



PER INSULANDER FOR TAFF

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³Your Man in Missouri:

NOTEBOOKINGS

We like to publish things in Starling that interest us: Starling should reflect Lesleigh and my tastes, right? That has meant, in the past several issues, articles and such about science fiction, music, women's liberation, conventions and fandom in general, the space program, stuff like that. Well, it has occurred to me lately that there are at least a few areas with which we haven't done anything with here in Starling: comics and movies. Why? I think it might be at least partly because we've thought of Starling as a "science fiction fanzine" -- and material about comics and movies are at least somewhat taboo in sf fanzines. Strange, that that should be the case. It seems to me that this is because there is a certain amount of sneering at comic fandom and "monster movie" fandom within sf fandom. (In passing I want to mention that while I'm certainly interested in science fiction and fantasy movies, I'm more interested in movies in general, especially older films.) So we want to correct the situation somewhat. Lesleigh has an article about Carl Barks in this issue -- I have several things in mind for the future -- and I want it to be known that we'd consider contributions on these topics as openly as contributions concerned with any of the topics we've shown interest in before.

* * * * *

I have this friend who is into radio drama. Once he made one, with complex sound effects and a musical score and lots of actors -- Lesleigh and I were able to help by reading a few of the parts. One day he approached me with fire in his eyes and said, "Ya gotta listen to this record I've got."

He played a record for me called All Hail Marx and Lennon -- featuring Grocho and John on the cover. He played the side called "Nick Danger." It was a parody of a radio detective drama, with just fabulous understanding of the technique used in radio drama. Lots of other stuff was brought in, too: references to old movies, the Beatles, drugs, puns of every nature and description. It was science fiction, certainly: at one point a typical radio drama flash back becomes mind-bogglingly convoluted with a time travel paradox. The obvious joy and nostalgia with which the Fire-sign Theatre related to radio was a groove, and all the other things which were going on were mind boggling.



I didn't listen to the second side of that record that first night, I didn't do that until after I had rushed out and bought the record myself. That second side was even weirder. This one started out with that very common radio phenomena, the used car lot advertisement. Without missing a beat, the Theatre takes the listener from this start through a punful journey which eventually ends with a marijuana commercial which sounds just like the used car ad, and then an amazing tribute to James Joyce.

After getting totaled by this album, I made the startling discovery that there was another FT album, their first, Waiting for the Electrician or Someone Like Him. It was with this album that I formulated my theory: there is a joke or pun or allusion contained in every three words or noises on FT records. Until you hear that many, you aren't hearing them all. I've listened to these albums an awful lot of times, and I still find new things going on every time I listen. It is as if the records changes between listenings. My theory is a simplification in one way, of course: since FT records are recorded sound on sound, layer on layer, it is hard to count the words and noises as they go by -- many times there is more than one thing going on at one time.

One side of the first album is science fiction: it suggests a future world in which many of the trappings of "hip" culture have been adopted by an establishment which is basically unchanged.

The Firesign Theatre's third album is very heavy science fiction -- and rather obscure, and open to many interpretations. Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me the Pliers it's called. I don't pretend to understand everything on the album, but I do have some notes to listen by:

It seems to open up at a revival -- I think it is taking place "live," though some people disagree with me -- at any rate, it soon changes to something on a TV, left on while the main character of the record, George Tirebiter, is sleeping.

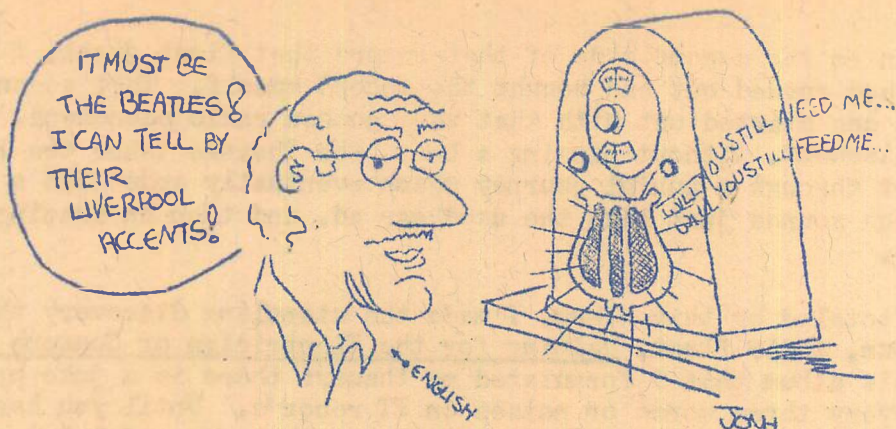
The record is science fiction because it all takes place in a future time, when "the world, as we know it, has ended." The Tirebiter of the opening part of the record lives in a world divided into "sectors," -- an all night eatery won't deliver in Tirebiter's sector after curfew. A film later on the album concerns the invasion of California.

In another film, a parody of Archie and Jughead, and resembling any of the many "teen" films made in the 40's, there are allusions to World War II type situations, and also to the emphasis on science education in the late 50's, and to Communist Hunters of the Joe McCarthy type.

It is interesting to note how the album is "edited" like a film -- it "cuts" from one scene to another -- from the revival, to the revival on TV, with Tirebiter watching it, then to a TV show on which Tirebiter is a guest -- finally, it cuts back to Tirebiter watching TV, only he is a much older man now. He seems to die, and join all the other great film comedians in that Great Film in the Sky. But. . . but, you remember, Tirebiter was a character in the films recorded on the album, not an actor -- George LeRoy Tirebiter was played by an actor, who's name was given in the film's credits. Very strange.

* * * * *

Have you all heard Blows Against the Empire, Jefferson Starship/Paul Kanter? I don't know -- this album is a frustrating mixture of things I really dig, and an attitude which I dislike. Kanter suggests that the "Crazies of America" hijack the first Starship, and take off to start over. How can anyone consider ripping off something like a Starship -- how can anyone consider that a glorious ambition? If the whole album were as stunted and small as this idea, I just wouldn't listen to it, and it wouldn't bother me -- but much of the album is magnificent -- invoking a real Sense of Wonder about the idea of exploring new stars and new lives.



SGT. PEPPER'S STARSHIP

+ Angus Taylor +

NOT TO TOUCH THE EARTH

Poul Anderson's fictional projection of a new age of exploration in Trader to the Stars will not sound unfamiliar to science-fiction readers.

The comings and goings of man have their seasons. They are no more mysterious than the annual cycle of the planet, and no less. Because today we are sailing out among the stars, we are more akin to Europeans overrunning America or Greeks colonizing the Mediterranean littoral than to our ancestors of only a few generations ago. We, too, are discoverers, pioneers, traders, missionaries, composers of epic and saga.

From time immemorial the imaginations of those who dream of sailing out among the stars have not been fired by thoughts of military superiority, new medical breakthroughs, better weather forecasting, greater margins of profit on business investments. Space flight is seen in romantic terms, in terms of the lift it will provide the human spirit, the new aesthetic outlook it may give to man's endeavors. Arthur C. Clarke in Profiles of the Future, sees space exploration as a necessary and sufficient impetus to social progress: "It may seem over-optimistic to claim that man's forthcoming escape from Earth, and the crossing of interplanetary space, will trigger a new renaissance and break the patterns into which our society, and our arts, must otherwise freeze. Yet this is exactly what I propose to do. . ."

What new patterns, what new life styles and art forms may emerge in the new age? "It is perhaps too early to speculate about the impact of space flight on music and visual arts," says Clarke. Marshall McLuhan says that new patterns and environments are difficult to perceive.

SOCIETY'S CHILD

At the O'Keefe Centre in Totonto, the Fillmore in San Francisco, or any number of similar settings in North America, Jefferson Airplane is on stage. From the enormous speakers at stage side pours a torrent of sound that dances madly near the threshold of pain. Up front, almost lost beneath the huge multiple screens pulsing with kaleidoscopic light patterns, stands Grace Slick, microphone in hand, her voice shimmering into a thousand new colors, stretching words and breaking them and putting them back together like onomatopoeic taffy. . .

Sometimes, even when given all the relevant facts, a would-be prophet cannot see the inescapable conclusion to which they point. One eminent scientist has called this "the failure of nerve." 6

THE SEEDS OF TIME

Post-war Western society has watered the seeds of its own destruction. Economic affluence and mass education has brought to light sub-cultures whose basic life styles conflict violently with that of the dominant culture. That these facts are only now being realized is largely due to the bias inherent in our mass media. Tom Wolfe points out that "The educated classes in this country, as in every country, the people who grow up to control visual and printed communication media, are all plugged into what is, when one gets down to it, an ancient, aristocratic aesthetic." The "culture snobs", as Paul Williams calls them, refuse to recognize the potential for achievement in the mass market, refuse to recognize the implications of the fact. As William Tenn has said in the introduction to Of All Possible Worlds, "That that part of our heritage which today's taste would call 'fine arts' was popular art in its own time, that the masses flocked to watch Michelangelo sculpt and crowds of standees sweated to see Euripides' latest. . . In every age, entrenched intellectual privilege has attempted to preserve itself by slighting the newer and more popular forms or by attacking them outright as dangerous." The Reverend David Noebel once warned: "You listen to this, Christians. These Beatles are completely anti-Christ. They are preparing our teen-agers for riot and ultimate revolution against our Christian republic."

In 1955 a Senate Subcommittee began investigating the correlation between rock 'n' roll and juvenile delinquency, while the Juvenile Delinquency and Crime Commission conducted weekly purges of the hit parade. The following year saw Roman Catholic leaders urge that the music be banned. The Encyclopaedia Britannica's yearbook called it "insistent savagery", and an associate professor of psychiatry at Columbia announced with Ballardian pomposity: "If we cannot stem the tide of rock 'n' roll with its waves of rhythmic narcosis and of future waves of vicarious craze, we are preparing our own downfall in the midst of pandemic funeral dances."

CAROLINE, NO

"Rock censors" writes Richard Goldstein, "like bookbanners and legions of decency, are not so much appalled by words or images as they are by the creator's right to sing them. The artist's license, his freedom to violate, puts the censor up-tight. It is not propriety that he really wants to impose, but adherence to the rules." Goldstein, à la McLuhan, points out that pop smashes style barriers, even when its "message" or content is little different from that in acceptable forms of music or art. The older majority of radio personnel think rock should be managed because the performers are unruly.

The problem of the pirate radio stations had the British government in a frenzy until it took them over lock, stock and disc jockeys, thereby making them legal, but more important, safe.

THE CITY AND THE STARS

But safety and stagnation often go hand in hand, and culture enshrined is usually culture entombed. "Culture in a 'center' is already stuffed and mounted; backstreet, offbeat failures make it grow, feed it new forms and new blood. What lights up the city is the urban flux, the jarring contact of different styles and different peoples." (Look June 11, 1968). It was Liverpool that

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gave the world the Beatles, via the hulls of Appalachia and the slave markets of the Old South.

In fact Liverpool is, and always was, not only one of the toughest but also one of the boldest cities in Europe. It is a sailors' city, wide open, full of marvelously ornate gin palaces, gambling joints, bluenosed comics, noisy young thugs and blustering winds off the Irish Sea. It is a city that has always thought big, and intermittently embarked upon crazy and gigantic enterprises -- like building, as it is at the moment, two of the largest cathedrals in the kingdom, both at the same time. It has large Irish and Welsh minorities, together with many Chinese, and a shifting population of seafarers, and the standards of the bourgeoisie have never ruled the place -- long before its Cavern Club became famous, Liverpool had its hundreds of shebeens, dives and cellar clubs with a guitar down every alley. It is a very stimulating city, with a dreadfully high crime rate and a manner of instant and open-handed response. (James Morris, "The Monarchs of the Beatle Empire," The Saturday Evening Post, Aug. 27, 1966.)

THE LAST SPICE SHIP

With the end of the British Empire, and the end of the way of life that attended that largest and farthest-flung of all history's empires, the creative energies of the island kingdom have turned from quantity to quality, from the art of rule to the rule of art, thus recalling an earlier age of greatness:

The Latin flavor of the country today is only a throwback to 16th-century England, when this was still a part of Europe, and the country gentlemen composed madrigals to the lute. Merrie England never quite died, and the Beatles have merely encouraged the native British gaiety to come into the open again. (James Morris)

Now, as then, the arts are returning to their popular roots, and experimentation and innovation are the rule.

The prestige of poetry and a generally sensuous approach to the arts helped bring about the major revolutions in Renaissance music. These were the expressive wedding of music to verse, and the substitution of one kind of musical texture for another. . . . To gain richness and diversity of expression, choirs were made large, new instruments were introduced, composers experimented with dissonances and quarter tones. Nicola Vicentino of Ferrara even constructed a harpsicord which had not 12 but 31 tones for each octave. Both in the papal chapel and in the musical academies which were created for the performance and discussion of music in the Italian cities, the emphasis was on how to bring back to music the expressiveness, the power to move, that it had had among the Greeks. (James R. Hale, Renaissance. Time-Life Books)

FRESH GARBAGE

"Pop has become solemn, irrelevant, and boring," says Pete Townshend of The Who. "What it needs now is more noise, more size, more sex, more violence, more gimmickry, more vulgarity. Above all, it desperately needs a new Messiah who will take things right back to the glamour, power and insanity of the Elvis Presley age."

