

STARSHIP
TRIP
3

Tim Egan

This is STARSHIP TRIPE#3, the July, 1973 edition of a fanzine published, edited, and assembled approximately monthly by Michael Gorra of 199 Great Neck Road, Waterford, Ct. 06385 phone 203-443-0103. Printing done by Godfrey Business Machines of New London, Ct. STARSHIP TRIPE may be had for contributions of written matter or artwork, locs, or in trade. As a last resort, money to the tune of 20¢ per copy may be substituted for any of the above, for as many issues as you care to pay for in advance. But I'd rather have response than the money. A sample may be obtained gratis by writing the above address. Any uncredited writing is the editor's. The letter next to your name mean the following: T: trade copy. F: free copy. P: you either contributed or have written me a loc; this is a free copy. X: this is your last copy unless you take some form of action. This is a Red Bliss "B" Potato Press Production.

STARSHIP TRIPE GOES MIMEO

With this issue, STARSHIP TRIPE goes mimeo for the first time. I made the switch because a mimeo is cheaper (though the cost is too much for me to buy one yet; I'm still having it run off) more versatile, virtually eliminates typos via the method of correction fluid, and most important, because it makes much neater copies than the clumsy ditto machine I was using before. As a result of this change, I can now handle any and all drawings immediately (no waiting to use the school's Thermofaxing machine) and render them the reproduction that they (assumedly) deserve. I hope I'll receive more contributions in this line, as well as more written material. Thus far, contributions of artwork have been nonexistent, save for the pieces by Tim Egan. Artwork, except for pieces small enough and uncomplicated enough to be traced, will be electrostenciled.

Though I'd already decided to switch before STRIPE#2 was taken to the printer, the decision was made easier by the fact that I received horrible service from County Business Machines on #2. Whereas #1 had been run off by the boss the same day I delivered it to him, it took me three days before I was able to get #2 done to my satisfaction. On Monday, June 5, when it was first taken to them, there was nobody there who knew how to operate such a simple thing as a ditto machine properly, and when the boss got back from a trip, it was too late. The next day, they ran it off, but mumbering something about it being too wet to print on both sides, they handed it over to my mother (I having football practice which would not get over until they were closed) I, naturally, was angry, as it meant I'd either have to send it third class or pay extra postage, something I was loath to do, not to mention writing out my return address over and over, which, after the first ish, I was also loath to do. I went to CBM the next day, getting excused from activity period at school, and pointed all this out to their very meek secretray (somehow, I was rather disappointed that I didn't get to use the Tough Guy speech I'd prepared on her) who agreed that I had a valid point. So we ran it off, with me doing about 90% of the work. Unfortunately, I am a poor runner offer; many copies came out only printed on one side, much too blurred, etc, so I only wound up with about thirty decent copies. (As I was doing the crank turning, I should have have run of an extra ten copies or so for spite. Stupid of me. And yes, I did have that small a circulation. Only twenty one people have seen #1 (or twenty one adresses, rather), while only seven more got #2. This ish, though, I'm almost doubling my circulation) That's why some of you who are getting STRIPE for the first time didn't get last issue. Sorry.

art credits: covers :Tim Egan.

"SETH EATS WORMS" HE GRUNTED AND WHEEZED

BY ALJO SVOBODA

There are three fans, let's call them Fan A, Fan B, and Neo C, responsible for the Aljo Svoboda hoax that almost scunged all fandom into warts a few moments ago, and let's say that they meet every once in a while (in addition to Real Soon Now, fandoms answer to Daylight Savings Time) to keep the hoax going. These three are actually all of me, at one time or another. There is also the Real Aljo Svoboda, who lives around here and is our front when an Aljo Svoboda is required for In-the-Flesh meetings and so forth.

The arrangement is like this: Fan A does the articles and revises the locs that Neo C writes under the influence of enthusiasm. Fan B does regular things, such as apazines, striving only for inscrutability, and revises and twists what Fan A and Neo C write into something more appropriate. He also copies everything down in a reasonable fascimile of Svoboda's own distinctive handwriting, from the days of his neohood. Neo C writes locs.

Here is what is happening: nothing much, but that's fandom. You'll learn after a while, kid, and better me than Dostoevsky.

