

# Tabebuian

## 24/25 Reviews



*Appearing in  
this issue:*

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Mary & Bill Burns  
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Mike Deckinger  
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Rick Sneary  
Bruce Townley  
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TABEBUIAN 24/25. *BELLONA TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT*. Winter 1976 issue. Edited by Mardee & Dave Jenrette. Contains reviews of books, films, motorcycles, advertising, professional magazines (*Psychology Today*, *Oui*, and *Playboy*), Boy Scouts, Little League, and even fanzines. *TABEBUIAN* is reputed to be the best review magazine in its class and is known far and wide as the 'Home of the Killer Review'. One of our reviewers is shown above...

## SCIENCE FICTION: REDEFINED

There are many excellent definitions of science fiction around, but *true* science fiction (as defined by me) is really a sub-heading under a bigger classification. The bigger classification is MINDTRIP.

A MINDTRIP, like the intro to STAR TREK, has to do with going where no man has gone before; opening up new volumes and inner spaces of grey matter; developing new perspectives on old things; awakenings and dawns.

MINDTRIPS are so special it seems a shame to limit them to strictly science fictional limitations and, in science fiction, it's a shame to permit time to be wasted on non-MINDTRIPS.

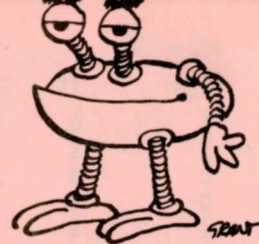
Here are some MINDTRIPS that occur to me:

1. *Shaving cream is psychological.* Next time you shave try this: wet your face well with water and shave with no soap or shaving cream. You'll get a nice, smooth shave. You won't believe this until you try it, but a few of you will have the courage to do so, and will make a pleasant discovery. *How many other products that we use are psychological?*

2. *The worst method of birth control is total abstinence.* Mardee & I teach a course in human sexuality and some of our guest speakers are from pregnancy termination centers; they report that their greatest business comes from girls who planned to *not* have intercourse (and in Miami this is often a teenage, Catholic, Cuban girl). Which goes to show that you can't fight Mother Nature, moonlit nights, Madria Madria Sangria, marijuana, and mood music (not necessarily in that order). And the whole business shows that those who oppose sex education and birth control information are often driving their daughters into abortion centers...

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# EXCLUSIVE!



by Mardee Jenrette

No matter how bad things get, you can always feel a bit better by finding someone else to be sorry for, right? My object, for financial woes, has always been the newspaper boy. No, not the admirable little 10-yr old who is up before the crack of dawn, 7 days a week, scrimping to buy himself a bicycle so his poor dear parents don't have to sacrifice any further for the tremendous burden his birth incurred, but people like *our* newspaper boy, who must be pushing 30.

Last time he left our door I asked David how much he thought the guy was earning. Based on his own brief childhood experience, he figured \$100-\$200/month IF he had a populated enough route. Now isn't that a situation worthy of our pity?

Hold a moment before joining me in my crying towel. I'm currently in search of something new to be sorry for. A student of mine who is a supervisor of newsboys at the *Miami Herald* burst my bubble. The *average* annual salary on his routes is \$12,000. His top 'boy' makes \$30,000 to \$40,000 --after putting in a 2-4 hour day (and since a lot of transactions are handled in cash, a lot of it is reputed to be untaxed)! No wonder our newsboy's a man: he's probably the poor bicycle-less kid's father.

Let's see now... If 30 years ago (David's figures) the average take was \$150/month and now it's \$1000, that's a 567% increase. BUT, GOOD NEWS: the average teaching salary at the community college level (my job) has gone up by 650%. How *dare* people say my college education is worthless when I can easily make more than the average newspaper boy and can sleep late on Saturdays and Sundays.\* ☐ MSJ

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\* No, I do not want to discuss what the top newspaper boy makes, nor that he only works a couple of hours a day, or that my college froze salaries this year. What is that guy doing in my class anyway?



# the myth & the reality

All mass circulation magazines exist only to sell advertising. The text, articles, art, columns, photos, etc. are present only to expose us to the ads. All of this adds up to another example of the Cosmic Joke.

Consider two current periodicals:

1. *Psychology Today*: 'The magazine of human experience' it calls itself. You may think of it as a publication to help you understand yourself and your fellow man (and woman) better; surely, this is a quality magazine more suited to your coffee table than such trash as a smutty, girlie magazine such as:

2. *OUI*: 'For the Man of the World' it says, complete with hairy pubescence, homo- and hetero-sexuality, pederasty, etc. thrown in. Definitely not uplifting.<sup>1</sup>

It doesn't take much thinking to conclude that *OUI* is a publication designed to destroy your moral fibers, physically and mentally while *PT* is there to help you, right? WRONG. The real menace is *Psychology Today*, which will now be proven.

If you want to know whom a mass circulation mag is aimed at, look at the advertising. You can quickly assemble a composite image by age, sex, income, etc. With that in mind, look at the ad breakdown for the Sep 75 *PT* and the Oct 75 *OUI* (different dates, but the current issues):

## PAGES OF LIQUOR ADVERTISING

	PT	OUI
1. bourbon/blends	0	1
2. rum	2	1
3. gin	2	0
4. scotch <sup>2</sup>	2	0
5. liqueurs	2	1
6. tequila	2	1
pages of liquor ads	10	4
pages in the issue total	100	132
% of mag encouraging alcoholism	10%	3%

CONSIDER THE TRAGEDY, fellow Tabebuians, when the neurotic, driven reader of *PT* buys his magazine hoping to find understanding and help is instead bombarded with solicitations to *drink*.<sup>3</sup> *OUI*, on the other hand, has 13 pages of advertising for sound equipment (quad, stereo, tapes, etc.); and we all know how music has charm to soothe the savage breast, don't we?