The Who certainly try. In addition to playing some of the finest rock around, they also have the habit of smashing up their instruments or setting fire to

their amplifiers at the end of a performance. (It is said that The Who's antics inspired Antonioni to include a similar scene in "Blow Up".) However, Townshend's assessment of the current state of the art seems overly pessimistic, to say the least. Paul Williams leaps to the other extreme:

We're getting into what all of us have been waiting for: a broad, creative music interacting with every facet of our world, reacting off of other kinds of music and more than that, other kinds of art, on a scale so large we can't even begin to guess at the consequences. . . We are moving towards mass market creativity and interaction, and we're doing it in a context of media flexibility and a new awareness of man. . . We are moving toward the audience-author relationship that made Shakespeare possible. . .

What's this? Have we been talking about rock 'n' roll and science fiction and Shakespeare in the same breath? A rock Mozart perhaps? A science fiction Shakespeare?

Whether or not science fiction will eventually develop a Shakespeare, I would not dare to predict. But I do claim that it is a literature produced by our times as much as Shakespeare's was by his. And its unfortunate, frequent vulgarities can well be equated with the vulgarities and plebeian absurdities of much Elizabethan writing, both reflecting the primitive vitality of the mass audience that responded to them. (William Tenn)

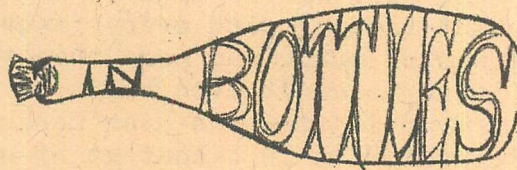
THE BURNING WORLD

Like an Egyptian mummy newly risen, he emerges from a huge cylinder that has been rolled into the center of the stage. He starts to jump around, screaming. Folds of cloth hang from his arms like bat wings; on one wing is a dollar sign, on the other, a cross. His words are lost in the general din of drums and organ. But it matters little -- the visual effect more than compensates. Later he will be back wearing a flaming crown and a metal mask. "Fire!" he'll scream, before disappearing in a cloud of smoke. You paid your money to hear The Crazy World of Arthur Brown. But what kind of music concert is this, you ask. Music concert? You're not listening to the radio, you know. This is the theater!

Renaissance society was steeped in pageant. When musicians played, they often wore masks and elaborate costumes. . . When a troupe of actors performed, the play often mattered less to the audience than the costumes and scenery. Fantastic spectacles were staged between the acts. . . During these interludes, the stage might be filled with fireworks, torches, lifelike animal costumes or colorful birds. For a special effect, performers might even set fire to the scenery.

(James R. Hale)

MSS FOUND



+ Banks MeBane +

Mac's Zoo Room is a bar in Melbourne, Florida. It's in a shopping mall with a gigantic parking lot. The joint itself is pretty big, with a long U-shaped bar, a raised platform where a medium-loud semi-rock group plays on weekends, and booths and tables all around a dance floor that's larger than you'll find in most night spots. The waitresses are the biggest and buxomest I've ever seen -- sort of Dagmar types, every one of them (if you don't remember Dagmar, ask somebody over thirty). The Zoo Room is jumpier than the monkey house on weekends, but it looks more like the turtle compound on other nights.

One typical Wednesday evening not too long ago, when only a few regular drinkers sat at the bar and a few couples were in the darker booths or dancing to the juke, a blond kid with medium-long hair came in. He wanted a shot and beer, but the bartender couldn't serve him. Florida's medieval law says you have to be 21 to tie one on, and the guy's ID said he was 20. The kid had lushed it up right well somewhere else already and did a good bit of bad-mouthing before he stalked out. The Zoo Room returned to its weeknight torpor.

Fifteen minutes later the kid stomped back in through the double-doors from the parking lot with a friend right behind him. Said friend made it in about halfway and got stuck, said friend being an elephant (not a fullsize elephant mind you, but not a baby either -- sort of a teenybopper.)

The bartender and a squad of buxom waitresses charged over yelling and yohoto-hoing, the kid was shouting, and the elephant was complaining. A few of the regular patrons at the bar even turned around to look, and some of the couples in the dark booths sat up.

The cops came and smoothed things out. They backed the elephant out and got it bedded down again with the carnival that was set up in the parking lot. They took the kid (who was the carny Assistant Elephant-Keeper) off to the pokey to dry out. Neither the kid nor the elephant ever got a drink.

The Zoo Room returned to its weeknight torpor.

* - * - *

Some friends of mine have a daughter who's a stewardess with National Airlines. She's based in Miami and flies all over the country, not being assigned to a regular run but filling in wherever they need her.

Her parents were a little concerned when she wrote that she was laid up for two weeks with a broken bone in her foot. What really concerned them was that

she said it happened when she dropped a slot machine on her foot.

After a couple of days of trying to think up ways she might have dropped the bandit on her instep and getting nowhere, they called her. They're still mystified.

She and her crew stopped overnight in Las Vegas. Just before morning takeoff she was standing in the door of the plane waiting for passengers, when the co-pilot raced out of the terminal clutching the slot machine, ran up the steps, handed it to her and said, "Quick, hide this."

So she took it into the lavatory and dropped it on her foot.

That's the only story she'll tell. It's not very satisfactory, but her mother says, "I don't want to know any more."

I understand that National crews don't overnight in Vegas anymore.

We do know where the slot machine is now. She writes that she and her roommate painted it in psychedelic patterns and keep it on their coffee table.

* - * - *

A few weeks ago I was working checkpoint on a sports car rally with a friend named Tony Gandy. We drove out to our control location on a back road west of Rockville, Florida, getting there half an hour before the rally cars were due. This gave us plenty of time to set up and be ready to clock the cars as they came through.

We put up the checkpoint sign, and I picked up the outmarker post and started walking down the road to plant it at its assigned spot 0.10 mile further on. I walked along the shoulder, kicking at an occasional beer can. It was typical Florida December -- sun on the palmettos and all like that. The area was empty -- not a house for at least a mile in each direction.

Something caught my eye. A Barbie doll lay belly down in the grass about two inches off the concrete. Her legs were straight out, her skirt was rucked up behind, her head was turned on its side with one lifeless eye staring at the sky.

"Hey Tony," I called.

"Wha'?" He yelled back.

"Come look at this."

He walked up, I pointed without speaking, and he gazed at Barbie for some time.

He said, "You know, we ought to look around. Maybe we'll find her toy car upside down in the ditch."

me
void
hollow
floating
spaced out
on the world
lying flatback
numb and nervedead
in maneating graveyard
whitemawed and geometrical
numb mind is other dimensioned
senses stolen by illusions
a chilling tinglesense
from skñ embedded
dead nervefibres
dispossessed
turned off
cut up
dead
id

me
I am
undead
eyeballs
howling at
the tortured
trombone groan
the striding peaks
of mountainous guitars
jagged spears of lightning
soaring in temples of the mind
tearing veils off the soul
meaning and scampering
on mossy brainways
brain-destroying
hallucinations
of landscape
of heavens
and hell
insane
torn
id

+ Richard Gordon +



+ Earl Evers +

NEW SF: SHORT STORIES

Orbit 6, Edited by Damon Knight, Berkeley S1848, 75¢.

This is a perfect example of what's happening to short fiction in the SF-Fantasy field now that sociological, psychological, and experimental fiction has taken over. What's happened is that it's damn near impossible to write an SF or Fantasy short any more and have it keep up with the fads set by novels and short novels. Most of the fifteen "stories" in Orbit 6 aren't short stories at all, but character sketches, essays, or scenes from novels. Of the three or four actual stories, all but one, the R.A. Lafferty fantasy, are either lopsided as fiction or they're not really SF or Fantasy. (Or they're "pseudo-SF", meaning the imaginative element is not necessary to the plot or theme of the story.)

Yet Orbit 6 is an example of the best serious short fiction being done in the field at the moment -- all the stories represent good craftsmanship, solid thinking, and more than the usual amount of "originality" or "creative imagination". (Or what ever you call the quality that separates good fiction from competent but mediocre stuff.) There's not an amateurish or hastily-thought-out story in the whole book, yet, with the exception of the Lafferty story, nothing in Orbit 6 really turned me on. Some of the stories just puzzled me, others gave me the unsatisfied feeling of almost having read a story, and the rest were just depressing. Yet I've been a fan of the New Wave and experimental SF ever since it started -- it wasn't the intent or the techniques that turned me off, it was just the fact that all but one of the stories were failures. I think this situation calls for a detailed analysis of the stories, then I can come back to generalities.

"The Second Inquisition" by Joanna Russ -- This is essentially a character study of a little girl growing up in the 1920's. The SF element, a woman time traveler and the effects of her "alien" personality on the girl, is not really essential to the story. Just "an emancipated woman of the city", a Flapper type, would have done as well. Only then the story would be nothing but one more slick woman's magazine confession story, meaning that this is "pseudo-SF". It's interesting and revealing of human nature, but it really doesn't belong in The Field.

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"Remembrance to Come" by Gene Wolfe is another example of "pseudo-SF". It's set in the future, but there's no reason at all why the story couldn't take place on any large college campus today -- a professor gets into an identity crisis because somebody attends his class with a large black cloth concealing him, possibly as part of a psychology experiment. At the end of the story, the prof is also hiding under a cloth, watching his substitute teach the class. It's warm and evocative rather than humorous, it's fun to read, and it tells something about human nature, but again, it shouldn't be SF. It belongs in some literary quarterly, slightly revised to put it into a contemporary setting.

"How the Whip Came Back" by Gene Wolfe is an honest-to-goodness SF story, but it's not a very good one. We watch as the heroine, some sort of powerless figure-head official, worries about casting her nominal vote for a bill to re-institute slavery as a means of dealing with (political?) prisoners. Her husband is one of the prisoners, and under the law, she'd be able to buy him and give him freedom of a sort. Of course she realized the personal problems this would cause between them. The story ends before we find out if she'll risk her position by vainly trying to stop the bill from passing. (Wolfe makes it clear that "they" are actually running things, and that she has little real power.) We have here a glimpse into the workings of a Brave New World sort of rather benign totalitarian government, but the short story length doesn't leave room to tell a complete and satisfying story. The reader gets only a hint, and that's rather depressing and frustrating.

"Goslin Day" by Avram Davidson is an example of an over-specialized short-story. It's basically just a routine fantasy about a man who's either seeing goblins appear all around him, or else having paranoid delusions that he is. Told with the usual American character stereotypes, this would be a very slight mediocre fantasy. But Davidson complicates things by making his protagonist some sort of Orthodox Jew fanatic who thinks partly in Yiddish and Hebrew and the rest of the time in cabbalistic symbolism. This "alien" quality about the characters' thoughts and dialogue makes the story seem more original than it is, and makes an otherwise weak fantasy element seem both more imaginative and more nearly plausible. But it's only a trick -- he's used specialized knowledge to prop up an old, tottering plot.

"Maybe Jean-Baptiste Pierre Antoine de Monet, Chevalier de Lamarck Was a Little Bit Right" by Robin Scott is another example of a story that depends on a trick to prop it up, only this time it didn't work on me. I've only the vaguest memories of hearing the name Lamarck, and no idea what his theories were. The story itself involves two men and women who come back from space after a total nuclear holocaust and start in to re-populate the earth. The story ends when one of the men kills the other, after waiting for years till his part in the breeding scheme is completed. (They're trying to spread their genes as far as possible, mating with each-other's daughters, which, of course, is the Only Thing To Do under the circumstances.) It's not a bad story, but it struck me as rather bland and pointless. I suppose it illustrated some point from the biological (I assume) theories of Lamarck, and that might add another dimension to the story's effect. But I didn't catch the reference, and I doubt the "average SF reader" will either. And in any case, it's just another trick to strengthen an otherwise weak story.

"The End" by Ursula K. LeGuin is a sort of myth or allegory about people in a village in some rather primitive, sketchily described society waiting for "the end". Everything is kept slightly out of focus, possibly to keep the reader from realizing how slight and implausible the whole thing is, and the only way I can describe the tone is "cute". I'm sure LeGuin is saying some-

thing noble about Hope and The Human Spirit, but it just doesn't come across. Real myths, whether folk tales or modern stories like Lord of the Rings, are sharp and full of life, not wistful and ghostly.