Fan A glances through the latest fandom stuff (a nice, conservative, young suburban couple lets me use this adress as a mail pickup, as long as one of me picks up at least every other day) and says "I think it's time for something completely different from Aljo Svoboda. We don't want him to gafiate yet, not until he does something that will immortalize us for a long time. So what's left? I mean, enough of these uninspired excuses for uninspired nothings. Let's have some genuine fanac!" This is generally what Fan A says when the most recent mail fails to meet his standards of egoboo. He is into fandom for quite ordinary reasons, though he knows very little about science fiction.

Now, Fan B is paranoid and precocious, at least as far in those directions as a middle-aged Rotarian whose favorite books are THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING and Dave Hulvey can get. The Dave Hulvey part comes from his feeling that Dave Hulvey can be read like a book, starting with his right paragraph, and finishing up with one of his periods, with his mind bound in thread along the spine, memories set haphazardly on the dust jacket, and copyright San Francisco 1968. Collectively, I disagree, but as he is major part of me (Both in and out of character) I really have no choice. We are a traditional hoax, and I won't even write poetry or friendly things. Not hardly. At least he says something, though, after such a long pause: "Did you say something?" Eventually, Fan A's ultimatum leaks through the paragraph, of course, and into Fan B's mind and his conversation becomes more coherent. "Oh, yes, I agree entirely, I suppose. I think an important piece of faanfiction might be appropriate to the occasion, don't you?"

Neo C never says anything. Perfect for the job, I all agreed from the very start. At this, he responded with a classically fannish silence that would have thrown fandom into fanhysteria:"

" At least, Fans A and B were staggered, and just about ready to officially rename him, let's say Fan C when he, sensing the danger he was in, burst out with an extraordinarily neoish "Goshwow," one that sounded to the nostalgic ears of his elders unbelievably like the goshwows of Aljo Svoboda, when he was real to an unprecedented degree. They applauded, and polished off this article by finishing with the sound of one hand clapping. " F I J A W O L " (which sounds almost Latin, but really isn't anywhere near)

THE ORESTES THEME IN DUNE AND DUNE MESSIAH

It starts with a name. Once you have the name, you can figure out the rest, even as I did, if you know your Aeschylus, or are well grounded in Greek mythology otherwise.

Oh, I know that it's not the neatest of parallels, this use of the Orestes theme in DUNE and DUNE MESSIAH. There are many things in the book that can't be accounted for in terms of Aeschylus' immortal trilogy, and things in the plays that don't fit into the books. At times, certain things seem to mean nothing in relation to the myth, while at times they do. And some things change their meanings as the tale progresses. Undoubtedly I would be able to do a much better job at this if I reread DUNE and DUNE MESSIAH with the Orestes theme in mind. But I have neither the time nor the inclination to read them now, though I still want to talk about them. I've had this relationship, which, while it is not the most explicit use of myth in sf, is certainly more so than such things as the Meleager story in Roger Zelazny's THIS IMMORTAL, in my head for over a year now, and I've been wanting to tell it, but lacked a platform until now.

But it all starts with a name and the name is Atreides.

Atreus was the father of Agamemnon, who was thus surnamed Atreides. His lineage was cursed, because of a sin he committed (he feasted his brother on the flesh of that brother's sons) and this cursedness pursued Agamemnon and his offspring. The Atreides of Herbert's work, while they do not appear to have committed any great sins in the past, also seem to be cursed. The old duke, Paul's grandfather, was gored by a bull. His father is killed by the Harkonnens. He is ultimately killed by a sandworm. But more of the sandworm later. The name is the same, and so is the family.

The first play of the ancient trilogy, AGAMEMNON, deals with the death of that king by treachery. He is returning from a world outside, a larger world, to a smaller, more condensed one, where he meets his doom at the hands of relatives, i.e. his wife, Clytaemnestra, and his cousin, and her lover, Aegisthus. This play can be seen in the first book of DUNE, "Dune." The Atreides of this time, too, are leaving a world of glory, of wide experience, Caladan, to take over a more limited one, the backwoods, yet important, planet of Arrakis. On Arrakis, everything progresses fairly smoothly for a time, just as Agamemnon was welcomed home by his wife. But when he is in his bath, he is killed. While the Atreides are in their new home, they are attacked, and Duke Leto is killed. He is killed by a combination of forces, of things from Arrakis, the Harkonnens, and of outsiders, the Emperor and his Saurdauker troops. Here the Harkonnens can be equated with Clytaemnestra, who had a proper place in the palace, and the Emperor's forces with Aegisthus, an intruder into Argos.