When you organize this data you can easily see how so many of our institutions and organizations really work against what they claim. *PSYCHOLOGY TODAY* would not exist without a population of sick minds-- alcoholism, surely, helps guarantee such sickness as it breaks up marriages, causes more than half of our traffic deaths, often leads to impotence, etc. And in this way *PT* guarantees its own existence and helps its advertisers. *OUI*, on the other hand, encourages the enjoyment of life and the calming sounds of good music. ☐

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1. I didn't mean uplifting in *that* way!
  2. Research has shown that scotch drinkers as a group are often uncertain about their masculinity.<sup>4</sup>
  3. *PT* also encourages lung cancer; there were 6 pages of ads for tobacco products.
  4. The Oct 75 *PLAYBOY* had SIX pages of ads for scotch whiskeys, which gives you an idea of *that* readership.<sup>5</sup>
  5. A *PLAYBOY* Club Bunny I once knew told me that the girls always referred to the customers as 'the square swingers' because of their pitiful attempts to act sophisticated by ordering J&B and Black & White and Chivas & Regal.<sup>2</sup>



# KYHOYA



by Dean A. Grennell

Why am I such a freak for CB450 Hondas? They are, for one thing, phenomenally dependable; 'bulletproof' is the term often employed. The Panther and Blackbird have carried me over twice around the world and, in that time, there has been one time when I wanted to go and they couldn't (The B-bird blew his starterator one day). And there was the time, within the past year or so when the Schwarzvogel and I were motating serenely up the 605 toward some errand in the San Gabbou Valley.

Now the Schwarzvogel is most definitely a gelding motorcycle. Leave us face it: he looks like an unmade bed. The saddle bags wore out and I created a surrogate by lashing an old plastic basket of the sort used for selling four 1-gallon jugs of swimming pool chemicals to the luggage carrier with shock cords.

He dribbles oil out from beneath the acorn nuts that hold his cylinder-head in place and this filters down the cooling fins and vaporizes off onto the rider's pants-cuff. He fouls his rear quarters with chain oil and, if one were to spend an entire Sunday in tidying and refurbishing him with Simichrome and Gunk and Simoniz Master Wax, ~~we~~ (Freudian slips, anyone?) HE still would look ... well ... untidy; at all other times, he looks even worse.

So you've got the picture, right? There is this mousey-looking, ancient, decrepit scooter, carrying its fiftyish rider in scuffled leather jacket and grimy helmet up the freeway at a then-legal 65, minding their own business and wishing ill to no creature.

THIS ISSUE is being distributed at Florida International University in conjunction with the Science Fiction Research Association meeting there. As you new readers can plainly see, TABEBUIAN is the best review magazine in its class. Subscribe!

So there is a plopping of exhaust and a kid on an obviously brand-new big-muthah R75 BMW cuts his throttle so as to match velocities with this ancient mount and its considerably more ancient rider (take a long look at a 1923 Ford some time).

The BMW has the big 750cc mill and it is fresh off the showroom floor and it probably cost the greater part of \$3000; its metallic-blue paint sparkles in the sun and its horizontal-twin plant whurples with muted thunder, like the jack-booted feet of SS Troopers goose-stepping down Unter der Linden in 1938 when the Third Reich contemplated the next thousand years mit zest und gemütllichkeit.

We exchanged friendly, scooter-people waves, the BMW rider and I. And he took a long, satirical look at this ridiculous vehicle, smirking a bit, then gave another contemptuous little flick of the fingertips and turned up the wick of his three G's worth of kraut bomb and essayed to pull away quickly from the ragamuffins of the road.

He cranked on another 25 mph and there was that silly Honda, still precisely abreast of him. At which point its rider duplicated the flicked fingertip bit, cracked on a bit more canvas, and sailed sedately down the road to dwindle briefly into the distance, leaving the BMW straining its heart out in vain.

With the point solidly proven, I settled down to the easy 65 mph canter and waited for the BMW to catch up. Not surprisingly, he stayed at 65, too, and kept well to the rear. □ DAG

THE CHRISTMAS ISSUE. The end-of-the-year, season's greetings, Happy Hanukah, Merry Xmas issue of the *Tabebuian* will be on compact cassette *only*. The way to get yours is to send us a cassette (at least 30 minutes--preferably 30 anyway); we'll pack it with a few sounds and return it to you. This is the *only* way this issue is available and we'd like to get that cassette by very early in December. Do it now before you forget it... What will be on the tape? At this time it's only conjecture-- even if we knew we would not say-- it's gonna be a surprise tape. Send that cassette to Dave Jenrette, Box 330374 - Grove, Miami, FL 33133. We've received a few already. □

# Special Report

When the dust clears, I am of the opinion that we'll finally recognize that two of the greatest contributors to juvenile delinquency, our rat race culture, and preparing boys to become cogs in our totalitarian machine are the Little League and the Boy Scouts. Both of them are total perversions of what they claim to be...

Little League is supposed to be set up to help keep the kids off the street, encourage good sportsmanship, and provide healthy recreation...

Which kids are the ones who get into trouble? The elite, goodlooking, popular, well-adjusted ones? or the clumsy, uncertain outcasts? The second group, obviously and according to all research. Which group is kept out of the Little League and becomes even more outcast? The same group, the unworthy ones.

Those 'fortunate' enough to be accepted now become treated like robots, subject to iron control, and what used to be a pleasant sport becomes a harsh discipline not in keeping with the concept of a 'game'. You know how parents take the Little League as something very serious indeed...

Now for the Boy Scouts... Do you know what the original idea of the Boy Scouts was? All the self-reliance and stuff? It was not so that scouts could go around carrying knives and axes and cut down trees and get poison ivy... The organizing purpose of the scouts was to prepare boys to survive on their own in the event of the death of their parents! It was formed after the Great War (1914-1918) when many children had been orphaned. I submit to you that such a purpose had validity then and has validity now (in terms of maturation and meeting responsibilities of adulthood) and the concept of tenting and singing around the campfire in an all-male group is of dubious value.

My own experiences with scouting were minimal; I became a Tenderfoot, passed some of the tests for 2nd class scout, and dropped out because my parents could not afford to buy me a uniform and other paraphernalia of scouting. Scouting had changed from something designed to make you independent of your parents to some-

thing in which you can not participate without strong parental financial support! I call that perversion...

My oldest son, Bill, joined the Boy Scouts in our neighborhood. The scoutmaster's son was the assistant scout leader; another active parent's son became a patrol leader at age 11. Nothing like a little favoritism. What were these boys like? Dull-normal, but they did what their daddies told them...

After Bill went away on a camping trip, the scout leaders asked me to speak to them about Bill. They suggested that maybe Bill should drop out of scouting, that though they didn't believe in conformity, Bill was a little too much of a free spirit. Knowing my son fairly well, I begged to be enlightened.

"Well, it was like this. When we had everyone in swimming, Bill said he'd rather go read a book, and that's what he'd do. When we were ready to go hiking, Bill would decide to go swimming. Everything was a battle and it was like that *the whole trip*."