"Entire and Perfect Chrysolite" by R. A. Lafferty is the only "entire and perfect" story in the collection. It uses a device but uses it well--throughout history, men seem to have caught glimpses of "mythical" worlds, either through rumor or legend, or mystical dreams or visions, or sometimes right out in plain sight -- everything from Atlantis and the Isles of the Blest, to UFO's and Shaver's Caverns. Lafferty turns this around and creates a world which consists only of the Greek Ecumene, comprising Europe and parts of Asia and Africa. Then he gives his characters a mystical vision of "our" Africa with its strange beasts and people. The story is tight, believable, and satisfying, and it fits the classical short-story format naturally, with a definite setting and characters, all clearly and vividly drawn, and a plot which poses a question and moves to a resolution. (Although he still leaves more unsaid than he states directly, he tells enough to evoke a complete mental picture and a mood.) In addition to being a complete, satisfying story, "Chrysolite" is also one of the "deepest" in the collection in its analysis of the nature of illusion and reality -- Lafferty shows the reader something that can't easily be summed up in words. So this shows you can write "modern" analytical SF or Fantasy and still tell a decent short-story. But it's very very difficult. (I've just moved Lafferty from sixth to third in my list of all time best SF writers, and I still haven't read either of his two novels.)

"Sunburst" by Roderick Thorp is the worst story in the collection, but at least it's an SF story. Its major flaw is that it's not particularly analytical or ambitious -- it doesn't attempt much, but what it does try to say, it gets across. The theme is that some morning most of the people in the world are going to go crazy at once, possibly stimulated by some freak form of solar radiation. It's not a new SF theme, but he handles it reasonably well, and brings the point home by having the hero's wife fall prey to whatever-it-is and slaughter their children. Unfortunately he telegraphs the ending much too soon, by mentioning early in the story that the wife has some "nervous problem" and has just run out of transs. That's why I call the story the worst in the book, but it's still a reasonably good SF story, though slight, because it sidesteps the cause of the mass insanity, where most SF writers today would be in there trying to explain it.

"The Creation of Bennie Good" by James Sallis is more of an essay than a story. Actually, it's more of a rap by some Andy Warhol type character a few years from now, recouting some of his exploits. The underlying theme, of course, is the absurdity of social customs, and it's a funny little piece, but neither SF nor a story.

"The Chosen" by Kate Wilhelm is either about a man from an over-crowded, over-mechanized future world who goes on an expedition to a depopulated world further in the future, falls in love with solitude, and is narrowly prevented from staying there, which would imperil the lives of the others because of some law of time travel, and has to undergo some sort of brain-washing type psychotherapy when he gets back, or else the story is about a guy who is being tested to go on such an expedition by having simulated experiences fed into his mind, and he fails the test. Either way, it's a reasonably good story up to a point, and then it fails and leaves a bad impression. There's a lot of material covered, and the writing is kept very tight and the pacing is fast, but there are still holes in the story. Several elements are implausible, because of the sketchy

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explanations, and the twist at the end creates further ambiguity, destroying the story's effect. So what's really wrong here? It's too short. There was plenty of material for a novelette, and then the ground could have been covered more completely and more plausibly.

"A Cold Dark Night with Snow" by Kate Wilhelm is either about a woman having some sort of a paranoid-schizophrenic fugue because her husband has just been killed in a laboratory accident, or else the accident itself has released some force which is causing her insanity. (Or maybe there was no accident, maybe even no husband, and she's just flipped her wig for the hell of it.) The story whizzes by in a series of choppy little scenes, like a movie that's cut to run just a little too fast and put you on edge. And at the end you know no more about either the woman's mind, the nature of insanity, or the (real or imagined) laboratory accident and its Mysterious Force than you did at the beginning.

"Fame" by Jean Cox is the second worst story in the book. Again, it fails because it's slight and doesn't really attempt anything -- man leaves on a 100-year interstellar voyage, expecting fame when he returns, comes back to find he's famous all right, but only because of his friend, a writer he was very patronizing to at the beginning, but who had gone on to become an Immortal Author. So what. Anyway, the ending is telegraphed. I mean who's telling the story, an astronaut or a writer?

"Debut" by Carol Emshwiller is another muffed myth. The story is about some sort of female coming-of-age rite in an un-described society. No messier really than some that have actually been practiced. (Keeping a girl blindfolded, and keeping her totally isolated from men until she reaches puberty is no stranger than locking her in a cave for a year as the Easter Islanders did, and considerably kinder than some of the genital mutilations various primitive people have gone in for.) This story is written very vaguely, hinting at a world rather than creating it. I think it's supposed to be terribly shocking, but as I said, it's considerably tamer than rituals people have actually practiced.

"Where No Sun Shines" by Gardner R. Dozois is a little shocking, but it's also a scene from a novel ripped out of context rather than a short story capable of standing on its own. The theme is a civil war in this country in the near future, mostly off stage. All we see is a guy whose wife has just been killed fleeing foolishly to nowhere in his car. He's stopped at a roadblock and witnesses another couple being shot down for trying to smuggle a black man through the roadblock. That's all there is, and it's pretty frightening. The story is quite successful at making you think it "can happen here". (For me especially, having lived in a number of slums, and also having read my great-grandfather's diary about the other time It Happened.) But this is still not a story -- it's a scene, with a passive protagonist who simply reacts to a few events around him, but doesn't really participate. My final reaction was a desire to see the other hundred and fifty pages of this story -- what the hero does when he comes to his senses and stops blindly running, who wins the war, what happens to the country, and so on.

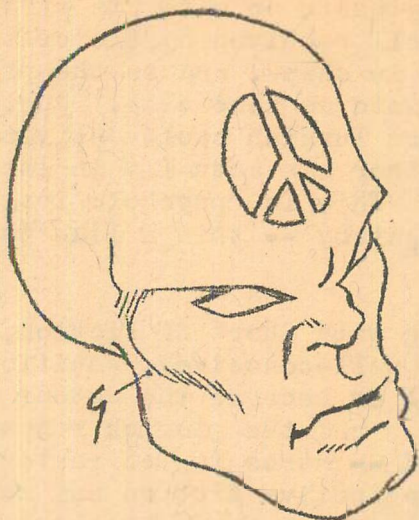
"The Asian Shore" by Thomas M. Disch is another "insanity" story, this time about a man who goes to Istanbul and ends up taking on the identity of a Turk named Yavuz. This is very well written, completely convincing, and not SF or Fantasy by any stretch of the imagination. It could be a very detailed fictionalized case-history out of a psychiatrist's files, though, because cases

almost exactly like this have been recorded. A guy busts up with his wife, the book he spent a couple of year writing isn't well received by the critiss, so he goes to another country to get his head back in shape, and in the process of working out his identity hangup, he turns into someone else. Just the strain of learning a language as alien to English as Turkish could activate the process. Somehow, I get the impression the author was actually in Istanbul and felt touches of something similar himself. This is "psychological fiction" at its very best, but it still isn't SF or Fantasy -- things like this can and do happen in the real world.

Anyway, back to the general subject of What's Wrong with Short SF Fiction, I also want to point out again that these are mostly well-conceived, ambitious stories that fail either because they're too short, or because the author has resorted to tricks or devices to get his idea across and the gimmick ruins the effect. Several different pitfalls are represented -- stressing character or psychology to the point the story is not really imaginative fiction any more. Trying to evoke a whole society or world in a few thousand words by showing only a glimpse of it through a character's eyes or in a few sketchy scenes, and failing to do more than tantalize the reader. Starting a story and not bothering to plot it out and finish it, or rushing through it too skimpyly and leaving holes. What I'm really saying is that to describe a world or even a human personality at great depth is hard to do adequately at short-story length. Yet the New SF seems to require writers to try.

Most people who try either sacrifice the plot and resolution, or else they fudge one way or another on the setting. If you tell a vague, dreamlike story in a world that never comes clearly into focus, you can cover a lot of ground, but the end result is an ambiguous mess. If you tell part of a story, you leave the reader unsatisfied. If you tell a story in too few words, you leave him unconvinced. If you hedge on the setting by using the "real world" or something akin to it, and then start analyzing the depths of the human personality, you usually end up with a non-SF psychological story. (You may say there's no difference between a story where the hero thinks he sees green BEMS crawling out of the woodwork, and one in which he actually does see them, but there is. The emotional effect on the reader, especially his willingness to identify and suspend belief, is considerably different.)

So is the SF or Fantasy short dead as long as the fad for deep character analysis and sociological analysis lasts? No, it's just harder to write successfully. The Lafferty short proves that. So what did he do, and how did he do it? Well, he obviously had one consise idea in mind, something concerning the nature of reality and the human perception of it, and he built his story around that. All his details home in on one central point, which is his theme-idea. Most of the stories that fail start at a point and try to work out, to create a society, or a world-background, or a complex human personality from a central idea. So you come back to the old SF standby for short stories -- idea as hero. It's just that the "idea" doesn't have to be as concrete as a bigger and better rocketship.



MUTICOLORED CROCHETED WOOL HELMET

+ Jonh Ingham +

I have been living in Los Angeles a bit over a year and in that time I have had the unflagging if naïve belief that since all those movie and rock stars live here, it is logical that I should see them on the street. Well, until last Saturday I had managed to see John Mayall in an art store, as large as life. Other than that Los Angeles was full of boring clods like me.

Until last Saturday, when Len Bailes, Alpa Jpuri, three fair maidens and I happened to go to the opening of a new club to see The Grateful Dead and New Riders of the Purple Sage. Because inside we not only managed to rub shoulders with the Dead, but also Delaney and Bonnie, David Crosby (who must've been seeing those police cars in the mirror get to him, because he's cut his hair), and the Rather of us all, Ken Kesey.

But that isn't what this article is about.

FADE IN. Santa Monica Blvd. at 2:30am, flashy and blatant in its neon brightness. Len and I and one fair damsel are standing on the corner waiting for our transportation to arrive. Around the corner walks Kesey and two friends.

STOP ACTION. If you don't know who Kesey is, go find a copy of The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test before reading further. It is an essential piece of bibliography within the context of this story. (Of course so is a knowledge of just who The Grateful Dead are and what they can do to your head, not to mention their relation with Kesey, but we'll let that pass this time around.)

RESUME ACTION. Kesey is wearing what looks like a football helmet made out of multicoloured crocheted wool. Seeing the perfect opening to talk to him, I commented on his headgear. (Both Len and I had been commenting on the difficulty of saying something to a God without fawning -- something neither of us would do, being above that.) He replied, quite pleased with the attention it gained, that it had been laid on him by someone who had it laid on them, and that originally it had come from Sweden. Len commented that it looked like a football helmet and Kesey carried that out to a football team of freaks; so we rapped on that for a bit ("They sniff coke in the huddles.") and then Kesey and co. split for their car in a garage across the road while Len and I bathed in the aura of having talked with Him without fawning.

The next thing I was aware of was Kesey and co. in a Saab (Kesey in back) with the station manager standing by the driver's window waxing very vehement.

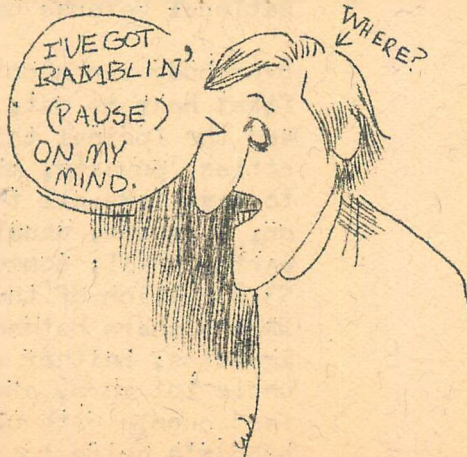
The manager stuck his hand in the car window and all of a sudden the car took off with the manager running alongside, hand still in window. The car stopped, the manager pulled his hand from the window and started yelling again.

And then came The Kid. I mean, this is 1970 and all, but it got so this was impossible not to think of in terms of a Western. So anyway, The Kid is living in the 1950's. He has a really nice ducktail, stovepipe jeans and those marvelous pointed toed shoes with metal caps on the soles that everyone in Vancouver, Canada was wearing 6 years ago and probably still are. The Kid made his appearance in true style -- racing from out of the garage and sliding about ten feet on those metal caps until he came to a spectacular stop next to the Saab and tried to have a punch up with the driver while the manager pulled him off.

The Saab, seeing its chance, roared off into the traffic, disappearing in the maze of lights. The Kid pulled himself from the grip of the manager, raced over to a Thunderbird and with tires squealing in true style tore out after them in hot pursuit. The posse, right?

Len, fair damsel and I looked at each other in amazement and cracked up laughing, wishing we would be able to see the denouement. Suddenly, the Saab is back with Thunderbird close behind. The Saab executes a very neat 90 degree turn and goes roaring off up a hill. Thunderbird, caught off guard, has to pull through a really spectacular illegal turn, tires squealing, of course, before regaining the trail. Two minutes later, Saab is charging back down the hill. It pulls over and waits for Thunderbird, who isn't long in coming. He pulls over and jumps out, ready to do valiant battle. And out of the Saab who should come but Kesey, still wearing his hat.

