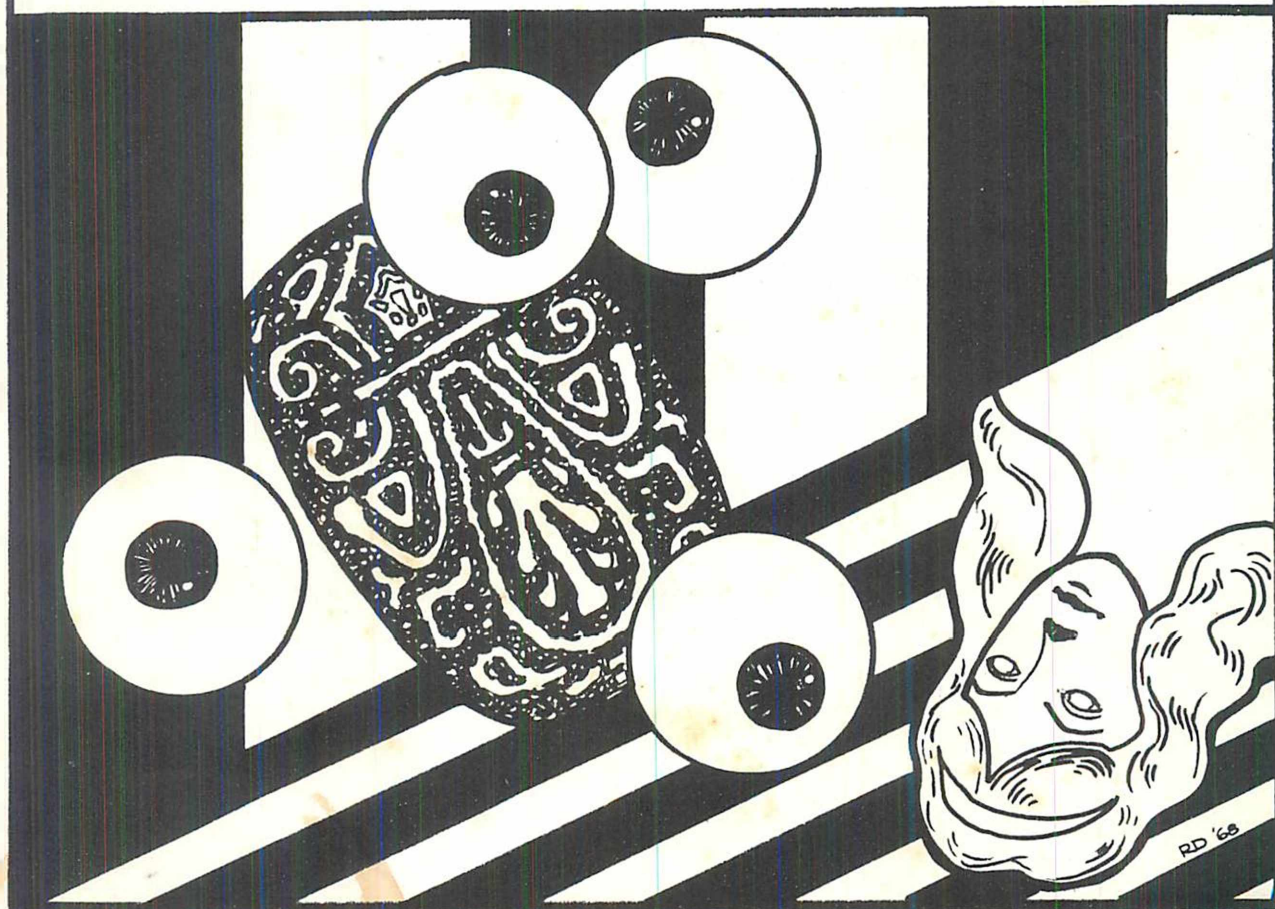


Tomorrow Zad...



VOLUME I NUMBER 2

OCTOBER 1968

YOU ARE RECEIVING THIS BECAUSE:

- ☐ You paid for it (Ghod bless you).
- ☒ You support Chicon IV in '73.
- ☐ We trade.
- ☐ We would like to trade.
- ☐ You are selling us a four-color press for five dollars.
- ☐ You contributed.
- ☒ We want you to contribute.
- ☐ You hate Mayor Daley.
- ☐ We want you to review it.
- ☐ You are a pro.
- ☒ You have good taste.
- ☐ De gustibus non disputandum est.
- ☐ You are a member of UCSFS.
- ☐ You like our idiotic quizzes.
- ☐ You've got something on our Production Expediter.
- ☐ You are a relative of MEB (...reckons by the dozens...).
- ☐ You have long hair.
- ☐ You have short hair.
- ☐ You have no hair.
- ☐ We forget why, please remind us.
- ☐ You are Robert Bloch (thank you).
- ☐ You are Jack Gaughan (thank you).
- ☐ We had extra copies.

All readers please note which reason is at the TOP of the list. MEB

TOMORROW AND...

VOLUME I NUMBER 2

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(Photographs on pp 6 and 8 by JWL)	

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QUIZ DEPARTMENT

Following are 20 quotations from well-known works:
See if you can identify by author and source!!

1. "Granny has to have her medicine. Granny needs her medicine."
2. "No astrologer is going to touch my ship!"
3. "See my guggle-fish."
4. "Very quietly, without any fuss, the stars were going out."
5. "The bedroom murmured to itself gently."
6. "He never claimed to be a god. But then, he never claimed not to be a god."
7. "Brother Jarles, priest of the First and Outermost Circle, novice in the Hierarchy..."
8. "Absolutely, Mr. Charlesworth; positively, Mrs. Greene."
9. "Middle aged directors of important government bureaus just didn't cry in public."
10. "The place outside the cosmos where I and my pals do our nursing job I simply call the Place."
(If you're still here; a second ten)
11. "Pain is instructive."
12. "Death and Destruction!"
13. "Yeek! Yeek!"
14. "Do you hear that, God? He would ruin me. Impossible."
15. "If a man walks in dressed like a hick and acting as if he owned the place, he's a spaceman."
16. "Local time, boy, local time! Jehoshaphat!"
17. "This human-Aldebaran translating team is ready for action."
18. "Those with more intelligence and sophistication discussed Rydra Wong's poetry."
19. "Life is short--but the years are long."
20. "It may be that we shall need Holger Danske again."



From Another Land

209 Hbt #68

Goshwowohboyohboy! Offset! Ain't it beautiful!

Seriously, tho, we made it earlier than expected. How long we'll be able to keep this up depends upon a number of factors, but enjoy it while you can. And remember, price with thisish goes up to \$.50 a shot. Now really, that's not bad at all for 40 interesting pages of offset zine, is it?

This, I fear, is very painful. Here I was, planning, expecting, even PROMISING to have the fourth issue of Tomorrow And... ready in time for convention distribution. And what happens? We didn't even have the third issue ready!

Pain and agony.

Anyway,..this is a very poor excuse, but I gotta tell you that it's not ALL our fault. The situation is complicated, but I'll try to explain. We originally planned to bring TA...3 out around the beginning of August and get the fourth one ready just before the con. Unfortunately, Mike (Bradley, editor in charge of production) was working full time and attempting to decorate and apartment and...well, he just didn't have time.

We finally decided to just get three out for the con, and let four wait. O.K. We then had production problems with three. With over 160 pages of decent material, we were just unable to get the damn thing printed in time.

So you now have this, about two months late. Four will be out within a month (definitely)/Har, har...they talk, I type. They talk faster...ProdExp/ so get letters, material, artwork in fast. Like NOW!

We have every hope, depending on finances, of advancing to a better method of reproduction with the fourth or fifth issue; photo-offset is most likely. / Jerry lives in New York // ProdExp/ We do this for several reasons. Most important is artwork; we're getting a lot of really good stuff in, and we can't really do it justice in mimeo (even good mimeo). Second is space; as you've noticed by now, the mag is running to ridiculous lengths. With such a process, we can produce the same amount of material in fewer pages, thus reducing mailing, etc., costs. Third is obvious--appearance. Unless you've had four or five years experience on a mimeo, you simply can't get really good-looking results. We've got material and artwork NOW that deserves good reproduction, and we're not willing to wait.

If we do get any sort of advanced printing process, the price will have to go up. Right now, we're charging \$.35 for about 70 or 80 mimeo pages. IF we go with something else, it'll probably be \$.50 for a 40-50 page offset thing. Any subscriptions or paid copies under the old price will, of course, be honored.

Enough said about this mag. Let's talk about a couple mundane happenings of more-than-passing fannish interest.

HELP FROM THE ENEMY Dept.: Three relatively recent magazines should be of special interest to fandom: the July 1 issue of Forbes, the April issue of Psychology Today, and the September issue of Playboy / Ha! Bet you thought I was gonna make a nasty comment here...ProdExp/ The first, normally the stuffiest of financial magazines devotes that entire issue to "The Case for Space" and comes out strongly in favor of an expanded space program. Included are studies and/or essays on all phases of space exploration and the US space program, and even on science fiction. Our (Rochester) local paper picked up the idea and reprinted seven of the articles. This was a Very Good Thing. The Psychology Today issue featured a "focus on fantasy" with 30 pages devoted to this special project. Although much of the study is (naturally) from a psychologist's standpoint, it's all interesting, and the highpoint, a conversation with Bradbury and film animator Chuck Jones, is excellent. Most of you probably read Playboy/Only the dirty pitchers...ProdExp/, but in case you missed it, the most recent issue features a fascinating interview with Stanley Kubrick, creator of "2001." The interviewer obviously knew the topic very well, and the result was as satisfying as a personal conversation with Kubrick. Try to get a look at all three.

MORE HELP FROM THE ENEMY Dept.: What's the latest kids' craze? Y'know, like super-balling (???), or hula-hooping. I don't know about your neighborhood, but around here, it's (believe it or not) model rocketry! Seems there's a company (Estes Industries) which has managed to really cash in in the space "boom." Kids can buy balsa rocket kits and little solid fuel "engines," put the things together, and start their own countdowns. /Or

should that be countdown?...ProdExp/ After a few months, they start experimenting with payloads, tiny aerial cameras, and recovery systems. Within a surprising short time, they're plotting flight paths and designing their own projectiles! I recall a Rocketry Club back in high school in which we did exactly the same thing. But these are little kids--even six and seven-year-olds! To me, this is another Very Good Thing; a generation raised on working miniature rockets is exactly what this country needs, especially when Congress has cut the NASA bidget to the extent that there's virtually nothing planned after Apollo.

SOMEONE ASKED, IN A LETTER concerning our first issue, for a little more "personality" in TA./You got me, what more could you ask for?...ProdExp/ Our first reaction to this was "Feh" (See TA...2, p. 58), but after some serious thought we realized the writer was right (ouch). To remain serious and aloof is fine for a mag like Riverside Quarterly, serious and scholarly, or a newzine, but in our sort of publication this sort of thing just doesn't work. O.K...

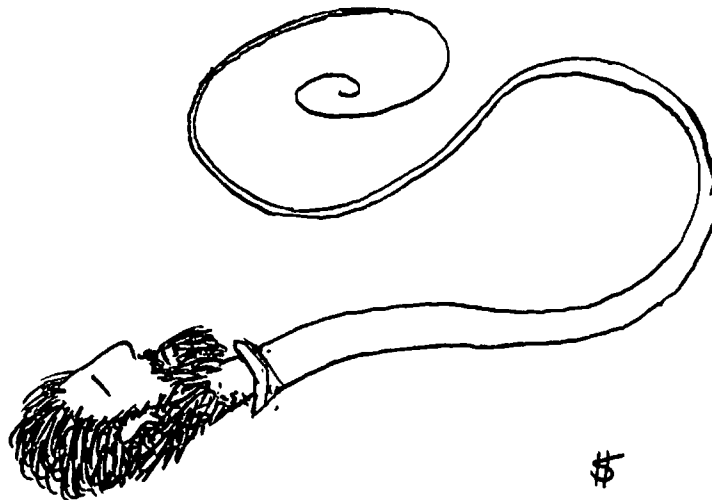
First thing we do is drop the damn editorial "we." /Thou art not Ghod, Jerry...ProdExp for MB/ Once you get used to the royal /Oy vay--Yes, Linda, that's how it's done...ProdExp/ form, it's really kinda fun, but it ends up becoming too formal. So we becomes, in most cases, I. /BOGGLE!...ProdExp/

I in this case (see "Both of Us Cannot Be Wrong" for the other case) stands for Jerry William Lapidus (JWL). Presently a student at the Syracuse University School of Speech and Dramatic Art, I formally attended the University of Chicago and managed to revive /Vitamin shots...ProdExp/ the long-dormant campus sf group. /Don't give him too much credit. We later found that the original group had migrated to the other end of the city and are now exchanging ambassadors with same...ProdExp/ TA is supported by that group, but is not really the official organ. As far as policy, etc., goes, it belongs to Mike and myself. Although at Syracuse, I'll keep close ties with the Chicago group and continue to push the Chicago in '73! Worldcon bid.

Physically, I'm a shorter and thinner version of Dick Schultz; this'll have to do until I can dig up a decent picture/reproduction method. /Actually, Jerry looks EXACTLY like the illo at the beginning of this editorial. That ain't no drawing, that's a photo...ProdExp/

By now, most of you have probably heard of Lewis Frant's passing./Soft sob. Lewis, one of the aforementioned ambassadors, was, while he was with us, one of the greatest blessings this group has known...ProdExp/ I didn't know Lewie very long, didn't meet him until I went to Chicago last year. But he was a Good Man, always helpful to a young fan, always interesting to talk to. He was very helpful in the revival of the Chicago (University) sf group, and attended most of our meetings. We'll miss him, him and his terrible puns. We have what we believe to be his last two articles; we wanted to run them here, but will hold them for the nextish in the hope that we'll be able to reproduce a beautiful pencil sketch of the author with them. One is a excellent review of Panshin's Rite of Passage, the other one of those Asimov-type science articles Lewie was known for. We're happy to be able to print his final works in TA.

That's about all. We've got an interesting batch of material this time around, something to interest almost any fan. One request--even if you don't like fanfiction, please read "Death Lab." I don't like fan fiction either, but this is nearly pro quality. Be seeing you. /"Death Lab" carries the ProdExp Seal of Good Reading. Please note that this editorial does not...ProdExp/



by Jerry Lapidus

BAYCON, to put it bluntly, was a poor worldcon at best.

Oh, there were some good things to it, but, I fear, most of these were good IN SPITE of the convention committee and not because of it. But more on this in a minute.

All right, hold your horses. I know what you'll all be waiting for:

The 1969 World Science Fiction Convention will be in St. Louis!

You may stop cheering now. The 1968 Hugo winners are:

Best Novel: Lord of Light, by Roger Zelazny

Best Novella: Tie between "Riders of the Purple Wage," by Philip Jose Farmer, and "Weyr Search," by Anne McCaffrey

Best Novelette: "Gonna Roll Them Bones," by Fritz Leiber

Best Short Story: "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream," by Harlan Ellison

Best Drama: "City on the Edge of Forever," by Harlan Ellison

Best Professional Magazine: Worlds of If, edited by Frederik Pohl

Best Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan

Best Amateur Magazine: Amra, edited by George Scithers

Best Fan Writer: Ted White

Best Fan Artist: George Barr

And more on these later, too.

The thing about BAYCON, the thing that HURT about BAYCON, was that so many items went bad that could easily have been really good. This wasn't all, of course; there were some things which couldn't possibly have been right--the hotel (is there EVER a good conhotel?), the prices, etc. But so MUCH of the whole thing could have been improved if the concom had showed a little more insight and preparation.

Let's talk about it in no particular order. The BASIC part of a con must be the official program; although only neos attend it all, almost everybody makes something besides the awards dinner and the costume ball, and it SHOULD be interesting. I usually attend what sounds interesting, and of those about 2/3 actually ARE interesting. At BAYCON, virtually nothing even SOUNDED interesting...and what did sound interesting usually wasn't.

High point of the scheduled program had to be the "Theatre in the Round" program with Fritz Leiber, Jon deCles, and Harlan. This featured three sf writers with dramatic talent and/or experience presenting readings from their respective works with the whole thing backed by a light show. 'Twas very impressive. Leiber, whose dramatic career has paralleled his writing one, presented his short, "Mariana" in a down-beat, subdued but very powerful version. DeCles, substituting for Harlan (who did show up later), read "The Happening"; the story is really poor and quite transparent, but his reading was excellent. And Harlan finished the program with two typical tales, concluding with his recent "Try a Dull Knife" from F&SF. You know what a Harlan Ellison story is like; and you probably know Harlan himself. Can you imagine what Harlan reading Harlan would be like? It was all that and more. Together with the readings, the light-music show combined to present the desired effect and mood; it was, in fact, the best combination I've seen of the three art forms of music, light, and drama outside of "2001". A really good show...but they even managed to do something to botch THIS up. It started a little after 7:00 Saturday (one of the few program items less than 45 minutes late); unfortunately, the costume ball started at 8:00, so if you wanted to dance to the bands or needed time to put on your costume, you missed much of this.

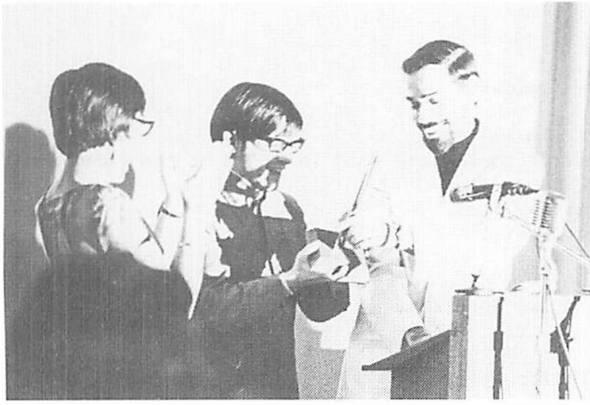
Everything else in the program was mediocre at best, with much really quite bad. The Thursday evening performance of "Trek-a-Star," a musical ST satire to the tunes of Pinafore, was cute if you hadn't (as many present HAD) seen or heard the songs before. Randall Garrett's Keynote Speech II (on "What SF Writers Aren't Doing Today That They Should") was interesting, and the Sunday panel on "SF and the World of Today" was fairly decent, although missing were promised members Joan Baez, Avram Davidson, and Bishop Pike; the trouble was that so many people had already heard J.W. Campbell, Fred Pohl, Robert Silverberg, and Norman Spinrad talk about the same things many times before.

So much for the program. Let's take a look at the consite, the Hotel Claremont. I won't say my room was old but the bathtub had feet and the sink had hot and cold faucets. This "motif" was carried out through the rest of the hotel, and it showed badly. Other MAJOR inconveniences included: 1.5 working elevators (the half was one with an operator very reluctant to leave the first floor((luckily the hotel was only six floors, so walking was feasible))), a banquet-costume ball room with numerous large pillars (more on these two later), a location high on a hill and far from stores, restaurants, etc., no window screens /Don't even mention air-conditioning...ProdExp./ and amazingly poor eating facilities. These deserve special mention. The Claremont had three "restaurants"; one, however, served only for dinner and at that only prime ribs (the Prime Rib Room) at \$4.75 a crack. The other major eating place was the Garden Room, which served a reasonably good buffet dinner for \$3.91 and poor breakfasts for impossible prices. Thus, most fans were left to the coffee shop-ice cream parlor-sandwich whop. The food here wasn't too bad, and the prices not TOO high. Unfortunately, the place was a tiny hole-in-the-wall and service was virtually non-existent. And you had really no choice but to eat there, 'cause there was NOTHING within reasonable walking distance. Around Friday a sandwich stand (\$1.00 a shot) opened, tho, and this provided a little relief (it ran all night and was rarely crowded).

Having examined the major flaws, we can now look at the little things which combined to make BAYCON a poor convention. Again, in no particular order...

For many neofans (and there were a hell of a lot of neos there), the highlight of a con is meeting favorite writers for the first time.

Supposedly, the best chance is at the Meet the Authors Party, usually held early in the convention. BAY-



Harlan gets his third one. He was ALMOST speechless.



Fan guest-of-honor, Walt Daugherty



Gene Roddenberry
of **STAR TREK**



Fritz Leiber gets his HUGO



Guest-of-honor Philip Jose Farmer



Hal Clement and Elliot Shorter



Bob Silverberg and Lester Del Rey

CON decided to add something to this event: a wine-tasting at poolside. Great. Well, it wasn't at poolside, a minor flaw at most. But the committee neglected to mention that the hotel stationed a guard at the entrance to the room and refused admittance to anyone under 21 (that being the archaic drinking age in California). Admittedly, this was not done at the other parties; but for cryin' out loud, this is uncalled for. If the hotel demanded the right to prevent those underage from drinking (which we can understand tho not agree with), why couldn't they just station a slave AT THE TABLE(S) from which the wine was to be served. This was a Very Bad Thing.

Even a good program can be killed by one thing--a poor public address system, one that does not allow all or at least most present to hear and distinguish all that is said. BAYCON's banquet and costume ball were not aided by an equally bad system, one so poor that much of the audience understood only every second or third word during the Guests of Honor's speeches (Philip Jose Farmer, Pro, and Walter J. Daugherty, Fan). There is NO excuse at all for this sort of thing; with over a year to plan and arrange, any problems in this line belong solely to the committee; if the hotel couldn't do it RIGHT, it was their job to do it themselves.

Actually, the whole costume ball was a really bad scene. Part, but not nearly all, of the blame can be laid to fate; George Scithers, who was to run the show, was unable to attend, and this hurt. But plenty of the responsibility belongs to the concom. First, they arranged the thing in that huge, multi-pillared room. Second, the physical set-up was poor (not enough room on the runway, no provisions made for photographers, etc.). Third, the band-light show arrangement was incredibly bad. Would you believe that the committee arranged for a total of THREE rock bands and TWO light shows! It seems that for reasons beyond the committee's control, the Galaxy of Fashion show was cancelled well before the con. Galaxy magazine, the sponsor, then agreed to help sponsor the ball. So with the money, the committee got wild and hired half the rock in San Francisco. With three hours of constant hard /And generally rotten...ProdExp/ rock, 2/3 of the over-30 fen simply walked out. Of those left, comparatively few danced, even among those who could in their costumes. And because of the whole mess, the thing didn't get finished (judging) until nearly 1:00 a.m. One band and one light show (the one they had was pretty poor, anyway) would have been more than enough; perhaps a little recorded popular-type music would have kept ALL the fen interested. But the biggest flaw is yet to come--they botched the basic costume presentation. At most cons, a character is announced by name, number, character name, (and, if necessary, derivation) and he then walks across the stage. On the pretense that time would be wasted, each contestant in the first round of judging at BAYCON was announced by number ONLY--and then allowed /Nay, forced...ProdExp/ to walk across the improvised stage in DEAD SILENCE! There's absolutely no reason why this couldn't have been done WHILE the people were walking across the stage! It would have taken NO more time, and was so NECESSARY, because many costumes are little or nothing without titles. There are some, of course, which look good anyway, some which are naturally impressive.. But there are always many others which, while not visually astounding, are excellent replicas or versions of specific costumes from specific stories. To present these costumes without the mane and derivation is to remove them from competition without giving them an outside CHANCE. And there are so many costumes to which this applied. Any way you look at it, it was another bad thing.

