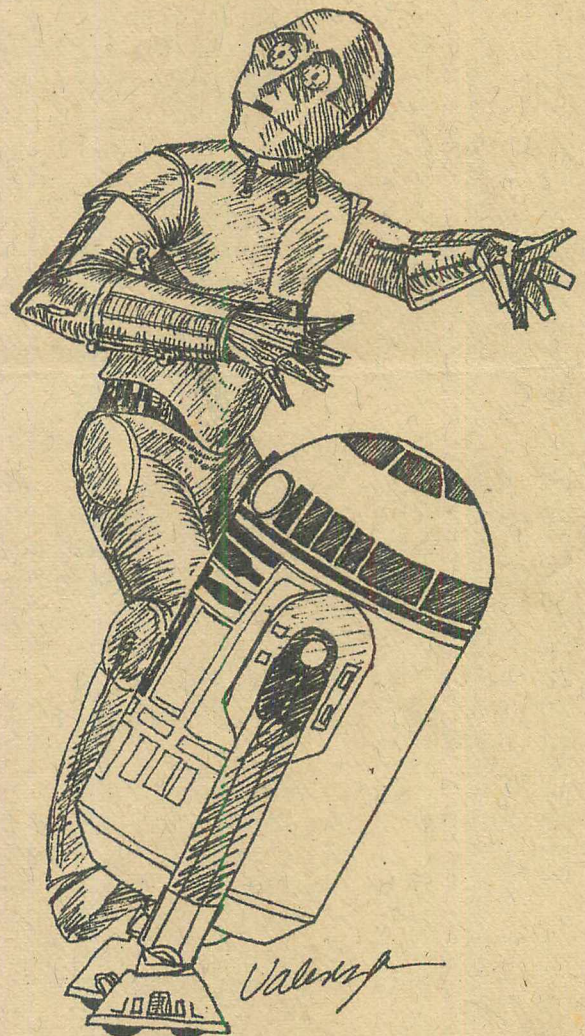


TIGHTBEAM



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Note to John Thiel and others guilty of the same fault. Don't be needlessly esoteric. If I don't know what you're talking about, I probably won't print it. Humor is okay; needless mysticism isn't.

EDITOR'S PAGE

LYNNE HOLDOM?
ISN'T THAT ONE
OF RICHARD E. GEIS'S
PEN NAMES?



by Lynne Holdom

Well TIGHTBEAM is a little late again. This time it's not all that late though. You see I joined this Writer's Workshop and.... And I learned, oh boy, do you have to have a masochistic streak to get involved in one of these. It seems that I can't pick a good title or start or end a story. My middles aren't great either. Seriously one chap did drop out because he couldn't take it. The rest of us have stuck it out, though one chap didn't submit a story; just the outline for one. I'll have more about this next time.

My sister-in-law is still bugging us all. The judge told Ken that he'll take the kids away from both of them and put them in a foster home if he hears about any problems concerning them in court one more time.

Another problem has been the weather. It's been hot here folks. It got up to 104°—

the hottest it's been in eleven years. Even with the air-conditioning going full blast, it was very hot and muggy in here. That was the day I had to write the scene where my hero almost dies in a blizzard. Talk about imagination.

By the way, Judy Kopman says that she didn't think reading MISSION FOR THE AR-HAR-ETHAN was a fate worse than death. The workshop did though. Well there was one person who liked parts of it but.... Somehow I don't think the zines and editors are going to beat a path to my door.

I went to see STAR WARS. Seemed like something out of Edmund Hamilton and E. E. Smith. I'm not saying I didn't like but.... Actually the special effects are wonderful and worth seeing the movie for. The aliens really look like aliens.

There are six more people in the new fanzine appreciation society. They are:

Robert Daly, 411 West Highland, Denton, TX 76201
William Goodson, No. 11, Jalan 2/12, Shah Alam, Selangor, Malaysia
Cal Johnson, 803 N. 37th, Corsicana, TX 75110
Carol Sathor, 6461 Lane Ave. N #17, Brooklyn Park, MN 55429
John Thiel, 30 N. 19th St. Lafayette, IN 47904
Anji Valenza, 593 5th St. Brooklyn, NY 11215

Also I heard from Helen Steere that her mother died suddenly, recently. She might like you to drop her a line. She sent me a cover which I'll use in the November issue.

Jan Morgan did the cover I'll be using the next time. Since it says 1977—The Year of the Serpent, I have to use it soon. This cover is by Anji Valenza. The back cover is also but wouldn't come out well unless I did it photo offset which I can't afford. Anji liked STAR WARS also. One joke I heard about STAR WARS was that by the time you got in to see it, it's about the past.

There are some new members. Here they are:

Perry Glen Moore
1326 Burton Valley Rd.
Nashville, TN 37215

BD: 5-14-59. Inst sports, SF, stamp collecting, astronomy. Likes most Heinlein. Also Clarke, Asimov, Bradley. Journalism student. Likes Darkover, Dune and the Foundation.

James Pearson
4383 Via Majorca
Cypress, CA 90630

BD: 11-20-40. Engineer. Was in N3F ages ago. Inst. writing, books, fanzines. Willing to work at pubbing, corres. Attends SF cons. Likes Howard, Anderson, DeCamp. Has typer, cassette.

Timothy Roax
PO.O. Box 567
South Windsor, Conn. 06074

BD: 12-26-59. Student, part time janitor. Inst. everything fannish. Wants to be active. Inst in Apas. Also fanzines, tried to do one (wants advice) Has typer

COA's

David Affler, P. O. Box 2420, Brandeis University, Waltham, MA 02154 (after Aug 28)
Will Norris, P.O. Box 4622, Austin, TX 78765
Lin Randall, 1005 Clark Street, Santa Rosa, CA 95404
Peter Graham, P.O. Box 264 , Papakura, New Zealand

Some points I should raise. First do not send any STAR TREK related material. There are scads of ST zines. Unfortunately I don't know where to get info on this. If there is a new ST film or TV series, I may change my mind.

If you wish to send an article or review, check here first. It is very frustrating to get two reviews of the same thing. I know the work put into these. Also quite a number are too long. One page typewritten, single-spaced, is as long as I can handle. Usually.

If you have an idea for an article, again write first. Also remember that Joanne Burger likes to get articles and reviews too. But check with her first.

Another person to send material to is Mike Lowrey, 2409 Oakland Ave., Nashville, TN 37212. He will get material and hopeful fanzine editors together. Mike also would like to hear from fanzine editors who need material.

Fred Jakobic mentioned that people kept getting him and Fred Jackson III mixed up at Autoclave. Well you are both Fred J's and draw and come from Michigan, I get you confused. Since I think well of both of you, that's not bad.

A lot of letters I got will be in the September issue which will be a long issue. I got a number of comments on the Anita Bryant issue which will appear next time except for the comments of Peggy Gemignani (a Floridian) and Donald Lundry (SunCon committee head.)

I would also like to call a moratorium on all discussion of Conan, Sharon Ponzer, Dennis and the rest. We generally get a lot of new members in September and they will be mystified. John Thiel says he's interested, so write him. (30 N. 13th St., Lafayette, IN 47904) In fact he'd probably like any really offbeat fan material. I got a letter from him that'll probably appear next issue.



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Note from Lynne---once again this month there is no President's Message but this time I didn't lose it; John Robinson never sent one in the first place. I guess he's still working on the budget. Anyway I hope I won't have this problem next year.

But I did get a message from Donald Lundry about SunCon. Since this is the Hugo issue, I decided to run Donald Lundry's message here.

Donald Lundry
c/o Suncon
P. O. Box 3427,
Cherry Hill, NJ
08034

Since you put it so nicely and personally in your inquiring about the Fontainebleau, I can't help but answer. But there's little chance to publish anything till after the convention.

At this point, I feel confident there will be a convention. While the hotel is in bankruptcy, there have been no problems in making final arrangements and setting up for the convention. And considering that we represent a sizable hunk of business, they are not about to close up with our convention coming in.

The convention itself is shaping up as a return to the older, smaller conventions of about three to four years ago. I would estimate attendance to be about the same as Mid AmeriCon, say 2500. We have over twice the space that Kansas City had, so we can really spread out and enjoy ourselves at a really first class facility.

As to the so-called boycott by the gays, this is limited to a few people and will not affect the convention. Some gay activists have taken a more positive approach and decided to come and hold meetings in the hotel. This is certainly more constructive than simply staying away. As long as they are members of the convention and registered in the hotel, they have every right to hold open parties and meet with others.

Jerry Jacks and others, have even taken out an ad in the program book, inviting all fans to an open party at the hotel. I've known Jerry for some time and he called me even before sending the ad to discuss this whole business. I intend to show up at the party, along with my wife and children. So much for that problem.

The results of the much-publicized difficulties of the Fountainbleau seem to be keeping attendance down. Considering the problems of organizing something of this size, I can only be thankful that attendance will be relatively light. It's a shame that you personally can't come -- I would have enjoyed meeting you. Maybe we'll meet at some other convention. ((I'm planning to attend PhilCon in November. Seriously I would have liked to attend SunCon. If by some last minute miracle I make it, I've even been invited to parties. I also wish you every success. Did you notice that there have been no hurricanes at all this year so far? Just sit and hope. I also think Jerry Jacks attitude is more constructive than staying away. Fans are more tolerant (usually) than the general public so why punish them for Anita Bryant?))

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two more coa's David Underwood, 15 Wood St., Greenfield, IN 46140
 Steven Bond, 7311 W Franklin Av, St. Louis Park, MN 55426
 Andy Boys, Rte 1, Box 200, St George, KS 66535 ((Opps that's three.))