Now The Kid is off guard, because here's this guy who must be in his late 30s-early 40s wearing a Mickey Mouse t-shirt and this hat. . . . And then Kesey turns on the Kesey warmth and charm. And The Kid is lost. It's like watching a Lafferty story unfold before your eyes; you can't hear anything that's being said, but every now and again Kesey makes a gesture and The Kid tries to ward it off with one of his own, but he's had it. Within five minutes they are shaking hands, and just as they shake hands four cop cars swoop in to the kill. One policeman jumps out and The Kid goes over and talks to him. A minute later the cop cars have vanished. A couple of minutes later The Kid drives the Thunderbird very sedately back to the gas station and Kesey and co. drive off into the night in peace. It's a long time before any of us say anything, and then it's only to comment on the cosmianness of it all. Santa Monica Boulevard will never be the same.



Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, IN.
47348

words
from
feeders

Agree thoroughly with Alex Eisenstein that really the NASA budget is a teeny drop in the bucket. National Wildlife had something obliquely concerned with that in their Aug-Sep 70 issue. Of course they were pumping for more money to be plowed into pollution control and wildlife conservation, understandably. But they gave a fairly recent chart of percentages of what our taxes go for, and it's enough to appall anyone. NASA gets \$3.4 billion. That sounds like a lot, but compared to some of the other stuff it's miniscule. . . plus the greatest expenditure in the space program HAS ALREADY BEEN PAID FOR. That's why so many layoffs in space oriented industry. The hardware and knowhow are stockpiled. It's like paying zillions for a cadillac, and as soon as you start seeing daylight putting the thing up on blocks and refusing to drive it any more because it's too expensive.

National defense. . . all those ABMs and missiles and various other implements of destruction and the payrolls thereof come to 73.5 billion. Can you dig it. I certainly can't. Transportation . . . which would include, I'd think, subsidies to airlines and bankrupt train companies, \$8.8 billion. Payments to veterans of our past wars is 8.5 billion. Interest on all this money comes to 17.8 billion. In fact, the only major government service that gets less than NASA is Natural Resources. That's the pollution and watching out for strip mining and erosion and keeping people from butchering all our trees and like that. I agree thoroughly with National Wildlife that that's a rotten deal, but if they're going to cut somebody down, for ghod's sake let's do something about that ridiculous National Defense budget.

Everybody can shoot holes in me afterwards, but first hear me out. The country is in trouble and the logical thing in dealing with core cities, poverty, malnutrition and such like is to say, take all that money they're spending on. . . space, usually. . . and spend it here on earth. Well, community development already gets \$3.8 billion of the slice, and if you divvy up NASA's share between just two of the needy agencies, neither one of them is going to get a whole lot more, and if you try to save some to feed people with or all the other problems, nobody's going to get more than a dribble from NASA.

There is another way to cut that defense spending and still not only be able to support the NASA in the style to which it's been accustomed, but also really putting some fat on the endangered cities programs, ecology, poverty, etc.

Cut the defense contracts, yes. Do we really need enough nerve gas to wipe out ten planets, and enough ICBMs to. . .but you know the bit. HOWEVER, the most painless way to pay for things is through taxes. Like right now the gov't is cutting things like leukemia research to save money, partially because taxes aren't available. Now if you cut that defense contract, there are suddenly going to be a lot of people out of work. They not only will add to community problems by sucking on welfare and food stamps, but maybe their kids will get messed up because they feel somehow down. . .dad's out of work and they have this puritan mystique about people being out of work being bums (Haven't their parents told them that often enough). . .but they won't be paying taxes.

What we do is switch our emphasis from defense against forty however zillion Chinese and various other paranoid targets and instead hand out some new contract in NASA. Let's go ahead and build the space shuttle, the station, the Moon base, the Mars probe and eventual landings and colonies. All that will employ one hell of a lot of people, can be made ecology linked by making the gov't contracts contingent on compliance with anti-pollution laws . . .and all those people happily working will be plowing back lotsa money both into the economy and into taxes. I really think if it were handled by a good PR group that would make space travel something the US was doing not only for it's own aggrandizement but also something in the name of all mankind. . .you could make a national asset out of it. A big fat lucrative one, for everybody. The taxes would help poverty programs, city rejuvenating, increasing medical expenses as everybody lives longer. . .lotsa medical research so we can live longer, the whole bit.

And NASA had one beautiful thing going for it that good old National Defense never can. The only people who get killed from being connected with the space program are VOLUNTEERS. Lotsa people employed, lotsa industry humming and cornflakes and baby food being bought and all the other related industries doing well and gross national product. . .just like building tanks and napalm, except, the only guys taking a risk are test pilots. None of this dragging off kids who are just starting their lives and often not quite finished with their personalities, send them off somewhere to be dehumanized and shoot people and think with pure xenophobia.

I was all set to mark Ozarkon in Columbia down on our list next year and everything. Shucks. I'd heard some other bad scam about the hotel in St. Louis, too. . .and lack of organization and such. The Sands in Peoria was quite another story, and I think it's just what they need for Ozarkon. Well over the hill as a top flight motel, but still the rooms were clean and all the lights worked and there was soap and towels. . .and because it was small you didn't have to go down and scream at the maids at 6PM wanting to know when they

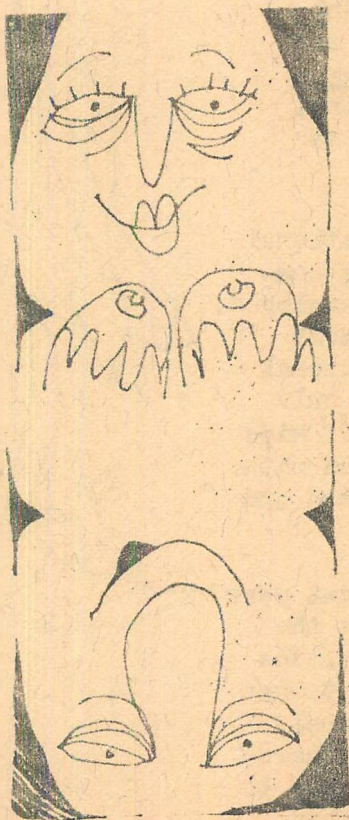


were going to do your room. The management couldn't have cared less about beards and hair or even how many people in a room. Bruce was standing there big as life when we checked in and the women asked nonchalantly if we wanted a cot for him and we said no he had his sleeping bag. Fine she said, and wrote down 2 under room occupants.

PeCon was small enough, of course, so that almost everybody could be on one floor. In fact I guess the management apologized profusely to the Chi area bunch because they couldn't give them the type suite they wanted on the floor with everybody else but had to put them a whole floor higher up. Horrors. Four stories in the whole building. Nobody took the elevator, . . . with good reason since I think it was a re-tread freight elevator and moved at about 1/10th of a foot a second. But only one or two flights. . . after the Chase Park Plaza, nobody bitched.

And especially as you say college towns would be less likely to hassle the members of our group who preferred to dress far out or otherwise not look like silent Americans. I guess we don't look excessively like silent Americans either. . . or perhaps we don't even sound too much like them. We're considered very outre locally. But they you know we write, and can be expected to be eccentric.

+I still think Columbia would make an excellent site for a science fiction
+convention -- excellent facilities because of the large university, with a
+tolerant town population, and a pleasant, rural countryside. ## After we
+we visited you this summer, I sort of wondered if anyone around town had noticed
+our visit. I was wondering if maybe a deputy would come around and pay a little
+visit, you know, to check things out, make sure you guys weren't up to some-
+thing illegal or something. . . HL



I think it's also in de Beauvoir's book that she says she's not arguing that there may not be some very deep basic differences between male and female on the grounds usually endorsed by the bigots. . . strength, emotional stability, intelligence, etc. But the point is that nobody in our Western culture knows. Because in order to know a fair sampling of children would have to be raised from infancy completely shrouded from all the subtle prejudices and cultural pressures that make adult men and women what they are. . . or seem to be. Would some women still scream at the sight of a mouse if they hadn't been brainwashed into thinking it was expected of them? I was never afraid of mice, snakes, spiders or any of the other traditional female scarers. . . and I was regarded as a blatant tomboy and somehow not very natural. Maybe I was natural (and strong willed) and all my female peers were the ones who had been bent out of shape.

It is subtle. I don't think a lot of males really even think about it, or have the remotest idea that at times they are cutting and cruel and obtrusively master racy. Just the same as a lot of whites who were otherwise very nice and kind and gentle people didn't realize that some of their casual expressions and attitudes were hurting blacks. . . or earlier, Jews. . . very badly. When somebody in the know pointed out to them that "That's mighty white of you" might not be the thing to say when thanking a Negro, they were utterly stunned. Likewise, how many women feel a slight gritting of the teeth when some male saunters up in an obvious attempt to be complimentary says, "You play tennis just

like a man." (I wonder if Geis likes LeGuin. He can compliment her, against his reac-²²tion to McCaffrey, by telling Mrs. LeGuin that gee she's good -- she writes just like a man. That's what Hugh Hefner would like you to believe, too.) How would the same man feel if a woman came up to him at a party and gushed over him: "My, you're so graceful. You dance just like a woman." He'd want to punch her in the mouth.

Dick Gregory has a current bit about advising the Roman Catholics in N. Ireland to follow all the procedures that have been thrown at the blacks over the years. . .up by the bootstraps. . .go out and get a job. . .don't try to go too fast. . .etc. I'd like to see some male black comedian to bring up the bit that women have the same problems blacks have always had. Neither women nor blacks can go in to apply for a job and get the same treatment as a white man. It is possible for the white personnel officer to be terribly conscious of the fact that he isn't prejudiced and thus manage to cancel out earlier brainwashing. But both women and blacks are automatically members of an inferiority bloc.

Back in my sociology days there used to be a favorite anecdote of the prof confronting his advanced class with a problem. Presented them with the facts on this man: education, number of years with his company, efficiency rating, church affiliation, number of children and the number of cars and the whole bit. Class assignment: estimate his income. (I believe the hypothesis also told the kids what region of the country the guy was from.) The students all start scribbling. Then the prof says, "Oh yes, one more thing. This man is a Negro." Instant scrapping of paper and revisions downward of income by almost half. I bet the same thing would work for listing a woman as the person's income to be estimated.

It doesn't do any good to tell some men that their patent anti-female biases tell something about them as men, either. They don't believe in psychology. Probably cooked up by a bunch of queers.

Actually, we're in the first stage. There are too few of us to do more than attract catcalls and derision. Next stage is physical violence. Maybe it will take a woman being lynched to get through to some male liberals that by god this is a fight they had better get busy with, too. Because until they do there's always going to be enough brainwashed females who will swallow the dumb barefoot and pregnant line to convince the male who hunts long enough and finds them that women are really terribly happy and content and enjoy being stepped on.

Larry Propp, 3127 North Sheridan Road, Peoria, Illinois 61604

Incidentally, you might not be aware of it, but the past 60 years have been the first period in many centuries when long hair and/or facial hair has not been the standard, accepted, establishment-oriented style for the male of the species.

+Actually, short hair has been encouraged in armies for over 2000 years. This
+is just the first time the military has gotten such a hold as to be able to
+dictate fashion.-LL

I noticed some parallels between Lesleigh's women's Lib article and a piece Dr. A had in his F&SF column about a year back -- the article was "Uncertain, Coy and Hard to Please"; I forget the issue #.

I myself have trouble with Women's Lib on one point. To listen to the leaders of the movement, women have been oppressed and exploited. Right on! And, just as there is institutionalized racism, the male ego has "programed" a good deal of male chauvinism into our institutions. But I listen to them and I wonder if women in general are being asked to trade off one form of repression for another. A system or group that forces

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 women to be content with being a wife and mother is wrong; one that forbids it is equally wrong -- and to listen to Kate Millet and her followers, this is what would result. To me, the goals of Women's Lib should be to see that there are not artificial barriers keeping them from anything they're qualified to do and to guarantee for them full and free rights to choose their own individual destinys. Which means that if a woman chooses to be a wife and mother, and finds her life fulfilled and complete by that, then she should not be bad-mouthed for that choice.

+It seems to me that a lot of this is a case of "equal and opposite reaction" -- backlash. But really, I don't think I could be satisfied with merely being a housewife, could you? -LL

As an aside, I do wish that the proposed "Women's Rights" Constitutional Amendment had passed. For all the stated reasons, and for another one besides -- I think it just about would have solved the draft problem. After all, full and equal rights would mean that women could be drafted, and most men, looking for a way out of the draft system, would have brought the constitutional test case. Moreover, someone (probably several of both sexes) would have brought up the constitutional question of combat and membership by women in one of the "Fighting arms" of the Army. Besides, could the Army function when a significant percentage of its members in all branches were on "medical leave" either giving birth or taking care of new-born infants? The idea has all sorts of possibilities.

+Right. This is my answer to all those sexists who wrote in and asked if I'd want to be drafted. Of course not, who would? But it would certainly be a lot of fun if they tried; it would probably cause the complete downfall of the draft for several reasons. One I've heard expounded by several respectable people is that women are actually the most dangerous sex (Based on the protection of young instinct, I believe) and if they were taught to kill, why there'd be a lot of dead men. I don't know if its true, but if it was, we'd have the military running scared pretty fast.
 + -- LL

John Ingham, 21157 Kingscrest Dr., Saugus, Calif. 91350

Your rock columns are undoubtedly the best thing in the zine. Angus Taylor is very reminiscent of the existential, deeply involved treatises one used to see in Crawdaddy and is a welcome sight. "Dance to the Music" promises to be great; it's always a gas to hear from people what it was like growing up in the Fifties. Bob Christgau, one of my teachers and top rock critic, let it be known that when Elvis first came out he felt threatened. He was 11 at the time, and here was Elvis, a hood, capturing all the girls' attention -- he was in competition. But then "All Shook Up" came out, which Bob loved, and his hate/fear/distrust began to crumble from then on.