My co-editor (Mike Bradley) was SUPPOSED to be taking down a list of the winners. /FIE & FEH, Sirrah. You know damn well that Mike was running around trying to keep Nicky's sarong up...ProdExp/ He forgot, and I wasn't able to find anyone with a complete list. Here's what I remember from the winners. I apologize in advance for the probable errors and certain omissions.

Best SF Costume: Bruce Pelz, as a knight from "The Dragon Masters"

Best Fantasy Costume: Lin Carter, as Elric of Melniboné / No, no...that was most Beautiful...ProdExp/

Best Presentation: Walt Daugherty and Friend as Android Rejects

Honorable Mention: Three of our (UCSFS) people in a skit from Poul Anderson's Van Rijn tales: Mark Aronson as Van Rijn, with Gayla as his feminine companion and Steve Herbst as his lackey

Most Humorous: Cory Seidman as a bottle of corflu.

I also recall Quinn Yarborough as a bird girl winning something and someone in a Strider Revealed costume winning something else, but I'm not sure of the details. Sorry.

Anyway. The program in the PR 1 began, for all practical purposes, on Friday at 12:15. This was changed, however, and things started Thursday afternoon with three major program items (including the satire) scheduled that night in addition to the announced welcoming party. This fact was not announced in advance, was not publicized in advance. Thus many who didn't come till Friday 'cause they didn't EXPECT anything but a party on Thursday were left out in the cold. No reason why the concom couldn't have made every attempt possible to publicize this in the fan press, if they couldn't afford a special bulletin to all members.

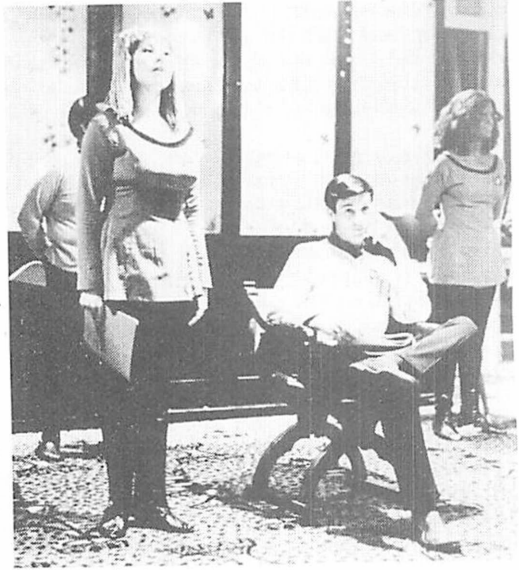
And I could go on and on. Little things, like a revival of the expensive and useless "Open" bidding party idea, like a lack of a really good new movie program (they showed three past ST scripts and then the St. Louis bidding people put on old sf flicks), like having consite bidding Sunday rather than Saturday (thus extending politicking and money-spending for another day for the prospective concons), like allowing the Medieval band to play almost two hours (without amplification) before the Medieval Tournament. And there were more. I won't bother going on.

I told you we'd /Yes, Your Majesty...ProdExp/ talk about Hugos later. I'll make an excuse to talk about the rest of the banquet, too. Aside from the poor (as always) food and the bad microphones, it wasn't too bad. Bob Silverberg did a competent job as toastmaster, rising to great heights at a few choice moments. Example: opening the short story envelope and announcing, "I must award a Hugo and I have no mouth." GoHs were reasonably interesting; Daugherty meandered about his life in fandom, while Farmer presented a comedy if slightly hard to follow discussion (entitled "Reap") concerning sf, censorship, and related problems. Numerous special fan awards were presented: the Big Heart (E. Edward Evans Award) to its founder, Daugherty (it really was his convention!); the Invisible Little Man award to J. Francis McComas; First Fandom award to Jack Williamson, and special awards from the committee to Gene Roddenberry for his production of "Star Trek" and to Harlan for his



← JWC and George Price exchange editorial views.

Cast of → Trek-A-Star



Lin Carter



Best Fantasy costume.



MEB (standing)



Best presentation



Bruce Pelz best SF costume



our victorious crew

work in "producing" Dangerous Visions. All awards, and particularly the final two, were well deserved. I personally nominated Harlan for a special Hugo for DV, and was glad to see him achieve recognition for the accomplishment.

But it was the Hugos that made the night. After last year's debacle, I hated to hear what the fan world would do to those works which DESERVED Hugos. To my amazement, most of my favorites or at least possibles won. Really amazing...Lord of Light, for example, was my personal favorite. Unlike last year (in which three relatively unknown authors got beaten by a very poor book from a Very Big Name) all the works but one were from excellent but slightly less well-known writers. Any (except Chester Anderson's The Butterfly Kid, a funny piece of fanfiction) could have won, and I feel the finals went right down to the wire with Light and Delany's Nebula-winning The Einstein Intersection. Novella, too, went to a most deserving work. "Riders of the Purple Wage," published in DV, is probably the most coherent (as opposed to much of Ballard, Aldiss, and Spinrad) piece of truly experimental sf to come along in recent years, and while it had to share the award with Anne McCaffrey's "Weyr Search" (a good but inferior work), I won't gripe at all.

There were three good novelettes up, by Dick, Ellison, and Leiber, and one mediocre nominee from Andre Norton /Who is one mediocre writer, anyway...ProdExp/. Leiber, obviously the popular choice, took his almost-unprecedented third Hugo (only Heinlein, with four, and Harlan, with three, match him) for his DV story, a supernatural tale called "Gonna Roll Them Bones." Again, no argument.

The final fiction category was PRECISELY right. "I Have No Mouth..." excited me as few stories have, and I was most happy to see Harlan become the first two-time winner of the short story Hugo (although Poul Anderson won twice for short fiction in the days when short story, novelette, and novella were one category). /I know I wasn't asked to speak, but I thought-think that "I Have No Mouth..." is much less of an example of Harlan's great talent than "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes." Now that's the pure stuff!...ProdExp/ Two other good ones were up, though, and both (from DV) could have won in another year. I wouldn't have minded too much if Delany's "Aye, and Gomorrah" had won. /Damn big of him, ain't it?...ProdExp/

Five ST episodes were in the running for the dramatic Hugo. I felt none were THAT good and nominated no award. This didn't make it to the ballot, however; what did were three of the six really good episodes and two mediocre ones. Although I picked David Gerrold's "Trouble with Tribbles" for first, I found Harlan very much acceptable and would also have agreed with Jerry Bixby's "Mirror, Mirror." I only regret that Harlan didn't give the scathing speech he promised, denouncing the ST people for tearing apart his script. This is, incidentally, that program's second award; in its original form, the script won Harlan his second "Best Dramatic Series Script of the Year" award from the script-writing people.

If just didn't deserve the Hugo, period. Galaxy, with the same editorial policy, has superior fiction and an excellent book review department by A.J. Budrys. If took it, for the third year in a row, (almost unprecedented except for Astounding-Analog's domination) for no really good reason. The reason it DID win, I think, was its policy of printing one new author each issue. This is all well and good, and is a Good Thing /There, Fred, now you have permission from the real authority...ProdExp/. But it doesn't warrant the Hugo, and that's the only point in If's favor. Incidentally, my nomination next year will be F&SF; in the last year, it has published some of the best sf I've seen anywhere. Highlights: Delany's "Lines of Power" and Piers Anthony's "Sos the Rope".

The last four awards are mainly preference. If you like one sort of thing, you vote for this. If you like another, you vote for that. In pro artist, for example, only Gaughan and Kelly Freas have done any considerable amount of work in the past year; I happen to like Gaughan's stuff, and voted for him. I happen to dislike Amra, however, and voted it last. I'll wager right now on the winner next year--Psychotic. It made the ballot this year with only two mediocreishes last year (after a period of silence) but has come out this year with several really good issues. I'm getting tired, and anyway I don't feel like talking about fan Hugos.

I do, however, have to add several important points to this report-cum-bitching session. The business session this year was one of the most successful in recent years, and much important 'legislation' was passed. Motions passed and thus now in effect were as follows:

NOVELLA: Whereas the Baycon convention committee acting within its rights in regard to the awarding of Hugos has followed the wishes of a vocal segment of its membership prior to the issuance of the 1968 Hugos and created a category of fiction for the story most commonly called novella, and, whereas the Baycon convention committee has, in fact, awarded said Hugo in the category of novella, the undersigned herewith propose that this convention adopt the following motions:

1. That the category of novella be permanently added to the already existing categories of fiction (short story, novelette, and novel) to bring the Hugo categories into equal agreement with the categories now extant in the Nebula awards issued by the Science Fiction Writers of America.
2. Make such creation of category retroactive to include the already-issued 1968 Hugos.

COMMENDATION: (this section was removed from the above motion and passed separately) Commend the Baycon for its foresight and initiative in so doing (awarding novella Hugo).

VOTING REQUIREMENTS: At the 1969 convention and at conventions thereafter, voting for consited shall be limited to members of the convention who have also paid at least \$2.00 toward the dues of the convention to be voted upon. The details of implementation shall be decided upon by each convention committee.

TWO-YEAR VOTING: It is resolved that sites for the annual World Science Fiction Convention shall be selected two years in advance, and it is further resolved that the procedure shall be put into effect at the 1969 World Science Fiction Convention, which shall thus vote for the 1970 and 1971 convention sites.

RULES PUBLICATION: The rules of the World Science Fiction Convention as decided upon in the business meetings shall be printed by the World Convention Committee and distributed with the Hugo nomination ballots and hopefully also be printed in the program book.

FIVE-YEAR PLAN: I move that the rotation plan be amended to provide that every fifth year the bidding area shall be any country outside the North American Continent in place of the present plan which provides

the aforementioned every fourth year.

FAN HUGOS: I move that the categories of Fan Writer and Fan Artist as presented by the 1967 and 1968 World Science Fiction Conventions be permanently added to the Hugo awards.

What does all this mean actually, and why was it done? Well, point by point...the novella category is now a regular Hugo category, as well as those of Fan Writer and Fan Artist. Since the Hugo rules allow for two additional categories besides those already mentioned in the rules, it is presumed that a total of twelve Hugos may now be presented.

If you desire to vote for the site of any worldcon, you must first pay at least \$2.00 (and possibly more) towards the dues of that convention. This was instituted to discourage "walk-in" voting by fen with no interest whatsoever in the upcoming convention.

Voting for sonsites will now be done two years in advance of the actual convention. This was instituted to give the committee more time to line up decent hotels and other convention facilities and to plan the convention. Next year, therefore, the 1970 worldcon (probably Germany) AND the 1971 worldcon, some Eastern site, will both be chosen.

The rules publication idea is obvious; as many fen should be familiar with the Hugo rules and other convention rules (such as the rotation plan) as possible, and this decision makes certain that at least the members of the convention, those most directly concerned with the rules, are familiar with them.

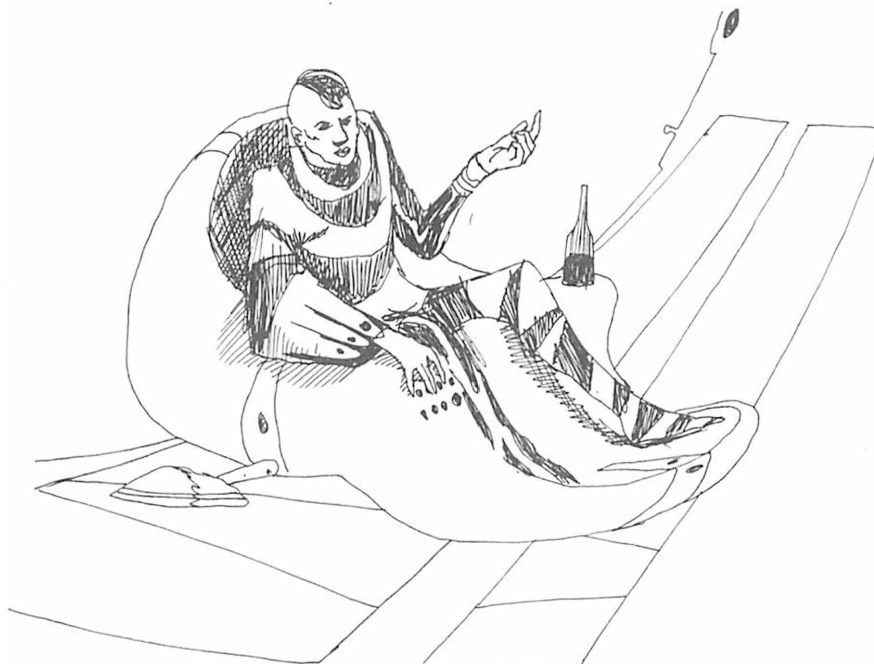
The five-year plan is probably the most sweeping change instituted. Supported by at least some of the foreign fans (tho not, at least actively, fought by others), this allows for a "rotation" of the US section forced to travel abroad to bid for a worldcon. With a four-year rotation plan such as was passed at NYCON, (plus the two-year provision already passed at BAYCON), one part of the country (the West, if I work it right) would always have to go to another country to bid. This is blatantly unfair to bidders, particularly if the con is somewhere in Europe or Western Asia. By instituting a foreign con every five years rather than four, the business meeting has made certain that a different part of the country has the bid each time. This will not affect the Germany-in-'70 bid, however.

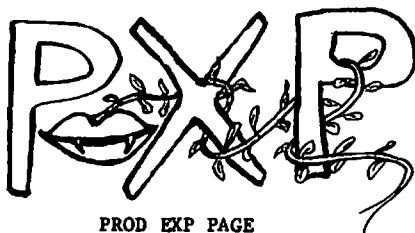
All good, well-thought-out rules and rule changes.

O.K., I've managed here to be very critical of BAYCON. Was it all THAT bad? No; every worldcon is worth going to. It's just that it could have been so much BETTER.

What was good about it? The people, mainly. The people who picked worthy winners for the Hugo awards. The people who spent long hours on costumes for the Costume Ball./Would you believe I sewed clear through half of the most scenic part of the US?...ProdExp/ The people who instituted really important new rules and rule changes. And most of all, the really groovy people who you met at boring programs, at hasty dinners, and at intimate parties. BAYCON was a place with many groovy people. For that alone, it would have been worth attending.

Next year, Ray Fisher's got the con for St. Louis. Planned Guests of Honor are Jack Gaughan, pro, and Ted White, fan. Let's hope they manage to learn a LITTLE, at least, from BAYCON's mistakes and manage to avoid too many of their own.





PROD EXP PAGE

Here's a chance to see your name in TA even if you're not creative! I'm doing a highly informal survey on "Little Fans and How They Grew," and your fannish history, via the questionnaire below, may eventually find its way into the zine. This depends entirely upon the response I get; what you might is the above-mentioned thrill, a 3¢ discount on the next issue (not to be sneezed at now that we've raised the price), and/or a small prize (what for what I'm not saying yet, because mainly I haven't decided). Your net loss can't amount to more than 2¢, so please A) rip out the form below (thereby ruining the issue and forcing you to buy another copy) and mail it (filled out) in, OR B) write a whole letter and include your replies, OR C) write the number on the back of a postcard and fill in your answers.

Send your replies to:

ProdExp
5662 N. Wayne, Apt. 2
Chicago, Illinois 60626

(OR D) You could also call longdistance and tell me the answers)

*****QUESTIONNAIRE*****

1. How old were you when you first began reading sf? _____
2. What was the first (aside from Space Cat on Venus) sf you ever read? _____
by _____
3. How old are you now? _____
4. What do you do for a living ("")? _____
5. If you are a student, where? _____
6. Do you subscribe to (or buy regularly) any prozines? _____
7. Which? _____
8. About how many sf books (novels, collections, or anthologies) would you say you own? _____
9. How many magazines? _____
10. Awright, who's your favorite author? _____
11. Name _____
Address _____
Social Security Number _____ (Who knows, I might discover a trend.)
12. Any other relevant comments you happen to have lying about. _____ etc.

*****XEROX*THIS*AND*PASS*IT*ON*****THE*MORE*THE*MERRIER*****

I AM NOT NEITHER STONED,

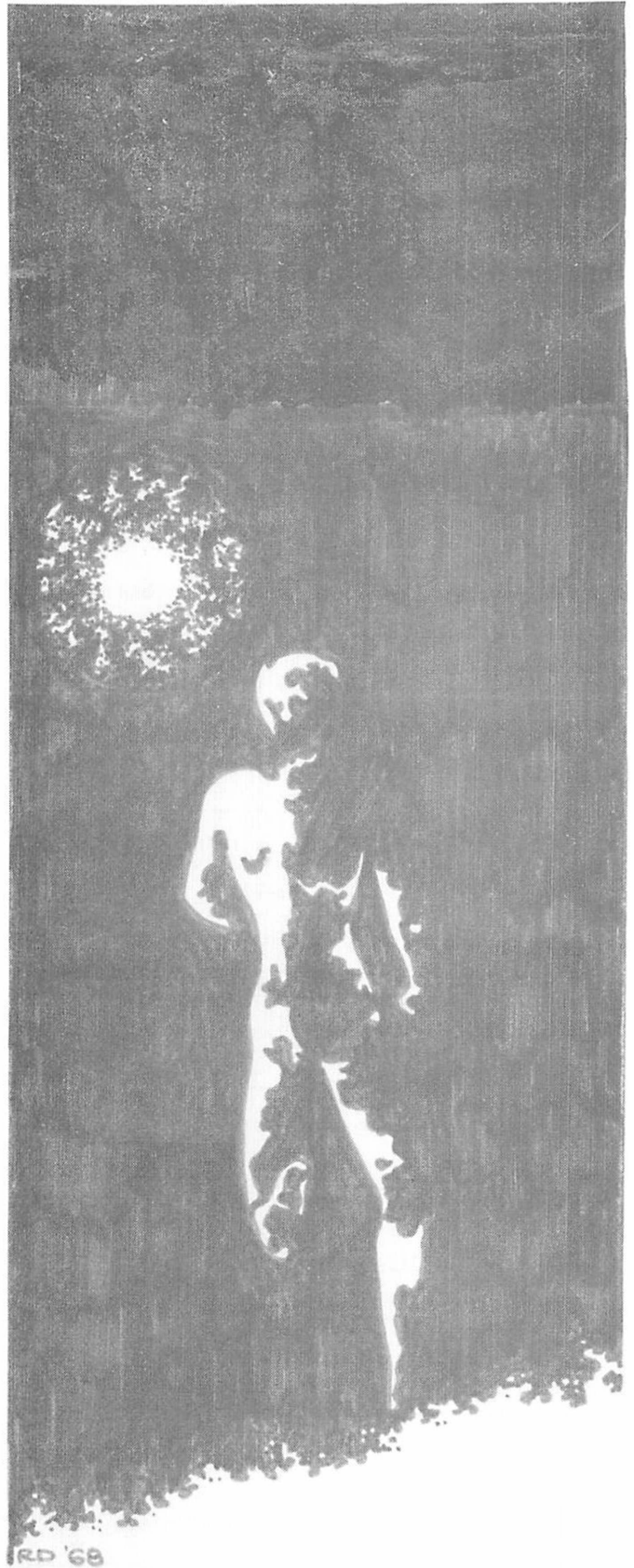
NOR

WERE I THEN!!

SIGNED

THE PRODUCTION EXPEDITOR

DEATH RAY



SUBJECT# 106: MARINO, Juan. Age: 23; b. 2-17-69
 literate. Mother's consent (father not living)
 Telephone: 363-93601. Address: 5702 S. Harper
 Catholic. NOTIFY: Mrs. Rosa Marino, 2301 Diversey
 7/16/91 8/12/91 11/3/91 1/9/92 3/13/92

SUBJECT# 541: LOUIS, David. Age: 21; b. 11/9/70
 Literate. Father's consent
 Telephone: 667-92326. Address: 5300 S. University
 Lutheran. NOTIFY: William Louis, 1513 Washington,
 Santa Clara, Calif.

The secretary neatly inked in 5/20/92 at the bottom of each card and appointment slip and handed the latter to the two young men.

"Please come in on Saturday, the twentieth. Go to room 203 in the Black Thanatology Laboratory Building." She smiled at one of the young men. "Mr. Louis, I believe this is your first time. If you want to make a will, Mr. Johnson of Michaels and Johnson will draw one up for you. His offices are at 5600 Blackstone. And please remember not to eat for twenty-four hours before the experiment."

As they left, Juan Marino turned to David Louis and said, "This is your first time? Do you know why?"

"I'm not sure...I can't figure things out, and I thought this would help. Have you really done it five times?"

"Yeah. I'd have done it more often, but after the first two they insisted I wait two months between experiments. They were afraid I wouldn't have time to really recuperate."

"Why do you do it?"

Juan smiled. "Very simple. I need the money. Two hundred dollars is a lot. My father is dead and my mother is living on Social Security. One of the doctors called me a mercenary."

"I don't know. I wonder about the ethics of the doctors involved in this. I don't think I'd like to watch someone almost die so I could study what happened."

"I don't know either. Scientists give me the creeps anyway."

They parted at the corner, and David walked down University looking at the trees hanging their green over the street, green against the deep blue sky, wind stirring the leaves with a soft whisper, and the sunlight filtering through the green, creating a wonderful world of shadow in the leaves. It was May and the wind wrapped warm air around his body like a glove.

When he let himself into the apartment, he heard the radio blare its half-hourly newscast.