Next issue should be out approximately on time (like in September) and will be about 40 pages long as I had a lot of letters I couldn't get into this issue. That still leaves me with 10 or 12 pages to fill with letters so write. I'd like some reaction to this issue as well as last issue. By the way all overseas members are getting the May and July issues together.

I hope John Robinson will send me a President's Message for September. That's two issues now that we've missed your cheery words---yes I know it was my fault in May but it's yours in July.

I hope everyone has a good time at SunCon. I wish I were going. See you in September.

CAPTURED BY CELLULOID
Confessions of a STAR WARS Addict

by

M. E. Tyrrell

Yes, yes, I admit it! I have become addicted to STAR WARS. Mostly the film so far, but it may lap over to such merchandizing gimmicks as posters and tee-shirts and even an R2D2 thermos bottle. That last would be for my son. He's seen the movie twice, demolished one paperback with showing it to everyone, and has formed a strong identification with R2D2.

Me? I've seen STAR WARS four times . . . so far. I'm not trying for any kind of record. I'd never make it. Alan Ladd, Jr., one of the Fox executives, has seen the flick 30 times. "Course he's probably figuring up the till. I must admit that the first time I saw STAR WARS I was not overwhelmed. I went with a friend who was even more eager to see it than I was, and she dragged me to the twilight show (reduced price) the first day (a Wednesday) the film played. I envisioned horrible lines and not being able to get in, but we did and in a reasonable time, too.

Now I have to tell you that my friend doesn't know much about SF. Watching her reaction to the film was a revelation. She was totally enthralled. "Wow! Look at that! Did you see that?" Meanwhile I was being very blase. Nothing here I haven't read about. It's just the novelty of seeing it." I don't mean I didn't enjoy the movie; I was just not carried away with it.

I had, however, promised to take my son to see it. Off we went to the noon showing on Saturday, me anticipating dozens of squirming children. Luckily most parents accompanied their offspring. I forgot about the kiddies once the film began. Somehow that showing got to me in a way the first one didn't. I became STAR WARS-mad. I dragged my spouse to see it the very next day, and my son and I caught it again at a Saturday twilight show.

Why, you may ask, would a (supposedly) mature, intelligent person carry on about what is, after all, just a glorified space opera? Good question. There are some things which are beyond explanation. Still, the movie does have its merits, which I will try to enumerate.

1. IT'S FUN

It's getting to be a rare film these days that makes you feel good. Consider this sampler of six movies that I've seen fairly recently.

"Cross of Iron," "The Eagle Has Landed," and "A Bridge Too Far" are all war movies of one kind or another, none very cheerful. "Sorcerer" is a taut, adventure-suspense film with authentic performances, tight directing and editing, and a tough, gritty ambiance. The violence and unpleasantness is not gratuitous, but neither is it exactly uplifting. "New York, New York" is a woeful musical, and "The Deep" has an inane script---when it's not being out and out sadistic.

After all that, it's a relief to find a film that you can simply enjoy. Lucas has said something to the effect that STAR WARS lets people forget their troubles for a couple of hours. These days there's a lot to forget.

2. IT'S WELL MADE

STAR WARS is not the best film of the year as TIME bumbled (my vote for that so far---ANNIE HALL), but it has an ingratiating cast, nifty costuming, make-up and special effects, and it uses its plot for all it's worth. Harrison Ford (Han Solo in the film) has been quoted as saying "STAR WARS is a silly movie, but wonderfully made." He's right. The film teeters on the edge of absurdity at times but never falls in. (Well, maybe in that very last scene, but I guess they had to do something to set up for the credits.)

3. IT'S REWATCHABLE

Some songs you never get tired of hearing. Some foods are always favorites. Some films you
(con't on page 12)

SHARON, CONAN, PYRAMIDS, CARDBOARDS and ME
or
SEARCH FOR A LIBERATED MAN

With that pyramid still following, cardboard in my dreams and the threat of Yog-Xipcode from beneath I begin a search for a liberated man (like that Greek whose name escapes me at the moment-no he was looking for an honest man, those are even harder to find) and a good novel. In my humble opinion(who says I'm humble-nobody but it looks better than arrogance) there is a better selection for the Hugo Award for best novel this year. Someone somewhere on the sands of Miami Beach will stand on a crate of a certain aging songstress's second favorite crusade and announce that the silver phallic symbols are about to be given out. The novels are CHILDREN OF DUNE by Frank Herbert, MAN PLUS by Fred Pohl, MINDERIDGE by Joe Haldeman, SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE by Bob Silverberg and lastly WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG by Kate Wilhelm. We have clones and doctors, remade men and telepaths, universe makers and a partridge and a pear tree.

The first of the five is CHILDREN OF DUNE by Frank Herbert, the conclusion of the trilogy that saw the culmination of the Bene Gesserit breeding with minds of immense power-power to see the myriad possible futures and shape them to their own desires. The first book traced the development of Paul, the Kwisatz Haderach in the first uses of the power inherited, combined with the potent effects of the spice drug to allow his entrance into the caverns of the mind. With this he brought his house back from exile to become the Imperial house. In the second book Paul deals with threats to his throne from the old power centers of the empire, who sought quite naturally to protect their position. He succeeded but was so consumed by his mind that he chose to forsake all and go into the desert like any Fremmen.

In Dune 3, the fate of Paul's children is revealed. For the first time there is conflict within House Atreides as Alia(later shown to be possessed of an evil ancestor) battles her mother, the Lady Jessica and attempts to use the children for her own gain. House Corrino(the old ruling house) strives for a return to power and the most perceptive among them realize that the greening of Arrakis is out of control and this threatens the power of the Atreides in the Imperium for the spice is the coin that buys their power. The twins, Leto and Ghanima have their own plan for the Imperium which takes shape as he feigns death and hides on the desert and she carries a ploy to marry Faradin, scion of House Corrino. In the end they succeed as Leto forces Alia to reveal herself after which she jumps to her death. He takes the throne, forces Faradin to take the hand of Ghanima and sets the Imperium on his conception of the future.

Certainly Leto didn't have to be worried about being turned into a cardboard phallic, it would be pointless(as probably he was). One wonders if there was a post office in the Imperium-it couldn't be worse than the one here. And it certainly seems Sharon, that the good Leto was a class MCP considering the way he dealt with his sister-detailing the rest of her existence for her. A broodmare. It is apparent though, that woman's lib hadn't as yet come to the empire, she accepted his mandates pretty calmly.

CHILDREN OF DUNE is a fine story and a joy to read, not the equal of the original in the series but a good conclusion to this trilogy which taken as a whole is possibly the best series of sf ever written.

The second of the five nominees is MAN PLUS by Fred Pohl, the story of an astronaut whose physical structure is changed so as to facilitate his existence on Mars without the need of life support equipment. Combine this with an extrapolation of Cold War and internal crises and an end to it all kind of feeling. The stress of the story is on the mental impact of those physical changes.

The president seeing predictions telling him that the end is near decides to move on the creation of a cyborg-astronaut. The first attempt is unable to deal with the stresses so caused and dies. Roger Torraway is the next candidate. A number of complications developed. First was the relationship between him and his wife. She needed considerable sensual stimuli and felt that this would be deprived her as a result of her husband's reconditioning. Second the problem that killed the first astronaut was how to make the brain receptive to the new stimuli which were contrary to previous. As physical went he became superhuman-immense strength, less reliance on lungs and so forth.

His emotional disturbance became juxtaposed with the question of race survival. The changes within and the flag waving without caused tremendous problems. Finally the stresses grew so great that he fled the project and returned to his wife but on seeing her horror-he realized that the relationship was gone. He returned to base and began preparations for the trip to Mars. It was a long journey, covering some 17 months in transit but things went well for him and the two normal humans traveling with him. He began to acclimate himself to his new home. But the old problem of perception appeared once again.

Back on earth it was discovered that the supposed public support for the mission dissolved into an apparent case of computer tampering. The instability of Torraway continued; he seems to withdraw further and further into himself. Paranoia becomes dominant. Whether he actually survived is unclear but irrelevant. At the end, the world goes on its merry way, seeking survival for philosophies as much as people.

MAN PLUS by Fred Pohl has a powerful story line and deals with an area often forgotten-what are the responsibilities of the individual in relationship to survival of the species? Is one predominant? And is there a point where it might be better if homosap didn't survive? A fair book, I didn't care for the book tho obviously others did.

From the carss point of view, Roger had no worry with respect to cardboards and some of their stranger uses. It is worth mentioning that Mars is so dry that one of a cardboards greatest occupational hazards-water warping is not present. I think, Sharon that Roger is also an MCP-a gentler one perhaps but one still. In our search for the liberated man, we are 0 for 2.

MINDBRIDGE by Joe Haldeman is in the middle of our tidy little

list. It is the saga of Tamer Jacques LeFavre who discovered the Groombridge bridge and its ability to form a mental link with the L'vrai-the first alien sentience discovered by man. And how he forged a link with them such that homosap managed in the nick of time to grow into a truly intelligent species.

A tamer is one who is qualified to travel in space via an effect known as the Levant-Meyer Translation which caused for varying time vs distance instantaneous movement to another planet. It was on one such mission that the bridges were discovered and it was found that he was the most sensitive to them-why this was true was never clear though it had to do with a certain mental makeup. After much experimentation, they were more confused. Meanwhile the missions continued.

The discovery of gravity waves near Sirius which could indicate the presence of aliens, so AED, the agency which LeFavre was a member sought to find out was going on. Naturally he happened to be on hand for the first contact with the L'vrai-a race which had a race consciousness and deemed the humans as mere primitives. He threatened destruction due to the mental contaminations that the humans were spreading through this region of the galaxy. It is discovered that he alone of all humans could contact them via the bridge-the alien then summoned the leaders of earth.