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

Juanita Coulson's column gave more information about an individual who becomes increasingly fabulous as she gradually lifts the veil. Some fans scream so loudly about their interests and opinions that you start to wonder if they aren't attempting to convince themselves that this is so. Juanita waits fifteen years or so to reveal things that she thought and did long before these particular things became fashionable bandwagons



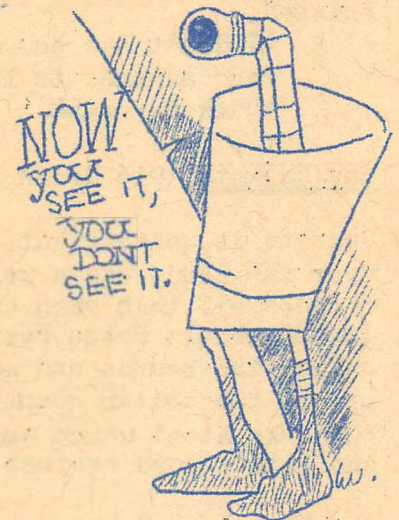
for everybody to jump on. But really, Muncie, Indiana sounds like an awfully sticky, dirty sort of a place to locate a college. In fact, it sounds as if it had been named for a swamp, and Buck Coulson has been trying so repeatedly to convince people that there aren't swamps in Indiana.

At first, I thought that Earl Evers should have gone ahead and named the people who stayed at the Sixteenth Street slanshack. Pretty soon it'll be two years since it closed down and I doubt very much that any law enforcement agency or the postalinspect-ors would prosecute on the basis of drug use which is described as occurring at a time from five to two years in the past. But then I remembered how I'd left various things out of All Our Yesterdays because of the very remote chance that belated publicity would embarrass or even wreck the current life of an old fan or a descendant. It's probably best this way. But some futrue fan historian might like to find elsewhere, devoid from any mention of drugs, the basic information on who inhabited this place most of the time.

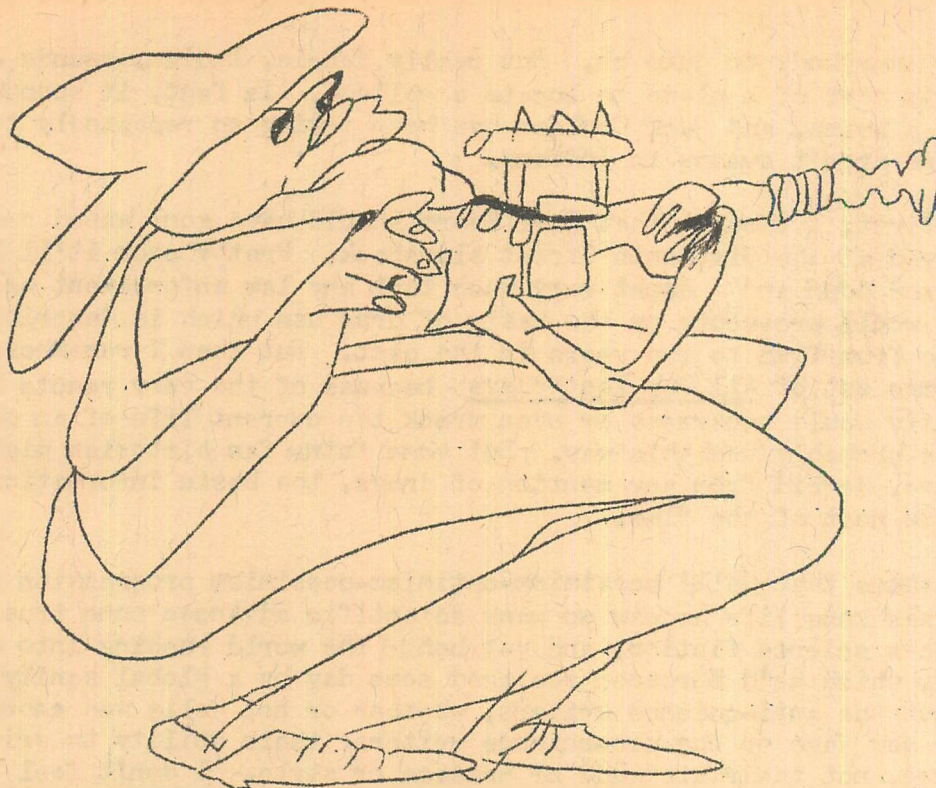
I assume that Wells' pessimism-optimism-pessimism progression came about mostly because in his long life he saw so many scientific advances come true after he'd hinted at them in his science fiction, and yet beheld the world rushing into another of the world wars which he'd foreseen replaced some day by a global sanity. In any event, I feel about the anti-science writers, whether or not Wells was among them, as I do about the New Wave or the pro-science writers: their ability to write well is the important thing, not their attitude or message or style. I don't feel that it's possible to "write well" a story whose major point is the basic inferiority of the Negro or Japanese or German people, because I can't believe such a story in the face of all the things I've experienced and observed; but I feel that the jury is still out on whether civilization can be as good in the science-dominated world as in a world with the technology known three hundred years ago, assuming equal quantities of good leaders in either world.

Angus Taylor ought to expand his little summary of how background can be worked into a science fiction story by turing it into a long essay. The odd thing is that this problem rarely arose in the prozines when I was first discovering them. So many stories were based on the characters' discovery of the worlds or situations as pioneers in them. In the first pages the new invention was contrived which led the characters out into space, as in the Skylark of Space (although I'm not old enough to have read that one fresh off the newsstands!) or the first men on Mars have adventures there, as in "A Martian Odyssey," or an amnesiac world is experienced up to, including, and past the event that made it that way, as in McClary's Rebirth. It wasn't until the 1940's I imagine, that the custom became the telling of stories in far futures or distant galaxies without introducing the characters to those milieus in the opening chapters.

Redd Boggs is right when he calls rock music commercial, but wrong when he describes it as "perfectly comparable to commercial music of the past" because the big dance bands and the small jazz bands and the other ways in which popular commercial music came to us in the past were not accompanied by enormous number of amateur and semi-pro groups of young people performing similar music mostly for the sheer love of it. I don't think that the completely amateur jazz groups really turned up in any great quantity at all until after traditional jazz was on the decline. The imitation Horace Heidt and Guy Lombardo orchestras were formed mostly to make money at high school dances and country club events that couldn't afford a name group. But there apparently are scores or hundreds



of rock groups known to hardly anyone, for every group that cuts records or gets hired for rock concerts. Moreover, not until rock music arrived did the listeners of popular music really dig into it, try to write long reviews of it for amateur and professional publications, buy records in stupendous quantities, create a demand for bootleg releases. I don't think rock is as totally new and different from previous types of popular music as most of its adherents claim, but it's definitely creating an audience whose numbers and articulateness and attention are infinitely greater than anything popular music of the past produced.



Woman's subordinate place in history might be more understandable, if just as regrettable, if we remember that until recent centuries, the average span of life may have been 40 or 45 years. So half or more of a typical woman's life was spent carrying and nursing babies, she couldn't possibly get out there and fight against nature and other humans as effectively as men while she was pregnant or had an unweaned infant, and her survival-for-race instinct definitely prevented her from being man's equal in the survival-for-self struggle. Eventually man accepted this situation and built a whole code of etiquette and ethics around it. Now most of the necessity for woman to be the weaker sex has vanished and too many people continue to behave and think as if it still existed.

+I don't see how anybody who goes through childbirth 6-7-8 times in their life
+and manages to live long enough to at least wean the last one can be called
+weaker. --LL

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

Juanita is quite right, the late 40's and early 50's, with the shadow of Joe McCarthy over the land, was a weird time (and while the times they may be changing, they haven't changed all that much and the Administration is trying hard to bring back the old days). The Stockholm Peace Petition, one of the first of the nuclear disarmament protests was making the rounds and anyone who signed it was "Suspect." The Sons of the Pioneers, one of the better country music groups of the day, came out with a record called "Old Man Atom" which was condemned for its anti-nuclear weapons sentiment. Anyone who said a word against atomic weapons at that time was obviously a Commie.

Ah, Lesleigh, I congratulate you. You are learning the techniques of an accomplished propagandist quite well. You fail to mention just when The Eternal Conflict was written. (I don't recall, but the chances are that it was before WWII). Your last sentence leave the impression that Doc Keller is still writing when, in fact, he died a few years back a very old man. Keller's roots were planted firmly in the 19th Century and his views and writings reflect the general attitude of his time. While it

is proper to condemn Stasheff (if you want to) for pushing female inferiority²⁶ today, it is hardly proper to have at Keller without considering the context of his background and times.

Lookie, it seems to have become popular to condemn writers like Burroughs or Chambers or Keller (to name a few in the fantasy field) as racists. Of course they were. In their day everybody was. We can abhor the attitude of society of those days but it is hardly objective to condemn an individual novelist for reflecting that society. That, after all, is one of the purposes of a writer.

Angus Taylor, 482 Markham Street., Toronto 174, Ont.

After reading Lesleigh's Women's Lib. article I came across a lovely example of "male chauvinist" thinking on the part of Alfred Bester. In his essay in The Science Fiction Novel Bester explains that as a rule women are not fond of sf because their fantasies are about love, marriage, and the home. He goes on to say: "Unlike women, we can't find perpetual pleasure in the day-to-day details of living. A woman can come home ecstatic because she bought a three-dollar item reduced to two-eighty-seven, but a man needs more. Every so often, when we're temporarily freed from conflicts . . . euphoric, if you please. . . we like to settle down for a few hours and ask why we're living and where we're going. Life is enough for most women; most thinking men must ask why and whither." (This last sentence is probably true -- but then it would be equally true to say: Life is enough for most men; most thinking women must ask why and whither. But I don't think we can let Bester off that easily. . .) Bester says he likes to go to the local pub and speculate on life with other "Renaissance Men" like himself. . . "while my wife is home counting the laundry." These remarks were made in 1957, by the way, so maybe Bester has changed his views in the meantime.

I'm sending along a few pages from a recent issue of the University of Toronto Varsity, including an article about women in rock. Regarding the latter: the author attacks the notion that women are not supposed to play the electric guitar (it's "unfeminine"). However: can one conceive of an all-female version of Led Zeppelin, a female Jimi Hendrix? Undoubtedly, girls can make fine music on the electric guitar, etc., but will it be the same in all areas as that of men? If you answer "no", then you have to admit there is something in addition to simple discrimination operating in the dominance on the rock field by male musicians.

+Yes, the music would most likely be different. However, I believe an artist
+reflects himself in his work, and part of one's image of themself is based on
+the society he lives in. In our society, woman's self-image can't be the same
+as a man's. In a truly equal society, the difference between men and women as
+expressed in their art would be no more than the differences between individuals.
+(And that should be enough variety for anybody.) -- LL

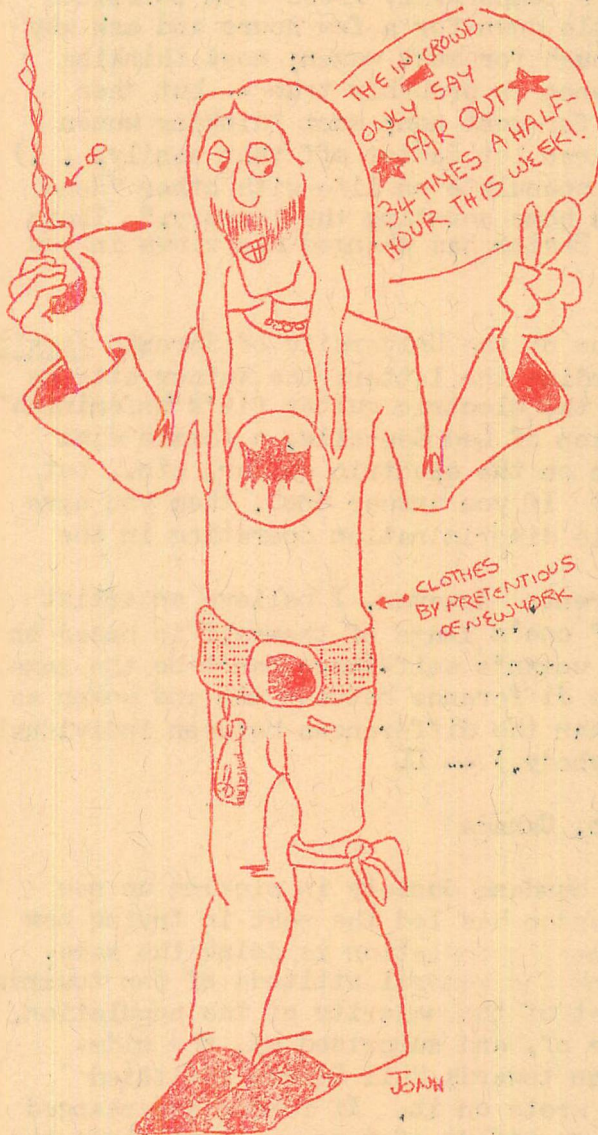
Will Straw, 303 Niagara Blvd., Fort Erie, Ontario, Canada

I can't agree with Earl Evers that fandom leads Mundane Society in picking up new trends and ideas. Agreed, a small segment of fandom has led the rest in trying new life styles, but a comparable portion of the general population is doing the same; experimenters can be found in any group. I think the general attitude of fen towards changes in society remains fairly similar to that of the majority of the population. In 1965 or so, when non-fans were becoming aware of, and surprised at, the widespread use of LSD, fen had much the same reaction towards Phil Dick's admitted experimentation with the drug and the things he wrote on it. If fandom had changed any in that respect, I think it's the result of an influx of younger people into the microrocosm -- people who would spread their ideas among the mundanes if they didn't have fandom. It's fairly clear, to me, anyway, why fandom does have the appearance

of being a leader -- non-fans doing anything out-of-the-ordinary generally restrict discussion of their actions to friends who share their interests, whereas fans write up their ideas and experiences in letters and fmz, so that the impression is given of a Movement sweeping through fandom. Actually, a similar change is occurring in society as a whole, but less is said about it.