"...And now the news. The first manned expedition to Mars, led by Major James Lee, has reported the discovery of artificially produced objects as well as simple plant life. The director of the National Space Center said at today's press conference that that these artifacts were apparently not native to Mars...." The broadcast switched to a recording of a scholarly male voice with a slight Eastern accent, "Although Major Lee has not sent us a great deal of information, we agree with his conviction that the artifacts his party found were never produced on Mars. We must therefore conclude that they were brought to that planet by extra-, er, extra-Martian visitors. Although the exploration team is not equipped to date the objects exactly, they have estimated that they are roughly twenty thousand years old."

The announcer's voice resumed, "President Andrews today asked Congress to authorize a twenty-five billion dollar increase in military appropriations in order to implement last year's 'Science Draft' law. It is expected that there will be little opposition to the President's request by the Congress."

"The Tennessee Institute of Technology again was the scene of bloody fighting between Army troops and local citizens today, for the fourth straight day. Ten soldiers and twenty-three rioters died in the battle; at least sixty more persons were injured. Joshua Snow, head of the New Christian Church, is held responsible for the rioting. He preached again today to the local residents, shortly before fighting broke out."

A hysterical voice, a fanatic's voice filled the air: "In these last days, the Antichrist predicted by our dear Saviour Jesus has appeared. Shall I tell you who this Antichrist is?" There were shouts in the background, "Yes!" "It is SCIENCE! Science, which attempts to undermine the Bible, which tries to destroy our faith in Christ by claiming to explain everything." You cannot serve God and Mammon! God's wisdom needs no explanation; Mammon seeks to undermine our faith by dismissing God's wonders with 'explanations'. But if we want to remain true Christians we must SPIT on Mammon! We must KILL the Antichrist! Science and the unholy breed who serve it must be destroyed! WE are the CHOSEN--"

"Will you turn that nut off!" David shouted at his roommate.

His roommate lazily responded. "Hey, Dave, did you know they lynched three more scientists last night in Pennsylvania? The President ordered martial law for the entire state."

"It's a good idea, but I don't think he'll last long enough to really accomplish anything. One of Snow's damned fanatics will shoot him within a month." David dumped his books onto a table and sat down. "It's a good thing that creep Langford isn't still President. He'd have given Snow a post in the Cabinet. Nihil nisi bonum and all that, but I'm still glad he's dead. At least Andrews is trying to do something."

His roommate shrugged in careless agreement. "Yeah. Hey, how about that stuff on Mars! Another intelligent race!"

"If they've lasted as long as the stuff on Mars, they're considerably more intelligent than our own. I'll bet Snow will go out of his mind over this. 'The Martians are the Fallen Angels of Hell, and the Antichrist is going to them for orders. You cannot serve God and Mammon!'"

"Yeah. What do you want for dinner?"

It was an odd room, shaped like a trapezoid. His particular shrink was a mature-looking man, which he liked because it was easier to talk to someone who reminded him, however vaguely, of his father.

"Do you know why you volunteered, David?"

David had to hesitate before he could answer. "I don't know exactly...I have this feeling--I have to know. I have to know who I am, why I'm alive. There's this tense feeling, tension in my body like before a test, because I don't understand what's happening. I mean, I'm alive, and I don't even know WHY. Whenever I think about the experiment I get tense, because it's death and I've got to see what it's like, before I can understand life.

"And besides, I don't think I like what's being planned for me. I'm going to finish school this year and then what? John Randolph Andrews' 'Science Draft,' that's what. I don't want to spend the rest of my life in the Army, but he's right, it isn't safe to play science outside it. Maybe science isn't worth it. I don't know and I've got to find out.

"Now, take my roommate. He knows what he's doing; he's going to get a degree in geology and apply for the draft in space exploration. He says he'll be a colonel before he retires. Another friend of my wants to go into research in gravity, and he's already been drafted. I don't have any idea what I want to do.

"Maybe I should drop chemistry, even if the only alternative is as useless as Liberal Arts. Because--I was in California and I saw..." It flashed before his eyes, quickly but in utter clarity--the howling mob, mostly young and dropping their books to attack, but many encumbered only by the neat white coats the instructors favored. "They lynched a-a Holy Saint. They hung this poor old geezer--scientists hung him, because he thought knowledge was unnecessary and that the world is going to end on New Year's Day, 2000. I don't know, maybe knowledge isn't necessary; maybe the world is going to end in seven years. But if scientists can't tolerate difference, who can?"

"I thought maybe seeing what's waiting close up could give me some idea of what life is and what I should do with it."

The psychiatrist looked at him. "What about your girlfriend, Mary?"

"I haven't talked to her for two weeks. She says if I survive and want to see her, I can, but not until this thing is over. I don't know if I'll see her even when it's over; I can't seem to feel any real emotion for her, even though we were sleeping together. Somehow I feel empty inside and I wonder if I can ever love anyone or ever have. Something's got to change because things can't go on like this. You know how Jarman writes about papier-mache people? That's how I feel; like I'm papier-mache--all surface and hollow inside."

"David, I suspect there's something inside you, or you would have no equipment with which to doubt its existence. Our job here is to find out exactly what is inside you..."

The researcher was clean and efficient. "You already know the purpose of this experiment. You will be given thanatos, one of the new timed poisons. It will be timed for roughly two and a half minutes; during this time you will come very close to death. You will observe as closely as possible what happens, what it looks like to you. We will be recording your body reactions and your brain pattern, but we cannot change the timing on the poison and if the effects of a two-and-a-half minute dosage are too much for your system, you will die. Federal law requires me to tell you that the chances of this happening are about one in ten. We will try to take you as close to death as possible without actually killing you, but since this is your first experiment it will be mostly guesswork. If you come back again, we'll be better able to calculate the timing and the dosage so you'll stand a better chance. I want to stress again that what we are interested in is personal, subjective impressions and observations, rather than simply physical data. We can get that from our instruments. Any questions?"

David shrugged. "Not about the experiment. I am curious about what you've found out so far."

"Fine; I'll tell you some of it while I attach these electrodes. Remove your glasses, please.

"As far as we can tell, there are four basic approaches to death. What you'll be exploring is what we call Avenue II: deaths caused by a malfunction of the cardio-vascular system--by a heart attack, by most poisons, by lack of oxygen, or by acute loss of blood. Avenue I is death caused by malfunction of the brain or nervous system, by nerve poisons, by nervous diseases such as severe epilepsy or spinal meningitis; Avenue III is death by failure of homeostasis, by change in body temperature, by diabetes, and so on; Avenue IV is death by actual physical damage to tissue--a shot through the head, for example. Please take off your shirt. I hope this glue doesn't irritate your skin?"

"No, it doesn't."

"Good. Obviously, there are many deaths we haven't been able to investigate--Avenue IV, for example. Few subjects would volunteer to have their brains shot out. Avenues I and II are the best known. Frankly, if you plan to die sometime, don't shoot or hang yourself--slit your wrists. Avenue II is probably the easiest approach to death we've explored. Even sleeping pills, we've found, seem to cause painful sensations close to death.

"If you'll just lie down now, I'll plug you in. Take this capsule when I tell you to over the intercom. It will take effect in about ten minutes.

"And good luck."

Surely it had been ten minutes? He had been lying here forever. Maybe it wasn't going to work. Maybe he was going to die. It was surprising to him, but with death so close he suddenly loved life; the cool grass in summer, the waves at Aptos Beach when he was younger (they had seemed high as houses when he was a kid), the quiet snow falling as he made his way toward Harper Library, the warm smooth feeling of Mary's skin...Surely it had been ten minutes...It was a poison so it should hit his heart first...Watch for a small pain in your heart, they say...then you'll know it's started...

Death...remember a small boy lying in his room reading? Where has he gone? The incredible California night sky; the surf crashing far away; the stars like flames of steel...Men on Mars, from the far stars, a guy from the sky, a man from Japan...

Pain. There it is. Growing stronger...pain beat pain beat pain pain PAIN! His body growing larger, like

a galaxy EXPLODING into a thousand pieces.

He was running down a tunnel chasing a small boy, falling into a dark cave, the sky was spinning faster and faster...the room was breathing in and out, dark on the inhale, bright on the exhale...sea with waves ten feet high, chasing a little boy down the hall...Someone's coming, got to get my pants on they can't see me like this they'll know...

Poison! I'm DYING!...The sky split wide open, flames pouring out...Hell...wait, I haven't seen the judge yet, I'm not guilty...I'M DYING--I'M DYING...HELP ME...Our Father Who Art In Heaven...

It was Sunday afternoon at the beach the warm sun on his back the cool breeze on his skin the smell of salt in the air the sound of surf in his ears...through the door I'll be out in a minute and they won't see me...fog which way should I go wait someone's coming light getting closer brighter

light, light. Close my eyes but it's still there...PAIN--I CAN SEE! Light...life two green men watching one ape bash another with a club...an amoeba...sticky wriggly sperm madly waving their tails...billions on billions of living things turning in and turning out...Life, oh, my God, I'm ALIVE running down a dark black rock through ame-shaped tunnel flashing towards a marvelous end...death and the Lord of All waits, all is one one are all Hail Lord Jesus Hail Buddha hail Louis hail all sentient life hail the rocks and the stars the sky and the sea...oh my body and the pain/the soft warm smell of smoke/the cautious crazy feel of sheet/we are all one/you cannot serve God and Mammon/Mars we're here/papier-mache Jarman/soft pale light from himself a golden glowing egg of GOD a spasm of PAIN a wash of black black NOTHING

and...

"Congratulations," I/he said. "If you'll lie still while I get off those electrodes you can leave. Do you feel able to walk?"

"Of course," I/he said. "I can do anything."

"They all think that," I/he laughed. "It won't last but don't walk in front of any cars. We'll mail your check as soon as we receive your written report. By the way," I said, getting serious, "I'm afraid your friend Marino didn't make it back."

I walked down the street savoring the smell of my warm May air, the green of my leaves, the warmth of my sun on my back. The wind roared by my wings as I climbed a breeze, the breeze ripped my face as I watched my flight, my leaves stirred in the soft wind. I stopped at a pond, water drop-drop-dropping from my branches, splashing concentric circles on my skin, wind rippling the water in sudden thrills.

Somewhere deep in my blue sky, on far soil, I studied ancient artifacts. Somewhere I watched my waves hit the rocks, a ten-foot tower of spray, a hundred thousand drops drifting downward in slow motion, SMASH. Spray. Somewhere, everywhere, anywhere.

I laughed and looked at my father, my sun, showering Danae with golden light. Who am I I cried joyously.



2001 dept.

Herewith three short reactions to "2001"--
by Jerry Lapidus, co-editor of TA, Mark
Aronson, TA's Feature Editor, and Robert
Bloch.

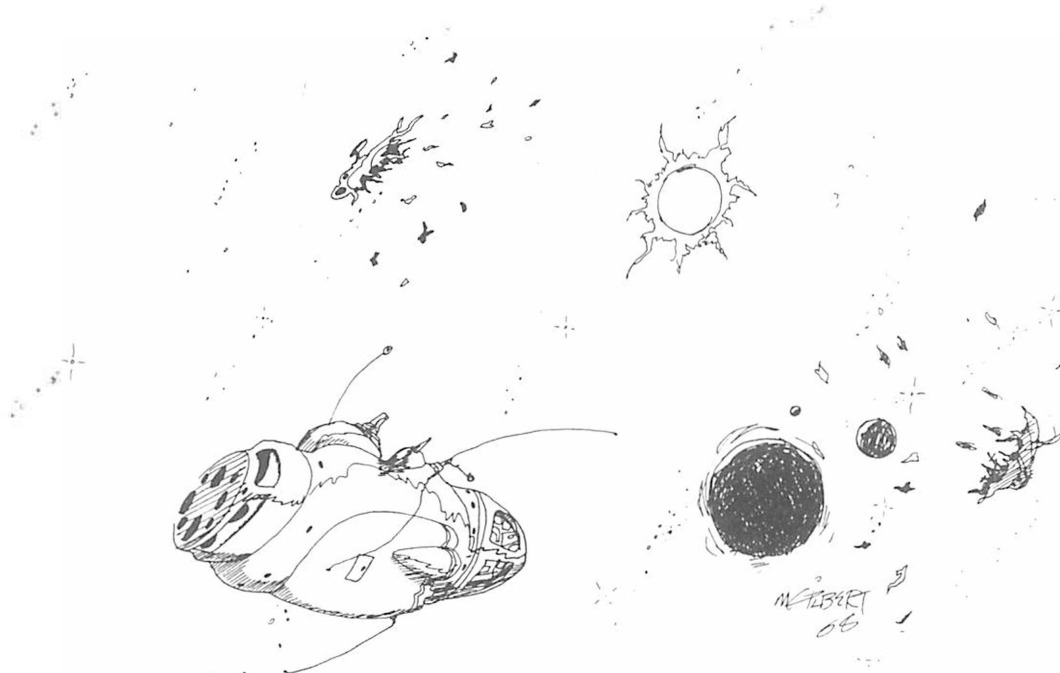
The Editor (MEB)

REVIEW REVIEW

by Jerry Lapidus

As you already know, I fell "2001" is a magnificent motion picture. I won't go into all my opinions here, as I've been venting those opinions elsewhere for weeks. But I've recently read a number of very critical remarks about the picture, and I find it necessary to comment on some of these. In particular, I refer to the review by Lester del Rey in Galaxy. Let me make it clear that I respect Mr. del Rey as a writer and as a person; after this review, however, I do not respect him as a movie reviewer. Do NOT miss seeing "2001" on the basis of this review! /If you see it first and then read the review, it's much more enjoyable--especially if you find you agree with it...ProdExp/ Mr. del Rey apparently requires his motion pictures to be full of excitement, to stick to a straight linear plot, and to have full explanations for any phenomena present. /You exaggerate, sirrah. Mr. del Rey--if you can speak for him, baby, so can I--obviously requires his motion pictures to be comprehensible. Most people do...ProdExp/ Kubrick and Clarke's masterpiece has none of these things, and perhaps that is the reason for his hatred of it. I feel this review is DRASTICALLY wrong. I feel the best review to be the one we reprinted in our last issue, that by Roger Ebert from the Chicago Sun-Times. I feel the review by Samuel Delany and Ed Emshwiller in Fantasy and Science Fiction to be less complete than Ebert's but fully as capable. In this, Delany discussed questions of impact and meaning while Emsh looks at technical aspects. Both do an excellent job. Here are reviews to trust. /Don't dare to let yourself be influenced by any of that rotten old anti-"2001" reviewing...ProdExp/

And I severely CASTIGATE those whose work I've read condemning "2001" ONLY on the basis of something they've read or heard. /Why, baby? You're urging 'em to do the opposite for the same reason...ProdExp/ One particularly grating comment: "The write-ups I've seen on "2001" have convinced me that I'd rather donate the price of admission to the 'Save the British Empire Fund.'" I find this to be totally irresponsible; if you wish to criticize a picture you've seen, by all means do so. But you have no right to damn a basis of reviews alone. /Amendment XXX...ProdExp/ If you see "2001" and still wish to criticize, please do so. I, however, have not spoken with a SINGLE person who's seen it who did not consider it at least worth seeing /No, and I'm not planning on speaking with you for another three months...ProdExp/; most considered it as highly as I do. It is your privilege to dissent, but please know what you're dissenting from.



2001: A SPACED-OUT IDIOSYNCRASY

by Mark Aronson

If you think that the title of this article has very much significance please get rid of the notion. Its purpose was to make you think "Oh, how clever!" or "Gaaaaaaaaaakk!" and make you curious about the treat (or tripe) that lay below. It has served its purpose. Let us proceed.

I'd like to make one thing clear; I'm going to do a hatchet job on parts of the movie. Nevertheless I enjoyed it, really I did. Pleasure is a gut-reaction that is difficult and even undesirable to rationalize away, which is something I am not prepared to do until I must do it for reasons of health.

Plot, for those of you who have not seen the flick: Proto-men, with help, guidance, and inspiration of Monolith, learn essential characteristic of mankind, i.e., how to kill, maim, and otherwise destroy more efficiently. (This is what Mark Twain called "The Descent of Man from the Higher Animals.") ZAP. Several hundred thousand years later. Descendants of proto-men (dubious Latinism--"Homo sapiens") have landed on the Moon and have unluna'd another Monolith. This one sends signals to Jupiter. Inspiration? Ship is outfitted and sent to Jupiter's environs. One HAL-9000 computer exhibits human behavior and later kills people. (Note: take letters in sequence after H, A, and L, and see what you get.) Ship with remaining man arrives near Jupiter, which is a methane-ammonia Hashbury trashbasket (but pretty; read Simak). Man grows old and dies (see TA... for that detail). Last symbol on screen: foetus looking down on the globe (pear shape) of Earth. Explanation: foetus is MAN, womb is EARTH; neither want to leave their havens, both are eventually forced to.

Whew!

Comment the first: The plot, as a plot, is perhaps sufficient for a one-act play. Certainly not sufficient for a 2.5-hour movie. The length is due to the pyrotechnic effects that pad each sequence. Most realistic. Most valuable. I do not suggest that they should have been toned down, but rather that the plot had been extended to make better use of the effects. (effect: miles of ship cruising from left to middle distance. Plot device: newsphoto. This was not done.)

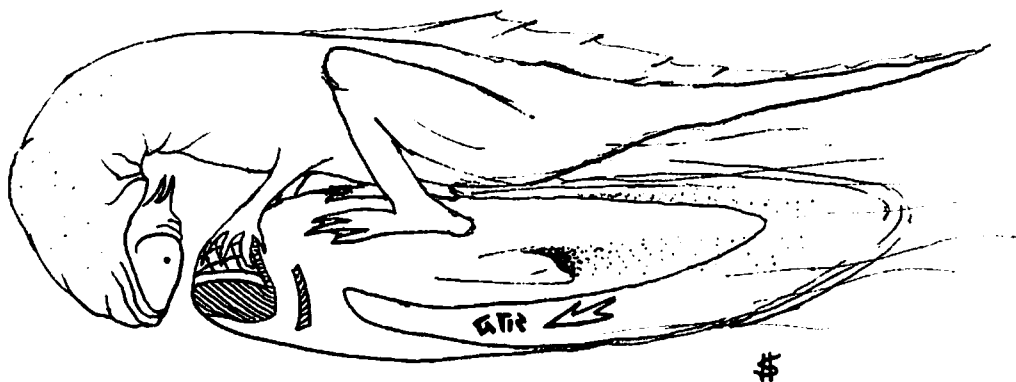
Comment the second: The acting did not even do justice to the plot. As dialogue, it was decent pantomime. The characters were as wooden as Tinkertoys and not nearly as versatile. How can you have feelings for a character who has none of his own? The only quality I can ascribe to the main continuing character is numbness, which is not easy to empathize with. The humans, on the whole, were less human than HAL, and more stupid (hell, I mean less intelligent) which brings us to

Comment the third: A few words on HAL. It's just the hoary old sf (sorry, Jerry, "stf" is for the birds) question, "Which came first, the wires or the wisdom?" Is HAL rational because "he" is complex or rather because his parts are coated in Rationalite? All you can say is that HAL is smart and can experience at least regret and sorrow, as when he is dismantled for the heinous crime of emulating his builders. (I almost said "superiors"; watch it, Aronson.) I suppose, though, that HAL is a "symbol" of Our Mechanical Age. I dunno.

Comment the fourth: A purely personal carp. I don't like the music of Richard Strauss. I loathe Johann Strauss, Jr. and Sr. The quotes from "Also Sprach Zarathustra" are too pompous, aside from the trivial recurrent minor-major chord change in brass, which is incapable of being copyrighted. If the "Blue Danube" sequence of wheeling space stations was meant to be majestic, the trashyblatness of the music ruined the effect. If it was meant to be funny as hell, it missed by a purgatory because it had elements of majesty. Und so weiter.

Comment the last: If you are ready to stomp on me for not making nice on "2001" please keep in mind that I weigh more than you do. Also re-read the second paragraph of this article. Otherwise I thank you for your patience.

You may turn the page.



OBSCURITY IS THE LAST REFUGE OF THE UNCERTAIN

Editor's note: In a recent Psychotic, Robert Bloch, noted stf author and scriptwriter, talked about his impressions of a preview performance of 2001. I asked him if, after several months' reflection, he had any further opinions on the picture. "2001½" contains these comments.

2 0 0 1 ½
by Robert Bloch

some several months ago, in the first full flush of fannish frenzy, I wrote a comment on "2001-A Space Odyssey" for (you should excuse the expression) Psychotic. My remarks were made after attending a preview performance, and since that time the film has reached -- and grabbed-- the general audience. As a result, fanzines have been flooded with reviews and discussions of the picture.

During the ten weeks I spent in London this summer, I continued to hear analyses of 2001; on the first occasion that my wife and I attended a fan-gathering the movie was a paramount topic (even though it wasn't really a Paramount film) and on the last evening of our stay it was introduced as the subject of conversation by Christopher Lee over dinner at his home. And when I returned, it was still being written and talked about.

Meantime, and virtually simultaneously, another major science fiction film, "Planet of the Apes", appeared and scored a resounding success. Its screening, at the performance I attended, elicited great audience reaction. As the apes hooked, netted, chained, clawed, whipped, clubbed and beat Charlton Heston, their snarls and growls and grunts and shrieks were echoed with enthusiasm and approving laughter from my fellow drama-lovers, who greeted the sadistic spectacle with all of the fine, "Sock-it-to-him" approval of American movie-goers or Roman coliseum-attendees. There was no doubt as to the film's popularity.

And yet, as far as I can discover, "Planet of the Apes" has not received a tenth of the critical and conversational attention accorded "2001- A Space Odyssey."

Why?

The question has haunted me at odd hours; while counting my sins in an effort to fall asleep, when making faces at myself in the mirror during shaving, or in the midst of feeding the alligators in the swimming-pool. I have pondered the imponderable, probed the improbable, and finally emerged with what seems to me to be a satisfactory answer.

2001, like "The Graduate" and "Bonnie and Clyde", is a springboard to status.

"Explaining" the meaning of the film automatically confers superiority upon those who "understand its message" and connotations of intellectual and aesthetic awareness are implicit in such a procedure. It's a game in which nobody loses.

Critics -- amateur or professional -- have always been fond of this game. "Interpreting the meaning" is an irresistible temptation to the, and 2001, "The Graduate" and "Bonnie and Clyde" have given critics an opportunity to exhibit profundity as they discourse upon the symbolism, the subliminal levels, the social significance and the interior construction. I dare say that 2001 has given as much harmless pleasure to critics as "Ulysses", Finnegan's Wake and the works of D.H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf did to an earlier generation, and it may eventually become as important a subject for analysis as Tolkien's Ring trilogy, or even Peanuts.