I could see that the scout master was quite shaken so I didn't bother to tell him my adventures with Bill (or my parents problems with me). Later, Bill and I discussed it and he suggested I look on the brighter side of it; he had, after all, made 2nd Class, one rank higher than his dad's. "Maybe my son will make 1st Class," he said.

My younger son, John, opted against scouting at an earlier age. The local grade school had a cub scout meeting to which 8-yr old boys could go if they brought their parents. We went and a sports car expert showed slides of cars to the constant echo of "*cool!*" from the cub scouts-- it was like a chorus.

On the way home I asked John if he were interested in joining and he said he just couldn't see himself in it at all. My own experiences with cub scouting were rather pleasant of which two things stand out:

1. Hot chocolate with marshmallow topping.
2. Winning a penknife in a pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey game by peeking under my blindfold; I felt so guilty about this that at the next meeting I gave the knife to the boy who was next closest; I felt better after that...

The last time I was in my old hometown my best friend from those days, Bob Brogan, told me that the old scoutmaster had been arrested on a child-molesting rap.



I always *thought* he enjoyed demonstrating that artificial respiration technique too much...

Back to baseball. Compare the Little League with the way we played when I was a kid. There was a vacant lot near the house and some kind of a game every day depending on who was available:

1. 2 kids: play catch.
2. 3-8 kids: play hit-the-bat. Rules: batter stands in position, throws ball in air and hits it; other players are in field. If fielder catches ball in air, he takes batter's place; otherwise, he stands where he catches the ball and throws it (pitches it) at the bat which is put down in front of the plate; if the ball hits the bat, field becomes the new batter.

3. 9-13 kids: ins-and-outs. With a small number, one base is used and two players are 'in', the others in the field; when the in-player is tagged out he goes to right field, the pitcher comes in bat, and all the positions rotate; if you catch a flyball, you and the batter switch places; in this game, you play every position and nobody sits in the dugout.

4. 14 (or more) kids: baseball (softball, actually, because we couldn't afford gloves). No umpire and no balls called; usually no catcher--someone on the team at bat did the catching and the pitcher covered home;

Yours truly was often the last player picked and when he was positioned in right field he often said to himself "I sure hope nobody hits the ball out here", but he played, by golly, he played. And without an umpire there were often arguments, but they weren't that important and were quickly settled-- tomorrow you'd be on another team and so what?

Compare this kind of sandlot baseball with the Little League and tell me the answers to these questions:

1. Which game encourages more kids to get involved, no matter their sex, age, or skill?
2. Which game teaches more self-reliance, individuality, independence, and fun?
3. Which game gives more family cohesiveness?
4. Which game is really a *game* and not big business?
5. Which game would you rather play?
6. Which game would the powers-that-be *permit* you to play?

If you get the chance, stamp out Little League in your community. *By no means* permit them to start a Little League football team.

 *do*

## Collectors' Corner



ILLUMINATION



### THE 100 BEST STORIES

*The hundred best stories  
You've asked me to name?  
Well, I think it's silly,  
but I'll play your game:*

The *Foundation* series  
by Asimov, Ike,  
or maybe I, *Robot*  
(now that's one I like!).  
By Edgar Rice Burroughs  
*The Chessmen of Mars*  
and from Alfred Bester  
*My Destination, the Stars*  
or some may prefer  
*The Demolished Man*.  
And from John Brunner  
*Dramaturges of Yan*.

Howabout Heinlein?  
There's lots we are prizin':  
*Green Hills, Starship Troopers,*  
*Beyond This Horizon,*  
*Day After Tomorrow,*  
*The Door into Summer--*  
Try 'em, you'll like 'em,  
not one is a bummer!



A CLOWN BOMB--  
THE ENEMY  
WILL  
DIE  
LAUGHING!

*A Clockwork Orange*  
by Burgess I'm urgin'  
and *The Dreaming Jewels*  
of Theodore Sturgeon.  
*A Lamp for Medusa*  
by old William Tenn--  
He's got as much Klass  
and should be bragged upon  
as Olaf Stapledon  
and his *Last and First Men*  
or his classic *Odd John*.

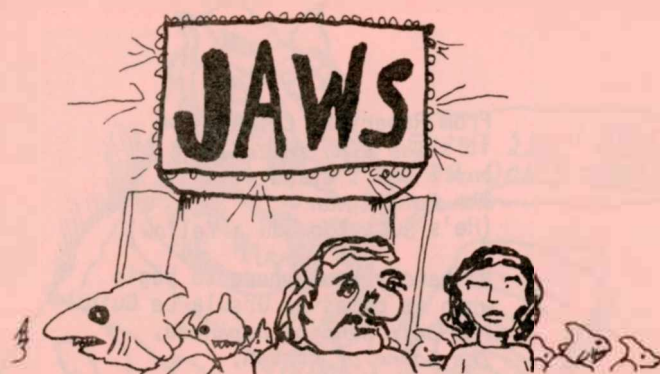
Remember *The Lost World*  
by Sir Conan Doyle?  
*Ossian's Ride* and *The Black Cloud*  
according to Hoyle?

With Harlan Ellison  
we must make decisions:  
*Pain God* or *Tick Tock*  
or *Dangerous Visions*.

From Norman Spinrad  
I'll take *Bug Jack Barron*  
and Doc Smith's *First Lensman*  
plus *Skylark of Valeron*.  
Bob Silverberg's great as  
*The Man in the Maze*  
and I liked going through  
Panshin's *Rite of Passage*.  
Remember *The People*  
by Zenna Henderson.  
*The Genetic General*  
by Gordon R. Dickson.

Phil Dick's *Crack in Space*,  
Dick Lupoff's *Crack in the Sky*;  
The first is here now,  
the second: by and by.

J. R. R. Tolkien:  
*The Lord of the Rings*  
(about hobbits and wizards  
and wonderful things).



Piers Anthony's classic  
I guess is *Macroscop*  
(not *Orm* or *Omnivore*  
or even *Sos the Rope*).  
Poul Anderson writes well  
and really gets to it  
(but I hate *Virgin Planet*--  
in fact, I say "screw it").  
From Mars-lover Ray Bradbury  
our choice is *Fahrenheit 451*;  
and from Wilson 'Bob' Tucker  
we'll take *Year of the Quiet Sun*,  
but *Iron and Ice* is also nice  
and would suffice  
when day is dun.