The key according to the alien was LeFavre's ability to deal internally with his animal and angel's personae and that homosap was a threat until they could do this as a race. And until they could not advance. All this time he was deeply in love with another Tamer, Carol Waxhal. Down through the years only he was able to maintain contact with them, though as he approached the end of his life-that key did become a part of the human psyche. Within a short century after all of homosap became by the alien definition, intelligent. And he dies happy.

MINDBRIDGE by Joe Haldeman is a powerful book, from my viewpoint an easier one to deal with though by no means a book with less conceptual material. In fact this and the Pohl book are differing sides of the same coin. In matters of style this is similar to the FOREVER WAR but in other respects it is a vastly different book and better.

Well Sharon in this here game we have gone three downs without moving the ball. Jacques LeFavre isn't quite the usual MCP still it seems that he knows where his woman's place. He might well be troubled by dreams of cardboard phallics. In fact the shape of the bridge leads to all sorts of nasty thoughts. Maybe we should have asked the L'vrai if they had any ideas on how to improve the po.

SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE by Bob Silverberg is the story of Shadrach Mordecai personal physician to Genghis II Mao IV, master of the world following the virus wars of the 1990's which destroyed the old structure. He is intimately tied to his patient by a series of monitors implanted within and by virtue of his position is in the elite. His patient is over a hundred maintained by organ transplant and by research teams searching for the fountain of youth. The fact that one of them is nearing

completion troubles Shadrach. There is a possibility of transferring the mind of the chairman into another body and he fears that his is the body to be used. It is about this time that the heir of the chairman is killed and suspicion falls on him, though after a time he escapes this. He finds that he is tiring of his job, some of his friends are no longer favorites.

He flees the capital of Ulan Bator, but realizes this will cast more suspicion, so he returns and gets sanction for a vacation of sorts. He travels and becomes more upset about the condition of the world, many of the remaining inhabitants suffer from organ rot, a leftover of the wars. Eventually he returns and finds the chairman in pain, suffering from headaches caused by a buildup of pressure of fluid pressure in the brain. He now has a method to deal with the chairman. Surgery is necessary to relieve the pressure and valves are installed to deal with the problem if it happens again. Shadrach goes a step further. In his hand he has installed a switch which allows him to control the pressure-he can control the chairman. He demonstrates his power. He gains control of the health service and goes about to save the world. He will end the rot. He steps into the chairman's shoes.

I have reservations about SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE, seemingly it did not need to be novel length to tell the story that Silverberg told. I thought that much was superfluous-there were too many side conflicts which tended at times to mask the main one. Obviously by virtue of its being here, I was not one of them.

Hello Sharon are you there?? Calling Sharon, come in please. Ah there you are, out in the boonies. I don't think that we have found a liberated man here, another MCP-women play only minor parts here which is proper. Apparently neither Shadrach nor Genghis are much concerned about phallics. Damm that pyramid.....

Last but probably not least is WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG by Kate Wilhelm. The Summers of Virginia are old line, owning the Shenandoah Valley for eons and lo the end is coming. As things get worse, the family pulls in the various branches and everyone happily lives in the valley. But...pollutants are causing problems; farming is becoming impossible; starvation is rampant and disease is spreading rapidly. So they hole up for the duration. In the beginning some of the family saw what was happening and made provision-establishing a research center in the valley for the study of genetic problems. Suddenly and without warning it is discovered that that reproduction in the normal pattern is no longer possible.

So clone experimentation is begun and found to be successful. And soon there are many series of clones in existence about Shenandoah. But clearly the clones are not human. Gradually they supersede the remaining humans and take over the valley. Life is regimented, compartmentalized, a drab sameness descends over the valley. In time however the clones are confronted with two problems-loss of viability in the fourth generation with which all their sophisticated science is unable to deal. The other solution to this is unthinkable-a return to sexual reproduction, again viable for this would place too many variables in the process. And the

clones cannot by their nature deal with variation, The second problem is a
collary to the first-how can the clones deal with such variation when it
does appear-the author equates the old system of reproduction and this
does in fact occur. He creates a crisis in the community by committing a
series of pranks-which disrupt the normal series of actions and again since
the clones cannot cope, response is impossible. Further most of the
punishments devised by the clone elders are of little concern to him-for
example they isolate him but whereas this is horror to a clone this doesn't
bother him in the least. Finally they force him to leave the community.
Unknown to them, he was already for such a move and had made preparations.
He saw the mistake of the clones which is that rejection of change leads
to stagnation which in turn means the end-this is true be it an organism
or a community. Before his departure, he had provided both for physical needs
and the species. And the clone community died.

WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG is a good tale, the best so far of
the clone stories. Its a dawn story, but then all of the stories in this
years list are down to one extant or another. I enjoyed the book and
reccomend it.

Well Sharon, this book is so full of MCP's you need a scorecard to
tell them apart. With their problems they certainly didn't have any cardboard
fetishes. So I am afraid my dear that after you finish off working over
Conan you will have some more to take care of. All in a days work for a
liberated woman, Better luck next time.

Here you have them, the Hugo novel nominees: CHILDREN OF DUNE by
Frank Herbert, MAN PLUS by Fred Pohl, MINDBRIDGE by Joe Haldeman, SHADRACH
IN THE FURNACE by Bob Silverberg and WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG by
Kate Wilhelm. My vote if the secret masters of Suncon deign to send a ballot
hither is for Dune 3 with Mindbridge second and where Late third.

Dennis Jarog(for the Great Bird)

Notes-after reading this Peggy, Sharon may want her bail money back.
However I am not an exhibitionist by trade.

Another installment in the further adventures of Sharon, Conan,
Pyramids, Cardboards and the Great Bird-Conan after regaining what little
sense that the secret masters had allotted him went to see Pounce and Judy
in their new nightclub act. He laughed so hard he castrated himself with his
broadsword(these were immediately claimed by an unscrupulous huckster). As
a result of this he lost his job in the pantheon(enuchs were not welcome
in the stroied halls of the great S&S heroes) and he now wroks as a bouncer
in a gay bar in Miami Beach. My fervant wish is that he take on that no
famous aging songstess.

Dat damm pyramid-do you realize what a nuisance it is-it makes it
near impossible to get a suntan and when taking a shower it gets awful
crowded in the shower. But there is one place where the damm thing is the
greatest problem-just consider that for a while.

Dennis Jarog

STAR WARS (con't from page 6.)

can watch again and again. Not many. In the past ten years there's been maybe one film per year that I've actually gone back to see again. These are films like *STAR WARS*, *GODSPELL*, *AMERICAN GRAFFITI* (also a Lucas film), and *NASHVILLE*. My all time records are *A HARD DAYS NIGHT* (5 times) and *HELP!* (8 times), but I was younger then and movies were cheaper.

I think what takes *STAR WARS* over the top for me is the humor. You can see it coming from a mile away, even on the first go-round, but it still works, rather like an old vaudeville routine.

4. IT'S ALL I'M GOING TO GET FOR NOW.

I can wonder what Spielberg will do with *CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND*, I can hope about Balshi's *LORD OF THE RINGS* (knowing full well that whatever he does, he won't please everyone, if indeed he pleases anyone), and I can wonder whatever happened to the plans for filming *DUNE*, but *STAR WARS* is here and now and I might as well enjoy it.

H. E. Tyrrell

WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG (con't from page 18)

generations of children. Another handicap to exploration and salvaging work is the fact that the sisters/brothers can't be separated for more than a few hours and a short distance without suffering greatly. Third generation Mark, the only "human" sexually reproduced) who was raised in secret to be an individual, has a solution but the clones would kill him to keep him from putting it into action.

Aside from the well constructed plot and the very real characters, there is another good reason for reading this book. In the first few chapters, the collapse of civilization is described in a way that has more than a "ring" of truth about it. As I read, I kept asking myself why this scenario couldn't happen---what were we doing to prevent it? And I couldn't find an answer. See if you can convince yourself that while reading that "it couldn't happen like this; not this soon." You may find it difficult.

WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG by Kate Wilhelm

Harper and Row 1976

Lynne here---now you have all the reviews of the Hugo nominees in the novel category. Cathy McGuire's review first appeared last July so some of you may have read it before. Next issue will have a review of the new Bradley novel and a quick look at two novels by Jack Chalker who is a Campbell award nominee. I also have a review of *HOUSE OF ZEOR* and the latest A. D. Foster novel. I am hoping to have reviews of the Hugo nominee novels each July.

SHARON PONZER (con't from page 25)

When I said I hadn't even told Dennis yet, he smiled. He told me not to worry and he would take care of all the details.

The next day Conan showed me this house I'd never seen before in an area that I had though thought I knew very well. It's completely furnished and the rent is just token. Dennis didn't seem pleased when I showed him the ~~basement~~ basement; but after a while he agreed it was the best way to get along while I write my book.

That stupid pyramid is still following us.

Well give Denny a few smacks for me. Bye for now.

Sharon

REVIEWS

MINDBRIDGE by Joe W. Haldeman

reviewed by Nicholas deLarber

This novel has been nominated for this year's Hugo Award for best novel and it does deserve such recognition. It is a good novel; not a great novel, but a novel of "hard" science-fiction.

MINDBRIDGE offers a view of the world in the near future through the eyes and actions of one Jacque Lefavre, a man of high intelligence and violent temperament which he had learned to subdue after much difficulty. This factor, in itself, played an important role in the outcome of the novel.