In case anyone thinks I'm putting them on about this irresistible urge to explain, just consider these notes as a prime example -- I simply had to explain the meaning of this phenomenon myself!



Editor's Note:(MEB) Dr. Williams is an Associate Professor of English at the University of Chicago and has been a science fiction reader for many years.

You'll Have To Write Louder

or:

On Talking to BEM's

by J. M. Williams

A few science fiction stories have centered on how we might overcome the problems in communicating with an alien race, but most assume that talking to an intelligence from Alpha Centauri will be about as difficult as talking to a New Guinea native who speaks a language no one ever heard before. Elaborate codes for projecting images, right-angle triangles, images of men, squared numbers, etc., and the recent excitement over what some thought might be regular radio pulses from an intelligent source make it seem that communication with an alien system does not present insuperable difficulties. I suspect this true, but I also suspect it will be considerably more difficult than some have anticipated.

That language is a very complex thing probably qualifies as one of the grand cliches of all time, but what is surprising is that language is infinitely more complex than most people -- even linguists -- ever dreamed. Most of us brought up on high school grammar assume that nouns, verbs, adjectives, subjects and predicates are straight-forward ideas that probably correspond one-to-one with similar units in all languages. In the 17th century, this was held to be true. Universal grammarians believed that all languages had the same logical structures and were all corrupted forms of some earlier and purer language.

In the first part of this century when American linguists began investigating American Indian languages and found languages whose structure seemed to contradict every idea we had about well-known languages, the notion of a universal grammar was rejected. Instead, linguists believed languages could vary in arbitrary and unpredictable ways: some languages, they claimed, had no nouns; other languages had no way to express concepts of time as distinct from concepts of space; some languages had one-word sentences; some languages inflected nouns for past, present, and future; some language -- and this is very doubtful -- had no way to ask questions.

Because of the wildly diverse ways in which languages could differ, some linguists (this idea goes back at least to von Humboldt) believed that the structure of the language determined how its speaker perceived the world. That is, if a language like Hopi, which allegedly has no way to distinguish time from space, had a philosophy and a physics, it would be a philosophy and physics based on a system so radically different from Indo-European philosophy and physics that it could be impossible to understand. When we translated Hopi into English -- or when we tried and failed to translate Hopi into English -- we would distort all the ideas expressed in Hopi. The extreme view is that even our perception of colors and objects differs according to the language we speak. If a language slices up the spectrum into colors other than red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, then the names for those colors will influence how we look at colors. When an English-speaker is given a color chip halfway between blue and indigo, say, he should have trouble remembering that color and picking it out from a stack of color chips because he has no name for it. Conversely, if a speaker of another language has a name for that color: gark, say, then he will remember it more easily.

About the best that can be said for all this is that few experiments have convinced anyone that it is so.

More recently, however, the ideas the universal grammarians put forth 200 years ago have been re-examined. A new linguistic theory called transformational grammar has assumed that all languages must be made up of a surface structure (I will not use these terms in precisely the way they are used in formal transformational grammars because it would take too long to explain) and a deep structure. For example:

(1) Tom is easy to please.

(2) Tom is eager to please.

have about the same surface structure, with the exception of eager in one sentence and easy in the other:

PROPER NOUN + BE + ADJECTIVE + TO + VERB

But the two sentences are really quite different. In (1), Tom is the object of please: people please him. In (2), Tom is the subject of please: he does the pleasing. Furthermore, the sentences have different related sentences:

Tom is easy to please.

It is easy to please Tom.

To please Tom is easy.

Tom is eager to please.

*It is eager to please Tom.

*To please Tom is eager.

(* means an ungrammatical sentence).

We understand the sentences in two different ways despite the fact that they seem to be very much alike.

Here are some other ambiguous sentences:

He doesn't know how good wine tastes.

I want more beautiful girls.

Flying planes can be dangerous.

Each can be interpreted in two ways, so it is assumed that though each has the same surface structure, each has two different deep structures.

A transformational grammar specifies all the possible deep structures for sentences (though this concept has been rejected recently) and then transforms these very abstract deep structures into surface structures. Thus it transforms two different deep structures into the identical surface structure for an ambiguous sentence:

Flying planes can be dangerous.

and one deep structure into two different surface structures:

Tom is easy to please.

It is easy to please Tom.

"It'll take more than a palace revolution to get me out of power!" Mike Bradley

Something now being investigated is whether or not all human languages may not have the same deep structure but different ways of realizing surface structures. This, of course, recalls the universal grammarians of the 17th century and contradicts the linguists of this century. This is a very interesting idea for more than one reason; one of the most interesting implications is that language may not be something we learn in the same way we learn to tie our shoes or drive a car. It may be something that is prewired into our genes. If this is the case, then languages may vary widely in their surface structure but be identical in their deep structure. And since the deep structure is where all the meaningful grammatical relations and ideas begin, then we are as a matter of fact limited in what we can say and what we can understand.

There is some evidence that the ability to speak is a genetic-mental question rather than a classic stimulus-response activity. Some monkeys, for example, can be taught to do more complicated things than some severely retarded humans. An idiot with an IQ of around 10 must be institutionalized. He can do very little for himself and is virtually untrainable. Monkeys get shot into orbit where they punch buttons, turn handles, etc., all on command. Yet no monkey has ever uttered a single word, no matter how intensively trained, no matter how carefully taught. But idiots do utter words and primitive sentences.

This is not just a matter of brain size. There are tiny creatures called nano-cephalic dwarfs which are perfectly formed little humans who never grow more than two or three feet tall. Their brain size is not much larger than the brain of a new-born baby. Yet they can talk. Chimps, with larger brains, cannot.

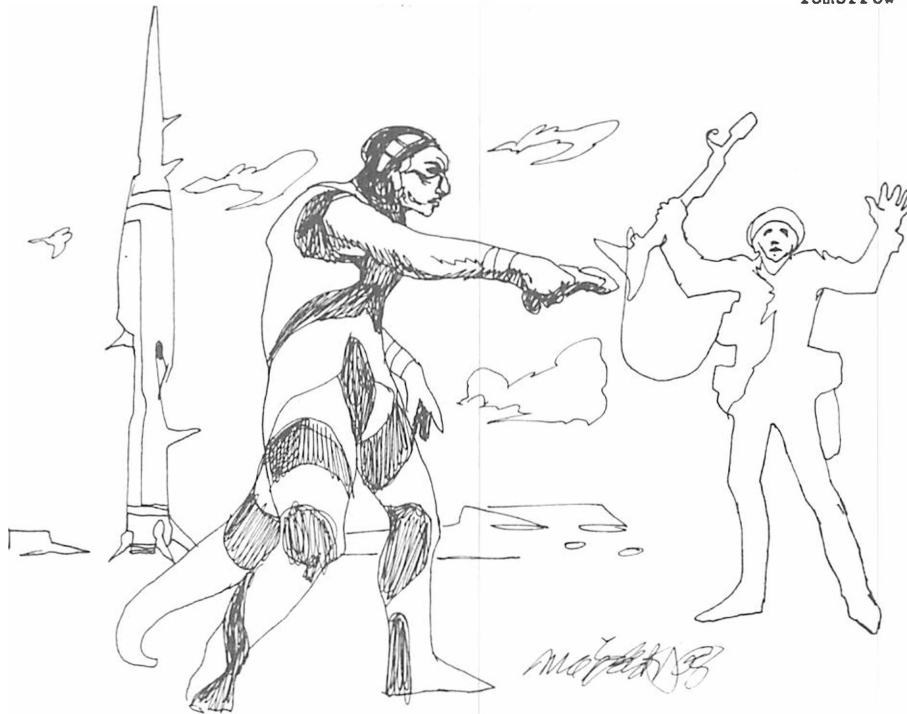
And consider this: All children everywhere in the world learn to talk at about the same time. No one, furthermore, really teaches a child to talk. Merely the exposure to language seems to trigger some mechanism that causes them to respond to language stimuli and construct their own grammar. Now this is a remarkable achievement. The one over-riding fact about modern linguistics is that the more linguists learn about language the less likely it becomes that anyone will ever describe any language completely. In fact, Noam Chomsky, the guru

of transformational grammarians, has suggested that it may be beyond man's ability to describe his ability to speak. Yet a child who can't control his bladder, who can't add two figures, can construct and understand a vast number of completely unique sentences, sentences he has never heard before and sentences no one in any history has ever uttered before. We simply cannot assume that they learn to speak the way they learn other forms of behavior, if they learn an infinitely complicated behavior before they can possibly learn a relatively simple form of behavior. They can do this only as they are prewired to learn that behavior, just as a rat is prewired to build a nest when exposed to nesting materials. The interesting thing is that when rats are deprived of their nesting materials, after a certain point they never learn to make a nest, even if given the materials. In the same way, if a child is deprived of speech until he is into adolescence, he never learns to speak. There are some qualifications to this (Helen Keller is a good counter-example), but the evidence is that language must be regarded as a form of behavior that is built into our genes, and is not learned in the conventional way.

Now what does all this imply about communicating with extra-terrestrial intelligences? In the first place, we have to realize that if we were to make up a language, we could imagine a language which no one could understand--not just more complicated than English, but a language constructed in such a way that humans simply could not comprehend it. Let me digress for a moment to answer the objection that you have probably just made. Most science fiction stories involving communication with alien creatures have a black box that translates one language into another. Based on the best evidence, it seems virtually impossible just to construct a machine that will translate a known language into an unknown one; it is thus unlikely we will ever construct a machine translator that will translate English into, say, Russian--this despite years of programming and linguistic analysis of the two languages. The problem of an automatic language analyzer is so far beyond anything we can even imagine--and this is not just because of the limited size of a computer but because of our gene structure--that one has to stretch his imagination beyond what we can extrapolate from present hardware. We can imagine a bigger rocket to get to Alpha Centauri, but translating an unknown language into a known language by machine is not just a problem of bigger but of where you begin.



a retired government official from
Ron Goulart's "Gadget Man" in
F and SF



Now let's consider some reasonable possibilities that would make it nearly impossible for us to communicate with creatures with radically different "minds." First, the channel we use to transmit messages and the sensitivity of our ears restricts the kinds of messages we can understand. We can perceive sound waves from about 16 cps to around 16,000 cps. (We're ignoring for the moment the obvious possibility that we could write to each other. More of that later.) The first critical problem, of course, would come if the BEM used frequencies considerably higher. Not only would we not hear them, but they could be dangerous. But let's go further. Why sound? Why not electromagnetic waves? And why not x-rays? Light-waves? Low-frequency waves? The logical possibilities are endless. And they would all make normal "communication" impossible.

But let's assume that we could build a machine to translate the medium into messages we could conveniently perceive. We still have to understand the structure of the language used. Consider this possibility. In all human languages, concepts like modification, subject-verb, etc., are all serially perceived: old man, book on the table, etc. The modifier comes either before or after the thing modified. But why must this modification be serially ordered? Why not simultaneous? Consider: some of the lesser apes have double vocal cords. They could, were they human, harmonize with themselves. Had they triple vocal cords, not a biological impossibility if two are possible, they could sing rounds -- four, they could be their own barbershop quartet.

This means that they can theoretically utter two words simultaneously. Let's assume an intelligent race able to do this. No, instead of a serially ordered old man, they would pronounce it ma^{ld}, the two simultaneously. And if we say very old man, then it would be pronounced ma^{ldy}. Now this, I suspect, is a language design that is not merely hard to understand. Given the organization of our brains, our perceptions, our two ears, it is not unlikely that we could never learn to understand such a language. And if the BEM mind understands complex utterances in this way (which is, after all, a perfectly logical way of modifying a basic concept), it is entirely likely that he could never understand a complex notion in any other way. It would be quite easy for the BEM to have evolved selective reception on different wave lengths along with the ability to integrate the message in the mind.

But let's assume that all beings transmit serially and not simultaneously. Does this make it any easier? Well, how is our language organized and how could it be different? Every human language has what linguists call phonemes. How do we tell the difference between pin and bin, for example? We can tell the p and b apart. They are made in precisely the same way except that the sound is voiced in b, unvoiced in p. (There are some other differences, but we need not get lost in details.) English, depending on how it's analyzed, has around 30 phonemes: p, b, t, d, k, g, f, v, s, z, sh (as in ship), zh (as in Jacques), ch (as in church), j (as in judge), h, m, n, ng (as in sing), w, r, l, y. Then there are the vowels: a, i, e, ae, oo, o, u, ow. Some languages, Hawaiian, for example, have around twelve; some, like Kwakiutl, are alleged to have around 50. Now Henry Higgins (really Henry Sweet) claimed he could hear the difference among over a hundred or so vowels. This may or may not be true, but what is a fact is the absolute certainty that he could not have distinguished 500 or 1000 or 2000. Now I'm not sure why any language would have to develop 1000 phonemes, but then I'm not sure why people had to develop, so the unlikelihood of its happening is no reason to object. In any event, it is quite certain that if we did encounter a race with even 200 phonemes, it would be at least difficult to communicate with them. Their language would work like this: Say the following words and keep track of where the tip of your tongue touches the top of your mouth when it makes the t sound: eighth, ten, Bertram, cotton (If you said this last one naturally, you didn't even touch the top of your mouth with the tip of your tongue. You made a "glottal catch" in your throat.) Now start at the teeth, where you made the t in eighth and work your way back making about ten stops: t₁a, t₂a, t₃a, etc. You would have ten "t a's" that would each be slightly different. Most of would say they are all "ta." But a BEM would perhaps recognize them as ten different "ta's" each meaning something differ-

ent: horse, man, sun, jump, look, etc. Now imagine a big mouth with a flexible tongue that could twist itself into many different positions to make a wide variety of sounds. Such a language, structured exactly like ours in every other way, would very likely be impossible ever to understand in any normal manner because we simply are unable to discriminate so many different sounds with the speed necessary to understand language. We utter (and therefore must mentally process) about 2.5 phonemes per second. Suppose in addition to having, say, 500 phonemes, our BEM uttered them at the rate of 50 a second. This would be like pronouncing:

The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog.

in under half a second. Now suppose this kind of phonemic pattern were linked with the kind of modification overlay we discussed above. Things get very complicated very quickly.

But let's grant someone built exactly like we are, someone who used the same number of phonemes, utters language in serial order, etc. Is it possible now to have a language which would still be by its very nature impossible for us to understand? Indeed. With very little difficulty we could make up languages which we simply could not process. How about a digital language? "Beep--beepbeep." Most of us have a hard time reading a binary number:

10011001111

Language is infinitely more complicated than any number system, of course, and the ability to process a digital language with the speed necessary to respond (and imagine sitting down to make up the response) would be simply impossible to attain.

But that's not the only way we could organize a language to make it impossible for us to understand in any natural way. We could create an impenetrable language simply by extrapolating on the structure of English. This is a straightforward sentence, for example.

He left.

So is this:

That he left bothered me.

But is this?

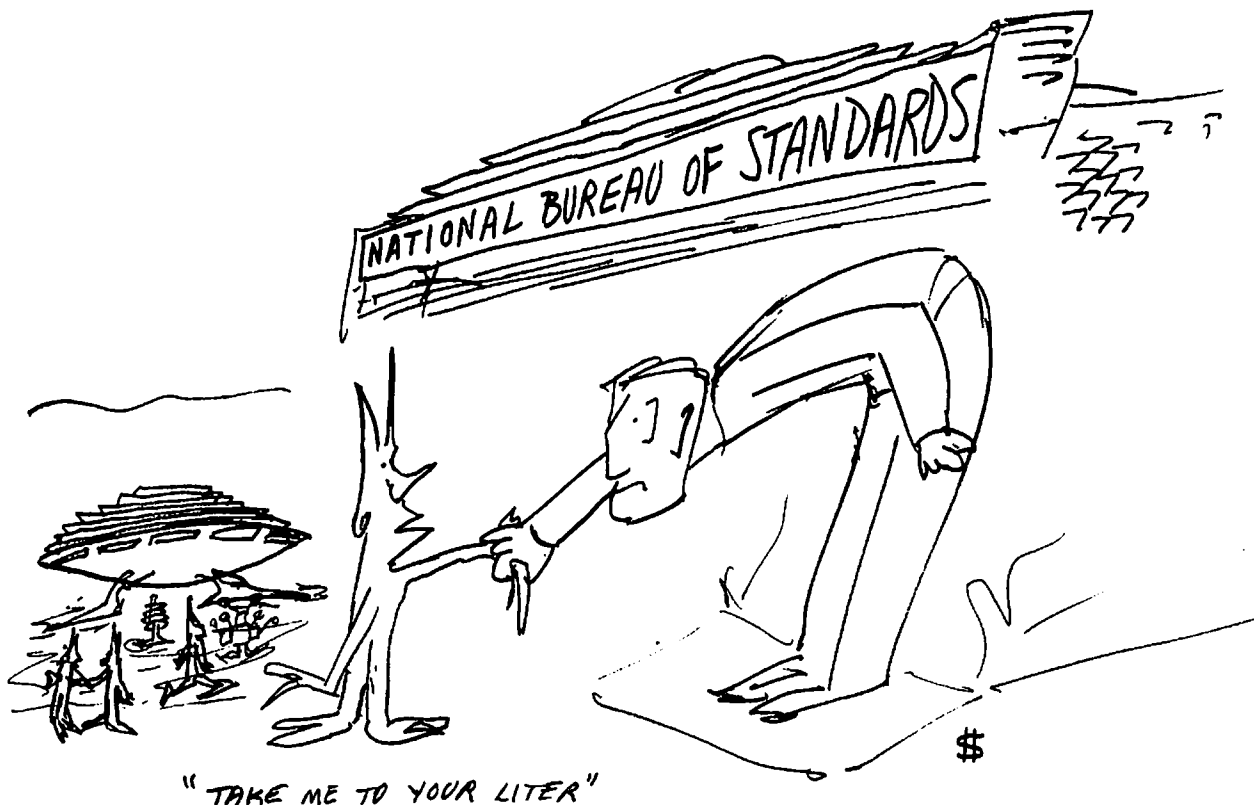
That he left bothered me didn't surprise him.

And this?

That that that he left bothered me didn't surprise him was obvious.

And this?

That that that that he left bothered me didn't surprise him was obvious seemed silly.



It appears to be a fact of human cognition that we can process one "self-embedded" sentence with no difficulty:

That he left bothered me.

Two is at least unnatural but understandable:

That that he left bothered me didn't surprise him.

Three and we break down:

That that that he left bothered me didn't surprise him was obvious.

Here are some other examples of the same thing:

Because if when he leaves you stay she pays Tom will get mad.

Cars garages mechanics cheat repair don't run well.

These are perfectly grammatical sentences; they simply happen to be almost impossible to understand.

Now let's imagine that our BEM's mind is so constructed that he can process this kind of sentence without any difficulty. In fact, it would be convenient to be able to understand sentences like this, because discourses could be converted into single sentences. But we would find such sentences impossible to understand when the self-embedding reached a level of three or four.

And this could apply to sentences with no sentence embedding. Take the sentence:

Many people attempt projects beyond their abilities.

It is not inconceivable that the grammar of the BEM language would embed predicates: "attempt projects beyond their abilities" inside subjects; "many people":

Many attempt projects beyond their abilities people

Now suppose the modifier of the subject had to contain the subject, which contains the predicate:

Ma-peo attempt projects beyond their abilities ple-ny

Now suppose the verb is required to contain the object:

Ma-peo at projects beyond their abilities tempt ple-ny

And the object contains the modifier:

Ma-peo-at-pro- beyond their abilities -jects-tempt-ple-ny

And the preposition contains the object:

Ma-peo-at-pro-be- their abilities -yond-jects-tempt-ple-ny

And the modifier of the noun "abilities" contains it:

Ma-peo-at-pro-be-the-abilities-ir-yond-jects-tempt-ple-ny

This is a perfectly "logical" language. There is absolutely no a priori reason why such a language should not evolve. Now combine this kind of structure with 500 phonemes uttered at about 50 a second hyper-sonically with triple vocal cords, and you begin to get an idea of what we might face in trying to communicate with some other creatures.

And we could continue to imagine even more complicated languages. We could imagine a language which is iconic along a scale of loudness or pitch. Every change in frequency or loudness indicates a semantic nuance. In human languages, the units are defined not along a scale but as units contrasting with other units. The units in human language contain a class of events which we interpret as members of that unit rather than as different elements. Compare the various kinds of t which I described above: eight, ten, Bertram, cotton. Each is different, but we respond to them as members of the set t. Why should this be so? Why shouldn't each difference be a significant difference? It is not difficult to imagine a language in which every difference is significant. When we say big, it doesn't matter whether we say it in a high or low tone. It still means big. But suppose we had a word glack. If we say it low, it means "little." If we say it high, it means "big." We could imagine an enormous number of semantic contrasts to scale along the same line. No human language is constructed in this way. But that doesn't mean that no language anywhere in the universe could not be constructed like this. If we did come upon BEMs who communicated in such a manner, we would find them virtually impossible to understand.

(Let me make one thing clear. Since I grew up on science fiction when science fiction was in the real pulps that are now going for a buck a copy, I actually have absolute faith that by the time we flip into hyper-drive to go across the galaxies in sub-space, we'll have a little black box that the Granks talk Grank to and it comes out English. And vice versa. Or else when the Granks land on the Midway, they'll have learned to speak English or will have their own little black box.)

I suppose the most important point here is this: human language may not (as B.F. Skinner would have us believe) be purely stimulus-response behavior. It is at least partially genetically based. And if it is genetically based, then we will find it extremely difficult to communicate with creatures having a different genetic structures, creatures who have evolved with minds able to process and understand languages so unimaginably different from any human language that we may find it almost impossible to get beyond the clichés of square roots and hypotenuses of right-angle triangles. Which will be kind of sad because we already know what the square root of four is.



THE TWELVE DAYS OF HOLOCAUST
By Michael Jensen

On the first day of holocaust
My true love sent to me,
A new fall-out shelter love-nest.

On the second day of holocaust
My true love sent to me,
Two billion bodies, and...

On the third day of holocaust
My true love sent to me,
Three I C B M's, ...

On the fourth day of holocaust
My true love sent to me,
Four mutated sons, ...

On the fifth day of holocaust
My true love sent to me,
Five cobalt bombs, ...

On the sixth day of holocaust
My true love sent to me,
Six mushroom clouds, ...

On the seventh day of holocaust
My true love sent to me,
Seven poisoned winds, ...