Fandom has always struck me as having less of a Generation Gap than Don Fitch states -- a marked lack of one was what impressed me most in the first year or so as a fan. I doubt that I could name one middle-aged mundane in Fort Erie or other places I've lived who has any liking for rock music or uses drugs, yet there are all kinds of over 30-types in fandom who have admitted interests in these fields. Conversely, I notice more teenagers in fandom expressing a taste for classical and old-jazz music than I have among my mundane friends. Again, I'd cite greater communication as the reason -- both adolescents and middle-agers are more exposed to each other's interests, with the result being a meeting of old and young.

Roger Vanous 403 W. 4th Ave., Monmouth, Ill. 61462



I liked Lesleigh's article, and I agree with its conclusions about what things are like now; however, I don't entirely agree with her on how things got that way.

Back in the days of a hunting society, women actually were inferior. Not because they are weaker than men, though. Strength was never the human race's strong suit, and greater stamina should cancel out the strength disadvantage.

It's just that in those days, there was a terribly high infant mortality rate, and consequently a very high birth rate. This meant that at least one month out of the year, women were essentially unable to protect or feed themselves. Unless they could find someone to protect and feed them during late pregnancy, their chances of survival were virtually zero. Since altruism wasn't a very good survival trait then (one more mouth to feed can mean death if there isn't enough food), they had to persuade someone to do it.

Certainly arguments that it was a man's duty wouldn't go far. Instead she'd have to persuade a man to go to all the bother and risk. Since intimidation probably wouldn't work very well, she had to take the position of an inferior, fawning over him, much like a dog does man. I think this has carried over to the present, and is the basic reason why a woman is traditionally expected to center her life around her husband, to demean herself to please him, etc.

When agriculture came along, women were more able to fend for themselves, but still, if they were about ready to give birth at harvest time. . .

At any rate, male dominance was pretty well established by then. Women were given "Inferior" tasks, such as raising children. (After they are weaned, there's no reason why children can't be cared for by men.)

Other Western institutions have perpetuated male superiority. After states were organized, the leaders were mainly military leaders. After all, a king who couldn't ride forth to protect his realm wouldn't last long. This worked against women in two ways. It emphasized strength, and if a war came along during advanced pregnancy, goodbye queen. As civilization developed, female descendants of kings did manage to rule, although they were comparatively rare.

I think, then, that the origins of the idea women are inferior is pretty straightforward and logical (and should be pleasing to an economic determinist). Lesleigh is, of course, right about how the notion has perpetuated itself. To take an overview of things, it could probably be explained by the efforts of a society to rationalize and explain an institution that had lost its true function.

+I disagree on several points. First, many people believe that altruism was an advantageous human trait, since it held groups together, and groups tend to be more successful than individuals. (There are examples of altruistic behavior among present day primates.) Secondly, women in agricultural societies today have more children than those in hunting and gathering societies. (You need more people to work a farm.) --LL

Cory Panshin, Open Gate Farm, Star Route, Perkasie, PA. 18944

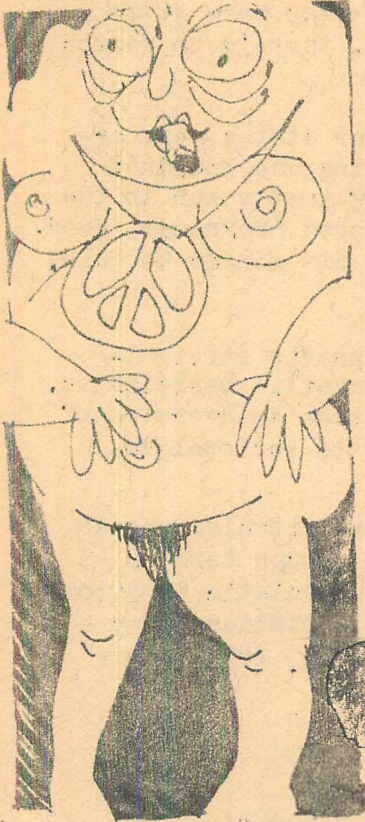
Earl Evers' piece on New York Head fandom was a revelation to me. I had close ties to the straighter part of New York fandom at the time, and although I saw a certain amount of the people he talks about, it was always as an outsider. The only time I was ever in MacInerney's apartment, for instance, was when the Friday evening Eastercon party of the 1966 Lunacon was held there. That was my first convention outside of Boston, the first time I had even ventured out into the great ocean of fandom, and the experience was unnerving. John Boardman lectured on Velikovsky at length, rich brown gave Leslie Turek and me advice on mimeography (we had just taken over The Twilight Zine), and a bunch of people got together to do the New York Times crossword puzzle that was pasted across the hole in one of the windows. I gather it was not a typical evening there.

Angus Taylor's article has got me thinking, and I'm eager to see some more of his column. It seems to me that one of the factors that makes sf so parochial is the fetish for explanation. Thus what makes the image of the space ship intriguing is its symbolic value, the liberation/confinement paradox, and so forth; and all the mechanics faster than light, slower than light, and what not are just a distraction. The mechanics may have helped obtain the willing suspension of disbelief once, but we don't need them any more; we can come out of the ghetto of genre fiction and start playing in the real world.

WAHF: Buck Coulson, Jack West, Mike Gilbert, Leif Andersson, William Linden, Ken Budka, Rick Stoker, Eddy C. Bertin, Dick Flichbaugh, Lisa Tuttle, Jeff Schalles, Harry Morris, Jr., David Hulvey

oh! how HEYWORTH ROCKED!

+ Bob Tucker +



The promoter, a "Gentleman Farmer" with a yearning for the fast buck, hatched a scheme last December to hold a rock festival on his farm a mile northwest of Heyworth, and incorporated under the name "Kickpoo Creek, Inc." with a capitalization of \$1000 and the stated intention of grossing \$5000, as required by Illinois law. He was somewhat surprised by several things to happen later.

The solid citizens of the town, and of the surrounding areas, responded with an alacrity to be envied by the Minutemen. Fear of the festival, and of the anticipated hippy tide, overrode every consideration; fear generated petitions addressed to the governor, and sponsored more rumors than ticks on a dog. I refused to sign one of the petitions (my objection was to prior censorship) and the woman circulating it angrily told me not to be surprised when my house was burned down by those dirty hippies. She said they were ungodly.

The rumors: Hippies would take over the town and invade every house if they so chose; Hippies would sleep and fornicate on the lawns; dope would be sold openly on the streets and our youth would be seduced and subverted; a squadron of 300 Hells' Angels was on the way in from California; all stores and restaurants in town were told to close up and

board over their windows to protect themselves; all stores and restaurants in town that closed and boarded over their windows would be torched by avenging hippies; the Illinois Central railroad would discontinue all trains through town that weekend to avoid killing hippies sleeping on the tracks; the state would close all highways in an area of about thirty miles around Heyworth; the mayor had asked the governor for troops but had been turned down; the state police -- on orders from some mysterious but powerful Bigwheel -- had orders to look the other way and make no arrests, so it would be every man for himself. This fear was so deep rooted that some Heyworth families actually left town for the Memorial Day weekend, and the schools reported about 50 absentees: their parents had taken the kids from classes and fled.

A few weeks before Memorial Day, the State's Attorney (highest county legal officer) asked the court for an injunction to stop the rock festival. He was backed by the Village Board, the School District, the Fire District, and the Township Supervisor -- all headquartered in Heyworth and all sharing the common fears. It may be presumed they believed some of the rumors. The defense attorney (a clever Bloomington criminal attorney) employed delaying tactics and not until Thursday, one day before the scheduled opening, was the injunction issued and then upheld by an appeals court. One day. It was far too late. The festival was already off and running.

The first hippies began arriving a week or perhaps ten days before the scheduled opening. The promoter put them to work helping crews erect the stage, the lighting towers, the toilets, a medical tent, and the ubiquitous BOOM BOOM loudspeakers. Taped music was fed through the system and rockfest was underway while the adversaries were having their last wrangling words in the courtroom.

In some ways it resembled a comic opera.

The state police moved in a force of about 75 men and cars, two helicopters plus a light plane, and mounted Operation Watchbird. To the delight of small children and myself, they also brought in a big truck containing a mobile radio station, and set up a command post on the high school parking lot. Small children and myself hung out there, listening to the clipped "Ten-fifties" coming over the air. (Ten-fifty indicates a collision between two vehicles, but without visible injuries to the people involved.) Police set up roadblocks on the only highway between Bloomington and Heyworth, and stopped every incoming car to ask their destination. The hairy hippies and the motorcycle gangs were allowed to pass after license numbers were set down, but the truckers and tourists and townspeople were detoured away from the area by routing them over route 66, ten miles distant. The good citizens of Heyworth weren't about to go ten miles out of their way to reach Bloomington because those dirty finks had taken over "their road," so they (and I) took to the backroads we knew and bypassed both the blockades and the music festival.

The police knew what they were doing; the blockades was a wise move. Everyone from promoter to the citizen with the loudest mouth had underestimated attendance. The promoter at first estimated 5000 and then raised his guess to 10,000 when several hundred early birds arrived a week too soon. Toilets had been provided for only that number; one large oil tanker was hired to haul in drinking water; the road from highway to farm was a mile in length but only one-and-a-half lanes wide, so cars had to creep past each other with wheels riding the shoulders and skirting deep ditches. Poor planning. On Friday, official opening day, perhaps 10,000 music lovers jammed in but still the highway behind them was packed with arriving cars; on Saturday the crowd swelled to 25 or 30,000 with no sign of let up. Saturday night the promoter closed the gate, reaching capacity -- or as some said, no longer able to control the crowd and the fighting. There were fights. Twice, the rockfest officials appealed to police to come in and break up fights, and twice the police refused; they did not set foot on the grounds during the whole weekend.

Sunday morning the gates were opened and total attendance hit about 40,000 according to sober estimates. Newspaper and TV people seem to agree on about 40,000; they patrolled the festival every day and brought out the usual photographs and horror stories. Examples: Motorcycle thugs acting as camp police were beating people with big clubs and chains, acid and reefers were openly sold in tents and trucks advertising their wares by signs, the medical tent was filled with people suffering from overdoses, a pregnant girl began delivery and was taken out by ambulance, nude flower children were everywhere and fornicating was as common as urinating. The good citizens of Heyworth clucked and said they knew it all the time.

In Heyworth, two of the three restaurants closed and refused to serve anyone; the third one opened and closed in a fitful manner. A dairy bar stayed open and made a fortune on hamburgers. Two service stations ran dry and closed, but the other two hastily arranged deliveries and remained open. The owner of the town's only grocery store, being a smart cookie, stayed open every day (holiday and Sunday) and garnered a small fortune. He arranged for his suppliers to bring in extra truck loads of food to feed the hungry horde.

There was also music at the rock festival.

Precisely how many bands were there remains unknown -- the news people proved poor reporters when it came down to the nitty gritty. These names were published at one time or another during the weekend: Gideon's Bible, One-Eyed Jack, Easy Street, Uncle Heat, Basic Need, Reo Speedwagon, Nickle Bag, Canned Heat, B.B. King, Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Smith, Country Joe and The Fish, Amboy Dukes, New Colony Six, Corky Ségel, Fried Pink, Fat later and The Devil's Kitchen, Delaney & Bonnie & Friends, Backstreet, Bloomsbury People, Feather, Train, Finchley Boys, Build, Four Days & A Night, Bluesweed Buck, Night People, Truth, Zebra, Phoenix, Spare Change, Arrow Memphis, Genesis, Litter, Hot Set Up, Seven, and the Esquires. The Heyworth High School Marching Band wasn't invited.

