his reputation when he slammed A.E. Van Vogt for the latter's scientific illiteracy (Pierce, p. 36). Knight himself labels his discussion of The World of A "an analysis of the story on four levels: Plot



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Characterization, Background and Style" (Knight, p. 36); he later states that "I am attacking Van Vogt on literary. . . grounds" (Knight, p. 46). His attack on van Vogt's feeble grasp of science actually is part of a much wider critical examination which Pierce ignores. Pierce distrusts critics anyway, especially when they go beyond purely technical matters like "grammar, syntax, consistency, style, etc." (Pierce, p. 35), and he shows no evidence of following what Knight has to say about van Vogt. Pierce accepts van Vogt as a good guy, since despite his "muddled understanding of science / van Vogt/ preserved an understanding of the vision of science" (Pierce, p. 36). But how valuable is a vision based on muddled understanding? And how valuable is a story weak in plot, background, characterization, and style, even if it contains an interesting vision?

These questions shift us, mercifully (There are, remember, 39 pages of this stuff), to another level of inquiry.

III. Pierce's argument is based on a narrow and totalitarian idea of literature

Early in his essay, Pierce asks, "is it even the purpose of art to 'reflect reality' in the first place?" (p. 7). The quotation marks around reality may or may not be significant. As I've mentioned, Pierce overuses quotation marks, and he seems at times to suggest that the ugly aspects of life are common and to that extent represent reality (p. 9). On the other hand, he insists that human ideals are somehow more real than our ordinary hangups, and that the true purpose of art is to display the positive, healthy side of man. He identifies this with the vision of science, and the whole purpose of his essay is to help stamp out the anti-scientific New Thing and bring back traditional, healthy science fiction restricted to the scientific viewpoint. Along the way however, Aristotle's name comes into the discussion (p. 11) and it seems relevant at this point to look more closely at what Aristotle has to say in reply to the restrictions on art advocated by Plato.

Plato did not trust artists. Believing in a realm of absolute ideals, of which objects in the everyday world are only pale reflections, Plato naturally felt uneasy about wasting time on works of art, which can only be imitations of imitations. Moreover, he worried about men being corrupted by art, as it stirred unworthy emotions and reflected the lower side of man. Accordingly, in the ideal state described in The Republic, Plato would permit only the poetry which reflected perfect ideals. For children, thus, "the first thing will be to establish a censorship of the writers of fiction, and let the censors permit any tale of fiction which is good, and reject the bad; and we will desire mothers and nurses to tell their children the authorized ones only" (Jowett translation, Book II). And since the citizens of the state are children compared to their rulers, "our rulers will find a considerable dose of falsehood and deceit necessary for the good of their subjects" (Book V). It doesn't matter if art lies by misreflecting the non-ideal everyday life; art must be positive-thinking and pure.

Aristotle tried to ease these rigid restrictions on artists by justifying imitation as the basis of art, in the Poetics:

the instinct of imitation is implanted in man from childhood, one difference between him and other animals being that he is the most imitative of living creatures, and through imitation he learns his earliest lessons and no less universal is the pleasure felt in things imitated. We have evidence of this in the facts of experience. Objects which in themselves we view with pain, we delight to contemplate when reproduced with minute fidelity. . . The cause of this again is, that to learn gives the liveliest pleasure, not only to philosophers but to men in general; whose



capacity, however, of learning is more limited. Thus the reason why men enjoy seeing a likeness is, that in contemplating it they find themselves learning or inferring, and saying perhaps, "Ah, that is he."

(Butcher translation)

The bulk of the Poetics is concerned with distinguishing between different kinds of art--such as tragedy, which shows men as better than they are, and comedy, which shows them as worse--but the passage I've just quoted is the key to Aristotle's argument. Imitation is a natural human instinct, and man is better able to learn through the experience of art than through direct experience of things which might repel him and swamp his senses. From this, there follows the theory of catharsis: purgation of raw emotions through experiencing the highest art. Plato had feared that poetry would degrade man. Aristotle insists that great art can raise man above the coarser forms of pity and terror. Art thus is free to deal with what really concerns and disturbs man.

Colin Wilson explicitly denies that catharsis is a necessary part of science fiction (Pierce, p. 16), and it's quite clear throughout "Science Fiction and the Romantic Tradition" that Pierce and the Second Foundation are in the tradition of Plato, not Aristotle. It's true that both Plato and Aristotle have traditions; the debate about the purpose of art continues unresolved. But it is a debate, not a vendetta. I find myself agreeing with Aristotle much more often than with Plato, as this extended comment on Pierce's essay demonstrated. I find Plato's vision restrictive and deadening. But that still doesn't encourage me to shut off--or misquote--my opponent.

So I don't plan to join the Second Foundation. I agree with Pierce on some points, disagree on a lot of others; I can't accept "Science Fiction and the Romantic Tradition" as a basic position paper worth going to holy war for.