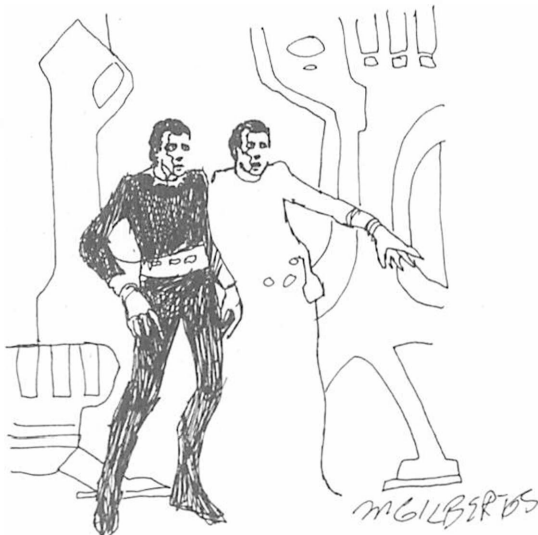
On the eighth day of holocaust
My true love sent to me,
Eight blinding flashes, ...

On the ninth day of holocaust
My true love sent to me,
A nine-headed daughter, ...

On the tenth day of holocaust
My true love sent to me,
Ten well-done cities, ...

On the eleventh day of holocaust
My true love sent to me,
Eleven broken treaties, ...

On the twelfth day of holocaust
My true love sent to me,
Twelve hundred megatons,
Eleven broken treaties,
Ten well-done cities,
A nine-headed daughter,
Eight blinding flashes,
Seven poisoned winds,
Six mushroom clouds,
Five cobalt bombs,
Four mutated sons,
Three I C B M's,
Two billion bodies,
AND A NEW FALL-OUT SHELTER LOVE-NEST.



EPITAPH FOR V.M.S.
By Michael Jensen

Share water, brothers! May you
eat my flesh,

And cherish me, and grok me
to the full.

As I, an Old One now, will
grok at last

The things that have escaped
me, until now.

Never thirst, brothers! May you
live in peace

Until discorporation - THOU ART GOD!



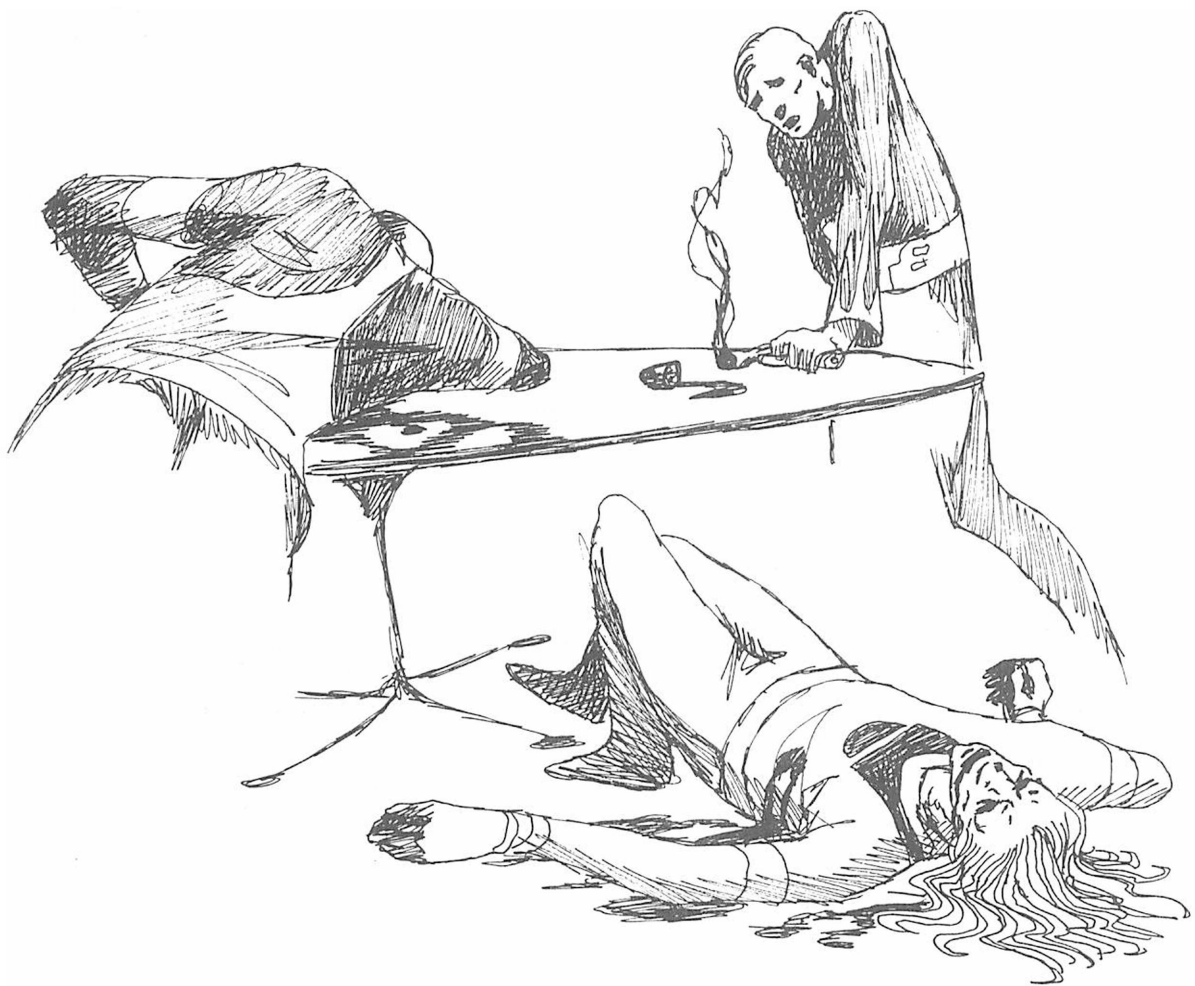
"World of the Starwolves"

UNFETTERED

By Harriet Kolchak

Astral world & astral plain,
call me from this world so vain,
In which we strive with might and main,
to gather wealth & tangent gain.

Herein I wander, to behold,
beauty unknown, in life untold.
To taste a quiet that doth unfold,
God's own blessed refrain.



"WELL, YES, ONE OR TWO SUGGESTIONS, BUT, AFTER ALL....." MEB

ONE OF US CANNOT BE WARONG

Greeting from the other half of the editorial staff: Mike Bradley. At 25, I have been a reader for 14 years, but a fan for only two. I can be described physically as fat, but I prefer to think of myself as merely impressively large. I am in charge of publishing the zine and, since Jerry is in New York and we print in Chicago, I also see to most of the layout and routine editorial chores. Before going farther, I should clear up one thing. While Jerry and I set policy and generally make the final decisions, our staff, as listed on page 2, is a very vital part of the operation. They do much of the work at this end and I would have an impossible time getting the magazine ready without them. Oh yes, please excuse the over-exuberance of that individual known only as "Prod Exp." I hereby absolve myself of all blame for the comments she inserted in the other editorial (sorry about that, Jerry). I should also mention that Jerry's editorial was written before he knew we would be photo-offset. I simply added to the original the new first paragraph he sent after learning the good news.

Now that things have solidified a little, TA will be on a regular schedule. We will publish 8 times a year, on the following dates: Sept. 14; Oct. 26; Dec. 14; Jan. 26; March 14; Apr. 26; June 14; and July 26. This year, # 4 will come out about the first week of December and we'll pick up the schedule in Jan. with # 5. Unless we hit a financial disaster, the zine will stay photo-offset and when the staff and I get a better feel for what can be done with the medium, layout will get better. We plan to get more sophisticated, too, using color occasionally and doing more with pictures, etc., as soon as time and money permit.

For those who didn't get TA...2, our policy on material is very simple: anything that's good. We want contributions dealing with Science-fiction, fantasy, fandom, and related scientific and social areas such as the treatment in the article on communication in this issue. We want articles, fiction, poetry, art, reviews, and anything else you can dream up, as long as the quality is good. We have no special interests or themes, so here's your chance. Send those contributions.

We have one new regular feature this time: the Crucifixion Department. The idea grew from your response to my article on Heinlein in the last issue (I refuse to say lastish!). Harry Warner (see the Lettercol) suggested that there were other authors that deserved analysis and I agreed with him. So each issue I will discuss a well-known S-F figure, usually either to criticize or defend. I welcome disagreement and will answer all letters, either in Group Grope or by return letter.

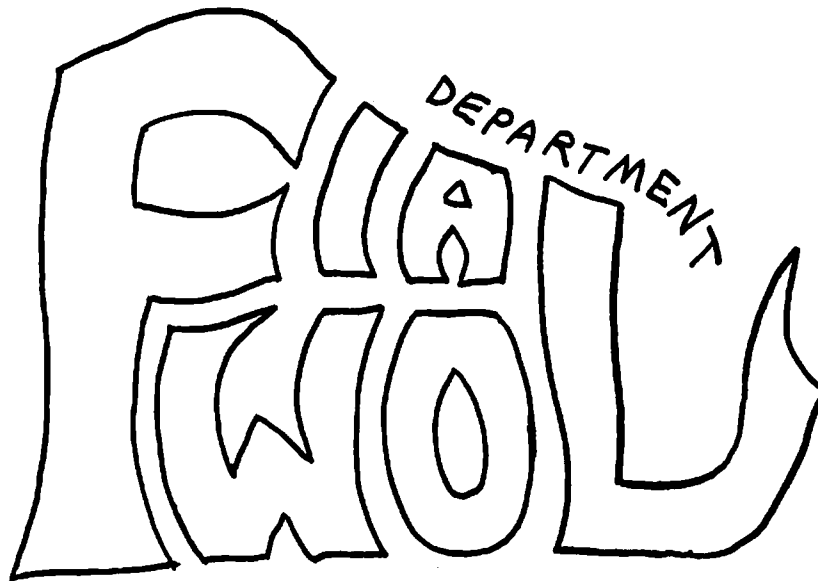
If you live within 500 miles or so of Chicago, please bear down on the next several paragraphs. They concern Great Lakes' Fandom and the bid for Chicon IV in '73. It seems to me that fandom in the Great Lakes region (Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Minnesota) lacks real cohesion. By this I do not mean there should be an association or league. What is needed is communication. Ohio fandom has it; Missouri fandom has it; why not us? To remedy this, I propose an area newsletter that would do what "S-F Times" does, but on a smaller and more specialized scale.

Included would be a list of area fanzines with the approximate publication date for each issue; a list of area clubs with meeting times; free publicity on regional cons or special meetings; news of interest; and, most important, a fan registration service. The staff would maintain a list of names and addresses of all fans in the area who wished to be listed, whether subscribers or not. Then any fan, neo or old-timer, could write in and get addresses. Perhaps once a year a full listing could be published. I volunteer to organize this and do the work, but I'll need the cooperation and help of all fans in the area. Comments and suggestions, please?

This does, of course, tie in to Chicago's bid for the '73 worldcon. Planning is going ahead and we have a good enthusiastic group here. We have ideas but we lack real experience in putting on a con. We do have a number of old hands in Chicago who are helping with their knowledge and advice. But we're not proud! We want help from anyone willing to give it. If you're interested in assisting, in any capacity whatsoever, get in touch with Jerry or me.

Necessary words: increased expense makes this the last issue you will receive unless you are a subscriber, pro, or contributor. So write; send money!





Two things we have to do before hitting the mags themselves. One is the same thing we did in the editorial, i.e. drop that editorial we! It gets tiring all the time, trying to think like royalty, so from now on I'll simply use the singular, I being Jerry William Lapidus, editor of this rag. Second, is to announce, if you don't know already, the death of Andy Porter's Science Fiction Weekly. We (damn, here I go again) I mean, I, reviewed SFW glowingly last issue and between then and now discovered that Andy is quitting the weekly business in order to devote more time to his regular job and his soon-to-be-quarterly mag Algol. I'll review this as soon as I get hold of a copy. Anyway, on to the pile.

Granfalloon 3: Linda Eyster, 1610 Belvedere Blvd., Silver Springs, Maryland 20902. \$.30, 4/\$1.00, trade, printed LoC, contribution. Actually I wanted to review this lastish but couldn't find the second issue and never saw the first. Luckily (for Linda and company) they came out with three and thus got themselves trapped in my clutches. GF is an interesting, readable mag put out by a couple of young femfans at Carnegie-Mellon Universities. As they have little more fan experience than your editor here, things are often a little simple and/or naive, but the mag should get better and better. One thing about it is that you can always find a couple of things to argue with. Thisish, for example, (and for all you long time fans reading, I happen to like "thisish" rather than "thish"), starts off (after a couple of editorials) with a less-than penetrating (this is the phrase used to describe TA somewhere, but I like it anyway) review-comparison between "Planet of the Apes" and "2001:" as I've said before, "2001" is a magnificent motion picture, while "Apes" is a nice adventure story. Unfortunately Linda and the reviewer don't agree with me, but that's their problem. They call PoA the greatest stf film ever filmed, while speaking of "2001" as the best special effects. (Yes, I know this review is ridiculously long, but when I review a fanzine I review the damn thing!!). Ish also has some bad fan poetry (which I'm glad to see anyway) and some worse fanfiction (no worse than most, though), Marcon and Disclave reports (interesting but just too much about regional cons), a lot of fairly good book reviews by Richard Delap, fanzine reviews (much shorter than mine), and medium interest lettercol.

Trumpet 7: Tom Reamy, 6400 Forest Lawn, Dallas, Texas, 75330. \$.60, 5/\$2.50, contribution, printed LoC, trade. This should be one of the best around--the repro is better than the promags, the writers are good, the material seems interesting, but it somehow doesn't make it with me. Get it, it's good, it's certainly worth the money. Maybe you'll like it. Biggest plus to thisish is artwork; cover is a NYCON prizeqinner by Jeff Jones, and ish includes five full-pages Jones illos, a beautifully-illustrated cartoon adaptation of Anderson's Broken Sword with art by George Barr and story by Reamy, and numerous other beauties. Three editors to the mag and thus three editorials lead off--one dissecting NYCON, one cutting fan awards, NYCON, and other stuff, one discussing the space-warp theories. Interesting ideas in all. Elsewhere is a very long review of one Sturgeon story ("Affair with a Green Monkey") by Phyllis Eisenstein, a phtostory about a Halloween party (???), column by Andrew J. Offutt, some sort of weird movie reviews by Dan Bates, article about George Barr, good lettercol. Two more items--one, a series of short "sketches" by Robert E. Howard, reprinted from an old zine, is fantastically interesting. The other is a piece of fan-fiction by W.G. Bliss, and the interesting think about this is that somewhere in the mag the editors have a little box stating, among other thing, "We have raised our standards so high in those areas (fiction and poetry) that anything we would accept you could probably sell for money." Sorry about it, but I doubt very much whether Bliss's thing would sell.

Riverside Quarterly: 10 (vol.3, No. 2): Leland Sapiro, Box 40, University Station, Regina, Canada. I talked about the August 1967 ish here last time, and here we are with the next (think). It must be, 'cause here's the second part of Jack Williamson's informative but to me rather dry study of H.G. Wells. In the same vein are shorter articles on ERB and Tolkien. Richard Lullen, to possibly go along with Williamson's article, reviews a book on Wells, while Harry Warner gives us a long column reviewing 'zines put out by college or university-based groups (he missed us but we'll consider forgiving him). My main gripes are 13 pages of poetry and the fan-fiction.

I support the idea of poetry in fanzines--we try to do it here. But this is just a little to take in one straight dose. Finishing the ish is a four-page letter by Campbell which editor Sapiro turned into an article and other letters. Somehow these are so sercon that they remind me of Analog's lettercol.

Hugin and Munin 5: Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Rd., Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada. To start off, Richard tempts my patience by following the masthead with a "Torcon II in '72." Since all you know about CHICAGO in '72 by now, I'll not remind you again. I'll try to put aside the natural prejudice, though, and be as impartial as possible. Which isn't easy, as, I fear, HaM makes Granfalloon look like Niekas--in other words, it just doesn't make it. Cover, though, is beautiful (by non-fan Murray Long), and a Chambers cartoon on bacover also present. Mimeo on Yandro-type paper is poor; I had trouble reading several pages and found most of one impossible; art, except for the covers, limited to a couple of crude drawings in 42 pages. Incidentally (this should have been said earlier) this thing is put out by ACUSFOOS, the Carlton U SF club. Back to work. Readable editorial precedes seven awful pages of fanfiction and a nothing article-review on We, 1984, Brave New World. Reviews make the mag almost worthwhile: Earl Schultz tears "Fantastic Voyage" apart, while Labonte calls "Planet of the Apes" "one of the better SF movies I've seen," one of the few PoA reviews I've been able to agree with. Good reviews of some non-sf and a few pbs, a long one on Heinlein in Dimension (first I've seen in print-- Damn!, why didn't I write that one I was going to for TA...2?), and a few fanzine reviews finish the ish, but for the lettercol. Maybe it's a result of plugging through the mag, but I even found this dull, and that hardly ever happens these days.

Osfan 36: Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Station Rd., Kirkwood, Missouri, 63122. Actually OSFAn, the clubzine of the Ozard Science Fiction Association. Available \$.15, 12/\$1.50, contribution, LoC. This is the one that talks about TA...1 as less-than-penetrating, but I suppose I'll forgive him (really, it was). Mainly news of interest to fandom in general and midwest fen in particular; it might be something worth while now that SFW is dead. This one has all sorts of interesting goodies plus very short lettercol (one by Ted White). Worth the money.

Science Fiction Times, August: Anne F. Dietz, Box 559 Morris Heights Station, Bronx, New York, 10453. \$.30, \$3.00/year. Not a hell of a lot of really important news in this one, but material is generally interesting. Major news items include several obits, various international fan news, a few very dull con reports, and a long discussion of fan and pro activities in California. All regualr features (calendar, forecasts, bibliography, reviews) are present, and reviews are considerably better than in past issues.

Locus 1,4, and 5: Dave Vanderwerf, PO Box 430, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139. \$15, \$.25/2, \$1.00/10. With the demise of SF Weekly, Vanderwerf, Ed Meskys, and Charlie Brown have started this thing, an "at least biweekly" newzine. The first couple of issues were very poor, but, with experience and widening sources, the fifth issue approaches SFW in material and reproduction. Five is four pages long and includes considerable information on foreign fandom, Harlan Ellison, and Tolkein (understandably, as Meskys is head of TSA). If you have a real interest in fandom, it's a must.

Odd 19: Richard Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Missouri 63108. \$.75, 4/\$2.00. Hugo-nominated professionally-printed Odd is, in case you're unfamiliar, one of the best zines around. I doubt it'll win the Hugo, as it's not the kind of magazine that garners intense reader support (like Psychotic, for instance). Thisish has a few too many non-stf-non-fandom articles for my taste, but much of it is extremely interesting. The artwork is especially noteworthy this time; Odd has Gaughan on both covers (and the bacover is GREAT) and good work by Bode, Chambers, Gilbert, Jennings, Lovenstein, Matsgar, Stiles and many others. Top articles of the 96-page monster: a review of The Passover Plot by Bob Tucker (the review by Tucker, not the plot), a letter from Viet-nam-stationed Joe Haldeman, a unique Bode strip (comic), and an excellent "article" on 1972-Britain by Richard Gordon. The 22-page lettercol is monumentally uninteresting but, compared with the rest of the magazine, this is a minor flow. Three-quarters of a doolar is high for a fmz, but in this case it's very worth it.

Sandworm 5: Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87112. This is the sANNdwISH (Sandworm annish) and is, like the past couple, a friendly, readable mag. While not approaching the quality of Odd (admittedly it doesn't attempt to--the emphasis is completely different), Sandworm is a lot more fun to read. This, intentionally of course, is a particularly goodish, reminds me very much of a good issue of Yandro. In fact, the whole thing reminds me of Yandro, except that Vardeman has more help. We have: a deranged editorial (not to be confused with a Psychotic editorial), a blah hort column, an excellent review-discussion of Delany's "Lines of Power" by Paul Walker plus more reviews from Bob Roehm and V.rdeman, a column on Harlan by Dean Koontz, and, highlight of the issue, a hilarious epic poem on North Dakota fandom by Mike Zaharakis. Available for the usual or a quarter (I think); get it.

Early Bird 5: Michel Feron, 7, Grand-Place, Hannut, Belgium. \$1.00/12 issues, trade. But the author will soon be entering "our Glorious Army", so he doesn't want new subscription. Kind of a shame, as this dittoed zine appears to be one of the best in the country (Belgium, that is). Michel describes it as "a highly irregular fanzine of news and comments about French science fiction," but thisish is mainly devoted to stf and fandom in Belgium. Included is a short survey of Belgian writers and editors (which calls Feron "the Giant of Belgian fandom") and a history and listing of all Belgian fanzines and prozines. Not pratically important to the American fan, but interesting nevertheless.

Hyborean Times 1: George Heap, Box 1487, Rochester, New York, 14603. A rider with SFT, also available for \$.20. According to George, "the future of this publication being in some doubt, subscriptions, contributions, or loc's are notbeing solicited," but if you're really interested I think he'll send you a copy. This is basically a

companion for sword-and-sorcery fan to Amra, the 00 of the Hyborian Legion. That excellent zine is devoted to articles, artwork, etc., while this to news. Main article thisish is a discussion by Lin Carter of his Thongor series.

Starling 12: Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood, Missouri 63122. \$.25 (\$.50 for next ish only), 4/\$1.00, trade, contrib, LoC. Really a relief to get to this one, 'cause I've been itchin' to say something good, and with Starling it's easy. This is a very nice-looking memoeed zine with intelligent comment and interesting work. Hank starts off pushing "2001", a policy I/we fully support, then tells us about his fannish background. Co-ed Lesleigh Couch has an interesting but unimportant (to me) article on femme fans; main highlight of this is Hank's tri-color illo. Joe Sanders does an excellent job of Ellison's recent duo, From the Land of Fear and I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream, examining each story in detail and doing it very well. The mere fact that his opinions almost duplicate mine (lastish) have nothing to do with this praise. An interesting (damn, I keep using that word) lettercol and a Luttrell discussion of the Henrix sound complete a really good issue. This is a real bargain at a quarter--get a sub.