In AGAMEMNON, the king possesses a slave/concubine, Cassandra, who possessed the cursed gift of prophesy, a gift given her by Apollo. One can relate The Bene Gesserit with Apollo, and the education in their ways that Paul receives as their "gift." As Cassandra weaves the past, present, and future into one tapestry, Paul, as the Kwisatz Haderach, is able to conceive of all time and space as one. Like her, he does not especially desire his power, and like her, he is to be both pitied and envied. Indeed, in the early portions of the work, Paul does seem just slightly effeminate; at any rate, he is not yet a man. This is to emphasize his relationship with Cassandra, who never quite became a real woman. Later, of course, as Paul's masculinity grows, his identity naturally shifts to that of Orestes.

In the second play, the CHOEPHORI, Orestes is seen for the first time as he returns home with his friend Pylades. Once at the palace, he establishes an intrigue with his sister, Electra, who has access to the inner portions of the palace. It is a play concentrated on a small world, with only small hints of the larger one outside. Though "Muad'Dib"

and "The Prophet" contain elements of the outside world, they are much more anchored to Arrakis than to anywhere else. The hints it does contain of the outside are analagous to the prescence of Aegisthus in the plays; the Emporer is here. In this portion of the work, Paul, now identified with Orestes, establishes himself, with his equivalent of Pylades, the lady Jessica, among the Fremen, who are tolerated by the Harkonnen rule even as Electra is tolerated by her mother and Aegisthus. Together, they plot the overthrow of the regime, an insurrection which echoes that of Orestes; The fall of the Harkonnens is seen as the death of Clytaemnestra, with a focus upon a personal combat with Feyd-Rautha, himself as treacherous as his ancient counterpart, and the forced abdication of the Emporer is the death of Aegisthus. Paul becomes Emporer; Orestes also took the throne after his revolt. And his mother further fulfills an aspect of the Pylades role. Pylades marries Electra; she marries the Fremen in spirit by becoming their Reverend Mother, and the second portion of the trilogy is complete.

Here DUNE ends, and apparently many would wish that it had stayed that way. But in terms of the Orestes myths, it is incomplete, probably one reason (other than the money) why Herbert decided to write a sequel, DUNE MESSIAH. This book centers on the EUMENIDES, the final play of the trilogy.

The EUMENIDES is an opening up of the world seen in CHOEPHORI into something larger; the Gods themselves form the chorus, and thus the play completes a structure cycle that can roughly be seen as out-in-out. Here Orestes is pursued by the Furies for his sin of matricide, until he is finally brought before a jury that decides in his favor, but just barely. In DUNE MESSIAH, the myth continues on a much larger scale, just as in EUMENIDES, involving planet after planet and countless millions of lives. Paul, though in a position of authority, is pursued by his personal Furies: the Bene Gesserit, who were earlier identified with Apollo, the Spacing Guild, and the Bene Tlielax. This combination of powers attempts to make Paul pay for his sins, the launching of his jehad, and at the same time further their own interests. Finally, he wins out as Orestes did over his Furies, though again the decision is a narrow one. In the desert he defeats his foes, a bitter-sweet triumph that enables him to take the reins of his Empire once more, if only for a little while.

The ORESTEIA of Aeschylus ends here, but the parallels between DUNE MESSIAH and other myths about and around Orestes do not. Orestes died bitten in the heel by a serpent near an altar. Paul dies at his altar, the desert, with a sandworm, which had previously played no real role in terms of the myth, coming to seal his fate. Here the relationship between Orestes and Paul blurs, and Cassandra reenters the picture. Her curse of prophesy killed her. So does his, for this peculiar "gift" sent him upon his jehad, and ultimately brings him to the sandworm.

The relationship of DUNE and DUNE MESSIAH to the ORESTEIA and the myths around it are fairly explicit in terms of structure and plot, but they also exist on a thematic level. The ORESTEIA is a work dealing with retaliation and revenge. So too are Herbert's books, as one after another, the characters seek out and destroy each other for some wrong done them or their families, whether it be real or imagined. Guilt is overpowering here, too, and grief. Some of the most moving scenes in DUNE MESSIAH are those where Paul, alone, expresses his grief and and guilt he feels about the launching, though undesired, of his jehad. And these are dominant themes in the Trilogy as well. Responsibility for one's actions is also present in both works; Orestes must pay for his sins, Clytaemnestra for hers, Agamemnon for his, the Harkonnens for theirs, and Paul suffers great mental anguish and almost loses his life before he is absolved of his crimes, as Orestes was.