I am not concerned with defending the New Thing, in this debate. Adherents of the New Thing can speak for themselves, and I reserve the right to like or dislike New Thing or traditional stories according to how successful they are as stories. But Pierce's enthusiastic confidence in science surely is questionable, too. As Dwight Macdonald remarked several years ago, replying to Damon Knight's enthusiasm for science,

the whole point is what Are /the/. . . "basic problems" which must be solved before scientific method can answer Tolstoy's simple and profound questions: What Should a Man Live By. Tolstoy says, and I agree with him, that they are ethical problems, value problems. The devotees of science have had sixty years since Tolstoy asked his questions--not to mention a long time before then--and they have produced nothing to the point. . .

It is this feeling, very clearly, which underlies the New Thing. And I think Pierce is wrong in attributing this questioning doubt only to a small clique of anti-scientific critics.

For that matter, I think Pierce is wrong in assuming that the New Thing has been created and kept alive by what John W. Campbell, Jr., calls a "'small, self-adulatory clique of Literateurs'" (Pierce, p. 3). Pierce himself remarks that "Doubtless many fans wish 'The New Thing' would make a literal 'departure'" (p. 37). If so, the best way for them to speed it on its way is simply not to read it. The only way to kill a book is to refrain from buying it. But is this what's happening? Even assuming that critics can influence the sales of hard-cover books or paperback reprints, that small, perverted clique could hardly determine the sales of magazines or paperback originals. Those things are on



and off the stands too fast to be reviewed by the Literateurs. The critics couldn't buy enough to make the publications profitable, nor could they write enough to force out waves of good, healthy traditional science fiction stories. No one--not even Daman Knight's bosses at Berkeley--would publish several of J.G. Ballard's books, over a several-year stretch unless the things sold. And there would not be threatening hoard of New Thing stories in the magazines--especially with Campbell, Pohl and del Rey as powerful editors--unless a lot of people were writing them. It appears, then, that some people want to write New Thing stories and some people want to read them.

Pierce's attack makes sense only if we accept a bit more of Campbell's description: "The number of those who constitute the Literateurs is remarkably small--but they are most remarkably effective in guiding the reactions of the Sheep of Suburbia. . .What they say is Good, the sheep ooh at and buy, even if it has no intrinsic merit" (Pierce, p. 3). That's clear enough. For the Literateurs to control literature effectively readers must be brainless sheep. This idea seems to me more profoundly pessimistic than anything of which Pierce can rightfully accuse the New Thing.

I'm not sure how much criticism directly affects sales. But Pierce's holy war is evidently designed to affect sales--to control what's printed in science fiction magazines, to stamp out the New Thing, and to lead the "Sheep of Suburbia" in the paths of righteousness for their own good.

Bull. People read what they want to read. Writers write what they want to write. And they want not because they're simple sheep, at the mercy of a cabal of debased Literateurs, but because they find works dealing with things that concern them. Literature is based on human concerns; it helps man face or escape from them. But to succeed--even to attract readers in the first place--it must deal with what actually is on its readers' minds--with an image of man, for example, that makes them say "Ah, that is he," not "Oh yes, I supposed this is the vision I ought to be thinking about." Manifestoes and holy wars cannot really change this situation. Polemics don't create better writers or readers. Only the care and convictions behind the polemics can affect literature--and then only by taking part in the creation of literature themselves, as they result in stories which ring true. So the only way the Second Foundation can hope to save science fiction, in Pierce's terms, is not to repress the New Thing, but to breathe new life into traditional science fiction until it clearly is a better and more vital thing. If and when that happens, there will be no need to wage holy war against the New Thing; it will simply disappear, overcome by a stronger and truer literature that readers naturally will prefer. And if there is no mass revulsion against the New Thing--if, as the Second Foundation fears, traditional science fiction must be saved from extinction by a holy war--it will be because the New Thing is the stronger.

Actually, I don't expect either the New Thing or traditional science fiction to disappear. Some readers, writers, and editors are fond of each. Fine; they should be free to read whatever they please, ignoring or debating with critics as they please. I'm idealistic enough to believe that when editors, writers, readers, and critics are free to do their things (New or old) they will find a literature that reflects what really concern them. What each finds will be different, as human concerns are different, but the best of such fiction will reveal as much of the truth as its creators can grasp, expressed as well as they can in the urgency of communicating something they care about.

In literature, that's what counts.



## Part II

BUG JACK BARRON, By Norman Spinrad  
Avon Books. 95¢



Call this a preliminary report. I read BUG JACK BARRON a couple of weeks ago, but I'm still too deafened to attempt a full-scale critique. "Deafened" is the right word, I think; Spinrad's book

reminds me very much of rock music that's amplified until it leaves your head echoing full of noise, unable to tell whether what you heard was any good or not. Still, some opinions are forming in my mind, most of them shaped by the very impact of the book's style.