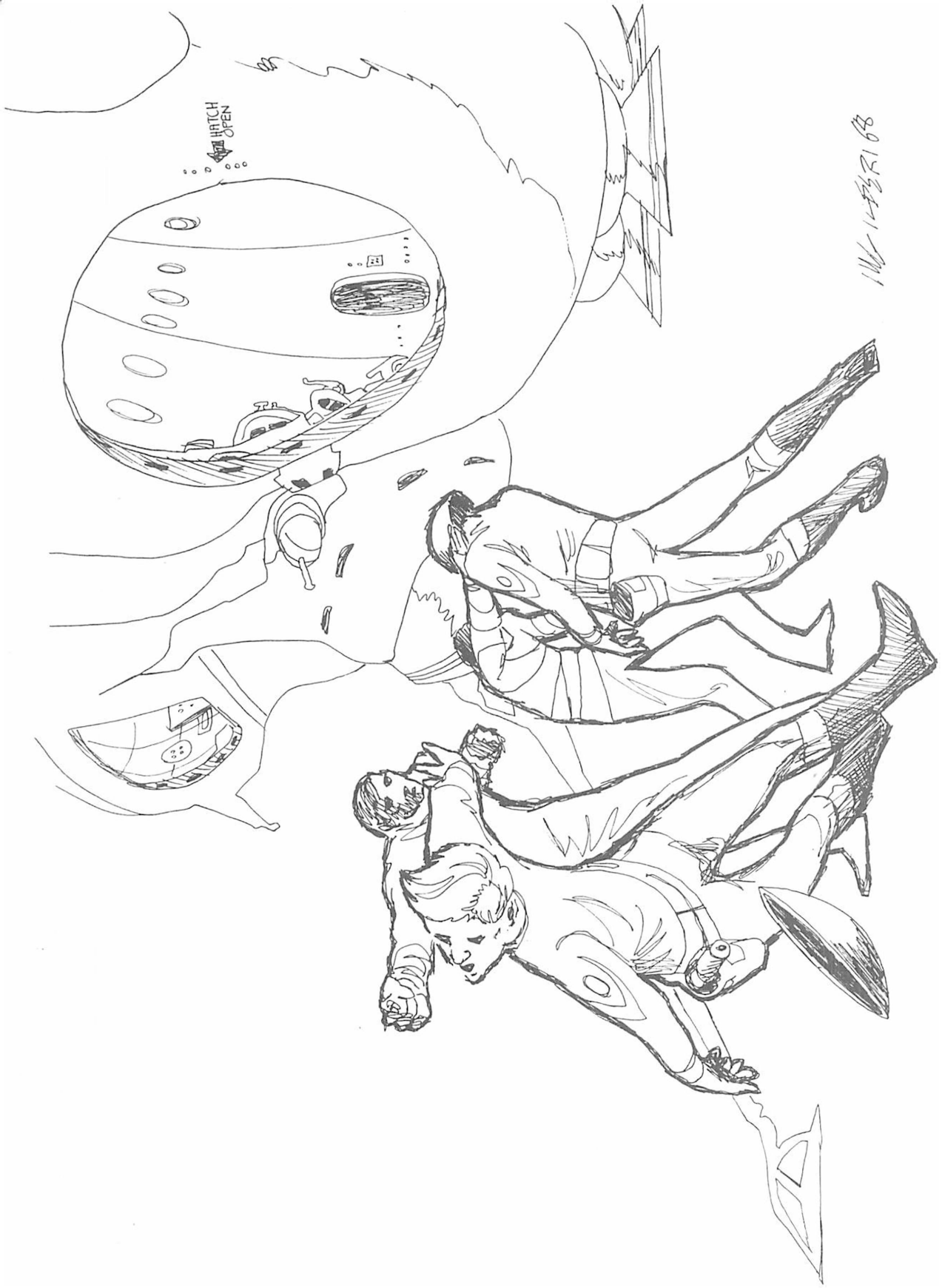
Shangri L'Affaires: Ken Rudolph, 745 N. Spaulding Ave. Los Angeles, California 90046. \$.50, trade, contrib, LoC. Known to its friends as Shaggy, this is the revived version of the official organ of LASFS (Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society). Much has been made recently about whether the new Shaggy is as good (or better) than the "old" Shaggy. I don't personally give a damn--I judge each zine as I see it; and I might add here that I try not to let personal prejudices affect the reviews. I have certain things I like in a fanzine, and I try to put these in mine. But I don't (as others seem to) insist on ANYTHING specific in someone else's mag. Anyway... LASFS is one of the more prestigious groups in fandom -- it's the oldest continuous sf club and has money you wouldn't believe. Thus it should be expected to put out a pretty good 00, and, in general, Shaggy is an excellent fmz. Thisish is 92 multilith pages with passable to excellent artwork and some excellent material. Particularly outstanding were a new Bode strip (and two-color cover), Ted White's long discussion of "2001" (he likes it with many reservations), a nice art folio (8 pages) from Diane Pelz, and a very long (nearly 20 microelite pages) but not particularly interesting lettercol. Many articles and features from LASFS people complete this superior zine.

Fantasy News: Harry Wasserman, 7611 N. Regent Rd., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53217. \$.35, \$1/3, trade, LoC, contrib. Contrary to the impression from the title, this is not a magazine of news but is rather a 'filmfanzine, a fanzine devoted to film fans, one of the many subfandoms within stf. Some of it is good, but much is poorly written and worse, ill-informed. The last issue, for example, apparently carried a scathing attack on NYCON 3 for its supposed support of the "Save Star Trek program and its supposed betrayal of the film fans by not having an extensive film program. As a result, thisish's lettercol is filled with letters from Ted White, Andy Porter, etc., setting the story straight. Most of the ish is taken up with reviews of various sf, horror, and fantasy movies; most of these are poorly written, although some do appear to exhibit some insight into the pictures. A long review and plot synopsis of "The Scarlet Claw," a 1944 Rathbone-Bruce Holmes flick, takes up nearly 30 pages. I personally could've cared less, but maybe filmfen get their kicks reading this stuff. Get this if you want to know all about the typical cruddy sf movies around.

Psychotic 26: Richard Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, California 90403. \$.50, trade, contrib. GETITGETITGET-IT! I can't be more enthusiastic over a fmz than I am over this; Psy has got to be one of the most lively and interesting around; although only 47 mimeo pages, it's one of the few zines I've seen which interested me cover to cover. I'm not alone in this opinion; although Psy only came out with two issues last year, it was nominated for the Best Fanzine Hugo. Now I can't quite agree with that; things like eleven issues of Yandro, etc were better Last Year. But I definitely will nominate this next year. A quick sampling finds Geis' schizophrenic editorial, columns by Ted White and Norman Spinrad, excellent book reviews, and an unbelievable lettercol. In the first place, it takes up half the magazine; in the second place, it's simply indescribable. You get pages and pages of pros and BNFs insulting each other, screaming at each other, calling each other names, etc. Example "Ted White epitomizes everything clannish, paranoid, Philistine, illiterate, envious and just plain boorish which encrusts the science fiction field like a scabbing of clammy barnacles." Another example: "Greg Benford, it saddens me to say that you are off your ass. You have swallowed Spinrad's line, hook and sinker." It's a hellofalotta fun.

AMRA 46: George Scithers, Box 0, Eastontown, New Jersey, 07724. \$.50, 10/\$3.00 This happens to be the first ish of Amra I've seen; I'd heard such great things about the mag, though, that I guess I was bound to be disappointed. Amra is, basically, a swordplay and sorcery mag; it's beautifully reproduced, has excellent artwork and well-written articles, but to me is just not that interesting. As a matter of fact, none of the special interest zines really turn me on; this is irrelevant to the readers, however, as most of them are obviously nuts over this stuff. This time they find a de Camp article on s&s on Unknown, a discussion-review of Ted White's Qar series by White and others, a short lettercol, and numerous limericks.

Ecco 4: Randy Williams, Box 581, Liberty, North Carolina 27298. \$.25, trade, LoC, contrib. This apparently attempts to cover both stf and comic fandom; it doesn't succeed very well in either. Best thing is the artwork, including a cover photo of August 1967 Playmate Susan Denberg and some reproductions of Marvel heros. You get a couple pieces of mediocre to readable fanfiction, editorial plugging nimoy's record, very poor Bliss article, a reprinted non-fannish but funny newspaper column, and a poor lettercol. If you're itchin' to get something published, this may just be the place to send it.



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crucifixion

DEPARTMENT

by Mike Bradley

JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR.

JWC and Analog have come in for a lot of criticism lately; criticism that is reflected in the awarding of the Hugos. The general sense of these criticisms is that Analog is now "trite" and that Campbell is a dictatorial, stubborn man who doesn't realize that S-F has changed and left him behind, etc., etc.

Let's look at the record. Back in the 40's and 50's Campbell started a revolution in S-F. Most of the great stories of that period were printed in Astounding, and many of S-F's finest authors got their start there. Then other mags picked up the trend (notably F&SF and Galaxy) and the 50's saw a real boom. All this is history and nobody is likely to question the importance of Campbell's influence in creating the 'revolution.' But how about the 60's?

First, with magazines like Galaxy, If and F&SF now around, all well-run, it's obvious that ASF in the late 50's and the 60's hasn't had the near monopoly of good S-F that it had in the 40's. But the 60's for Analog have seen, to name a few, Frank Herbert's Dune; James Schmitz' stories of the Hub worlds; Randall Garrett's magician/detective tales; Mack Reynold's stories about a future welfare state; Piper's Lord Kalvan and Space Viking, and Poul Anderson's Trader Team series. In addition, Campbell still comes up with good stories by new writers, such as the popular Sleeping Planet.

So I don't see any evidence that Campbell-as-editor is a has-been. He publishes good stories consistently and he has an enviable batting average on really great stories like Dune and Lord Kalvan.

What he hasn't done is print many "New Wave" stories. Also levelled at him is the charge that he "dictates" to his authors. I suspect that much of this is the usual friction, charge and counter-charge, always hurled and interacted between author and editor, aggravated by Campbell's positive nature. Since I am not a pro, I can't testify directly on this point.

With the editorial in mind, however, I did pose questions at Baycon. I asked Poul Anderson and his reaction was "ridiculous". I asked Harry Harrison and his reply was a quick "no." I asked Randall Garrett and he just laughed the idea away. I have read comments by Isaac Asimov that indicate he doesn't think so.

I also asked Campbell what he thought of the criticism that he "dictates" to his authors. He said that there is a "certain group" of authors who complain that he is trying to seduce their artistic integrity. He added, in a sardonic tone, that he did this by "waving checks at them" which was evidently very nasty of him! Campbell's attitude is that he pays good money for stories of a certain type, and if authors don't wish to write this kind of story for him they can go elsewhere; a very legitimate buyer's attitude.

The publicly expressed opinion of the leader of this "certain group" of authors declares that any time this author submits a story to an editor, the poor man should be completely overwhelmed with gratitude at the privilege of printing one of the author's stories. The editor certainly shouldn't dare to suggest changes; not a very legitimate seller's attitude.

In addition to being accused of telling authors how to construct their stories, Campbell is charged with limiting subject matter in areas such as sex, abstract symbolism and fantasy. By publishing Dune Campbell would seem to have demonstrated that quality may well be his major criterion rather than banning of unusual subject matter per se. If every magazine editor ran anything-goes stories steadily, the field would rapidly become much duller. As it is, when a discerning reader picks up a copy of ASF, If, Galaxy, or F&SF, he has a pretty good idea of what he's getting. Disappointment comes seldom. There is no doubt about Campbell being stubborn in some areas, but firmness is a highly necessary quality in a good editor if he is going to print a cohesive magazine. Campbell isn't alone in receiving criticism along these lines. The leader of that "certain group" recently castigated the other major editor of prozines for making a change in one of his stories.

Campbell is also criticized at least as much for his editorial essays as for his editorial policies. On science and engineering, he is generally read with interest and respect. His speculative essays on the Dean Drive, dowsing, astrology, ESP, or whatever, draw sharp disagreement, sometimes ridicule, and much attention! But most open-minded people are ready to discuss with interest his ideas in these areas and at most to argue his points or his logic.

But when Campbell starts in on the socio-political field, the roof falls in. He has been called a racist, a reactionary, or a radical as a result of these editorials. As anyone who has talked to him can attest, Campbell is a man of very firm opinions. In reacting to his more outspoken editorials, it is important to remember that he often deliberately provokes controversy. To quote him, "I like to develop both sides of an argument." Thus he frequently chooses the unpopular side of a question at least partly as an academic exercise.

When many people see their pet ideas challenged, they allow emotion to run away with them. I observed this at Baycon when a younger fan (I would guess a college student) became so angry at Campbell during an

argument that he went storming away from the table. This is an all-too-prevalent reaction, it would seem, from many idealists. They don't appear to welcome an intelligent, skillful debate which could serve to underline their positions; they want only to demonstrate the cussed wrong-headedness of their opposition! Admittedly, this attitude won't get you far in an argument with Campbell. I frequently disagree with him in his editorial positions; he is usually much more conservative than I am. But I find it most valuable to read what he has to say with great care and close attention because he always has a point to make, a point that may force me to re-examine and strengthen my own positions with more research and meditation.

Philip Jose Farmer lambasted Campbell during Farmer's guest-of-honor speech at Baycon for Campbell's position on race. Farmer said he reacted with disillusioned horror when he discovered that "a man I respected used his admittedly brilliant mind" to defend white supremacy. I feel as strongly as Farmer on the same side of the same subject but find it important to hear Campbell's logic and to realize that there is an intelligent segment who feel this way and must be answered.

How can anyone seriously downgrade a man who pioneered extraordinarily successfully in his field, who, as an editor, has consistently maintained the quality of his magazine offerings to the public, and steadily continues to stimulate the thinking, even if also the opposition, of many who might otherwise not "think" at all?



TOMORROW NEVER Knows

THREE BY HARLAN: by Jerry Lapidus
Dangerous Visions, Doubleday, \$6.95 or \$2.49 bookclub
I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream, Pyramid, \$.60
From the Land of Fear, Belmont, \$.60

I call this "Three by Harlan" because Ellison was, in every way possible, as responsible for these three books as if he'd written every word himself. Actually, only two, I Have No Mouth and From the Land, are by Harlan himself; the other 200,000 word + volume reads "edited (only) by Harlan Ellison."

Harlan is a somewhat ludicrous figure in fandom; he is hated by many fans and there are few who haven't suffered his bite. But whatever your personal feelings happen to be, you must admit that his writing is unique, distinctive, and, quite often, magnificent. In these three volumes we have two collections of Harlan's stories and one collection of tales he begged, borrowed, and probably stole from thirty-two of the top names in the field. I Have No Mouth contains seven Ellison-tales, most written in the last four years. From the Land has eleven complete stories, most from ten years ago, and a number of fragments. And Visions contains thirty-one short stories, a novelette, a huge novella, and a hundred forwards and afterwards; two stories from it have already won Nebula awards.

Dangerous Visions is virtually unique in that it contains works by major authors all appearing in print for the first time. Several other similar ventures have been attempted; the most successful is the Orbit series of Damon Knight, but this is not nearly as ambitious a project as DV. For in this volume Harlan attempted to show the many styles of modern science fiction, to demonstrate specifically the so-called New Wave, and to present stories which were somehow too radical or far-out to be presented elsewhere. In the last he failed; the visions are really not that dangerous. But in the first two he succeeded magnificently: DV is a monumental work of stf. No other single volume (Healy and McCombas's work included) has ever presented a collection of this magnitude before.

I won't try to review each tale in DV; the book has been completely reviewed elsewhere and it would be a waste of our time to go over each and every story. I'd like, however, to talk about a few highlights of the thing.

The first of these is the introductions; through these we get a perhaps unprecedented insight into both the various authors and the editor, whose work is also present.

DV opens with a forward by Asimov--in fact, with two forwards by Asimov (that's got to be unique in itself). We then have a long introduction by Harlan, telling us the trials and tribulations in producing the volume. Each tale in the book is preceded by a long (usually multipage) introduction by Harlan and followed by an afterword by the author. Reading these is fascinating. Remember reading Delany's notebook jottings in TE I? These afterwards are somewhat similar. Some of them tell us nothing at all. Others give us a totally new insight into the story or, perhaps more important, into the author. And the introduction, too, is important. Too often one reads a story knowing nothing at all about the author. In one view, this is as it should be; but in another, being able to really comprehend what an author says is dependent upon knowing something about that person's background. Here, we have this; of course, we also find out a lot about Harlan, but perhaps that isn't a bad thing. Anyway, to me these sections were an integral part of the book.

The stories. Some of them stick in the mind, while others are gone in a flash. The main criticism is that too many deal with similar topics; but as I said, I'm not going to talk about all of them, only especially good ones. And one of the best is Delany's "Aye, and Gomorrah..." Within a few years' time, "Chip" Delany has emerged as one of the most important forces in modern science fiction. In two years he's won three Nebulas--two for novels and one for this short story. He should have gotten a Hugo for Babel-17, his first Nebula novel,

and may well take a couple this year. I'm already considering his "Lines of Power" from F&SF for next year, but back to the story at hand. Delany's heroes are somehow never completely ordinary people; in Babel-17 we have body-grafted pilots and "discorporate" crew, while Loby in TEI is somewhat mutant. In this tale, spacemen, or one spaceman in particular, are the protagonists; spacemen in this society, however, are somehow sexually "different" in a way I can't describe without writing you the story. The needs and desires of these men and those who associate with them are the subject of this tale and, like everything Delany writes, the story is moving and vital.

Certainly the most talked-about member of the DV collection is Philip Jose Farmer's "Riders of the Purple Wage." This over-30,000 word creation has been praised as the best work of the year by some and damned as a senseless word play by others. I feel it's both an excellent tale and entertaining bit of nothing. Since the publication of his story "The Lovers" in 1951, Farmer has been known for his experimental work in science fiction. His plots, themes, and ideas, have often gone far beyond his fellows, and the results have often been outstanding. His Strange Relations collection is undoubtedly the best group of works of psychological sf around, and his huge Shasta-prize-winning but never published I Owe For the Flesh is now being printed as the "River-world" series. It took me several sittings to read this story; the first time I couldn't get past the first several pages. But when I finally got into it, "Riders of the Purple Wage" was a marvelous work. Don't skip it when you read DV.

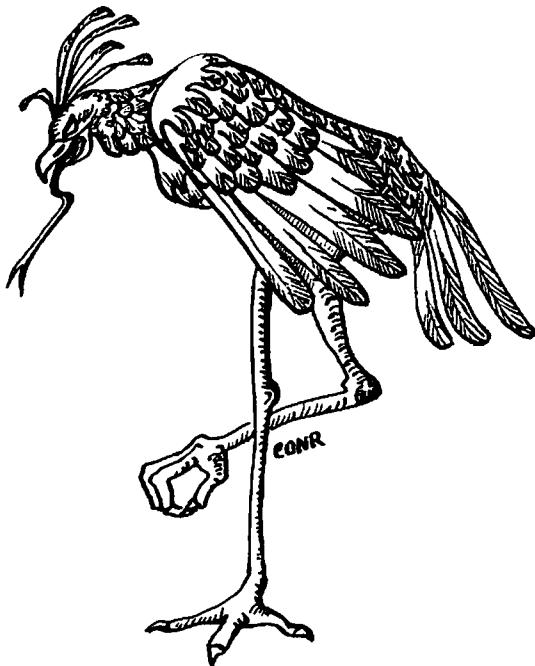
Robert Silverberg's "Flies" is short (ten pages) and deadly. Essentially, it's the basis for his novel Thorns, a Hugo contender. This one, as Harlan would say, really goes for the throat. This one you think about for awhile. To say any more about it would be repetitive and, I feel, unnecessary. Here are experimental techniques used for perfect effect. This one IS dangerous.

While neither are standouts of the collection, the twin works of Bloch and Ellison are interesting in derivation and, strangely enough, both have stayed with me. In 1943 Bloch wrote a story entitled "Your Truly, Jack the Ripper." Ellison wrote a sequel to this for DV, "The Prowler in the City at the Edge of the World." To connect the two, Bloch wrote "A Toy for Juliette." The three involve an immortal being and the last two bring him/it into the future. After reading these two, I'm searching frantically for the first of the "series."

There are other goodies: Philip Dick's "Faith of Our Fathers"; Larry Niven's "The Jigsaw Man"; Sturgeon's "If All Men Were Brothers, Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?"; Laumer's "Test to Destruction" (the first thing of his I've liked); Spinrad's "Carcinoma Angels"; Zelazny's "Auto-Da-Fe." All are good, if not great. And of course, there's Leiber's Nebular novelette, "Gonna Roll Them Bones." And there're about twenty others in DV, many of which would stand out in another collection.

This is not a book to borrow from the local library. This is one to get. And Read. Several times. And one more thing the art, by Leo and Diane Dillon, is almost as interesting as the written material. Need I say more?

I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream contains three of Harlan's best stories: the title story, from If, "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes" from Knight, and "Delusion for a Dragonslayer" also from Knight. The first two are strong contenders for this year's Hugo. The other was nominated last year and, in my opinion, should probably have won; it was, at any rate, superior to Larry Niven's winner, "Neutron Star." Completing the collection are four other Ellison shorts, a Sturgeon introduction, and a Harlan forward. And, like DV, each story here has its own forward or introduction.



"I Have No Mouth" is an excellent treatment of one of the oldest plots in science fiction--the monster computer gimmick. In this case, the computers running World War III ultimately link up, become one conscious entity, and gradually exterminate the human race. For unknown reasons, the monster machine, now known as AM, leaves four men and a girl alive; it is around these people that the story revolves, as they experience both physical and mental tortures. It is a fantastically absorbing story, and is one which must be read over and over again. I have it in three places (here, another anthology, the original mag) and have never been able to read anything in one of the volumes without first rereading this. The story is stark and brutal; it is also one of the finest of the year.

Both "Pretty Maggie" and "Delusion" cope with the worlds of fantasy. The first is a "classic" New Wave tale; it employs a non-linear plot, unusual technical and typographical devices, and stream-of-consciousness writing.

Put quite simply, it's the story of two people, Maggie and Kostner, who seek something life isn't quite ready to give them. Gambling is involved and so is death and perhaps reincarnation. This is a story you can't really write about; it must be read by both parties to be discussed logically.

"Delusion for a DragonSlayer", on the other hand, is an almost straight fantasy story of a man who dies and learns he must fight for a place in heaven. We follow him through his almost psychedelic adventures to the end, the point of final truth. Somehow this story doesn't

hit quite as hard as the other two, although I can't quite point out why. It's one of the closest things Ellison's done to "normal" science fiction, though, and perhaps I've missed something.