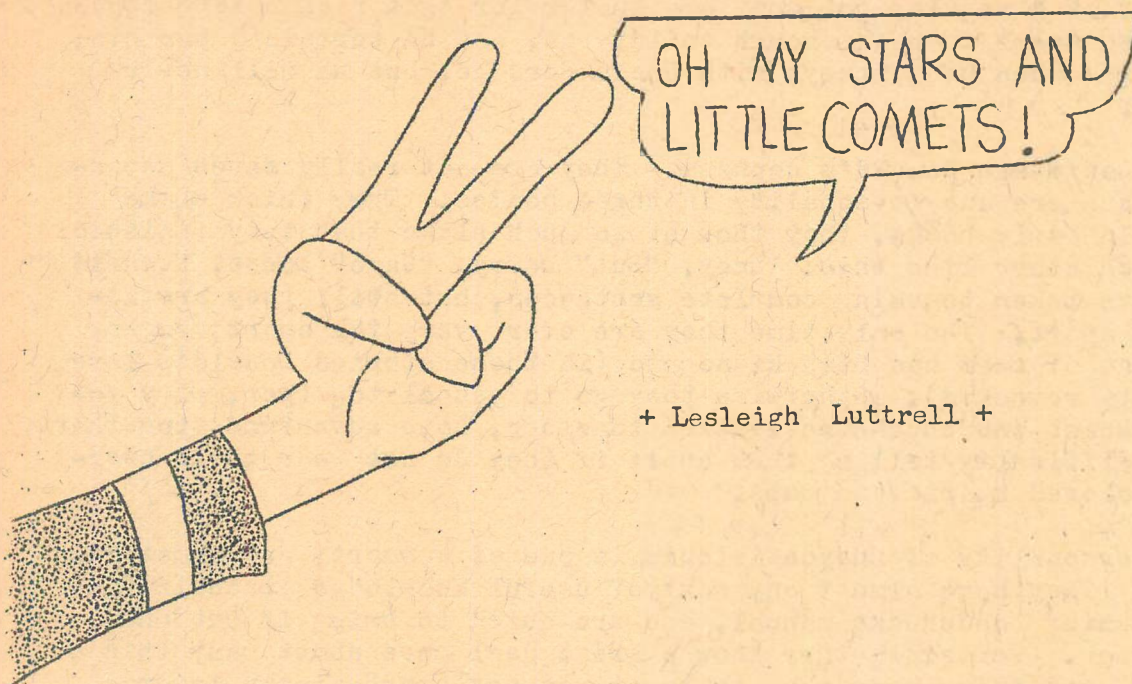
I can report that I heard none of it -- not one note. The entire weekend was rainy and somewhat chilly, with the prevailing wind blowing away from me; farmers to the north may have gotten their bellies full of rock music but none drifted south to my location. I went in to work each day, following the country backroads, and sometimes had to travel as much as six miles north before I could work back to find the highway clear of abandoned cars. The police finally resorted to drastic measures to open the road: tow trucks hauled out fifty or so, and many others were simply pushed into the ditches to clear the highway. Some cars (believed stolen) were still there two or three days after the festival closed late Sunday night.

The reported toll was grim; one man dead (his car ran off the road), another man believed to be dying (he was run over while he slept on the ground), a dozen or more arrested for being caught on the highway out of their minds and unfit to walk or drive (one lad was so stoned he picked a fight with a cop directing traffic), and about fifteen hundred injured. Fifteen hundred. The promoter and his helpers admitted to that many minor and major injuries treated in the medical tent; in addition another two or three dozen were so seriously hurt they were taken to local hospitals.

Heyworth will never be the same. Several citizens had their eyes opened, and now grudgingly admit it wasn't so bad after all -- not a single building was burned, no one's home was invaded, and the worst they witnessed were people in sleeping bags on their lawns. But other citizens are as angry now as before the festival; the one weekly newspaper is still printing slanted news about "the mess" and reminding its readers it told them so. A handful of hippies are still around as this is written, nearly a week after the close. It could be they're waiting for a repeat next year and want to be first in line at the gate. They're still buying at the grocery store.

Finally, a postscript to lend a comic opera touch: the promoter was arrested one morning as he entered a bank with a fat money bag. Bloomington police took unkindly exception to the loaded gun he was toting in his belt. Odd thing was, they were at the bank first and awaiting him as he entered. Some stoolpigeon had tipped them off he was coming to town.

You just can't trust nobody in these here parts.



+ Lesleigh Luttrell +

Perhaps the mark of a true artist is his ability to create a whole and believable world for the enjoyment of his audience. If this is the case, certainly Carl Barks must be considered a true artist. He has succeeded in creating a remarkable world for the enjoyment of readers, young and old, of the books he has worked on; Donald Duck, Uncle Scrooge and Walt Disney's Comics and Stories. He took an almost unpleasant character created by the Disney machine as something to cash in on the success of Mickey Mouse, namely Donald Duck, and created a world for him to live in. This world contains friends and relatives of Donald Duck, and even incidental characters, all of whom the reader can identify with and enjoy. It is a real world, somewhat like our own, but the differences are its most remarkable aspects.

Donald Duck has been changed by Barks from a crabby, short-tempered duck to a believable character. Donald really likes people. He has assumed responsibility for three nephews (even if he doesn't always fulfill that responsibility), he likes his Uncle Scrooge well enough to accompany him on dangerous journeys, even while bemoaning the miserly wages he is paid. Donald is even romantic, though perhaps his fervor has dampened somewhat in recent years. In an early 50's story, Donald was so romantic as to make one think of a first time Romeo. He sang love songs to Daisy, wrote her notes, and got in trouble with his nephews for 'borrowing' their homing pigeon to send Daisy a message from an island where he was required to spend a day. Lately his relationship with Daisy has become more prosaic. He calls her 'Toots' and gets great pleasure out of being invited to dinner at her house. But he still notices when she has a new hat and is willing to help her out with projects of her club (you could almost say he is a soft touch where Daisy is concerned). Perhaps the only person one could accuse Donald of not liking is his lucky cousin, Gladstone Gander. It's hard to blame him for that and the reader finds himself applauding everytime Donald's pluck beats out Gladstone's luck. But Donald can be civil to his cousin when occasion demands.

Donald is a strange mixture of ambition and sloth. He would like to be a great actor, writer, adventurer, etc., but he isn't willing to work for it. He can't

stand³³ the thought of a regular job and is a sucker for 'get rich quick' schemes. Somehow, he always seems to have enough to live on, and he certainly has his share of adventures when he journeys with Uncle Scrooge, but he will never be a big success.

Huey, Dewey and Louie are Donald's nephews. They are not really three separate characters, but are one personality in three bodies. They think alike and act alike. In early books, they thought so much alike that they finished sentences for each other like this: Huey, "But" Dewey, "Unca" Louie, "Donald!" Recently they have taken to using complete sentences, but still they are impossible to tell apart. The only time they are ever very far apart are the few times when one of them has been kidnapped (in these stories Donald's love for them is really revealed). Otherwise they go to school together, play together, are in Junior Woodchucks activities together, have adventures together. Even Donald has difficulty telling them apart if they do not wear their characteristically colored shirts and caps.

The collective personality of Huey, Dewey and Louie is one of a smart, and sometimes smart-aleck kid. They have almost any sort of useful knowledge at their fingertips in the Junior Woodchucks manual, and are quick to bring it out when an emergency arises. Certainly they know a great deal more about many things than their uncle, and this leads them to sometimes act smart-alecky towards him. While Donald is quick to take advantage of their superior knowledge when the situation calls for it, he often suffers from their projects such as bee-keeping, putting on a play, selling door-to-door so he doesn't put up with insubordinate behavior. All in all, they are good kids (and they are kids with a childlike taste for adventure, ice cream sodas and play), who just happen to know a lot about a lot of things.

At first one might consider Uncle Scrooge as a miser concerned only with the depth of money in his money bin, and his position as richest duck in the world. And he is a miser; a Silas Marner type who loves the feel and sight of money. While Scrooge may love money for its own sake, he has better reason than most. His money-bin contains the story of his life, each coin has a story attached to it and Uncle Scrooge knows the story. His first dime, of uncountable sentimental value to Scrooge, even has magical powers (which is why Magica DeSpell would like to get it.)

Uncle Scrooge is a shrewd business man, owning all sorts of business and industries all over the world. And they operate in the black so regularly that Scrooge gives personal attention to those which are not making money. All in all, one must consider Scrooge a brilliant duck. He has amassed 'one trillion uncountable billion dollars', a huge number of successful businesses, has a phenomenal memory and an unbelievable ability for languages (he can speak the language of any people he has ever worked with, and that seems to be most of the languages of the world -- almost as many as in the Junior Woodchucks manual.)

There is another side to Scrooge's personality, one he tries to hide. He is really soft-hearted. One can see through his gruff nature that he really cares for his nephews. Once he gave up a fortune in oil to rescue Dewey who had been kidnapped. He looks to them for help when he is in trouble, one gets the impression that he feels they are the only people he can trust.

Two stories are good illustrations of this facet of Scrooge's personality. In "Back to the Klondike", Scrooge began taking pills to improve his memory which was fading. The pills helped him remember a gold strike he had made in his

younger days, and left buried in his claim in the Klondike. He also remembered his old dance-hall sweetheart, Glittering Goldie, (and the \$1000 which she had never repaid). When he and his nephews arrived at his claim, he found her, now an old and poor duck, living on it. He immediately figured Goldie owed him a billion dollars in interest, which she could not repay. He then challenged her to a gold-digging contest, saying he would forgive the debt, if she could dig more gold than he in 10 minutes. Scrooge revealed to his nephews that he was sure he would win since he would dig where he once buried his stake. This alienated Huey, Dewey and Louie who went to root for Goldie. They were very surprised when she struck the cache Scrooge had buried, and won the contest. Scrooge walked away muttering how he had lost all that gold because he had forgotten to take a pill. But Donald reveals to the kids that Scrooge had taken a pill and had let Goldie win on purpose. "Well, Whaddaya know. Good old Uncle Scrooge!"

The other story is entitled "Island in the Sky". In this, Scrooge decides to explore the asteroids to find one to store his money. He fills his ship full of fuel, even to the point of providing only crackers for food, because it costs \$1000 a pint to refuel in space. While exploring with Donald and the kids, he finds an asteroid covered with plants where they stop to gather some of the abundant food. Scrooge allows this because the ship's 'brain' says they have enough fuel to take off twice. Immediately, they see a small barren planet next to the vegetated one and land on it. They find it inhabited by people who live on the eggs laid by birds scared off by the landing of the spaceship. Donald and the kids feel bad about it but know they only have enough fuel for one more take-off, and cannot help the natives reach the planet of abundant food. However, Scrooge does make the short hop to the other planet and strings a bridge for the natives to cross. This makes it necessary for him to refuel on the way back at \$1000 a pint. "You-you're the most Unca Scrooge."

Other characters also inhabit this world. One of these is Daisy Duck. Barks has probably done the least with her. She is still a rather typical comic female. She is concerned with clothes and cooking and neat houses, hates adventures and keeps Donald in mortal fear of offending her because of her temper. Perhaps the only humanizing touch Barks has given her is her interest in her women's club and its (sometimes worthwhile) projects. Another interesting character is Gyro Gearloose, the fantastic inventor. Gyro is notable not only for his inventions, but also for his helper. This creature is a little stick man with a light bulb head, who never talks, often proves brighter than Gearloose, and seems invisible to everyone else in the world. Is he another invention, an embodiment of genius, what? He is certainly an enigma.

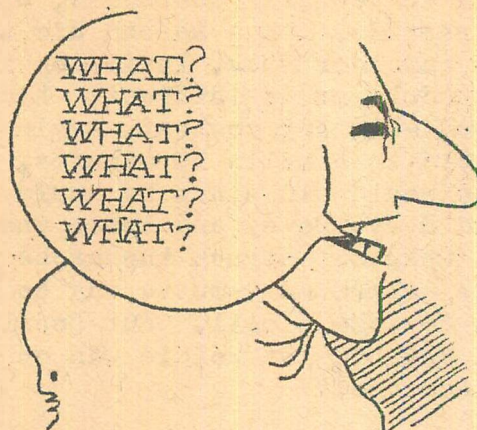
Other characters are the Beagle Boys, crooks with their heart set on robbing people, especially Scrooge, who never quite succeed. The Beagle Boys are, as their name indicates, dogs. Only the top citizens of Duckburg are ducks. Most of the other inhabitants are generalized dog-like people (although some members of the Billionaires Club and of high society are quite obviously pigs). However, Scrooge and his nephews often run across duck-like natives on their adventures to exotic places like Ancient Persia and Shangri-La.

Duckburg itself is interesting. It is obviously in the Duck version of the US. It seems to be a center of business, finance and high society, like an East Coast city. But in other details it is a west coast city. It is a port on the ocean with mountains and deserts within driving distance. It is a large city with huge downtown office buildings and suburbs of small houses and tree-lined streets, like the one where Donald lives. Sometimes it is pictured as being, a scientific wonder, with rockets and jumper cars everywhere. Certainly it is the home of many remarkable people.