Lovecraft's old Circle  
we won't miss on a bet:  
Bob Bloch and Klarkashton  
and August Derleth--  
Cthulhu and Degler and Ryl'yeth!

Ted White with the *Sorceress of Qar*;  
Joe Haldeman's *Forever War*;  
and we should mention in verse  
Fred Brown's *Mad Universe*  
before we have gone very far.

And if you want more,  
there's Norman and Gor.

From Robert W. Chambers  
it's *The King in Yellow*,  
but I can't stand  
*The Female Man*  
(He's just too odd a fellow).

We hardly know where to begin  
when it comes to Ursula Le Guin:  
*The Left Hand of Darkness*,  
*The Lathe of Heaven*,  
*Planet of Exile*,  
*The World of Rocannon*,  
and we are doubly blessed  
with her latest: *The Dispossessed*.

Clifford Simak wrote *City*,  
Edgar Pangborn wrote *Davy*,  
Frank Herbert wrote *Dune*,  
and I don't mean maybe!

John Campbell, now gone,  
*Astounding* he edited,  
but he wrote *Cloak of Aesir*  
and should be so credited.  
Robert Howard wrote Conan  
and also King Kull  
(but the new stories written  
are unbearably dull).  
But de Camp and Pratt wrote  
good stories together:  
*The Castle of Iron* and  
*The Incomplete Enchanter*.

Remember del Rey for  
*The 11th Commandment*  
and Damon Knight's novel  
known as *Hell's Pavement*.  
James Blish went and left us  
*A Life for the Stars*.  
Sam Delany wrote *Dhalgren*  
and *The Fall of the Towers*.

Wells' *War of the Worlds*,  
Kapek's *War with the Newts*,  
Van Vogt's *War Against the Rull*,  
and warn't they beaunts!

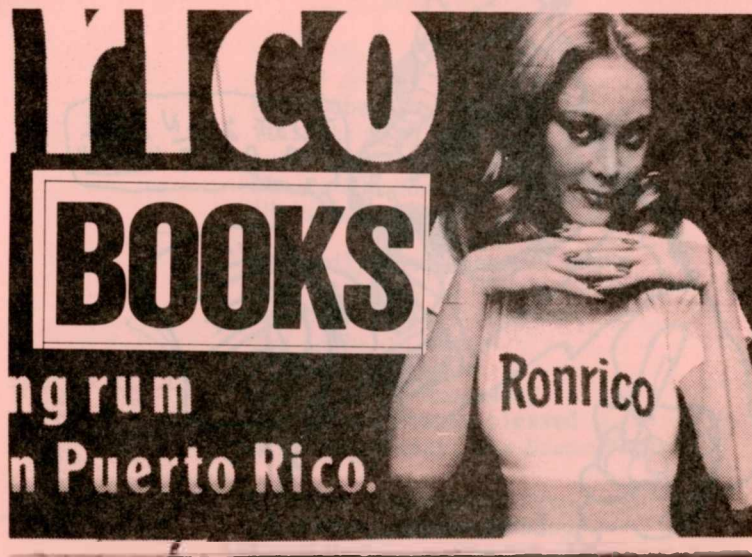


And here are some books  
I'd hate to leave out:  
The Complete Hardbound Works  
of the great Kilgore Trout.  
Vonnegut's *Cat's Cradle*,  
MacDonald's *Wine of the Dreamers*  
(The latter's for sleepers,  
the former's for screamers).  
The *Riverworld* series  
by Philip Joe Farmer  
and from Brian Aldiss  
I guess I'll pick *StarSwarm*-er.

Jack Williamson's *Dragon's Island*  
is a longtime delight;  
my Arthur C. Clark favorite is  
*Against the Fall of Night*;  
and a few other classics that  
someday I'm planning to write.

--David V. Jenrette





*Dhalgren*... Just as the book is somewhat monumental in size the reviewer wishes to prepare himself for the act of reviewing; either to file all points to orchid-like precisions for slashing or round off all edges to smoothness. To dispose of *Dhalgren* lightly or to give it praise which is undeserved is equally horrifying.

First of all, Delany's book is *demanding*. You can not read it by just skimming along the pages from one blithe/blight to another. There is no way to use this book to spend an afternoon at the beach or to stroll though inbetween your drudgeries on the MTA. You must *work* at it. Delany doesn't make it easy for you, but why should he? I can imagine a certain number of SF readers taking one small swing or two at this book, feel the painful vibrations up both forearms, the tingling of budding blisters on fingertips, and decide maybe they should re-read Doc Smith.

To be honest (and not superior), this is what I did. Maurice Raboid, colleague at Miami-Dade and SF fan, is *extremely* down on this book and pronounces *Dhalgren* as though it were spelled with 4 letters: in short, he made it a present to me. I started the book at school in my office and went about a chapter before giving up in disgust with the writing. Phase 1.

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A couple of weeks later, on summer vacation, I looked into it again, in quiet, proper surroundings. This time it worked ...like a charm or holographic projector, complete with batteries.

Second, Delany is *explicit*. Does 'explicit' conflict with 'demanding'? Not necessarily. If you examine the picture books sold in porno bookstores you will note that the illustrations are in perfect focus and will show every detail: mole, hair, fold, drop, and pimple. From these, the masturbator creates his fantasy. Of course I am not saying that Delany is writing a stroke-book, suitable interdigital meditation; I am also not saying that he didn't, because when you get right down to it, my friends, our needs are differing in degree only from the private masturbator: we read the book to get our kicks (different kicks for different hicks), but this should have been a footnote.

Backing up and approaching again... In a mainstream novel we need to see the fine details, the depths, and we don't in science fiction. In Doc Smith we tip toe through the dialogue tiny and timid; in Edgar Rice Burroughs we wonder why we must go after the abducted Dejah Thoris *again* but instead admire the St. John illustrations and portraits contrasting her mammalian form with her ovarian nature; and even now Pournelle has made it a sacrilege to question Scots engineers in deep space along with Slovic space admirals when the more Timorous souls among us whisper "*cheap characterization*". And then someone says these things out loud and for a minute or so there's an exciting/edcited buzzing: "*Delany's SF has made all of science fiction look tinny, plastic, shoddy, half-assed, limp, ersatz, and put together by a college freshman and back issues of the Scientific American.*"

*Damn it anyway.* If Delany can write stuff like this, then why the hell can't some of our other SF writers? And some of them can --and have never been unleashed-- and some of them can't and are happy in the Special Education Sandbox Class.