The other stories are nearly as interesting. "Big Sam was My Friend" and "Eyes of Dust", two early stories, are fairly simple adventures in the possibilities of the human mind, while "World of the Myth" takes a similar idea but overplays the whole thing. And "Lonely Ache" is pure fantasy and something I don't really understand at all. But somehow it fits with the rest.

The cover, incidentally, is by the Dillons and is excellent.

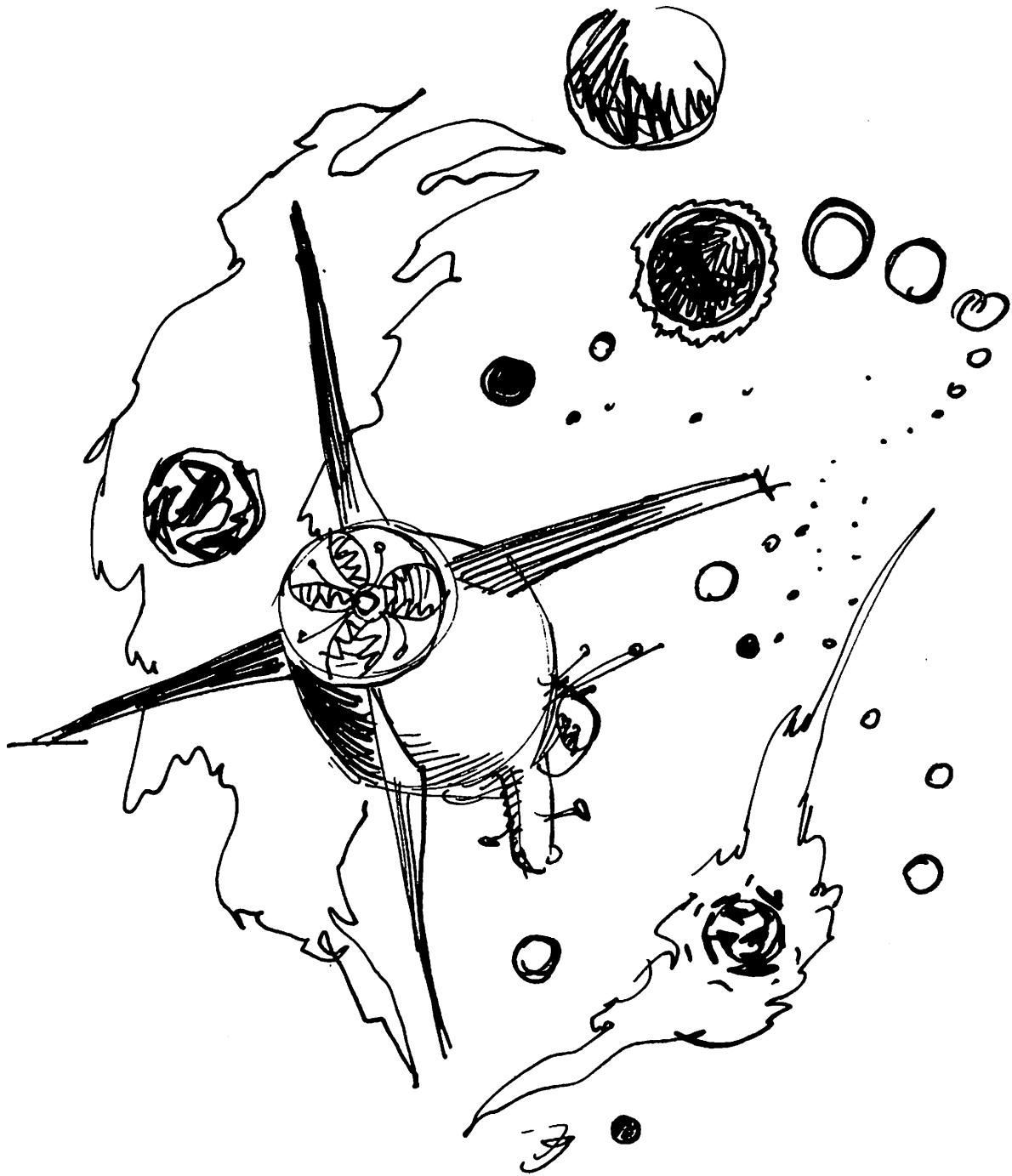
"From the Land of Fear" has several features setting it aside from the ordinary collection of stories. In the first place, it's a 1967 collection of stuff mostly written ten years earlier. Reading this and the previous volume at about the same time is interesting, as you can see the resolution of certain themes, the delineation of writing techniques. Many of the stories in this volume are flawed, and in reading later ones you can often see that Harlan could not make the same mistakes now. In the second place, the volume opens with a series of "pieces of things that will never be written"--little snatches of description, of emotion, of adventure. We have here what few writers would dare give us -- his failures, those stories which he could not write. Most budding writers have these failures; it's always interesting to see those of a writer you respect.

The volume also contains two versions of the story "Soldier"--the original short story by Ellison and an award-winning TV script he wrote from that story.

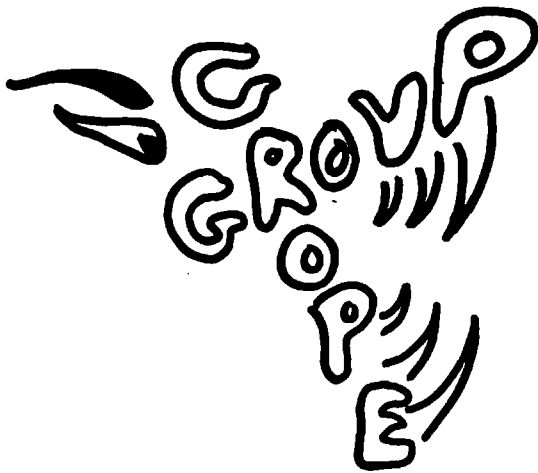
None of the stories here are as memorable or as good as the best of "I Have No Mouth." Most of them are much less complex than those in the other volume, and many depend on trick or gimmick endings to make their points. "My Brother Paulie", for example, is an excellent tale of an astronaut given hallucinations to prevent his going mad while in space. The ending, in which the hallucination "comes alive", wrecks the whole thing. "Life Hutch", except for particularly apt descriptive techniques, is a perfect Analog-type puzzle story: the hero must determine how to disable the "brain" of the self-controlled building around him, or die. "Battle Without Banners" is completely non-sf; here the idea is good but the treatment poor, as Ellison fails in his attempt to portray an escape attempt by a group of Jewish and Negro criminals. The story version of "Soldier" is excellent except for the ending, which is completely out of character with the rest of the story. Interestingly, the ending of the TV version is more satisfying than the original. Perhaps in the seven years between the two versions Harlan notices his mistake.

The jacket calls these stories "Stray Dreams." It's an apt description.





study for "World of the
Starwolves" - Ace Books



Editors' Note: If the number of letters increases (WE HOPE), it may become necessary to edit or leave out some of them. This time we ran all of the letters as they were received. Editorial comments are identified by JWL or MEB and enclosed in brackets /.

MEB

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

The second issue of Tomorrow And... was quite interesting. Fanzines emanating from universities have a special flavor to them, at least in the first few issues before one or two individuals begin to impress their personal characters on the publication. The special flavor is almost impossible to define but it strikes me as a sort of quintessence of fanac, a typical quality rather than just one or two aspects of typical fannishness. It's an interesting change of pace. If it

discourages the acquisition of a highly distinctive fanzine personality at first, it tends on the other hand to keep very bad or totally inappropriate material out of the fanzine. It also gives an ancient fan like me a pleasant reminder of old days in fandom when more fanzines had this generalized quality, even those that had one-man editorial staffs.

Standing on my constitutional rights, I refuse to say exactly how I did on your quiz. But it would be interesting if you could somehow evoke by torture or trickery the true facts in this respect from all your readers. I have a theory, you see, that the field of classic science fiction stories is rapidly growing so large that hardly anybody reads all those stories and even those who do have trouble remembering many of them. If this is so, what in the world will the situation be a quarter-century from now? A neofan will face two decades of steady reading before he'll be able to take part in discussions of all the old favorites.

I'm glad to see yet another fanzine participating in the process of discussing Hugo possibilities. Your plea for nominating a television series as a whole finds favor here. I can't see the logic in rules that force nomination of individual episodes, without a similar requirement for individual issues of prozines. The present system, while Star Trek has so many fans, encourages the evils of bloc voting, too: obviously, the ST devotees do some preliminary consultations to decide which episodes to favor, to prevent too wide scattering of nominations which would let some other dramatic presentations slip through. On the other hand, I must differ about Jack Gaughan's eligibility for fan awards. It's virtually impossible to draw any line between the professional and the non-professional in today's fandom and prodrom. If Gaughan is too much a pro to receive votes for fan artist, why wouldn't Roger Zelazny's frequent appearances in fanzines make him too much a fan to receive nomination for best novelist? I'm flattered by your listing me among the fan writer possibilities, but I must point out that only Roy Tackett, of the five you list in this category, is a non-professional. Terry Carr and I derive most of our income from professional work, and professional writing accounts for a large part of Alex Panshin's and Bob Tucker's income. Many fans are making money in some literary capacity and a lot of pros are making fanzines more entertaining, and to draw a line would require an impossibly complicated set of rules and regulations.

The Ebert reprints were extremely interesting to me. They're the fullest discussion I've seen of a movie that gives promise of becoming the most-discussed film in fanzine history. If it comes to Hagerstown before 2001, it'll seem like an old friend, because of all the things I'm reading about it. "Psycho" is the only parallel case I can recall of a movie getting a lot of fanzine attention before everyone had seen it, and Psycho wasn't spoiled for me by the fact that I knew what was going to happen, so I'm confident that I'll get increased pleasure eventually from the Clarke film out of this foreknowledge. I'm not sure about the validity of your decision that knowledge of *Childhood's End*.... Whoops, I'm tangling both language and thought here and I'd better stop while I'm still ahead or at least not too far behind. What I tried to say was that I don't think it right that a good movie should require a person to have read first a book that explains some of the things in the movie. It seems improbably that such is the case with a film over which so much sweat has been dripping, a risky statement to make, of course, before I've seen the film. I'm tempted to guess from my current ignorance that the film may not have any complete explanation, deliberately, for much the same reason that a great drama can't be explained in terms of the plotting and characterization you're taught if you study to become a writer. We don't know why Hamlet dawdles so long before he acts, why he behaves as he does to Ophelia, why he recites a famous soliloquy about the possibility of life after death shortly after he's chatted with a ghost, and so on. Maybe, in similar fashion, a really great science fiction movie has apparent loose ends, simply because real life in the future will be as impossible to understand completely as it is today.

"Zoftic" was amusing and sardonic, a good choice for the only fairly long piece of fiction in the issue. I'm sure it'll be even more liked by the readers who know more about computers than I do. My only experiences with them have been unhappy because they're being put to purposes in Hagerstown that could be more easily accomplished by more primitive things like adding machines and secretarial school graduates.

I hadn't read the Nancy Lambert article, so most of the Heinlein material was new to me. Here's a situation where I can't conscientiously praise or decry your decision to run the material. There has been such an enormous amount of writing in fanzines about Heinlein's ideas as expressed in his fiction and so little about other authors' ideas as expressed in their fiction that I can't help wishing the analysts would turn to other subjects, particularly since Panshin has done such a thorough Heinlein survey. Simultaneously, I know that all this is brand new to many of your University of Chicago readers and will show them what a fanzine can really do in analysis of the best contemporary science fiction authors.

"In Depression" struck me as the best of the poetry. It is a trifle too reminiscent of a famous Milton sonnet on a similar theme but it has a certain something about it that tells me that the writer worked long and hard to polish it into this form.

A very good issue. If this letter should have gone to Jerry Lapidus, my apologies to him; I found both your names at the bottom of the contents page and chose yours because it was the return address on the envelope.

/ Good grief! I've heard about Harry's two-page single-spaced letters and seen same in print, but actually getting one for TA is a different experience entirely. Anyway...I agree that it's difficult to draw a fine line between professionals and fans in any given category, but I insist that some sort of division is necessary. Professionals, those who receive a major portion of their income from sf writing or/and illustration, simply should not compete on the same level with those who do such work only for part-time enjoyment. This does not mean that anybody whose profession is connected with writing is not eligible for the fanhugo--it eliminates only those who work professionally IN THE SF FIELD. I'm not particularly familiar with your work in the prozines, etc. (if any), but Carr's work lies much more in the editorial line than the writing aspect. Up to now, Panshin's published work has been limited to a collection of fanzine articles (Heinlein in Dimension), several shorts, and one excellent novel (Rite of Passage). Tucker's pro work in sf has been sporadic, at least in recent years. Compare this with Ted White's (this year's winner) six or seven published novels and many published stories or Harlan's three Hugos, two script awards, and many published books. Compare the part-time artistry of Barr or Chambers with the work of Gaughan, whose art graces three prozines and virtually half the pbs around. There is certainly a strong difference between these two groups of people. If someone is OBVIOUSLY an sf professional in a field, he should not compete for the fanhugo in that specific field.

Glad you liked the Ebert review; you'll notice a few more opinions on the picture here. I didn't mean that a knowledge of Childhood's End was NECESSARY for understanding "2001", merely that having read CE, you easily recognize a parallel with the events of the picture. The Heinlein article was inspired by what we felt to be unfounded criticism of RAH; in the future, though, we plan to present a series of discussions of the ideas and philosophies of other sf professionals. JWL /

/ We plan to keep the general quality you liked. For example, if we don't get fiction as good as Zoffic or Death Lab, we won't run any. Incidentally, note the inception of the crucifixion dept. Thanks for the suggestion. I do disagree with Jerry about the pro-amateur business. I think any person in any field who makes a good portion of his living from writing of any kind, including journalism, should be counted as a pro, while those who never or almost never market any kind of writing nor use it in their work, should be called amateur.MEB/

Steve Summers
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Morgantown, W. Va.
26505

I immensely enjoyed #2 of Tomorrow And... How can I get #3 and #4, which, by planned schedule, have already been published? I promise to send something in return for them.

That over with, I'd like to say Thank Ghod that somebody else agrees with me about 2001: A Space Odyssey. I agree with almost everything Ebert says. I too had quite an experience with the audience while I was watching it ("When do we see some action?", "Mommy, why is there so much noise when that 'thing' comes on?", etc.) As a matter of fact, my view was almost blocked at the final scene with the star-child as most of the audience rose to leave. The gigantic crescendo in the music at the end drew their attention back to the screen, but when it came to a climax and ended, there was a great groan from the crowd who were hoping for some explanation. I groaned too-- I had to stand on my seat to see the end. It really demonstrated to me the willingness of the ordinary movie audience to think. No wonder the sadistic-violence films are such box-office successes -- the audience doesn't need to think (if they thought, they would probably vomit). 2001 was magnificent.

I'd also like to say I loved Planet of the Apes, even though it did get trite at times. The greater part of it was very enjoyable.

I enjoyed the short story by Steve Herbst, and Bradley reflected my point of view almost exactly in his essay on Heinlein. Skipping around, it's too bad that your reproduction is not better -- some of your art looked like it might be good (like pages 12 and 50). I never have used a ditto (always offset or mimeo), so I'll not venture any "helpful" pointers. Perhaps someone familiar with the machine will help you.

All in all, the issue was very good. I assure you I am interested enough in your zine to send material in exchange for it. Hope to see your future issues. Pax semper vobiscum,

/ You get three on the basis of this excellent letter; you can get four for the same, although we'd prefer MONEY! Sorry again about the lateness of thisish. When TA...2 came out, I was in just about the same position about "2001." SINCE THEN, I've read more good reviews (notably Delahy-Emsch in F&SF); I still find it one of the best. I guess I was lucky; the first time I went, I was feeling good and sitting next to a fan I never met before in the second row in the front. The second time, I was surrounded by fellow members of the UCSFS. So I wasn't subjected to the kids and the idiots. PoA is fun and enjoyable, as you say; but as you also say, "2001" was magnificent. Period. I do apologize for bad repro; as it was, we had virtually no control over the reproduction (the Chicago Student Activities Office did it all). Thisish should be much better....JWL /

/:Thanks for the support on Heinlein. Since you agree with Jerry and me on 2001, why not send us a comment on the three essays in this issue? MEB_/

Robert Coulson
Route 3
Hartford City,
Indiana 47348

Haven't really been looking too close at fanzines; been too busy. Two weeks in the hospital. Oh yes; if you didn't get Yandro 181 you might not know about that. I was in the hospital for two weeks, getting my diet and insulin dosage regulated; seems I have diabetes. I got a lot of reading done, but it shot my fanac to hell. Still trying to catch up.

Well, let's see about Tomorrow And.... First thing I note is that I did read the Heinlein stuff when I got the mag, and I agree with Mike Bradley, and there really isn't much more to say.

Reprints. One from outside the usual range of stf publications, like Ebert's Sun-Times review, is a Good Idea. I can't say I think much of your proposed future reprints, though. Fans may have short memories, but the Anthony review didn't appear all that long ago, and Niekas not only has a larger circulation than Tomorrow And... (the Sun-Times has that) but it also circulates to many of the same people, which is more pertinent. I don't believe in reprinting from fanzines less than five years old.

And that's about all the comments I can think of offhand. Given time I could come up with more, but I don't HAVE time, thanks to my unscheduled vacation.

/ Of course, we'd like to be able to use as many mundane sources as possible for our reprints. But this is not always possible. And since TA goes to many neofen, we feel reprinting even articles from the major fmz to be worthwhile. If we have room, we'd like to reprint as many really good articles as possible, no matter what the source. JWL_/

/ We decided against reprinting Anthony's review, good as it is, for just the reasons you give. We will be looking for the unusual reprint, like Ebert's, from a source not many fans read. MEB /

Linda Eyster
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Silver Springs,
Maryland 20902

I write a lousy LoC, so really the following is more of a list of short comments on Tomorrow And...2

1. Repro...one thing I like about #1 was the nice clear repro and simple set-up. Unfortunately #2 is not nearly as clear, though I expect that with a few more ishs and practice with mimeo this will clear up.

2. Quizzes...#1's quiz was a lot of fun and #2 could have been too, except that you had to keep turning pages to find the next clue. This was mighty frustrating, especially when I found I had a blank page 181. But even had the page been there it would have been annoying to keep flipping pages trying to find Game 3, clue 2 amongst the Game 4 clue 1s, and Game 1 clue 4s, etc., so please keep the quizzes together so that the reader's attention span is not interrupted. Please? (and I think it will make for a prettier layout, since all those interlineation detract from the main articles and from a nice layout of material)

3. Chicago in '72! / Yay_/

4. Pittsburgh in '74! (Would you believe?)

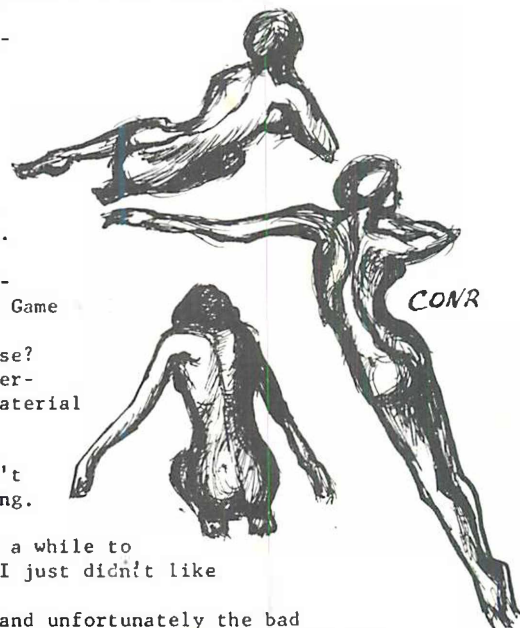
5. 2001 review. I'm glad you printed it, and even though I don't agree with all of Ebert's ideas it was a good review. And interesting. I just wish page 18 had been there...

6. Zoetic... the illo placement was a little odd and it took me a while to figure out I was reading a story. I'm not going to analyze it, but I just didn't like Zoetic, it didn't hold my interest and didn't say a hell of a lot.

7. Heinlein (eeek bad repro, you've got BAD REPRO, BAD REPRO) and unfortunately the bad repro covers a couple of the important pages of this, the best article in the zine. Thought Bradley did an excellent job of cutting down Nancy's article (though I printed her article I didn't agree with it).

8. That's enough mit der stupid comments...total impression Enjoyable, but those interlineations were murder. Hope nextish will have ironed out the repro and layout, etc., and with more artwork maybe. But anyway, you've got a nice baby there, I can't wait to see it grow up.

/ Are you through? Are you REALLY through? Seriously, the main thing wrong with lastish was quality control. Our repro wasn't that bad, and there were really very few blank pages; you, of course, ended up with probably the only really poor copy. Our main problem with the mimeo is that we have no control over the actual production; people at the Chicago Student Activities office do it all. Look to better things, though. By our sixth issue, we have an excellent chance for photo-offset reproduction. Quizzes QUIZZES QUIZZES!!! This really makes me mad. Actually, I originally WANTED to do it your way, running them either all together or at least consecutively (one clue following another in the same game, etc). BUT my managing ed (now-co-ed(not coed)) came up with this clever fannish plot of scattering the clues around to get people to search through the mag and thus notice articles he might not have normally. Now we see who was right! The interlineation stay, though. I'm a strong believer in these little bits of brilliance. And we invite you in the audience to join in; send us quotes, sayings, etc., and if we like 'em we'll use 'em. We'll try to avoid interrupting much, though. Thanks for your support of the Chicago bid. Stay tuned...tell me more about Pittsburgh. Sorry again about page 18 and about Heinlein article. The artwork, though, I think you'll like. This issue features Mike Gilbert's work;



Mike, a great upcoming stf artist, won several awards at the NYCON art show, and is doing a little pro work. You'll see more of him soon. JWL _/

/ Next issue will see more of the five-clue quizzes, and the clues will be run on five consecutive pages. I admit defeat. MEB/

H. Kolchak
2330 N. Hancock St.
Philadelphia, Pa.
19133

So I'm a B.N.F. now. Hmmm. I thought I was just an old Neo-Fan who crows with the B.N.F. Please don't try to give me a swell head. It won't work you see. I like Neos and serve them and so I want to be one of them for the most part. Just a slight mix up in age and mind you see.