I hope that you can see the relationship as well, or better, as I can. It's not the neatest of of such relationships, and leaves much

of the novel unexplained. Duncan Idaho, Gurney Hallack, Princess Irulan, Chani, St. Alia of the Knife. But it's still a pretty good parallel, and shows once more that the old tales still linger on and influence us today. An archetypal pattern in its themes? Yes... it's an archetype (perhaps one more reason for its popularity) and it will stay with us as long as we are men. And women.

BOOK REVIEW

TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE

by ROBERT A. HEINLEIN

PUTNAM \$ 7.95

Many people have denounced Heinlein as being far too conservative a man. I really cannot agree with those critics. I have read many of Heinlein's books, and while he has, indeed, been slightly conservative at times, I believe his general outlook is a liberal one, and this book, perhaps more than any of them, presents to me a picture of a man who seems eminently sensible and wise, and not at all conservative. If the creator is anything like his creation, and I suspect he is, Heinlein is a man rare indeed, a man very much worth knowing.

I don't think that TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE is his best book, perhaps not even one of his best half dozen books, though perhaps it is. I found it to be just slightly boring at times, and wasn't able to get into it enough so that I didn't want to put it down until the last 100 pages or so. It's slow paced, to be sure, but most six hundred page novels are. But this tendency isn't really a major fault, for it provides one with time to savor the major character, to really get to know him through his long conversations with others, including a computer. His name is Woodrow Wilson Smith (ever notice that most of Heinlein's main characters seem to be named Smith?) better known as Lazarus Long, the Senior, oldest member of the human race.

The book is told from a variety of viewpoints. Long Himself in first person, in third person, various other characters in both third and first person. And there's a section of excerpts from his Notebooks that you've probably read in ANALOG. I found these constant shifts interesting, somewhat like those in THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS, though I don't think that this is as good as book as LeGuin's. They keep you hopping, and enable you to gain insight into the various characters, as well as see Long from a variety of viewpoints.

The basic premise of the novel is this: Long has returned to the principal planet of the Howard Families to die. But he's found before he can accomplish this, and thwarted, forced to undergo rejuvenation once more. Gradually, is convinced by some of his descendants (a very large portion of the people in the galaxy are his descendants) that there is something worth living for. People, and the book then explores the various types of love that can exist between them. It's not dirty, it's rather beautiful, and much of the love they discuss and experience is not sexual love at all, though, knowing Long and Heinlein's recent writing, one may correctly surmise that quite a bit of it is. But I don't think that there's enough here to turn off even the most conservative reader.

Long tells quite a few stories or anecdotes of his earlier days, including two long ones that again serve to illustrate various kinds of love. I wish that instead of concentrating on his present (circa 4300) Heinlein had written many more tales of his earlier lives, and I believe that this is one reason why the book disappointed me somewhat,

THE ZINE SCENE

ADRENALIN#1 (John Carl 3750 Green Lane, Butte MT 59701) ditto 8pp the usual/25¢?three 8¢ stamps no date 4-6 times a year. This is John's first zine and I think it's a very good effort, especially for a neofan(look who's talking) There's a short editorial in which he mentions Mae Strelkov's Friends, his problems running the issue off, FIAWOL, and the weather, articles by Ed Cagle and Donn Brazier, and a few zine reviews. It's quite interesting, and given time and a little artwork, it might be a good fannish zine. Try it.

ENERGUMEN#15 (Mike and Susan Glicksohn, adress in lettercol) mimeo with offset covers 74pp \$1. This is NERG's last issue, and as such it is bound to be an emotional one for everyone, including myself, who had never seen a NERG prior to this one. In January, I believe it was, I started to subscribe to fanzines other than LOCUS, and at that time I was planning on sending money for NERG, along with ALGOL. Then, looking over LOCUS once more, I found that it was going to cease publication with #15, and, having heard only good things about it, decided not to subscribe, on the grounds that I might miss it too much when it folded. Though writing for it then would have meant only one more issue, it was still stupid of me, and I now regret that decision, because #15 is great, and I would (have) like(d) to see more of them. Reproduction is virtually flawless on blue and white paper. The three columns by Mike, Susan, and Rosemary Ulliyot are bittersweet remembrances that make me miss it even though I never really knew it, especially Mike's description of what NERG was to him. He also provides a sort of index that should prove useful to those with earlier issues. The lettercol is interesting and filled with comments on previous issues and NERG's demise. But this issue's forte is its artwork. I gather that NERG has always had an abundance of good art, but they probably outdid themselves here. It's mostly a huge portfolio of various artist's reactions to NERG's death. George Barr's front cover is a masterpiece, and Steve Fabian's back cover doesn't fall far behind. There are comic strips, cartoons, and illustrations by Canfield, Rotsler, Kirk, Gaughan, Shull, Carter and many others, both in the folio and the various columns. It's beautiful and it's sad and if anybody has any extra backishes that he'd care to sell me, I'd gladly pay their cost twice over, plus postage.