NOW, after having visited Bellona, I'm no longer terribly interested in Helium or Trantor any more. And I know now why SF fans have revolted against *Dhalgren*. It is not because they are attacking Delany, my broth-

ers, it is because they are defending *themselves*. Chip Delany has shown them in the fierce light of the scorpion that the treasures they hugged to themselves and hoarded are only cardboard and paper simulacrums and not only paper but *pulp* paper and when you look at it you see paper all brown and oxidized and when you poke at it it chips away and disintegrates...

*The Fellowship of the Ring* by H. R. R. Tolkien created a great demand in fantasy readers that no writers have been able to fill. With all good luck, we will have Delany with us for a long time, busily filling the demand that *he* has established in the field of science fiction.

With me, the main fault in SF is its incestual nepotism: fans as nice decent kids become grown and become nice decent adults rewriting nice decent science fiction novels. The current science fiction in many cases could be given a half turn, pasted on H.G. Wells, and made into a decent Mobius strip.

And what makes this so funny is that some of these guys are proud of it! (I think the gals are a lot less conservative as a group-- maybe they had to try harder, or something.)

And here's a paragraph from the first page:

All you know I know: careening astronauts and bank clerks glancing at the clock before lunch; actresses cowering at light-ringed mirrors and freight elevator operators grinding a thumbful of grease on a steel handle; student riots; know that dark women in bodegas shook their heads last week because in six months prices have risen outlandishly; how coffee tastes after you've held it in your mouth, cold, a whole minute.

And that isn't especially typical or helpful to you, I've decided. I looked and looked and thought, but we are not reproducing the whole book...

Have other writers produced work of this type? Oh yes, answering the question, they have, but the SF fans have regarded such longly/wrongly? as mundanes and interlopers. But Delany has caught 'em when they weren't looking, from behind you might say; stabbed 'em in the back, you might say, sort of!

odg

## Don't be afraid of the dark.

The Tabebuian continues its pace-setting tradition by reviewing more Ace Gothics in verses by the now world-renowned Ellen Sue Jacober.

*ROSES FROM YESTERDAY* by Sharon Wagner. Ace, 95¢.

There once was a heroine named Cecile  
Who became an heiress and a big wheel.  
She went to Millerville to dwell  
And the horrors that waited are almost too much  
to tell:  
Secret tunnels, Lila and Hank;  
If only her uncle had kept his money in the bank!  
Sean, too, came on the scene.  
Poor Sean didn't have even a bean.  
The dark fell and the noise began--  
This is the book for you if you are a Gothics fan.

*FIRE ON THE CLIFFS* by Chris Waynar. Ace, 95¢.

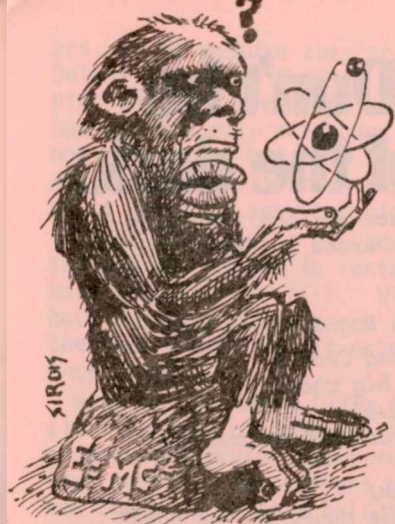
Elizabeth went to Greece a country old--  
To see her sister who was to marry a man handsome  
and bold.  
Murder waited there and a woman was pushed off  
a cliff--  
After a fall like that you get cold and stiff.  
This book was even more of a letdown than the fall  
from the cliff.

*A WREATH FOR JENNY'S GRAVE* by Charlotte Hunt. Ace, 95¢.

Ruth had a close friend named Jenny  
Who had lovers many.  
Jenny went to Majorca and there did die--  
Was it the fault of Lars, Ian, or some other guy?  
The hostile Gertaes did appear  
And in Ruth they inspired fear--  
A part of the castella came tumbling down--  
Could that be a hint to get out of town?  
This is one of the best of the Ace Gothics.

\*\*\*Ellen Sue has promised more Gothic reviews *only* if you ask for them. What do you say, readers?\*\*\*





# LIGHT ENTER- TAIN- MENT

*Occasionally we are asked if the Tabebuian is unique. The answer is "of course!", but there are other publications in which you might be interested. Here's a sampling of some we've received since last issue:*

*Karass 17* (Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park, Pa. 19076). The fannish newszine. 3/\$1.

*Florida Conservation News* (T. N. Anderson, 202 Blount St., Tallahassee, Fl 32301). Fishing, conservation, hunting, and ecological news. Free.

*Knights 13* (Mike Bracken, 3918 N 30th, Tacoma, Wa. 98407). Mimeod, Electrored, much improved. Article on Hal Clement, etc. 4/\$4.

*The Spanish Inquisition 6* (880 W 181st St, 4D, NY, NY 10033). An excellent, fannish fanzine. 2/\$1.

*LOCUS* (Box 3938, San Francisco, Ca. 94611). The SF pro's newszine (for fans, too). 30/\$12--worth it.

*Science Fiction Review* (Richard E. Geis, Box 11408, Portland, Or 97211). This one is for the SF gourmet, the aficionado. 1yr/\$4, 2yr/\$7.

*Nocres* (343 E 19th St, Apt 6B, Minneapolis, Mn 55404). Newsletter format, guest shot by Jodie Offutt on driving, film reviews, convention report, pix. 4/\$1.

*Kyben 12* (Jeff & Ann Smith, 1339 Weldon Ave, Baltimore, Md. 21211). Lots of letters and *Dhalgren* review. 3/\$1.

*Nebula 6* (Dave Taylor, 15 Alwyn Gardens, Upton-by-Ches-ter, England). 'Magazine of science fiction and fanta-sy', but the art and layout are much better than the contents. 'Damnation Alley' is the editorial and is (to me) pointless. 'The Driver' by Richard Seals des-cribes vehicle racing on the moon, but Seals is ignor-ant of basic moon facts. 4/100p.

*Maya 8* (Rob Jackson, 21 Lyndhurst Rd, Benton, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE12 9NT, UK). Impressive in its offset, ov-ersized, typeset, quality paper, but fannish contents. Makes me feel like I oughter put on me coat & tie to write to 'em, if you catch me meaning. 4/\$3.