The discovery, in the early 21st century, of a form of matter-transmission, named the Levant-Meyer Translation effect (LMT), had several effects on the world. First, it enabled man to travel outside his solar system (from 10 to 115 light years distant) for short periods. These interstellar travelers are known as "tamers," which describes their tasks on distant worlds. The tamers, including Lefavre, examined each planet assigned in order to determine its feasibility in supporting human colonization. If determined to be compatible, they begin to reshape the planet for human habitation.

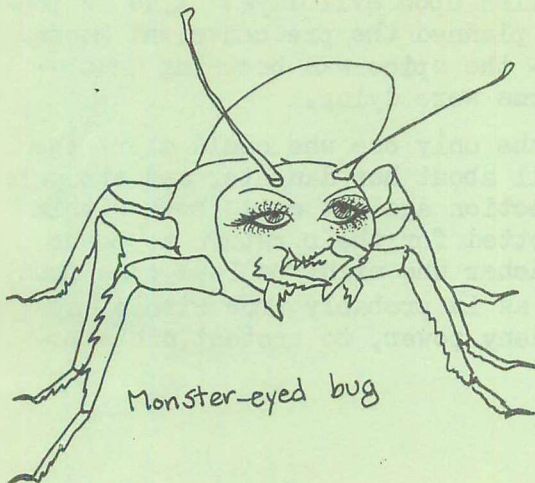
While on a reconnaissance mission to a planet in the Groombridge star system, a tamer discovered a creature which was to be named the "bridge." This creature, although simple in structure, was able to impart the power of telepathy between two humans in contact with it. The strength of the telepathic bond decreases with the order in which the creature is touched; the first person in contact has the strongest link, the second slightly less, and so forth. Unfortunately, the first person in contact with the bridge was doomed to die due to the "ecstasy effect", a side effect of the mental link. However, Jacque Lefavre, who was on the Groombridge mission, was the second tamer to touch the animal, and therefore became the most powerful telepath on Earth (when touching a bridge.)

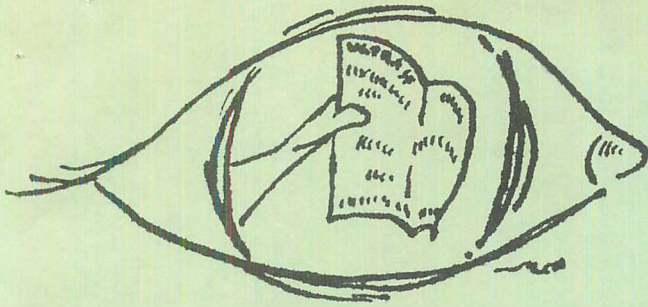
To allow further study into the bridge's function, a system of "legal suicides," was instituted. The volunteers would touch the bridge, experience the telepathic bond, succumb to the ecstasy effect and expire, and thereby leave a large sum of money to their survivors. Thus the supply and demand system survives into the future.

Through a combination of interest in the mindbridge and the appearance of astronomical disturbances in the area of Achernar (115 light-years away), a mission was commissioned and dispatched to the system, but it ended with the death of the entire tamer team. It was later revealed to have been caused by a race of indifferent to malevolent aliens, who are moving from Achernar to the area of Sirius towards Earth.

Eventually, a representative of the alien race, called the L'vrai, come to Earth but was unable to communicate with humanity. But, in this case, Jacque Lefavre and a mindbridge proved to be the link required, and a satisfactory ending was reached in the novel.

The world encountered in MINDBRIDGE is somewhat of an extrapolation from our own world in several ways. The LMT, like many of our scientific discoveries was the result of a freak accident with a trained mind present. Also, although it allowed distant space travel, the LMT was not meant to be an answer to overpopulation but it did aid colonization. (Allow me to add that Haldeman's ideas on colonization were interesting, even if they would be a bit difficult to put into practice.) Fur-





ther, the tamer program has to resort to lobbying sometimes in order to raise its expenditures, and corporate leaders have quite a bit to say about governmental policies from the standpoint of being on the World Council.

In short, Haldeman has attempted to create a feeling of verisimilitude in the book through the use of the extrapolations, along with the use

of "articles", graphs, and tables scattered throughout the text. These pseudo-articles imparted more background information than a direct discussion and were more interesting because they were interspersed within MINDBRIDGE.

Though MINDBRIDGE was a well-plotted novel, I felt that it moved a touch too quickly overall, moving too suddenly from the LMT to the mindbridge to the L'vrai. One is barely allowed to assimilate the information received. I somehow feel that a few more pages could have helped this book a bit. A second point is characterization. Although Lefavre was reasonably delineated in character, his fellow tamer (and lover), Carol Wachel, could have been further developed. She did play an active role in the story, and she was Lefavre's equal but her character could have used a little more clarification. Also the L'vrai were a bit shallow, and though important, could have been more memorable. These may be relatively small points to consider, but I feel that they did affect the novel.

Overall MINDBRIDGE struck me as a good piece of science-fiction writing. It is, in many ways, a novel of the 70's (especially in the writing style), and yet, it is still reminiscent of an earlier type of science-fiction (in the use of aliens who feel that man must be either controlled or eliminated for their sake). Personally I enjoyed MINDBRIDGE, and I recommend it as enjoyable reading with some very interesting ideas blended in the mixture. I do not feel that it is the years best novel, but I do feel that it is a very good novel and that it should rate very high in the Hugo balloting as a worthy nominee.

MINDBRIDGE by Joe W. Haldeman

St. Martins Press 1976

CHILDREN OF DUNE by Frank Herbert

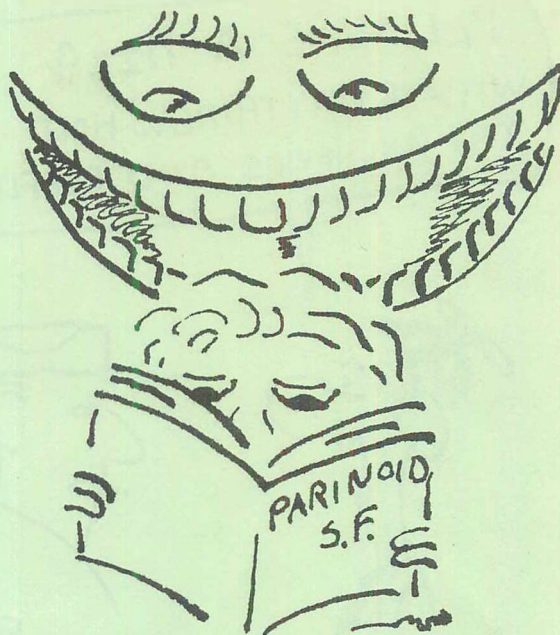
reviewed by Dennis Jarog

The concluding book of the DUNE trilogy, CHILDREN OF DUNE is the saga of the children of Paul Atreides and their survival and eventual domination of the conflicting powers of the Imperium. It is the story of the real possibilities brought into focus by the Kwisatz Haderach.

The story opens as Alia acting as regent for the underage twins of Paul. They are about to welcome to Arrakis the Lady Jessica who has been absent for several years. At this point it is clear that the House Atreides has fallen upon evil days; Alia is possessed by the old Baron--the ancient fear of all who planned the prescenscient humans; further the power of the Atreides was draining away -- the spice was becoming less -- the greening of Arrakis was out of control and the worms were dying.

Alia feared the coming of her mother as she was the only one who could alert the Fremmen and the Bene Gesserit. Jessica saw and knew all about her daughter and struggle ensued. Meanwhile the twins undertook their own protection against evils both within and without. The descendants of the House Corrino plotted for their return to power. Entering into all of this was the presence of the preacher who might be Paul come from the desert. The plots and counterplots are enormous; as is probably true within any structure of power, there was conspiracy to gain and deny power, to protect one's position and destroy another's.

The most interesting parts of the story dealt with the problems of prescience; in the first novel DUNE, it is revealed that for countless generations lines of humans were bred such that the end product would be able to see the cause and effect of given actions---to reveal the possible futures dictated by any given mutable. Thus this individual could control the future. It is mutable. Paul Atreides was such an end product, born before expected, his lineage combined with the spice that induces ancestral memory and this created the Kwisatz Haderach. But problems come with the power. Travelling amidst the various futures caused a psychic tiredness---it is this which caused Paul to walk the desert at the conclusion of DUNE MESSIAH. Even worse is abomination; the possession of the psyche by a powerful ancestor. This is Alia's problem. She is possessed by her grandfather, the old Baron who attempts to use her to destroy the Atreides as a family. Most interesting of all is how the twins Leto and Ghanima are able to deal with these problems so as to preserve their own independent psyches and still use the powers they inherited.



The story continues as Leto feigning assassination by the hand of Corrino goes into the desert to seek his own psyche. Jessica openly opposes her daughter. Leto encounters the spice trance for the first time and a metamorphosis caused by it changes him into something not quite human. He meets his father and reveals to him the changes he has undergone. Meanwhile Alia's position becomes more precarious---the truth of her position becomes known: Duncan Idaho, her consort leaves her; Stilger the Fremen Naib becomes neutral in the Imperial struggle. At this point Alia planned to wed Ghanima (she believed Leto dead) to Faradain, heir to house Corrino. The conclusion comes as Leto comes back to Arrakeen and forces the issue with Alia. She jumps from the palace window shortly after Paul as the preacher is slain by one of the Mahdi. Leto and Ghanima then set the Imperium on the Golden Path---their plan for the future of humankind.