MOEBIUS TRIP LIBRAR#17: SCIENCE FICTION ECHO (Ed Connor 1805 N. Gale Peoria Ill. 61604) 75¢ mimeo 198 1/4 pages. irregular. This elaborate title is just Ed's way of beating the Postal System, by getting to send his zine book rate. It really does look like a book, with a gummed spine and all. Despite this interesting format, however, the contents fall somewhat short, for me, at least; a large portion of the book is devoted to the occult, something that I just can't get into. There are some good things, though; Paul Walker's Unpopularity Poll is interesting, and was the best thing in the issue; I want to see the results. Donn Brazier's piece, the book reviews, and the letters were also fairly interesting. The artwork was rather meagre in terms of quantity, but what there was was decent, with the best work being done by Bill Rotsler and Jeff Schalles.

C'EST MOI

Sadly, your editor was unable to attend the Annual East Lyme Senior High School Let's Go Get Bombed and/or Stoned Graduation Party, and is thus incapable of reporting first hand the goings-on at this momentous event. I am privy, however, to the fact that it was a blast, with crowds equaling the record total of 900 wiped out people that was first set two years ago.

Myths of Gorra Bros. #1: Tower of Potatoes

In the beginning there was Gorra, and he decreed that a Tower of Potatoes should be built that would reach full nine tiers high and come nigh to the very ceiling of the icebox. He set his eldest son, who was called Michael to this task. And Lo, did Michael build this Tower of Potatoes, taking the fifty pound burlap bags delivered him by his minions Harry the Mustache, Norman the New, Michael the Lazy Gary the Greaser, and Jerry the Wethead, and placing them in a six-block, a strange pattern known only to the initiate that can best be explained in the following manner: four sideways, two lengthwise, alternating this pattern from tier to tier. This he did under the watchful eye of Old Harry, until Lo, a tower of potatoes full nine tiers high stretched until it almost touched the very ceiling of the icebox. And after the ninth tier he rested, and all was well at Gorra Bros. Wholesale Fruit and Produce Co. Inc.

I'm kinda mad at this time, because there's going to be a con in Hartford, CT, about fifty miles from my house, on the weekend of July 13-15, and my parents don't think that I'm capable of driving that distance in summer traffic, to attend this con for a day. (Sunday. On Saturday I have a wrestling tournament on the other side of the state) This, quite naturally, annoys me, for it is the best opportunity I've yet had to attend a con and meet some other fen, visit a hucksters room, and do a few of those other wonderful sounding fannish things, and I am ruled incompetent of making to to the con site safely. I know that there's going to be heavy traffic, but If they're worried about that, why do they let me drive a truck though the middle of downtown New London (a neighboring city) during the rush hour. (They also refused to listen when I tried to explain that I'd be heading in the direction opposite from the one that most traffic would be coming in, inland, away from the shore) And a freeway's safer than a regular stree. Or so the driving textbook says. Unless I can find somebody else (which is doubtful) who's willing to go there with me and drive, I'll be thwarted once more in my attempts to attend a con. And they told me not to bother looking into LEXICON, which is to be held outside Boston later this month, and which I could probably reach by train.