*Notes from the Chemistry Department 13* (Denis Quane, Box CC, East Texas Sta., Commerce, TX 75428). Good comments on Bradbury, welldone book reviews, *godawful* 'art' by Dave Jenrette. Wendidodat? 5/\$1.50.

*Starfire* (Bill Breiding, 151 Arkansas St, San Francis-co, Ca. 94107). 70 pages of fat fanzine with good art and articles (Sween, D'Amassa, Indick, Svoboda, etc.), fanzine reviews, but one awfulawfulawful 'poem' called 'What the Outlaw Sang to the Mirror': Breckinridge El-kins contemplating Tuzun Thune. 4/\$3.

*Nightshade 1* (Ken Amos, 7005 Bedford Ln, Louisville, Ky 40222). A good quality fantasy fanzine worthy of your support; issue contains a Thomas Burnett Swann contribution, Swann bibliography; plus an article on, an interview with, and a bibliography of Karl Edward Wagner; plus good art and format. \$1/issue.

*Erg Quarterly 52* (Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Rd, Sheffield, S11 9FE, Eng.). Terry's summer vacation, re-views, article on Eric Frank Russell, and antedeluvian mimeo techniques titled 'Patching In', and 'Topping and Tailing', letters, and trash(page 8); I like it. 3/\$1.

*AlVega* (Alyson L. Abramowitz, Box 3-C-4, 1060 Morewood Ave, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213). Highlights of the issue were D'amassa & Jodie O. 2/\$1.





## Write Up Front

Dear Dave and Mardee:

I've followed TAB with interest. It's a funny mag, as the saying goes. I'd like to contribute more but I can't seem to think of anything amusing any more, since Watergate folded up. I could do more mundane stuff, though, like my review of Dylan's new antimilitaristic rock album, BLOOD ON THE WACS. Or tell about dismissing a student from graduate school on grounds of flagrant obesity. Or maybe you'd prefer some sermon material, such as a review of Clarke's entry into the 'my alien artifact is bigger'n your alien artifact' sweepstakes, RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA. Or, if you have the space, how about a learned, scholarly piece on my Theory of Fandom, in which I depend heavily on an analogy with show business. After all, it hasn't escaped your attention, has it, that Isaac Asimov is the Milton Berle of sf? But I'll probably write none of the above, because I'm lazy. If I do come up with something, though, you'll get it. I like TAB, especially the short punchy humor that you use. Keep it up. Best,

*Greg*  
GREGORY BENFORD

\*\*\*I'm not convinced that 'Isaac Asimov is the Milton Berle of sf'; I've never seen Asimov in a dress.\*\*\*

Dear Dave and Mardee:

My God-- you mean that Cogswell isn't a Brig. Gen.? My God. Although Tucker complains about his eyes I note that other things still seem to be able to bring him to swift alert.

Char and I are off to merry England early next month for the MWA bash there with the British Crime Writers Ass'n. They appear to have all sorts of things in store for us. There's a steamer ride on the Thames, a tour of Scotland Yard, publisher cocktail parties, name speakers. Chairman is Dick Francis, who is, in his way, almost as good as John D. We're looking forward to the trip, having been no further than Nassau over the years since WWII.

*Joe*  
JOE HENSLEY

\*\*\*God save the Queen.\*\*\*



Mike Glicksohn, Sheryl Birkhead, Bill Burns, Mary Burns, Paula Lieberman, and your disappointed-that-you-couldn't-come host, Sam Long.

*Mike Sheryl Paula Mary Bill Sam*  
 \*\*\*We were home.\*\*\*

offutt to Tabebuian, Peace:

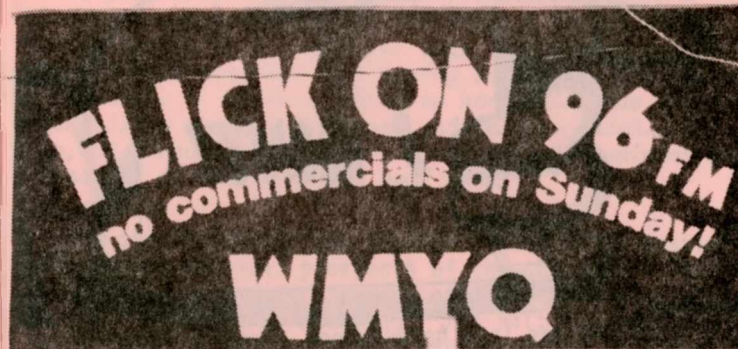
URGENT! With the Tab you just sent my roommate Jodie, you sent another, hand-inked "extra copy - pass it on!" Mild-tempered people who *always* obey orders, we complied. Jodie passed it on to me. I passed it on to the guy beside me in a ~~pubic~~ public restroom, sitting on the seat on a paper bag. Now we both have GC. Please advise.

PS- WE DID NOT!

*offutt*  
 \*\*\*We don't know what you're talking about, andy. It's amazing how surrealistic letters of comment become when you let them sit for a few months... But doesn't Jodie know that the use of prophylactics reduces the chances of getting GC? When you leave the house, does not the good wife say "Don't forget your rubbers!"?\*\*\*

Dear Dave & Mardee:

We the undersigned (now recovering from a *great* Pre-launch party at Joe Green's) want to tell you that you missed a really good one, as the case may be, and that you were missed. The usual crowd was there--Kelly Freas, the Wises, the Haldemans, Gordon Dickson, Poul Anderson (&Karen&Astrid), Sterling Lanier, Freff, Ctein, the Miesels, &c, &c --and one chap who hasn't been to a Green Pre-launch party in years, A. C. Clarke. Several of them had heard that you might be coming and wondered where you were.



\*\*\*In recent issues we have discovered that advertisers are using subliminal messages in their ads. Here is some further information...\*\*\*

Dear Dave and Mardee:

A common source of 'subliminals' is mischief in the art dept. You just can't trust those arty fellows. Art (and editorial) depts. are little factories of irreverent notions. Nitpicking managing editors usually daunt the writers sufficiently, but you'd be surprised at how autonomous some artists are at agencies and magazines. Even the bible of propaganda *Advertising Age* is not immune. AA recently ran a 2-page spread to hype an upcoming issue and encourage potential buyers of advertising to get in step and reserve space. The tagline was something like, "everyone who intends to reach the AA special issue raise your right hand". Most of the rest of the 2 pages was occupied by a picture of a mass army induction of World War II vintage. It showed thousands of guys, ordered row on row, raising their right hands.