CHILDREN OF DUNE is a complex book by no means the equal of DUNE (one of the best SF novels ever written) but it is still a solid effort and a pleasure to read. It is not easy to read as Frank Herbert uses an episodic style and one must tie the threads of the story together as he jumps from seitch to the palace at Arakeen. If the first of the trilogy was a novel of ecology---the study of the desert scape and its immense effect on the people that dwelled there, and the second book (DUNE MESSIAH) is the study of the ecology of the Imperium and the effect of the Atreides upon it, then this third book is the study of the ecology of the mind and the psyche and the effect of prescience upon it. This is one of the Hugo nominees and is more than a possibility to win the Silver Spaceship. It is highly recommended.

CHILDREN OF DUNE by Frank Herbert

Putnam/Berkley 1976

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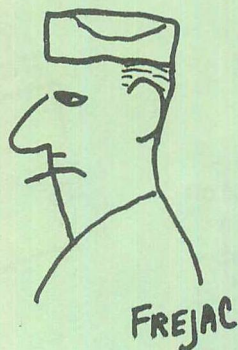
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MAN PLUS by Fred Pohl

reviewed by Anji Valenza

For a great while I have been reading books on my own and have not been overenthused by any of them. Now that I have been given books and told "I want you to review this," I've hit upon two good ones in a row. The first was Joe Haldeman's MINDBRIDGE, but that's not what I want to talk about here. Fred Pohl's Hugo nominee MAN PLUS is a beautiful novel all around. (And why am I reading this in Gene Shalit's voice?)

I'LL HAVE A PIZZA
WITH EVERYTHING... HOLD
THE ANCHOVIES AND CORFLU...



FREJAC

MAN PLUS concerns the engineering, education and deployment of one Roger Tarroway. Initially on the production team of the first cyborg, Tarroway becomes a cyborg himself when that original cyborg mysteriously dies (of a stroke due to overload of input, one later learns). Tarroway is fitted up with semi-artificial skin, limbs, energy collectors, you name it---all for the purpose of making him able to live without environmental aids on the surface of Mars.

So why would someone want someone to live without environmental aids on the surface of Mars? Because it's there, of course, but also because pretty soon the human race might not be. As usual, everyone is mad at everyone else; the only "free" place is supposedly the North American continent. All statistics show that war is imminent. The race to Mars is still against the Russians, is a them or us affair. What the president wants is a thriving U.S. colony on Mars before the war can begin so that no matter what happens on Earth, there will

still be humanity somewhere. Humanity and something else.....

The something else is what is (are?) narrating the story, and occasionally appear in the form of what may or may not be an editorial "we." One is never told (or given very many clues to) the identity of "we" until the end -- and I won't spoil the ending for those who haven't read the book by telling you any more.

The story opens while the first cyborg is being trained and goes through Tarroway's training in great detail. The science is very well put, readily understandable and accurate; but for all Pohl's depth in this area, his characterizations suffer not in the least. Tarroway is seen as nothing near a superman but as an ordinary guy trying to do extraordinary things, not always with even ordinary success. Tarroway's friends are also very well done; his teammate and co-colonist Bradley who liked the idea of having wives, especially other peoples' including Tarroway's. Father Don Kayman, in love with Sister Clothilda and the man who didn't know whether he liked what was happening to Tarroway or not. And Dorrie Tarroway herself, a woman one can't really decide whether one likes or not. Then there's Sulie Carpenter, brought to the mission especially for Roger, but that's another story in itself.....

The story is well paced -- neither too slow or too fast. It combines suspense, mystery, pathos of a sort, and a surprise ending to boot (well it surprised me anyway). Above all I think MAN PLUS is everything I think a good SF novel should be. I most sincerely recommend it. Those of you who haven't already done so, check it out.

MAN PLUS by Fred Pohl

1976

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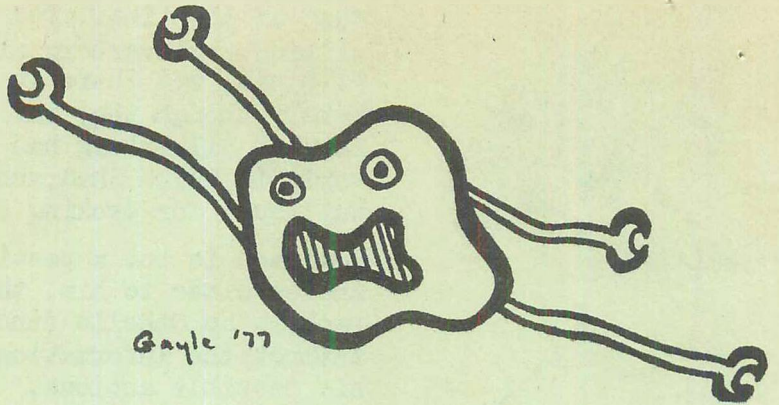
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SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE by Robert Silverberg

reviewed by Robert Sombrio

I can't think of an author, science-fiction or otherwise, who has consistently provided as much entertainment (if nothing else) for me as Robert Silverberg. I love the way he writes, the way he phrases words to paint tapestries of imagery and symbolism. Lately, say within the last five years or so, he has achieved incredible heights of intimacy with his central characters. I won't bother listing such achievements. You have them, and if you don't, you should. Silverberg is (make that was) a professional writer of fiction in every sense of the word "professional". SHADRACH, according to his own words, is his last book.

It seems a shame, therefore, that he has chosen to go out with something less than the bang one would expect of a last novel. SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE was serialized in ANALOG where I read it last summer. It has been out in hard cover for a while, and this year placed third in the Nebula awards. It certainly deserves a place in the Nebulas, for professionally it's tightly woven, a well constructed story, the type of thing struggling writers such as myself strive for. But Silverberg has had more practice than I have, and he should have come up with more substance.



Set in the frighteningly near future, SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE (basically) deals with a few short months in the life of Shadrach Mordecia, a child of the nineteen seventies now a young man and personal physician to the ruler of an Earth still ravaged by the effects of a virus war. Genghis Mao, leader because no one else wanted the job, is obsessed with the thought of immortality and, in addition to extensive organ transplants, is carrying on three separate and non-overlapping projects to achieve immortality. One such project involves the transference of Mao's personality from his aging body into that of a hand-picked donor. The donor, upon learning of his fate, commits suicide, leaving the Chairman with the necessity of finding another person. He chooses Shadrach.

There is a slight hitch. Shadrach's lover, Nikki, is in charge of the project, and this puts a crimp in their relationship. Nikki resolves the problem by becoming cold to Shadrach, something he does not understand until he is told of his impending doom. A full third of the novel is concerned with Shadrach wrestling with himself over his fate. It's hard for him to believe the Chairman would do something like that to him. It's true though, and he is advised by several high ranking members of the Permanent Revolutionary Committee to leave the capital area.

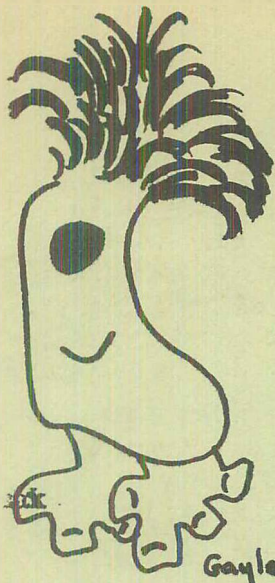
This he does. Telling his only patient that he needs a vacation, he tours the world, seeing in person the cities which can be seen from the vast spy complex in the capital city. Alas, the whole world is wasting away from organ rot. There is no cure for the rot, only a preventative which checks it, and that is in such short supply that only high ranking officials have access to it. The lovely tourist areas of the world are pits for the dead and dying.

But do not get the impression that Shadrach is trying to hide. He is not running away from the fate the Chairman has in store for him. He is not even walking fast. He is merely thinking....trying to decide how he can have his cake (privilege in the dictatorial government and access to the drug that checks organ rot) and eat it too (saving his personality). He succeeds in resolving his problem.

As the Chairman's personal physician, Shadrach is implanted with dozens of electronic devices which monitor Genghis Mao's vital organs. An excess of brain fluid brings about yet another device to be implanted, one which will control its flow. Shadrach can control the device at will, and he warns the Chairman that if he (Shadrach) should die, the (the Chairman) will also die. And what would Shadrach like, asks the Chairman. Why, nothing more than to continue as personal physician....and the manufacture of enough organ rot antidote to supply the world's population.

This is the plot of the book, roughly in scope to saying that OTHELLO is about a black man married to a white woman. There are numerous sub-plots, as one might expect from Silverberg but I refuse to touch on them here. This is far too short a write up.... and I'm not getting paid.

The basic problem as I see it is that Shadrach is cold....shallow....uninteresting



Most of the time. The reader is swept up by Silverberg's writing. Silverberg allows us to think with Shadrach, see with him, but there is little to think, see or feel. Paintings, lovely though they may be, are but two dimensional, and that is what Silverberg has given us; two dimensional views of the world in which Shadrach lives. It's perfect for describing things, but lousy for evoking emotion.

Shadrach is but a passive observer of his world, and since we are so close to him, that is what we become as well. Shadrach is no Othello (though he is Black). He does not misinterpret the information he has. He sits back to think about his possible actions. He makes a stab at trying to feel guilty, since he and a select few are exempt from the world wide organ rot, but even that fails, since he returns to the security of his position. There is no sense of the sacrifice heroes must make. That Silverberg is capable of such a sense is evident from reading A TIME OF CHANGES. There is the sense of intimacy throughout, but there is no sense of "Salvation" Shadrach would like me to have. He never puts himself out on a limb for me, though he would like me to think he has. He loses nothing. He does not even appear to be overly bothered by the loss of his lover, a woman he says he loves.

Is this supposed to be deliberate on Silverberg's part? I suspect not. Perhaps I was expecting too much. After all even Shakespeare fell down a couple of times.