I could enthrall you with tales of my life, but I doubt that you'd be enthralled. I get up in the morning at about quarter after five, and eat a bowl of Quaker Oats 100% Natural Cereal and maybe a Danish or piece of coffeecake, and am at work at the fruit store by six. I work until about two; it's fairly interesting, and I like it, but any stories you get from me about it in these (or other) pages are going to be done as myths, though not all of them will be amusing (was this one? hope so) or done in the same style. After I come home, I look at the mail, gnash my teeth if there is none, and maybe go the beach or laze around until dinnertime. At nights I either drive around with a friend or two and look for girls, or read or write or watch TV. It gets to be boring after awhile (this week, for example) but I think that I'm going to start going out more. And for me at least, FIAWOL is true; I find time to spend at least a little while doing this zine or writing locs or reading at least parts of zines almost every day, and I love it, and it's not boring at all, not even typing this stencil out. I've got all sorts of ideas for things I'd

like to do with STRIPE, and I know that someday I'll do one of them; it's called GORRAPA, but that's all I'm going to tell you about it. Maybe it'll be the first annish, or the second... I do wish I had something interesting to talk about. Maybe next issue. By then I'll have wrestling in three tournaments and spent a week at camp and hopefully met a fan and perhaps done various sordid things that should make for good copy.

As I did this issue, I made some changes in my method of procedure. I found myself fooling around with layout much more than I had previously. (you mean STRIPE is layed out? after a fashion...)Whereas before I had just typed until I ran out of material, with things running into each other on the same page, now I tried to put things on pages by themselves, though it didn't work all the time. Possibly next ish, as I start to use it a bit more, it will. But there's one problem with this. On occasion, things don't fit, and you might not have a piece of art available, or the space required for one. That happened this issue; I didn't have any art available. So I played a sort of game with my typewriter and out came a spaceship. But there's a limit to the number of different things that I can do or want to do with my typewriter, so I'm going to ask for a few interline-ations. Just put in one or two with your loc, and I'll be happy. You'll be mentioned in the zine too, probably on the contents page which will debut next issue. I'd write the damn things myself, except, still being a neo, I don't think I could do a good job at it, and while I could quote THE GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS or MEIN KAMPF (for the humor, of course) or the NOTEBOOKS OF LAZARUS LONG or whatnot, it'd get boring very quickly and it wouldn't be nearly as fun.

Wow. I'm already starting to become famous. I'm actually receiving unsolicited fanzines! That is, zines from people I haven't yet sent STRIPE to. It's a strange sensation, very pleasant, and a lot of fun. Thus far, I've recieved them from two parties: Frank Balazs, who sent me THE ANYTHING THING #5, a zine he co-edits. with Matt Schneck, along with his personalzine PARENTHESIS #2, and John Carl, who sent me the first issue of his first zine, ADRENALIN. This was odd, as I'd been thinking about sending John a copy of this issue, because of his interesting letters in KWALHIOQUA.

My other mail consists of the following: zines: KWALHIOQUA 7, ENERGUMEN 15, MOEBIUS TRIP 17, the two most recent issues of LOCUS, and Torcon Progress Report 4, which I suppose could be called a zine. Letters: Loren Macgregor, Mike Glicksohn, Cy Chauvin, and Tony Cvetko. Postcards from Tim Kirk and Ed Cagle. In addition, twenty cents from Tony Cvetko. My first paid subscriber.

THE WRITING GAME

"Owner's Manual for the Glumph Waste Disposal Unit" was rejected by Ben Bova and has been sent to Joe Wilson's semiprozine LAPWING. A new story, "The Fire in His Eye, has been completed and sent to VERTEX. The other stories are still where they were last time: "...And I have joined Battle with Ourselves This Night" and "The Impotence of Myth" are still visiting Ted White, and "The Valkyries" are circling above HAUNT OF HORROR. A sixth story, "Kings of Dogs" will be started after I finish doing this zine. I'm going to concentrate very heavily on detail and creating a mood in this piece, as well as trying to shock at the end. A teacher of mine read a story that will be it's basis, and said that it stunk because it was too shocking. Which is, naturally, exactly what I wanted to achieve.

YOU

 Loren MacGregor Box 636 Seattle WA 98111

I'll tell you something: If I'm not familiar with all the nominated things, or at least a majority of them, I would vote No Award above such choices. Never, never, never, never, never, would I vote on something by reputation alone. Why do you feel THE GODS THEMSELVES isn't deserving? I'm just curious, is all. I think Ike did a pretty good job of doing what he set out to do. And placing it last may not necessarily achieve what you want to achieve, if you'll check Ted W's Australian ballot column.