35

UP FROM EDUCATION

+ Jim Turner +



I never really wanted to be a lunatic. It just happened.

I work in a small hospital kitchen and have for more than two years, washing dishes, mopping floors, and generally disporting myself in a variety of activities so menial as to embarrass most coolies. The intelligence required for the job is about equal to that required for the Vice Presidency. And I am considered crazy for doing it. Sometimes I agree.

There are two main schools of thought about me at work. One holds that I am but a harmless fool, to be pitied rather than scorned. The other pole is ringed with the suspicion that I am, in fact, a dangerous lunatic who will surely someday accomplish some outrage unless they are careful to keep the butcher knives locked up.

No one there has been able to reconcile themselves to the idea of my rejecting the Great American Education. After attending the University of Missouri-Columbia for an interminable time, after doing a stint of student teaching only slightly less rewarding than a night in the Black Hole of Calcutta, after flunking for the second time one idiotic freshman requirement, I quit. . . five hours from a degree.

This is a very hard thing for some people to take. I have found that it can be a very hard thing to swallow for people who never had the opportunity to go to college. Never having been able to do it themselves, they seem to think it's desirable for everybody.

I can understand this to some extent.

I am from a low income family. I know that there are intelligent people who spend their lives working at dirty jobs because one thing or another kept them too busy to train for something better until it was too late.

Very early in my life I decided, with some help from an excellent and understanding teacher in the 4th grade or so, that I wanted to be a teacher. It was natural enough. I was a bookish kid, too fat to be much of a playground hoodlum, inclined to be snobbish about my precocity (I must have been insufferable when I took the second and third grades in one year), and far enough ahead intellectually in the little one-room country school to relate well only to my teacher.

And then, dear God, there was high school. It was like having appendicitis 36 for four years.

When I got to college my intent of being a teacher remained, though somewhat dimmed by having my nose rubbed in high school. College was such a relief that I quickly forgot what it was like on the lower rungs of the ladder.

Student teaching was a time for waking up. I was suddenly reminded that there was no teaching time. The time is taken up in rolls and riding herd on thirty mutations, brought up their Middle American parents in a total absence of culture, manners and good English grammar.

It is my proud claim (usually) that I hate children and always have. This is not strictly true. I was a bit of a hermit in my younger days and grew up being mainly indifferent to other children, having the holy hell beaten out of me constantly by the few, getting along aimably enough with the many. It was during my student teaching four years ago that I developed a deep and passionate hatred for children that has begun to abate into my former apathy only recently.

My teaching supervisor suggested to the other practice teachers and me that if we ever wanted to know what made a kid the way he was, we should call on the parents and not say a word: just listen. I never had the nerve to do this -- the progeny were more than enough for me. I wouldn't have done it for combat pay.

By this time I had gotten fed up with college as well, doing quite well in my major area and electives, floundering hopelessly in freshman requirements. I was five credit hours from a diploma in a field that frankly terrified me. My scholarship was running out. There seemed to be likelihood of passing Botany I the next semester or ever (I had just finished flunking it worse the second time than I did the first.) I did what any sensible man would have done. . . I quit.

And haven't been back.

Last summer I gave up a good chance for a free ride scholarship, paying me books, fees and three hundred dollars (non-taxable dollars, mind you) a month to finish up. But it was good only for an education degree and teaching certificate.

I'm not going back. I don't have to take any dishes home with me at night to Wash, I don't have to be a hall monitor, chaperon the Christmas Dance or put up with kids whose parents haven't disciplined them since toilet training.

Conversation at work flows on: rock festivals are a disgrace to the nation, people on motorcycles should be shot on sight, we need a President like Mr. Agnew (He'll take steps,) Mr. Nixon has such beautiful daughters. . .

Finally, it comes up. "Jim, it's a disgrace the way you're wasting your education. Why don't you teach?"

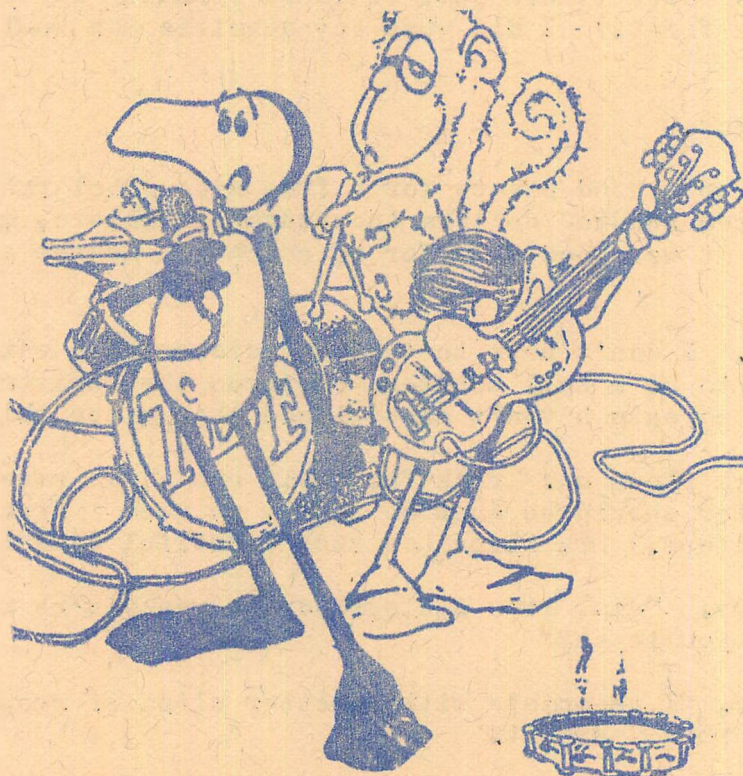
"Because," I reply, "I associate with a better class of people on this job." I don't bat an eye when I say it.

TANGAEA

+ a column about music +
+Richard Gordon +

Here's a generalization: sf is rock is sf. Both sf and rock are intimately bound together, their mass popularity being children of the same generation and social background. I feel that to single out the Floyd, Hawkwind, King Crimson, and other groups anyone cares to name as being the sf-rock groups is to make an artificial distinction. These particular groups are more conscious of sf as a distinct form, as they acknowledge traditional sf themes in their lyrics. But it does seem to me that rock music as a whole is an expression of a way of life which, had it been described in the fifties, could only have been described within a science fiction magazine. The Millenium has already been conceived; the concept of a linear timeflow - past-present-future - is no longer valid. The present is science fiction. The concept of a future only has meaning within a social philosophy embracing the concept of progress. Rock music is not interested in progress of the sort fifties sf used to postulate. Rock is, if you want, the sacrament of a way of life which embraces The Moment That Is as the purpose of living - not the future, whether one second, or a hundred years distant. Rock is solely interested in the present moment. Dark Star is timeless. American groups in particular are less interested in linear time. American rock is altogether less structured than European rock, at its best, that is, It's a pure expression of energy.

European rock is altogether more influenced - hampered or given greater depth, whichever you wish - by European musical traditions. The new thing by the Floyd, Atom Heart Mother is, quite apart from being their most definitive and typical statement yet, a distinct acknowledgement of the conventional European



musical tradition. At times this threatens to bog the whole thing down, but in the end they manage to rise above their absorption with musical and engineering techniques. Only flaw is its tendency towards Hollywood western theme magnificence, where in a couple of places one is aware that they're drifting uncomfortably close to cliché in their attempt to manipulate and marry different traditions, but apart from these passages, it's about the most sophisticated piece of music to emerge from the British underground (so-called) yet.

I first heard Atom Heart Mother perform at the Bath Festival in June. They came onto stage about half past one in the morning. I was halfway through a trip and the whole thing was science fiction. I mean by that, the whole scene as I felt it was composed of elements, sensations, emotions, and an overall aura which could not have existed ten years ago. The recipe did not then quite exist. The world was still comfortable and Yuri Gagarin hadn't yet hit the headlines. The social situation in the west was not at the point where a quarter of a million people would sit in mud, changing their mind with chemicals, listening to musicians playing complex sounds in conjunction with two light shows and a barrage of multicoloured smoke bombs drifting in the night air in shapes out of an oriental nightmare of gods and demons. You remember Huxley's *Feelies*. That's it. Sf. Here. Now. The state of mind which allowed sf writers to create their futures is now the state of mind which so many people share and can comprehend that it is an identifiable facet of the world today, although incomprehensible to a great many people. Teilhard's 'noosphere', which he propagated in 1925 - 'the sphere of mind', the plane on which minds interact and become one - is in the process of forming. Rock is a telepathic aid. It binds people together.

Rock doesn't need an explicit sf title and explicit sf lyrics - 'Third Stone From the Sun' - 'Set The Controls for The Heart of the Sun' - 'CTA 102' and so forth - to be science fictional in mood. Just now I'm also listening to the weirdest sf rock I've heard anywhere - 'Yeti' by the German group Amon Duul II. They're fourth generation rock - if you take Beatles as first, Byrds etc as second generation, Floyd and Dead as in Live Dead third - then they've assimilated all these influences and thrown in something extra;

Sf isn't just words and concepts understood to be science fictional. It's a state of mind. A state of mind which a great many of us have grown up with, a state of mind which a great many rock - and jazz - musicians exist within. You know sf rock when you hear it. It sends chills down your spine. It scares the shit out of you but at the same time it's totally exhilarating. It's more than the sum of its musical parts. It purveys a constant flow of free energy. Let's drop the tags. Rock, like any other name, has a limitation, which is that any name is a limitation. It defines boundaries. Miles Davis is sf too; just hear *Ditches Brew*. He knows what 1970's about. Richard Nixon doesn't, that's so. Rock is politics, that's new and therefore science fictional in itself. The Airplane singing 'We Can Be Together' is sf too. It echoes with the currents of a strange new present. A present which is future because we are still growing into it. An exploration of new states of mind within society. I know it's sf - for myself at any rate - for hearing it gives me the same chill thrill that reading The City and The Stars gave me - the sensation that something strange and new yet essentially familiar is just around the next corner. Essentially familiar because we've grown up future-oriented. We look to the future; in the very act of looking to it, we assimilate it and

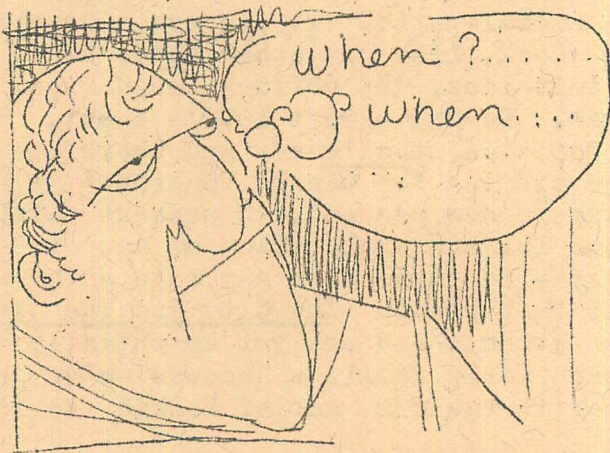
it becomes present. Once conceptualized; it has no separate mental existence. It is part of our being. Present and future are one. One has to erect barriers to conceive of the future as a separate entity. One such barrier is, of course, nuclear war. But it's difficult to apply this barrier to oneself. We take innovation for granted; it's all part of an inevitable process, so much so that we don't really think of it as innovation any longer. We slide smoothly into the new state of affairs and alter the tone of our reactions constantly. We are time-travellers, our minds alter constantly. Evolution is aware of itself, we change ourselves through the necessity of optimizing our reactions to new things. Are your attitudes the same as they were six months ago? Entirely? And yet, in the past, people could fairly expect to go right through life flying the same set of attitudes above their minds as a personality identification.

The people who created this present are stuck with their attitudes. They're trapped by time. They're the only ones who could conceive of science fiction as fantasy, as existing within a separate framework, as being of an altogether lower level of probability at the very same time as they were engaged in creating what they thought and think so improbably. Their minds are so glued with the vision of unchangeability that they're worried. They can see something's going on. What they can't see is what dinosaurs never saw. I once saw a cartoon that summed up their predicament exactly. Daddy dinosaur says with hearty confidence to Sonny Dinosaur: 'Don't worry son, we have the changes in our future well under control.'

How could the poor animals have known? They weren't equipped to know. They lacked the perception to know.

Part of their malais - perhaps this is arrogant? - is their fear in the face of alternative realities. They need to believe in one fixed reality subscribed to by all. That means all other realities are called fantasies/delusion/hallucinations etc. That leads to such barbarities as electro-shock treatment and addictive tranquillizers. Yet many people for centuries have subscribed to Free Will. That implies alternatives. That in turn implies alternative realities. That's what the world's into now. That's what 99% of the world hasn't realized it's got into.

Now that's a nice facile explanation for the world's woe.





KEN FLETCH/TOM FOSTER