The only thing wrong was that somewhere, somehow, during the undoubtedly checkered career of this photo, someone had gotten to it. Scanning the rows, one's attention inevitably comes to rest on one particular individual almost at the center of the crowd. Oh, he's got his right arm raised, but I don't think it was in the way Uncle Sam had in mind. Close scrutiny of the guy's hand showed that some artist critter had redrawn it so that it was closed into a fist --except for the middle finger.

*Arnie*  
 ARNIE KATZ





Jenrettes:

I'm glad TAB was late because now I know I haven't missed any.

You could turn your computer thingie (TAB 19) into a business not unlike the Computer Dating Service. We could send you our likes and dislikes in sf stories, then you could match up readers and reading lists. To carry it one step beyond: you could work up outlines and synopses and subscribers to the TAB-COMPUTER SERVICE could be the best-read people in the nation, without having to spend the energy to lift a book or turn the pages. You could out-condense the *Reader's Digest* people. Writers could submit all their manuscripts to IBM. Eventually they might merely submit outlines, T-OCs, and a few pertinent facts.

You could start a new trend. Well-read non-readers. Living rooms all over the country will have on their bookshelves sets of The Great Outlines. The new status symbol.

*Jodie*  
JODIE OFFUTT

\*\*\*Jodie, yours is not the only letter like this. Reducing all science fiction to something by-the-numbers is not something I want to do and therefore I am dropping this project. (For those readers who don't know what I'm talking about see Tab 19 or an enclosed sheet of paper) I tried this out with my students this summer and found that most (and maybe all) readers had trouble keeping the concepts separate-- so that the only thing that seemed to make sense at all was merely their own, personal, overall rating. Now Gil Gaier says that this system works for him; great, but it does not work for me-- I rebel against its limitations as well as its lack of reliability/validity for me.\*\*\* 26

We were originally going to title Harry Warner's letter as an article called Ted White & the Cosmic Joke, but we're too mild for that. Y'see, in a past AMAZING Ted remarked that having large families was 'inhuman'. I wrote a letter to him (which was published) in which I disagreed and Ted responded...also, in a recent Tabebuian I predicted the imminent extinction of AMAZING. Now read on...

Dear Dave:

You didn't mention yet another reason to be pessimistic about survival prospects of the prozines. That's the fact that a major segment of their customers will begin to dwindle before long. The Pill has been around long enough now to have marked effect on elementary school enrollment in areas where migration into an area or change in school districts or other factors haven't masked the situation. Before the decade is ended, the dropping birth rate will begin to reach the junior high school or middle school grades, whatever you prefer to call them. At that point, the market for the prozines will begin to suffer because it's around that age that some kids begin to buy them. Ten years from now, I suspect that the supply of new readers for prozines will have dropped by perhaps one third. Paperbacks aimed specifically at juveniles may feel the effects, too, by then. But I believe that paperbacks appeal more to the whole population, regardless of age, so that they should withstand better the decline in the number of young persons. Yrs., & c.,

*Harry Warner, Jr.*  
HARRY WARNER, JR.

\*\*\*I hope you're happy, Ted White.\*\*\*

THE BEST OF JOHN COLLIER, by John Collier, Introduction by Anthony Burgess (Pocket Books #80076, \$1.95). When I was a mere child I heard a radio dramatization of "Evening Primrose"; I loved it. When I came across a Collier anthology (FANCIES & GOOD-NIGHTS) I knew I was gonna love it-- and I did and I do. Otherwise why else would I get such a delicious thrill looking at a table of contents that includes: 'Evening Primrose', 'Wet Saturday', 'The Devil George and Rosie', 'Ah, the University!', 'Thus I Refute Beelzy', 'Green Thoughts', 'Youth from Vienna', and more. Vintage stuff-- some very good years.





TABEBUIAN -  
THE FANZINE THAT  
PUTS STARS IN YOUR  
EYES

Dear Dave & Mardee:

the appearance of a Dean Grennell article in your pages, cause me to think about how many relative old timers show up in your pages. Partly because you look for them, partly because of the other old fans, and partly I'd say because the general feel of the material is more like the fanzines we knew, than those of newer fans.. I was

struck by a newly coin phrase... 'Middle Fandom Fanzine' --as apposed to First Fandom, or current fandom fanzines. I recieve only a few fanzines of the vast flood being publish, for which I am greatfull (in both ways), and most of those are edited by older fans, or by fans whose personally runs that way --like Seth Mc Evoy who seems to wish he had been born in time for 5th fandom.. Ed Connor, Eric Bentcliff are two there Middle Fandom Editors that come easily to mind... I think Dave Locke is one too, in spirit.. An interesting thought... Not very serious though.

*Rick*

RICK SNEARY

\*\*\*South Gate Again in 2010!\*\*\*

To the Editors:

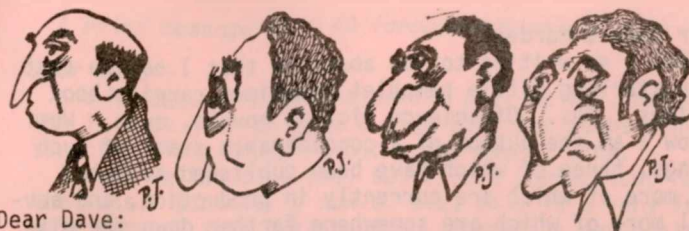
I'm not sure to what I owe the honor of receiving *Tabebuian* 21/22, but herewith my thanks and my subscription.

*Jan Brown*  
JAN BROWN

\*\*\*I think we found your name and address written on a wall somewhere.\*\*\*

Have you ever thought of giving a GIFT SUBSCRIPTION to the TABEBUIAN? Think about it... Is it something someone is likely to already have?

No way. Is it something someone else will give them? Not a chance. \$3/12 issues. Box 374 - Coconut Grove, Miami, FL 33133.



Dear Dave:

Especially enjoyed Tab #20. The articles by Dag and Leah Zeldes were very good. I doodle a bit while on the phone at work and noting that you use some little faces at times, I saved a few. So here are some by old Plato Jones if you can find a place for them. Good to see Dag's puntoon. My favorite was:

"What do you think of the diet of buzzards?"

"I think it's just offal."