Ah, well, I quarrel with you on a lot of decisions, but that's what the whole thing is about, I guess. Terry is, I think, a better editor than Ted White, but then, Ted doesn't have a great deal of money to work with, and is thereby playing with a fairly big handicap. I can't see nominating Charlie Brown for best fanwriter, since Charlie doesn't write very much - not more than 1/3 of LOCUS is Charlie. Dick Geis... well, yes. And Terry there's no better than. But if, it were up to me, it would be Ed Cagle and Dave Locke up there at the top of the list. With KWALHIOQUA and AWRY as best fanzines. The first three on your best fan artist list I'll have to agree with.

I'll have to agree again, about the ALIEN CRITIC. Geis put's a lot of himself into these things, and a lot of Dick is a lot of insanity. On second thought, perhaps I shouldn't have used Richard's first name in quite that context.

KWAL rhymes with swal in swallow

HI re presents the eye in a finger in my, or the ea in tea

O is an exclamation, like Eurkeka, but not quite, since Eurkeka doesn't exist

Qua rhymes with "Wha..."

(I personally think that No Award has no place being on the ballot. The Hugo is given for the best of the year, not for something that reaches a certain standard, and there's always a best of the year. Somehow, I feel screwed when No Award wins; I know I did with the 1970 Nebula Short Story. Abetention should be used instead, with no chance of its winning. I will admit the possibility, that I don't fully understand the Australian ballot system (In fact, I know I don't understand it) but I still think it's a rotten system, and I hope that it's discontinued soon. Apparently many others are fed up with it; Check MOEBIUS TRIP 17. I must agree with you on KWALHIOQUA; it's certainly the most enjoyable fanzine I've yet seen. And it's even crazier than Geis' effort. I've not yet seen AWRY, but I'm sending Dave this issue, and hoping that he'll respond in kind.

I think that your explanation of how to say KWALHIOQUA proves that it is unpronounceable. - Mike)

 Mike Glicksohn 32 Maynard Ave #205 Toronto, Ont. M6K 2Z9 Canada

For what it's worth, my own opinion is that thermofaxing artwork just isn't worth it. I've never seen anyone get decent repro from one of those damn stencils, and they only last about fifty copies anyway. Find a few people who can draw on ditto, and you'll be much better off. Tim Egan's work is rather crude, but it's probably as good as you'll get from thermofaxing.

I'm not merely saying this because you listed ENERGUMEN third on your ballot, but I would sincerely hope that in a category where you know less than half the nominees, you would refrain from voting. It's uninformed votes such as yours that reduce the significance of the Hugo. If the award is to have any meaning at all, we have to try and ensure that the people who vote do so knowledgeably.

Likw you, and a great many other fans, I anticipate the mail

strongly and hate long weekends with a vengeance. In the last three years, there have only been three days in which we didn't get any mail, and at the height of NERG's popularity, we were getting twenty odd pieces a day. I often wonder what the post office would do with fandom. They'd have to go the businesses for things to lose, delay, crease, burn, fold, munch, tear, and spill coffee on.

(The cover for #2 was drawn on ditto master, and suffered from the rather poor reproduction a ditto does of a red master. Now, of course, I don't have to worry about such things. I hope you like Tim's artwork better this time around. Though I placed NERG third, I do hope that you win the Hugo (funny way to go about encouraging it, isn't it?) because nearly everybody I've heard from or read in other zines say that the 1972 NERG's were great, and #15, which arrived yesterday (June 30) was great too, especially the artwork. And you've kindly taken the time to write me twice, the only BNF to do so. Strangely, my first bad experience with the post office is in connection with NERG. It's envelope was almost half ripped open and it was bent in one corner - Mike)

Cy Chauvin 17829 Peters Roseville MI 48066

I don't want to depress you, but #2 is a disappointment after #1 - at least your comments on the Hugos are. The reason for that is that you don't make comments on the Hugos, you just list your choices. Me, I guess I'm kinda weird, I'm always more interested in WHY people vote for the things they do rather than the actual things themselves. I wish you'd take some time in the next issue and discuss your reasons for voting the way you did. I realize you can't discuss everything, there's so many different categories, but even a few would be nice.

I will resist the impulse to comment on your choices, except for one. Please don't put LOCUS in first place; it's won two Hugos already, and don't you feel that they should be shared around a little? At least wait until you've seen SFC and ENERGUMEN before deciding.

I was under the impression that you were only supposed to vote for one author in the JWC Award.

I don't know if it was a wise decision to send that story to Ted White. There's a good chance you may never get it back, since AMAZING doesn't have the staff the other magazines do, and White has to read every submission himself. So some don't get read at all, but just pile up and up and up.