I liked the book. There were times when, reading it at night in bed as is my wont, I would glance up from a page and notice that it was well after two o'clock in the morning. This was more because of the style Silverberg has perfected than from any sense of wonder at what was going to happen next. There are amazing descriptions of a possible future and some utterly lovely writing. This book was well worth reading, even though I was aware that I was reading words on a printed page. I was not caught up in the politics of the age or the personalities of the characters. Like Shadrach watching his world through two dimensional spy screens, I saw things vividly. But Shadrach was a hollow man, and he shouldn't have been. When I closed the book to catch my forty winks, Shadrach was gone.

SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE by Robert Silverberg

Hugo nominees 1976

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WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG by Kate Wilhelm

reviewed by Cathy McGuire

I decided to read this book for the most logical of reasons—I liked the cover. But within a few pages, the cover and the rest of my surroundings were forgotten as I was trapped in the last days of our society.

Kate Wilhelm does an incredible job of creating an impossible-to-put-down novel. The plot follows the Sumner family through several generations of humans and clones all hidden in the one valley where life on Earth remains. David Sumner is the first "main character" in the story, and one of those who set up the cloning hospital when it becomes evident that humans have become sterile. He is against it at first, but realizes that it is the only way. With time though, his objections become stronger as he sees the clone children as a new a separate race that considers the elders superfluous. They finally drive him out when he protests their new society. The clones have decided that they prefer being clones and refuse to go back to sexual reproduction. They won't give up the "parts-of-a-whole" symbiosis that they have with their sisters and brothers to go back to lonely human individualism, which they consider inferior. Because of some problem with the cloning process, they must sexually reproduce at times to survive, but they do it with a "breeder farm", a nightmare place to which they relegate their fertile females. But their self-sufficient world is suffering from a lack of supplies and worse, a lack of imagination. The loneliness that is necessary for the artistic and scientific reaching out is not necessary to and is absent from the younger

(cont on page 12)

LETTERS

Paul Moyer
141 Avondale Pl.
Syracuse, NY
13210

Glad to see Julian has been working so well. Just finished the hotel article (the first draft) so you should have it in about a week or two depending on how much else I have to do. ((Anji thanks you. She has a holiday today because New York City is celebrating Bastille Day by turning out all the lights.

Actually a bolt from the blue hit a generator. Is this a sign to NYC to pay its bills or else? Anyway New Jersey wasn't affected except that we didn't get TV as the stations are in the City. At the moment only CBS and NBC are broadcasting.))

If Don D'Amazza reads TB at all, you should be getting a letter from him. There's enough hints.....((Warm bot.)) I think there's several reasons you get fewer people writing you during the summer. It's much more desirable to go swimming or picnicking on a hot day than to sit down and write a letter. ((The lights could go out.))

I liked the interiors of this TB. I also liked Anji's Post Offal article and Dennis' reviews.

A while ago when I first joined the N3F, I got a membership card. ((You did; I never got one.)) I still have it and I'm wondering if they're still in use. Also does anyone have any information on the logo that was on it? Is that the official N3F logo? Is it still used? For a patch it might be useful but not for a shirt. Might the N3F be in need of a new logo?? The reason I'm asking is because of Rome Scherer's mentioning silk screening and shirts. I bought one of the Anonymous I shirts a couple of years ago and it's still holding up well. I don't know if Rome did the screening but some Buffalo fan did, and very well too, I might add. I like the shirt idea and I can get buttons done very cheaply. (About 75¢ postpaid for a 2" button.) Patches don't start to get cheap (in the \$1 range) unless you order lots or you know someone. If we could get a good design, we'd be all set. Well people what do you think? It's a good way for the N3F to become more visible and won't cost a lot either. I'm not suggesting the N3F foot the bill though. Everyone would have to buy their own. ((Maybe some artists out there could come up with a nice design for the N3F logo.)) Take care and keep smiling. Glad you could come to our con, Lynne. I enjoyed meeting you. ((I enjoyed meeting all of you up there, including Doug Brainard's car, Darth Vader.))

Peggy Conignani
3200 N. E. 36th St #907
Fort Lauderdale, FL
33308

Has Anji had the thrill of the post awful sending her a letter half chewed by the PO's "wonderful" machinery or half encased with dirt and the other half torn apart? I once got a package that looked like a giant stamped on it and it had the mailman's footprints

where he did his Mexican hat dance on it. Did he mistake it for a cockroach. It takes two weeks for first class mail to get to you here if they like you. Never if they don't.

Why must a fighter always fight? ((in DAD?)) Can't he sometimes go the way of EXCALIBUR, one of the excellent books reviewed in this issue? Do you believe it would have made it more believable to have had Avatar Blast Ironwolf with magic? Yes, if more care had been used to create a more serious straight-thinking Avatar (of "Wizards") it would have been very hard to believe if Avatar had blasted his brother with magic in-



Reductio Adabsurdum

stead of a gun.

David Shank: I enjoyed Boskone 14 too. I agree that the date could be changed. I almost did not get there from Florida because of the snow storms closing Logan airport. But nobody wants to change it. Seems the date IS Boskone. The date is traditional and everything is already arranged.

I feel bad about Ivan. Maybe you can get one of his relatives to replace him.

"Wall of Serpents" appeared in GREAT ADULT FANTASY NOVELS ed. Lin Carter. This is a pocket book but it's out of print.

Oh Kingston Kane is alive and well in Pompano. It rhymes. The Ghod Yog Xipkode has taken a job in Fort Lauderdale putting a go slow hex on the mail so the mailmen need not work hard. ((Someone stated that the reason the postage keeps going up is that the PO is charging us storage fees. It costs money to store mail, you know.))

Dennis saves on costumes. He just walks in looking depressed for the masquerade and has the pyramid follow him across the stage. ((Maybe it could go as Artoo Detoo)). Once this won for humour and one time for originality. Joanne Burger wanted to make an EPT scenario of it but Johnny Lee talked her out of it. ((You better watch it or the Great Bird will be visiting you and.....))

Don't judge all Florida by Anita Bryant. Just this past weekend a minster of the First Baptist Church came as a guest minister and made a speech supporting gays and the congregation felt that he should have made it. They put down Anita Bryant's supporters for trying to take the pulpit away from the mininster for his speech. So come to SunCon and realize that all Floridians aren't bigots and that most of them had no say in the repealing of the ordinance that Anita Bryant was so against. Everyone makes fun of her here. The Gay rights issue was not even understood by most voters who believed that gays were going to recruit their kids into the movement and wear a dress in public. That was not true at all. So don't let Hurricane Anita keep you out of Florida. We don't want her either. She has since moved out of the state to the Bible Belt where she belongs. And her husband is a prick too.

((Okay. First Hurricane Anita is not keeping me out of Florida; poverty is. I would be glad to attend SunCon if someone would pay my expenses etc. Second I never said or meant to say that all Floridians are bigots. After all 30% of the Dade county vote was against Anita Bryant's narrow-mindedness. And I can fully believe that the issue was misrepresented to the voters at large as that happened here with the ERA. That was defeated here in Passaic county because a lot of people felt that voting for ERA meant that women would be drafted or have to work in hard, dangerous jobs. Naturally I wouldn't want my ten year old son seduced, raped by a crazed homosexual but I wouldn't want my ten year old daughter seduced, raped by a crazed heterosexual. Outlaw the crime not the person. Is wearing a dress in public illegal there? I think it is here but I am sure that anyone arrested for such a "crime" would never see the inside of a courtroom. Scotsmen wear kilts and no one laughs at them. What each sex wears is purely cultural anyway. All the people of the classical world wore dresses or robes.))

I hope your brother Ken's fortunes are looking up and that you continue your fine improvement on TIGHTBEAM. I loved your STER WARS cover. ((Anji Valenza drew it but that is this issues cover. Last issue had a whole different cover. Are you on a different time line?))

#####	#####	#####	#####	#####	#####
Anji Valenza 593 5th St. Brooklyn, NY 11215	This letter is bound to be the ultimate in incoherency because I'm sitting in a room much too hot for me and writing this without writing it handwritten first. That makes sense? Yes? You're as bad as I am. I'm sitting at the typewriter reading TIGHTBEAM and commenting as I go along. DadaCon, huh? oooorghph.				

Re Fred Jackson's letter: I agree with him that a short biography of various neffers would be nice. There are so many weird (and I use that word as a complement -- if there's anything I can't stand it's a sane person) people in the N3F and in SF fandom in general, but no one knows about them, most especially the people who are new. I heard that there's a Who's Who

in SF fandom or something like that, and I know by default that there are at least two Who's who in SF fandom. Why not a short Who's who in the N3F? Perhaps another little something to ply onto new members, 'yes?

Loved Joseph Napolitano (is he really a Napolitano? I'm descended from Marsala myself) 's comments about COSMOS.

Rene Scherer mentions that Fred Jakobcic mentioned making up T-shirts. I think this is a great idea. Will Norris mentioned and uses little stickers; I think the T-shirt idea is a much better one for T-shirts can be seen by people other than the post awful, at least. Patches are indeed a bether. I usually want to put them on things that I'll wear all year around. I don't think I own anything that I wear all year around except T-shirts. In the summer you can wear just the T-shirt and in the winter you wear a T-shirt over a flannel shirt (which keeps one much warmer than the other way 'round.)