*Lynn*

LYNN A. HICKMAN

\*\*\*Nice to see you're still carrion-on. Send more art.\*\*\*

Dear Dave and Mardee:

the author of SUBLIMINAL SEDUCTION appeared on a radio program the other night plugging his book and offering examples. One he cited was quite startling. Take a five dollar bill, preferably a new, uncreased one. Hold a magnifying glass at a point directly opposite Lincoln's beard on his right side facing you. Woven in to the engraving, you should find the letters 's-e-x'. I tried it and could find nothing, but then I'm not horny for Honest Abe. Others may have better luck. Who put it there, and why?

*Mike*

MIKE DECKINGER

\*\*\*This demands investigation! Please send us \$5 bills for this study. Checks also accepted.\*\*\*

THE SENSUOUS GADGETEER: Bringing Tools and Materials to Life, by Bill Abler (Running Press, 38 S 19th St, Philadelphia, Pa 19103, \$3.95). I am not much good at home workshoping with hammer and saw, file and bit, but this book makes me feel like I could do it if I really wanted to. The book. If you love tools and the good feelings you get creating things with your own two hands, you'll love this book.

Dear Dave & Mardee:

What I am writing to you about is that I notice that your sterling little pamphlet sometimes carries book reviews. Yes. Of science fiction novels, even. Wow.

Now I am the author of a considerable stack of such things, three of which have been published to date, two more of which are currently in production, and several more of which are somewhere farther down the pike and need not concern us immediately.

The three books previously published were pretty roundly ignored by critics. I.e., the first of them (*One Million Centuries*) got exactly one word in the New York Post ('excellent') and a couple of paragraphs in *Yandro*. The second (*Sacred Locomotive Flies*) got a vaguely ambivalent reaction from *Locus*. Period. The third of them (*Into the Aether*) got two reviews in *Son of the WSFA Journal* (one hated it, one didn't know) and one review in some Vancouver BC fanzine the title of which has run away from my brain (hated it).

So this time I'm going out in front and huckstering almost as if I were Harlan Ellison. Well, the difference is that I'm not going to say the books are great and you have to love 'em. For all I know you'll hate 'em. Well, that's a risk I'll have to run. All I'm asking you to do is not ignore them. Hey? The most imminent are these:

THE TRIUNE MAN, Berkley/Putnam hardbound Jan '76, paperback to follow.

THE CRACK IN THE SKY, Dell paperback original Feb '76. (The proper name of the Dell Book is FOOL'S HILL. The change was dictated by Dell's sales manager: "FOOL'S HILL sounds like a Western. Any science fiction book has to sound like science fiction!")

*Dick*  
RICHARD LUPOFF

\*\*\*Dick, I think I can explain the reviews. The Post brushed you off; Buck Coulson of *Yandro* probably did not understand your book; *Locus* has a policy of not publishing killer reviews, but *Son of the WSFA Journal* and the Vancouver fanzine *DON'T*. We'll be glad to review your books in *Tabebuian* and don't worry about our 'killer review' reputation--that's just for people who don't include at least \$10 with the review copies they send us. To me your new Dell title doesn't sound like science fiction at all-- it sounds like pornography.\*\*\*

A brief message from Al (vrooom-vrooom) Sirois:

Dear Dave--

and Mardee. I'm not no sexist pig, no sir, not me. Who is that girl on page 8 (Tab-23)? She seems constructed along truly heroic proportions. Oink.

I read *Pellucidar*, too, but I love Connecticut none-the-less. Especially now... see, this is a very fragile time of year hereabouts... there's a particular sort of elusive quality to living in New England in Sept-Oct, and it has a lot to do with how the sky looks sometimes and a certain memory that gets carried about in the air on certain days. The temperature has to be just right, see, and I think, the wind does too, but I'm not sure about the latter.

Once when I was a child I was in Woolworth's with some cohorts and like the smartass I was I picked up a bra and put on my head a la goggles and made a noise like a motorcycle. I am constantly reminded of this, to this day, by those friends. Glad I am that I don't see them more'n once or twice a year... my self-image couldn't take more. Pax,

AL SIROIS

\*\*\*Yes, Al, there is truly something about New England in Autumn, the stillness, the chill of oncoming winter, the quality of the air-- you described it very poetically. In fact, that one paragraph is perhaps the most beautiful, touching composition I have ever read about phototropic smog.\*\*\*



WAHF stands for 'We Also Heard From', but we would like to change that to 'We-All Have Feelin's for--'

WE appreciate all your letters and correspondence and really regret we don't always answer them. Here's a list of such wonderful persons-- maybe we'll reply the next time now that we've resigned as editors of the local Mensa publication. WAHF (We also heard from): Phillipe Boyer (recipes), Dainis Bisenieks, Sheryl Birkhead (art), Eric Bentcliffe, Buz Busby, Rich Bartucci, Railee Bothman, John Brunner ('cause we made a mistake), Tom Carney, Grant Canfield (art), Brett C\*x, Eli Cohen, Tony Cvetko, Jim Cawthorn, L. Allan Chase, Don D'Amassa, Leigh Edmonds, Jan Howard Finder, Jackie Franke, Gil Gaier, Peggy Gemingnani (our neighbor), Mike Glicksohn, Joe Green, Rosemary Hickey, Chuck Holst (art), Rose Hogue, Joe Hensley, Jon Inouye(xrx), Bob Jacober, Terry Jeeves(send more art), Virginia Kidd, Damon Knight, Don Lundry, Sam Long, Don Markstein, Wayne Martin, R. Faraday Nelson (we have so much good stuff from Ray we may need to pub a special Ray Nelsonissue), Jodie Offutt, Pauline Palmer, John Prenis, Dave Rowe, Scott Samet, Dave Shank, Lou Skellings, Roger Sween (library article), Victoria Vayne, Harry Warner, Jr, and Laurine White (who never believes any of our stories!). *but we're not complaining...*

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Try these on your calculator:

Q1. What gas do you use?

A1a.  $142.15469 \times 5 =$

A1b.  $284.02212 \times 2.5 =$

Q2. Name 2 dates in US history.

A2.  $32159 \times 464 =$

Q3. Name a Civil War battle.

A3.  $33928.75 \times 12 =$

Q4. Dean Grennell expletive?

A4.  $\sqrt{4012589025} =$

Q5. Award given to Harlan Ellison for winning so many Hugos?

A5. *send in your answers!*