(Every time that I have sent a story to either AMAZING OR FANTASTIC, I've gotten it back, though once I had to write and waited about two months.

I thought that you could vote in the normal fashion for the Campbell Award; I hadn't yet received my ballot when I wrote that piece. When it came, I naturally voted for Effinger alone.

If something is the best in the field, I feel it should get the award no matter how many times it's gotten it before. I voted for LOCUS, because, aside from ALGOL, it was the only fanzine I'd seen, and I liked it better than Porter's effort, which is too cold, though it is QUALITY in a way that no other fanzine I've seen is. I am not planning on voting for or nominating LOCUS next year, and I have recently subscribed to SFC, though I haven't received any copies yet.

On my award choices: Originally, I planned to do what you suggested, list and then discuss. But it made for an article that I thought overlong. I was probably wrong about it though. Ah well. Here's some explanation, but I can't really explain my fiction choices in a short space; they're far too subjective for that. As for the others:

Pro Editor: I like the tone of White's things the best, while Ferman has the quality. I don't think that Terry Carr did enough editing this year to really qualify for the award.

Pro Artist: Hinge, because of his innovativeness and use of color.
 Fan Writer: Dick Geis, because I like to read things by and about nuts.

Dramatic Presentation: I did not see either "The People" or "Slaughterhouse Five" so I voted for "Silent Running" because of its space shots. "Between Time and Timbuktu" was interesting, but I didn't really like it that much.

Fan Artist: This award was the hardest to pick, but I chose Rotsler over Kirk for a variety of reasons, the most important of which was the fact that a cartoon of his on page 110 of OUTWORLDS 3.5 made me laugh more than any cartoon in a long while has, even Gahan Wilson's great collection from PLAYBOY.

Tony Cvetko 29415 Wickliffe Ohio 44092

I suggest that until ST gets a little thicker, you just staple it in the corner, and not on the side. The zine doesn't open evenly, creases appear in the paper because of it, and it would be simpler to handle with one staple.

About your Hugo selections: Novel- basically right. Novella- you don't know what the hell you're talking about. Novellette- basically right. Short Story- basically right. Pro Artist- you don't know what the hell you're talking about. Dr. Pres.- same as Pro Artist. Pro Ed.- basically right. Fanzine- same as Dr. Pres. Fan Writer- basically right. Fan Artist- basically right J.W.C. Award- same as fanzine. 6 for, 5 against. I also hate the Australian ballot. Without it, ANALOG could have won.

(I like two staples because there's less chance of a page coming off. Anyways, it's getting thicker.

I think that lot more people are going to agree with my choice of "The Word For World is Forest" than are going to disagree with it, and it should win hands down, with it's only serious competition coming from "The Fifth Head of Cerberus. As for the J.W.C. Award, I think that you would vote for Jerry Pournelle, who, while a better writer than most of those appearing in that magazine, is still typical of the style that has caused many to call it ANALOG. I just don't feel he's in the same league with Effinger (though he should take second) who's already managed a Hugo and A Nebula nomination in just two years, and whom I feel is going to do BIG things. I think that the only way he can lose is because people like you are going to feel that he's not in the Campbellian spirit, and will thus not vote for him.- Mike)

THE LAST FETID BREATH

It's all done now, except for the printing (not my worry) assembling, and mailing, and I don't think that there's any question as to whether this is my best zine yet, if only because of Aljo. There's going to have to be an extra week or so of time between this issue and next, primarily because I'm going to wrestling camp in Pennsylvania for the week of August 5-11, where I'll be totally cut off from the fannish world. But I don't really begrudge the time, as it'll give you plenty of time to respond to this issue, and me more time to prepare the next one and work on "Kings of Dogs" Besides, I'm planning on enjoying myself there. I really have no definite ideas as yet as to what's going to be in STRIPE#4, but as I've said before, I am in DESPERATE need of contributions, especially of artwork. And the deadline for both locs and contributions is August 18.

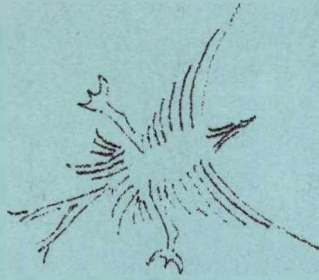
Bye

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STARSHIP TRIPE
199 Great Neck Road
Waterford Ct. 06385



3rd Class



Jackie Franke F
Box 51-A RR 2
Beecher Ill 60401

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