BJB's style is violent, profane--and quite appropriate to the story. That's the way Spinrad's people are. It doesn't matter what tone of voice they use, the characters still scream at each other, soul to soul. Their needs are too urgent for small talk. Words are sometimes used like flashings from a signal mirror, blinking out a hesitant message or perhaps showing bits of sky or landscape that the transmitter doesn't intend; more often they're used as cargo hooks to jerk the listener closer, or as cleavers to hack apart someone else's skull for a look inside. And besides the damage suffered when someone else breaks open their minds and paws around, the characters naturally scrape their own personalities bloody raw. Their minds are a feverish jangle of thought-fragments, lusts, and fears. And BJB's style, this mood, usually is convincing. It fits an important part of human consciousness. Some readers will be sickened at admitting such a thing about themselves, but it feels true. Spinrad's people aren't the rationally noble beings we wish to be when we dress up our minds, but their sometimes-foul, sometimes-irrationally-noble existence fit like old clothes shaped to our bodies. People are like this a lot of the time--some more than others. I think several of my first objections to the book can be resolved through this realization. Sara Westfield, for example, struck me as a glunky creature for a heroine, full of phoney profundities about her Womanhood--but perhaps she just is a glunk, and the gush of damp abstractions accurately represents the quality of her soul. By the same token, Benedict Howards looks too much like Mr. Evil to be true, but perhaps his total concentration on power/survival is just his insanity revealing itself.

However, such absolute intensity of consciousness is either abnormal or intermittent. It's not the only thing that goes on inside us. Though quite involved with BJB, several times I had to stop reading it when I'd used up my emotional concentration and needed to think in a different way for a bit. So it'd be a little difficult to believe that everyone in the book is like this, always. It's hard, for example, to believe in Jack Barron, who's always turned on, conscious of five layers of meaning and irony, feeling, experiencing with every atom of himself, living so intensely it burns. Or, even accepting Jack Barron as just the man he seems to be--and the vivid presentation makes this very attractive--it's hard to believe in the book's conclusion, when Barron suddenly calms down and takes the loooong view of things. There's an explanation for the switch, sure, but it's inconsistent with Jack Barron's soul, as we've felt it alive throughout the book. It's more likely that Spinrad has simply tuned down Jack Barron enough to let him achieve a reasonably-tight,



happy resolution. But I wonder whether even on those terms the ending is truly happy.

The trouble starts with Barron's leading Benedict Howards to spill his evil guts over network TV. The scene almost works, full of verbal and visual effects, fast maneuvering, and Howards chewing the picture tube, but it's a bit too pat. Howards falls into Jack Barron's traps too readily, and Jack Barron avoids danger too luckily. And what if Howards were a little less crazy, a little more in control of himself, a little less obsessed with the immediate slobbering gut-graving for survival and a little more able to use the masterful calmness of the looong view of things? Convincing as BJB feels at first, it finally rings untrue to our world where power addiction shows itself not only in disgusting, hysterical raving but in the deliberately controlled persuasive rationalizations that attract more power. Jack Barron is an appealing figure through most of the book, I think, because of his spontaneous goodness, sometimes ironied under control but often exploding into action. Benedict Howards thinks of people as bugs; they are only pesky, momentary vermin to an immortal. Jack Barron, though, cares about people being bugged--pushed around, insulted, hurt--and in the final encounter with Howards he is bugged himself. But at the very end is above all that. And if he is thus capable of many good things he is also newly, potentially capable of a kind of evil that Spinrad doesn't even touch on in this book.

One other point--actually a digression, I suppose, since I'm sure Spinrad doesn't intend this. Part of BJB's force depends on the free use of four-letter words. Fair enough; they're still startling when piled so thickly on the printed page, and they're truly a part of normal thought. However, the word "fuck" is used here as if it meant "sex," and it doesn't. Fucking is one type of sex: having-sex-with-a-gratifying-object. As established by usage in conversation and printed matter, the word means at best a violent encounter in which the active person deliciously casts off inhibitions and concern and indulges himself on a living, mindlessly responsive body. Or, sometimes, in which he loses selfhood and becomes that obliging object. This is the kind of sex in BJB, even between Jack and Sara quite a bit of the time. As I say, I'm sure Spinrad doesn't intend this effect. But it's there. And if it makes Jack Barron's character a bit less pure and thus render the conclusion more believable, it also makes my own picture of Jack Barron's future a good deal less happy or hopeful.

In all, then, BJB is a considerable accomplishment, but its very successes raise questions of character and ethics that Spinrad ignores. The book fails, though, at a level few science fiction novels reach, and I'm looking forward to new things from Spinrad, as he finds forms to fit his present vision--or widens that vision to include more of life's full complexity.