Oh yes, the annual. People do you realize that this is July and the Annual is due out in September? GAKKKK! THIS MEANS YOU: I'm looking for material and Paul Meyer's suggestions seem good. I was also thinking of the fan glossary -- I was thinking both in terms of having it be the most common fanisms in fanspeak, or the most outrageous fanisms in fanspeak. I think that some of the more common ones speak for themselves so I would prefer the outrageous one. There should definately be an article on mailing things -- the re-
-ments for 4th class as opposed to 3rd class postage. Would the draft and exhibit?

I will shortly be getting in touch with people when other people have suggested I get in touch with. I would like to have all the stuff by July 20 so that I can get it all typed up and to the printers on time. ((I'm doing this issue on July 14.))

I'd also like filles for the annual. In my experience, those who wield a pencil but invariably yell or whine or apologize, "But I can't draw" always can. ((Wanna bet.)) HINT HINT HINT.....HELP!

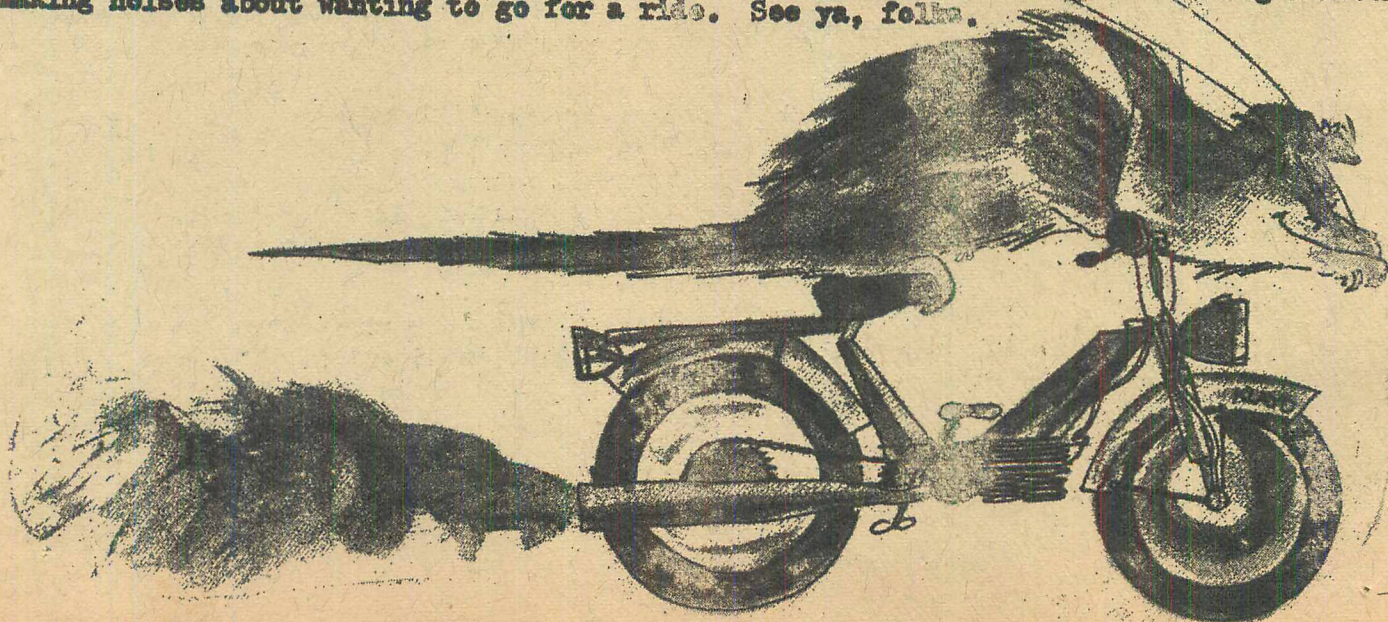
Fantastic Journey has been cancelled, humh? No great loss. . . .

I agree that the dues should be raised to \$5.00. After all we're all rich wealthy and socially secure.

I hear they're going to make Trek again. Why that? If there was ever a time to bring back something like "The Outer Limits", this is it. I heard some talk about someone wanting to make a TV series out of STAR WARS. NOOOOOOO! (my humble opinion.) Seems that nothing ruins good SF like television.

I'm going to say something good about the Ger series. It is NOT required reading in the NYC high school system.

Re: Denny Bowden's letter -- I definately agree with his statements about enlarging the N3F. Bigger is very often worse. If there is a campaign to get people into the N3F, I feel that everyone would profit by gearing the campaign towards people who are willing to do something other than reap the harvest of whatever harvest there is. And now is time to shut up. So I go. Klayd the Moped is looking lonely and Sikora the man-eating hamster is making noises about wanting to go for a ride. See ya, folks.



Mervyn Barrett
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Wellington 1,
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By way of marking the occasion of the receipt of your zine I put
on one of my Charlie Barnett records on the turntable and played
POMPTON TURNPIKE. (I don't think anyone has recorded anything
called Pompton Lakes so that was the next best thing. ((There is
a Pompton Turnpike around here only it runs through Pompton Plains.))

The only New Zealand fans I know---except some Wellington ones
who are not fanzine orientated---are Brian Thurogood and Deb Knapp. I went up to Auckland
over the Easter break and went over to Waiheke for a couple of days and stayed with them.
They are nice people and Brian is the hyperactive type that always intimidates me.

I'm not too sure I can say much about TIGHTBEAM. I liked the cover. Must remember that
girl if I ever want any art. Are those strange looking creatures on 18 and 19 Jan Morgan
as she would like to be or do they have some connection that I'm unaware of? Having feet
and hoofs instead of hands is a bit strange. Something that's evolving in Texas perhaps?
((That you'll have to ask Hoanne. She lives in Texas. Jan has promised to send more art.))

I am probably one of the most ill-read science-fiction fans living. Alright on the Golden
Age stuff but my reading of new things tends to be spotty. My favourite writer is Philip
K. Dick. I just don't think that there is anyone now to come up to him - Silverberg is good
sometimes but none of them have the feel for time and history that Dick has. His are the
only characters in science-fiction that truly live in a science fiction future.

You mentioned MZ Bradley and the "Darkover" novels and (blush) I must admit I haven't read
any of them. I saw an article by her in one of those sex magazines for ladies - I think it
was VIVA, might have been COSMOPOLITAN though - the other day. Didn't get a chance to read
it though as the man was glaring at me.

My non SF interests are jazz, "classical" music - horrible term and in this case I mean m
mostly from 19th century to contemporary - , movies---probably the major interest - and doing
naughty things with naked ladies.

#####

Fred Jackson III
Illinois
Pontiac, MI 48053

Just received TB today and was mightily impressed with its phys-
ical appearance. Yore gettin' better with each issue. The elec-
trostenciled press type (I assume that's what it is and how it was
done) really gives class to TB. Bill Bowers may not be glancing

over his shoulder but if you keep improving TB issue by issue... ((Joanne Burger is kind
enough to run off electrostencils for me without charge. Otherwise I would be able to have
only one or two electrostenciled pages.))

Neal Ballantine's cover was quite striking. It reminded me, for some reason, of the style
of art that appears in the Lovecraftian fanzines. Imagine, if you will, the good lady stand-
ing in a dark corridor favored by writers of weird fantasy; or, imagine her standing in a
dusty, cobwebbed filled room and I think you'll see what I mean. Nice work, Neal. I wonder
if Neal deliberately intended that type of evocation or did I just make that particular asso-
ciation because I'm currently steeping myself in the works of Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith,
and others of the Weird Tales school?

Hmmm. I've just noticed that Fitzsimmons' picture on page 13 of the May TB is actually an
illusion (or am I imagining things? Got any extra sanity tests, Lynne?). From one perspec-
tive it looks like the head of a man wearing a helmet. From a different perspective it looks
like a reclining woman reading a book in some sort of rounded alcove or window with tree
branches in the background. Was this double picture intended or was it a pure accident? Am
I in need of medical attention?

Re new member listing: If Judith Walter likes Darkover she's certainly in the right place.
Sometimes I think TB is, in actuality, a Darkover fanzine in disguise. I'm only kidding but
I have noticed a definite emphasis on Darkover in its pages since I've joined. Does this
represent a general interest in Darkover on the part of the membership at the present or are
you deliberately emphasizing Darkover material in TB at the present? Which, I hasten to add,
is fine with me. I'm just curious, I have a feeling that Darkover might just be the next big
subfandom to break off from the main stream of SF fandom much as Burroughs fandom, Howard

fandom, and Lovecraft fandom have already done. I can feel it in my bones. As yet I'm not aware of any single fanzine solely devoted to Darkever but in KARASS 31 it was mentioned that a new apa called THE OLD PHOENIX INN, would be partially devoted to Darkever. ((Yes I knew as Andy Andruschuk is trying to get a number of my Darkever RR group to contribute to it.)) That's a start. Have you noticed that most one author subfandoms involve fantasy writers? There is not a single one author subfandom devoted to an author of straight science-fiction. There's a Burroughs fandom, a Lovecraft fandom but no subfandoms devoted solely to Asimov, Heinlein or Clarke. ((Do the Dersai count as Dickson subfandom?)) Interesting isn't it? My criteria is a subfandom devoted to the works of one author so lets not have someone bringing bringing up something out of left field like STAR TREK which is a TV show, for ghod's sakes. It hardly qualifies. I just thought up another subfandom devoted to one author--Tolkien fandom! I wonder what there is about fantasy that causes such devotion and singleness of mind resulting in the creation of an independent subfandom complete with its own fanzines and (sometimes) conventions.

Keith Walker should sound familiar to you. He publishes FANZINE FANATIQUE in England. It's been listed several times in Jeanne's fanzine column in TNFF which is why the name isn't totally unfamiliar with you.

I agree with Joe Napolitano that N3F dues should be raised to \$5.00. The N3F should at least be able to support its official organs. After all, TB and TNFF are its most valuable and important commodities. These two zines are the backbone of the N3F and without them it would be nothing. The members should pay for them. Jeanne and Lynne should not have to go into their own pockets to subsidize these days. In these days of \$1.00 and up for a single copy of a fanzine, \$5.00 for 12 issues of TB/TNFF is still a bargain. (Not to mention access to the N3F's other services). So lets raise the dues to \$5.00 and stop talking about it.

I will be looking forward to the publication of the first issue of JUMBAUX, Lynne. If you would like I would be glad to contribute some humorous cartoons to it. ((Regis Haster in cartoon form? It'll be different.)) Just drop me a line and I'll whip out a few for you. While I enjoy looking at "straight" art (like Anji's) I don't enjoy drawing in that vein. Huzer has always been my first love and the humor cartoon is what I like to draw. ((Anji also does cartoons)) Alex Gilliland and Rotsler are my favorite fan cartoonists because of their never failing wit. They inspired me to take pen in hand and as the months and years go by I hope I will eventually develop a fraction of their talent and wit.

Anji's post office horror story was enjoyable--sort of. Any story of mail getting mangled by the US post office fills my heart with dread because I realize that it could and will probably happen to me. This fills me with a terror the likes of which Lovecraft et al. could never equal. I try not to think about it. Let's avoid that sort of stuff in the future, Anji; I have a weak heart.

I've got a question of vital importance here that you or someone out there in Hefferland can help me with. I would like to buy international money orders and use them to order fanzines from England---but I can't find any! Here in Pontiac, both banks as well as the post office deny knowledge of the critter. Now I know these things exist somewhere. The only question is where. Can anyone help me on this one?

URP



John Robinson
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Troy, NY 12180

Waaaaaugh! I send along an article that you begged from me---
not one that I promised you---and you defame my name (6) weeks
later; such an unkind cut. ((I stenciled my editorial before you
sent the article but TB was late because I got sick. So I now
tell all and sundry that John did send the article.))

Saturday July 9th, I appeared on a radio talk show to discuss STAR WARS, STAR TREK, SF
and other related topics. The calls were much fewer than I would have liked the first
hour but it went well enough the second. The one critic I've heard from said: John, you
are way, way out --- way out! --- but you're not as far out as Idi Amin. I'd just like to
be as far out as Woody Allen.

It looks like I'll be moving to Schenectady in late August or sometime in September. I
have to reach day 90 with the post awful before I can confirm that. I've gotten myself
a P.O. Box in Schenectady: Box 33, Schenectady, NY 12301. ((You should pass probation.
After all how long can it take to learn to misdirect mail, goof off and mangle packages
and play football with those marked fragile?))

My money is slowly piling up for the biggest fan event of 1977 --- the start of the SF line.
This too is waiting my passing through the probabtion period at the P.O. Once I know I
can move to Schenectady and get the telephone answering device put on a second line.

Sample material: what follows STAR WARS in films, how to form your own science-fiction/
star trek/ wargaming/ Hardy Boys-Mancy Drew club; what about comics, who will replace the
Fonz as America's next TV hero?, how armchair critics can get a chance to stand up and
leave Gene Shallet in their dust, arranging an Othello tournament, etc., etc.

I'll have to soft pedal SF (say one minute and a half segment per week) and go heavily into
popular culture---after all it works about the same in terms of gathering participants;
the difference comes after you've assembled them.

Now---I disagree with Dennis Jarog's opinion of STARSHIP TROOPERS. It is perhaps, Hein-
lein's tightest-written book. I suspect that much of the negative feeling comes from the
reader's disagreement with the views Heinlein appears to display.

To really assess the book, the reviewer must disconnect himself from a pro or anti view-
point and look at the book as a piece of propaganda. When seen from this point of view,
STARSHIP TROOPERS gets the job done with as few frills as possible. I suggest that those
who have the time read something like BATTLE CRY by Leon Uris rather than comparing STAR-
SHIP TROOPERS with other SF it inspired.

Now if Dennis would go out and compare STARSHIP TROOPERS with BILL, THE GALACTIC HERO, he
might come up with a review that is even more interesting. Harry Harrison drives a stake
through the heart of the military that I, as a veteran, found incredibly funny and highly
appealing. ((I would deny that there is any one correct way to review a book which is the
reason I let my reviewers choose their own.))

#####

Peter Graham
P.O. Box 264
Papakura, New Zealand

The March TB arrived. What a surprise. Since it was sent to a
numberless P.O. Box, I guess Anji Valenza might be amused to
know some postal set-ups aren't awful yet. (There are dire tales
of a stupid standard size envelope and general postal increases

are due soon. Aaarrngh!

I see you are crying out for artists --- hey would you like me to try? I'm no Helen
Steere but maybe I could come up with something for you. Nice to see a cover from under
there. ((Isn't under there to me, down here to you?))

I read WORLD OUT OF TIME by Larry Niven. It's an ugly future Niven has there --- immortal-
ity under that State would seem to me to be like living in Hell (another endless horror if
rumours are true). I like most Niven; this left me thinking that his world was not likely
to work. (O.K. any defenders out there in the wings?) Also the ending isn't happy to me,
since, if the Corbell body had bad genes on Peersa's original account (I don't know that
I'm totally sold on the hinted genetic basis of criminality either) then the future progeny
will have a share in them too. If they all need pheromone stimuli for effective inter-

course too, then it'll be an odd new state.

In short, I'm not over keen on puppets when I can see the strings all the time. A hero who spends almost all his time inferior to those around him in one way or another is a bit nauseating.

Gor (blimey)---another author on the slaves to instincts kick---aside from that I could enjoy some of his stuff but this beat 'em up sermon every third page ruins them. I note that some males are supposed to like women dominating them so his views have a reality disproof. Besides if the girl has a mind also the relationship of dominance can be had in ways pleasing to both without physical pain (torture breaks males too, dammit.) Notice that without perpetual youth and vigor, the Gorean set-up is doomed to fail at senility while relationships based on mutual respect are not so doomed. Let's test out voodoo on a John Norman doll---I'd suggest a brainwash.

Nice to see Neffers are all over the place and I agree with that guy, Dennis Davis, who says drown you in mail. I'm not too good at locs---we only have NOUMENON here to loc or the NASF newsletter.

I suppose you know our Prime Minister is being sued for defamation? Or wasn't it mentioned at your end of the world? ((No, we only here of power failures, massive looting etc.)) Politics are a bit odd here sometimes.

Other news---Yesterday my sister's dog bit her husband in the eye. (Yes explaining that after hours by phone was really awkward.) What even little sister doesn't know is that the doctor gave her eardrops, not eyedrops, initially. Not harmful to eyes but totally useless to them. Luckily we had a pharmacist in the family to notice that and fix it.

Also a streaker ran naked onto the pitch in the current NZ/Aussie cricket test, but the Aussie captain who was then batting grabbed him by the arm and batted his backside---all this occurred on TV live.

Latest on this is: the man got fined \$75 after saying "I did it because the game was dull" actually I saw it and it wasn't ((with cricket how can you tell?)) to which the magistrate said, "So is streaking by now."

Said streaker has laid a complaint of assault against the Aussie batsman. How's that for nutty?

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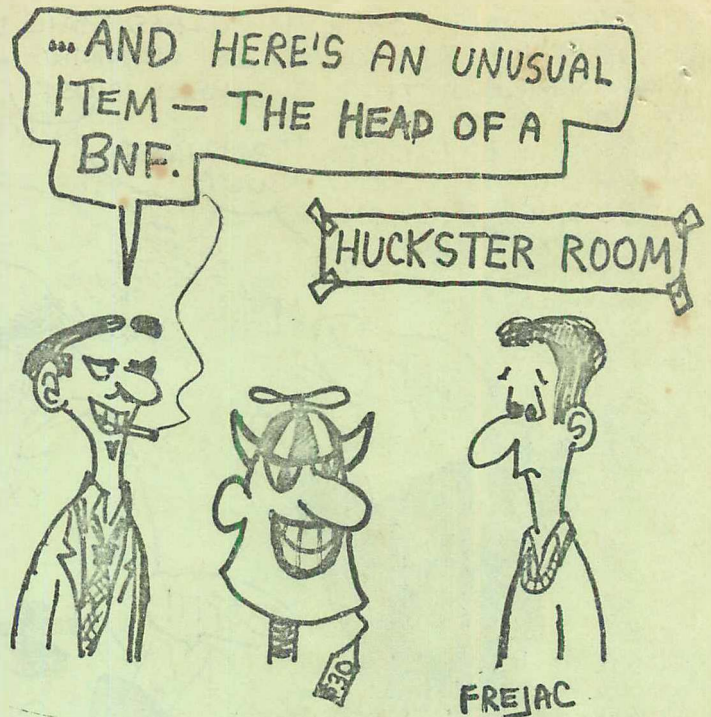
Sharon Penzer
Lecoma Star Route
Rolla, MO 65401

Peggy: Sorry but CBS has cancelled the show for next season and since neither of the other two networks picked up the option, we weren't sure what we'd do. (Dennis and I)

So after racking Dennis' brain for a while and enjoying it, I decided that maybe someone (a lot of someones, I hope) would pay to see me do it.

So I left Dennis tied up in the apartment and went looking for Conan to ask what he thought of the idea. After trying all the bars and bordellos, I finally found him snoring in a gutter. After kicking him awake and pouring a couple gallons of coffee down him, I asked what he thought of the idea.

After he stopped cussing and I had explained the situation to him again, he said it was a ~~marketable~~ marketable idea and did I have a place of business picked out?



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