I note you have a real fine zine but to comment on it would take a long time. I'll just pick out some of the small points and throw a poem your way to use in the next T.A.

The blurbs about Columbus in 69 & Chicago in 72 pleased me. It is a very adroit way of attracting fans' attention to the bids. Keep it up and use variations. Hey could you do one for the Neo-Fan-Fund? "Support the fund that helps you." "Give to the Neo-Fan-Fund" or some such thing? Please?

The art was at least good, even though some of it could have had better reproduction. I liked the attempt at design and off beat art, rather than realism for a change.

Of course the best article was the one about Isaac Asimov. As usual, he is giving the fan credit for having more of a brain than most of them do. This includes me. Plugging his book is just too easy for the average fan. I know that none of his stuff really needs plugging anyway. He is one of the few S.F. authors I know who has never written a real stinker, nor lost his touch in S.F. This is an amazing man. He manages to keep ahead of the times, raises a real nice family, pleases a wonderful wife, and attend fanish gatherings without preference. He welcomes criticism and makes it count. He always has a cheery word for everyone, even Harlan Ellison, and has made more friends in Neo-fandom than any other author.

One thing nearly every one of us know is, he sure makes a wonderful toastmaster. O.K. so I flatter him. I think not. I think he deserves every bit of flattery he gets and then some. I also think if he did not have that wonderful wife behind him, he would fall flat on his face for something to say. He does not gossip, and so it is that his wife becomes the brunt of most of the jokes that amuse us so much at cons.

Knowing Asimov is a real joy, and if the book leads to this joy it has to be good. _/ see page 25_/

So now for the poem and then to call it quits for a while and just nap. At 95 who can think? That's the temperature, not the age. Neo-ficially yours,

/ Thanks for that contribution -- when I received your letter it was the first material from a source outside our own group. It was very encouraging!-- See page 25 for your poem and page 37 for the first blurb on the neo-fan fund. We'll keep it up. MEB/

Seth A. Johnson
345 Yale Avenue
Hillside, N.J. 07205

Thanks for Tomorrow And... You've really turned out a good fanzine here and I just hope you'll keep up the good work.

One thing I would like to suggest which I have also suggested to Linda Eyster when she published the article on Heinlein. Why not send copy of your Tommor to Heinlein and ask him what he really thinks and what his real attitude is. Sure would make excellent bit and lots of egoboo too if he replied.

To tell the truth I'm not sure whether or not I approve reprints from other fanzines. It would of course depend on my having read said article or not. But one article which think would be worthy of reprinting if you can find it is one by Ted White in Shangri Affairs five-ten years ago. This was on the purchase and maintenance of mimeographs and really was very informative indeed and might almost pass for textbook on publishing fanac.

I enjoyed 2001 also by the way, although I do wish they had used one of Clarke's plots like Childhood's End instead of the one they did use. But when I think of what could have been done with all that technique and cameral work on something like E.E. Smith's Skylark of Lensman series. Or some of Heinlein's books such as Citizen of the Galaxy or Starship Trooper etc.

I seldom vote for the Hugos for one reason. There is always at least one or more stories nominated which I either can't remember or haven't read. And frankly I don't think it's fair to vote for or against something you know nothing about. I guess the trouble is that I read so much sf that it's impossible to keep track of it all. For instance, I was sure that The Werewolf Factor was the story you had in mind when you said "I am not Human". Actually there are so many stories that would fit in there. I'm afraid I'd come out very low indeed in scoring in that particular game.

I would like to call your attention to my Fanzine Clearing House. This an idea of mine where fan editors send in budnles of fanzines and I advertise in F&SF and sell to non-fans and attempt to recruit to N3F and fandom. And I do succeed in recruiting quite a few fans this way. But the one shortcoming is supply of fanzines. In spite of dozens of faneds sending in bundles of five or more fanzines every time they publish why I'm always running out of fanzines and have to start asking my friends and correspondents to mail out fanzines on my behalf. So I would like to invite you to participate by sending in fanzine bundles whenever you publish. And this means all and any fanzines you may publish.

For instance here is a list of people from Chicago and locality who have sent for bundles in the past six months and who might be recruits for your fanorg. Someday I hope to get these lists printed or something but that's something else again. Mike Caputo, 5101 S. Luna Ave. Chicago, Ill 60633. Gabe Eisenstein, 1753 Rosemary Rd., Highland Park Ill 60035. Leigh Atkinson, 445 Homan Ave. Park Forest, Ill 60466. Jerry Lapidus, 3127 Flint House Chicago Ill 60637. Ken Kapson, 2329 Farwell Chicago Ill 60645. Joe Davis, 2457 W. Pratt, Chicago Ill 60645. William Little, 150 Pecos Circle, Carpentersville, Ill 60110. Charles LoPiccolo, 1010 E. Colorado, Urbana Ill 60801. Jerry Mayer, 5525 S. Mobile, Chicago Ill 60638 and this goes back for full year and should give you one or two readers if you send them copy of Tomorrow.

Fanatically yours,

/ I'd love to send a copy of FA to Heinlein...do you have any idea of his address (not to be published, of course)? I hate sending things to publishers, as they have a nasty habit of getting lost very easily. At least you admit your ignorance of some of the categories and thus do not vote; too many fen vote in categories in which they aren't familiar with all the nominees and thus the hugo too often goes to an undeserving winner. JWL _/

/ have you noticed that some movie company has picked up rights to Childhood's End and Stranger in A Strange Land? On the quizzes -- it's necessary to consider all of them in relation to the others. MEB _/

Robert Willingham
21934 Millpoint Avenue
Torrance, California
90502

Upon breaking the seals of the plain brown envelope I discovered to my dismay that not a single solitary individual YOU ARE RECEIVING THIS BECAUSE was marked, not even the undesirable "We had extra copies." Really 'twas rather groovy, I say, to find that ye eds hadn't time to place a little x before one of them.... And thus begins another of my locs filled with many miscellaneous, various and

assorted sordid and opinionated comments none of which have any basis in fact any coherence of which is purely coincidental.

First off, I'd like to say that the hints to your quizzes aren't always helpful. For example, four out of the seven games have the hint, "I am not human." When you're that concerned with s---e fiction, that's a big help. And then you usually followed this hint up with something like, "I am mechanical," or "I am a dog," thus making the previous hint superfluous--how many dogs and mechanical things are not "not human"? Other than that, I had a lot of fun flipping through the pages, reading clues and guess-guess-guessing. I even got one right!

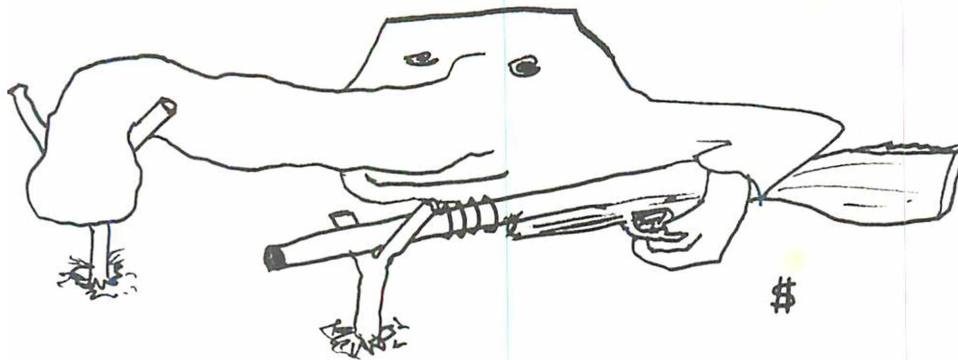
A suggestion. Why not have one fannish quiz? For example, a hint could be "U.N.C.L.E." or "Please do not review Yandro," and the answer would, of course, be Buck Coulson. Or: "I used to think I was ugly." "Actually I'm a handsome devil." "Ike isn't so much." "I am the greatest writer of s---e fiction in the world of all time." "I wear shades to keep away dangerous visions." Answer: Harlan Ellison. Something like that. What do you think?

Please enlarge your book review section. One review isn't nearly enough. I'd send you some myself, but all I have are either reserved for my fanzine (yet to appear--but keep your eyes open, world) or already sent out to other zines. Sorry. But I've got two or three brand new and unread pbs; maybe I'll review one of them for you. But don't get your hopes up.

Am looking forward to the next TA (although according to the schedule layed out in the editorial, I'm about 2 issues behind); am hoping that perhaps maybe there's a possibility that you see fit to you effing better have a reason for sending, ti though, and tell me it...And thus ends another awe-inspiring, delectable and superhuman effort. snrlyrs,

/ Sorry about that, Robert. We were in such a hurry to get copies of TA mailed out that I'm afraid we forgot to check a few boxes in some cases. About the quizzes--please remember that the clues are given in the order of general to specific. Saying "I am a dog" in clue one or two would severely limit the possible candidates, as there are very few dog heroes. The way we do it, but the time you get to that revealing clue, you should have enough information to guess the answer if you've read the necessary story. We may well run a couple of fannish quizzes (including the one you suggest), but I tend to lean away from this idea. Many of our readers will be either neo or non-fans and besides, TA is NOT a fannish fanzine. These sort of quizzes require a familiarity with fannish happenings and while many readers DO have this, many don't. There are many zines reviewing multitudes of books each issue. Yandro must do at least twenty per issue, and SFTimes does about ten. We would rather spend the space in a more detailed discussion of a few more important books than in skimming over many. If we have space in a future ish (specifically TA...5, we will probably run many short reviews. But we'd rather not make a habit of it. As you notice, we're a LITTLE late thisish. Next time, tho, we'll be ready for 4 within a month, so if you plan to Loc, you'll have to write quickly. JWL _/

/ Be sure and send us a copy of your zine when it comes out. And if you have time, pick a book that really got to you, write a couple thousand word critical review, and send it to us ---Well, I can dream, can't I? MEB _/



Darrell Schweitzer
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Strafford, Pa.
19087

Thanks for The Future And... (and what?)

Before anything else I'll get right down to the Heinlein argument. There are some good things and some bad ones in his philosophy. The society pictured in Starship Troopers is a nightmare, not a utopia. If the society can't find anything better to do than fight wars it is pretty sick. Also how can the civilians have more freedom than ever before if they cannot vote? In the society depicted here the military is a new aristocracy. Also if everyone in the government is from one group there is no representation of all other groups and hence no democracy. It is not good for all members of a legislature to be all of one party. Imagine what would happen if all congressmen

.....
Game 1 clue 1 I am a spaceman of the Haijac Union
.....

and other lawmakers were Republicans. Nothing would get done. If they were all Democrats everything would change at once and make a terrific mess. The society of Starship Troopers needs a few pacifists and religious people to balance out the government. Otherwise they could be led into needless conflicts and millions could die. To the military mind the solution to just about everything is "bomb the hell out of them" and this is what

.....
Game 1 clue 2 I met my lover in some ruins on Ozagen.
.....

they would probably do rather than try for a peaceful settlement. The only way that a war is justified is if the other party attacks first and it is self defense. Of course it is necessary to destroy the attacker so he cannot pull the same stunt again. A perfect example of this situation is World War 2. The people in Troopers seem to make a policy of warfare and sooner or later they would meet someone they couldn't handle. Live by the

.....
Game 1 clue 3 I thought she was an alcoholic and tried to cure her.
.....

sword, die by the sword. (or h-bomb whichever the case may be.)

I am not being unrealistic. War is unavoidable because of the stupidity of some men but there is enough killing as things are so let's not start any more.

I am glad that Heinlein recognizes the need for discipline and strong authority. If the entire nation was

.....
Game 1 clue 4 She was not human.
.....

run like the army there would be no riots and few crimes. I don't mean exactly like the army i.e. with the top brass making all the decisions but with the decisions of the people enforced like the order of a general with strict penalties to those who refuse. There should be no questioning of the law except at the polls where no one can try and get a law he doesn't like repealed. Imagine where we would be if people obeyed laws like a pri-

.....
Game 1 clue 5 She became pregnant and died as a result of the lack of alcohol.
.....

vate oblys a sergeant. Thus the military methods of enforcing authority are used but that does not mean that warfare should be a policy.

As for the rest of the zine... You should not yell at Edward Smith for not having read the classics. Have you read such things as "Twilight", "Who Goes There", "A Martian Odyssey", "The Lovers", "What's It Like Out There?", "The Martian Chronicles", Slan, "Solution Unsatisfactory", The Skylark of Space, "Waldo", "The Black Flame", and The Demolished Man. You may have read some but I doubt you have read all.

.....
Game 1 clue 6 Her name was Jeanette. She was a Lalitha. (If you don't know by now..)
.....

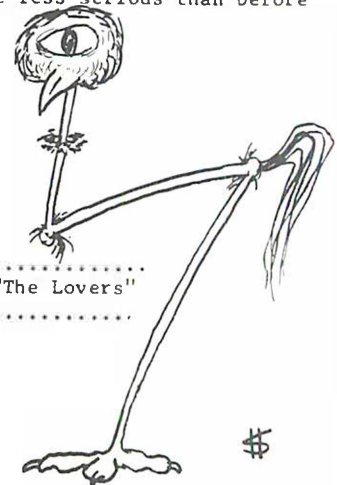
I usually comment on a zine by means of a poem of comment i.e. a rhyming letter but what I had to say this time could not be expressed that way, nor can any serious comments. Being a little less serious than before I give you the following:

Tomorrow and...

Your zine seems to be very hard to read.
Good reproduction is what you need.
Another problem is numerous typos,
That strike at the reader with multiple blows,
And it makes many people not think of you well,
And they wish that the editor would learn how to spell.
But still he edits a pretty good zine.
Can he keep this up has yet to be seen.

.....
Game 1 clue 7 The speaker is Hal Yarrow of Philip Jose Farmer's "The Lovers"
.....

The quiz Dept. is a lot of fun,
But still there is one
Point that I must argue,
I could write one that would be flunked by you.
The reprints seem like a good policy,
Whether the material will be good I await and see.
Your zine should have a little fan-fiction,
It helps train new writers; that's my conviction.



Just get a pulp, old and crumbling with age,
 And the fanzine review column looks like a celebrity page!
 2001 was quite a review.
 I intend to see the movie, really I do.
 Your zine is fine, but it could be better,
 And thus I conclude this letter.

Not quite yet. I have a fmz review column in Pepusus and will review your zine rather favorably. I also am enclosing a few more of those "games" the first of which is scattered around this letter. Keep sending. Fenly,

/ I think you miss a number of vital points in the Heinlein society. First off, the society doesn't fight simply because it "can't find anything better to do," it fights because this is a dog-eat-dog universe and it must fight to survive and prosper. Second: the concepts of freedom and voting have virtually nothing to do with each other. Voting refers to the "right" to choose leaders. Freedom is harder to define, but can be summarized to signify the right to live essentially free from outside interference. Simply denying the vote does not eliminate freedom. Anyway, Mike'll have more comments on this. Both Mike and myself have read virtually everything your list, Mike missing two and JWL only "The Black Flame" (which most people don't consider ranking with the others on your list). There are certain books which everyone really interested in sf SHOULD read to be familiar with the concepts, philosophies, and styles contained therein. Your list includes many of these, but there are others. In our quizzes, we use characters and/or lines from such outstanding works. If you don't recognize any of the references in more than a few, you NEED to catch up on your reading. JWL /
 / The society in Troopers does not fight wars all the time. In the early part of the book, Mr. Rico complains that the military is useless since no wars have been fought in a long time and probably won't be again. As for all the lawmakers being of one party, are all the veterans you know Republicans? or Democrats? A very high percentage of congressmen for the past 15 years have been veterans. They'd have had a hard time getting elected if they weren't. I also question your assumption that military men would automatically get into lots of wars if they were allowed to decide. For example, the German general staff of the 1930's favored only a limited war, aimed at territorial expansion to approximately pre WWI boundaries. It was Hitler, who was NOT a military man, who wanted total war and world conquest. MEB _/

Joe Zalabak Thanx for the copy of TA 2. Tho' it seems I got #2 at the time #3 should be out.
 5300 Ashley The zine was long enough, too bad the repro was too ah, bad. Also, I got two pp. 49-50.
 Detroit, Mich. Mike Jump seems to be a pretty good artist, I enjoyed his art, all of it I could clearly
 48236 see, that is. Those quizzes--that's what keep me engrossed--I was engrossed in the zine.
 Yes, yes, yes -- repeat material is really a good idea -- keep it up.
 I preferred Zoftic over How We Won The War. Zoftic was better than much of the fiction
 material I've been finding in fanzines. Some of this type of thing I've been finding is pure trash! But not
 this...keep it up!

I've yet to see 2001, but I'm so sick of seeing reviews of it that I didn't even read yours.
 You want to know something? I think you might have something in that article about Heinlein. You do have something! I hope this ends this long string of ripping apart other people's articles. That art on pp 45-46. It's very ba---oops--that's your art! Sorry! The poetry?? Yawn....
 Those are my compleat comments...I hope to receive #3. Truly,

/ TA...3, as you no doubt notice, is a little late but we hope considerably more technically readable (better repro without typos) than TA...2. Sorry about occasional bad repro lasttime. Agree fully with most fanfiction--pure junk. And there are so many zines which print this stuff. We limit fanfiction to a minimum, and in serious stuff we print only the best. I feel "Death Lab" (in thisish), for example, could be professionally sold. We have upcoming work which I KNOW could have been professionally sold. This is the sort of stuff I'll print, perhaps along with short humorous tales like "How We Won the War." Read the review of "2001", it's the best I've seen anywhere. JWL _/

/ We expect to have more of Mike Jump's work in the next issue. He was just too busy getting back to school and working this time. As for my art, you don't have to say "oops". I never mind someone calling bad art bad! MEB _/

Michael Gilbert You will find that unless you are extremely fortunate (or unfortunate) I will be
 1419 W. Donald St. a little late in answering your letters and locing your zine. And speaking of your zine,
 Waterloo, Iowa I think it's rather good.
 50703 I think that the best parts of this ish (I don't know about the last one, of course)
 are the editorial, the movie review, and "Zoftic". The editorial touched on some good
 points, namely the Hugo nominations. I'm afraid I won't be able to get to the convention (sob) but I'm going
 to support it.

John (/ he means Roger _) Ebert's review of "2001" is without question the best I've read; at least from the point of being well written and informative. I haven't seen the movie, so I don't know if I agree with his analyses or not.

"Zoftic" struck me as a very fine piece of fanfic, immensely better than the prose thus far published in The Cavoring Beastie. But we try.

I enjoyed the quiz, although I didn't get a one. I either hadn't read the story, or had read it so long ago that I didn't remember it well enough to call to mind the answer. Oh, well. Valette.

/ Mike is ed of a relatively new zine, that mentioned above. I'm glad you agree with the Hugo nominations and

suggestions. Fandom needs more people like you, who support cons whether they attend or not. I felt Ebert's review was not only best written but most correct of those I've seen; as of this moment I've seen the picture twice and have read virtually all the reviews. Steve Herbst, the author of "Zoftic", is a sophomore at Chicago and a computer nut; he's done considerable work with the University computers and may do an article for us soon. JWL _/

Robert Toomey
595 White Street
Springfield
Mass. 01108

The reason I didn't comment on your firstish was two fold; first, I buried it in a stack of similar fanzines and promptly forgot about it--sorry. The second was the reason for burying it in the first place--I couldn't see any useful comments I might possibly make on such an inter-directed clubzine. Obviously it was to get the information out and for no other reason. As this it succeeded admirably. Besides, I probably would've ended up complaining about the repro and typos and saying how much I enjoyed the quiz and I detest clichéing.

2ndish much better. In fact, by almost anybody's standards, it's a damn good fanzine. More outer-directed (not to be confused with political other-directedness, the forlorn talent for which makes Tricky Dick Nixon my nomination for Bane of the Year), well written, constructive. Certainly your comments on the sad situation of our hallowed awards have fallen into were necessary to be said, and, although I would have been more vehement about it all, they were pretty much what was on my own mind. I did have one other suggestion, that a brief quiz on each story and book and so forth, be sent out with the voting ballots, and that anyone who fails the test not get his vote counted. This would prevent (hopefully) people from voting on books they haven't read and know nothing about. You are well aware of my fury at the -----s who voted for Heinlein's Moon is a Harsh Mistress sight unseen. Controlling voting is a bad scene from some people's point of view, however, since it smacks of police statism. Free choice should not be hampered by information of knowledge, one supposed.

Another problem, one you may not be aware of, is loading the ballot box. This is done by bloc voting. A club or group votes as a unit, but individually, so that a story or book get maybe twenty or thirty votes at one shot. Get a couple of clubs together and the box is a stuffed turkey and nothing to be done. I've seen this in action recently and it sickens me. Nothing wrong with wanting your vote to count, but for God's sake vote for the stuff you like, and don't make deals.

Vote for the Einstein Intersection of Else!

What is all this with Harlan? You can't turn a page in your zine without his name cropping us (cropping up?). Not that I don't love Harlan, as do we all, but enough is too much.

/ First ish was pretty cruddy, I admit. It did, though, have one additional purpose (in addition to news): to stimulate interest in the long-dormant University of Chicago fen. This it also accomplished, and ishs two and three are almost completely the work of these people. Glad you agree on the Hugos--so did the Baycon committee, obviously, since they established the novella category on their own. I'll support the act legal or not. Your suggestion about the quiz is excellent, and should be seriously considered. After all, we're not limiting the vote--we're merely making sure that the vote is informed. And since the Hugo is so important in terms of financial and literary success, it pays to get as informed voting as possible. Loading the box, while it hurts the awards, is, I think, far more prevalent (or at least possible) in the nominations, where only a few people bother to nominate. You often read pleas for more nominations from con committees; think how block voting can influence an "election" like this! I think the only way to minimize the effects of block voting would be to open the voting to everyone in fandom, but this would bring up other problems. Can't please everybody. Sorry about the Harlan-on-the-brain; it's just when you're putting final touches on mimeos at 3 a.m. and you need interlineations, you put down almost anything that comes to mind. And Harlan is just so damn OBVIOUS!! But no dig is intended, as I like Harlan personally (really I do), voted for two of his nominated works, and nominated DV for a special award. JWL _/

QUIZ*ANSWERS

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. <u>Slan</u> by A.E. Van Vogt | 11. <u>Thorns</u> by Robert Silverberg |
| 2. <u>High Crusade</u> by Poul Anderson | 12. <u>Puppet Masters</u> by Robert A. Heinlein |
| 3. <u>The Crackpots</u> by Harlan Ellison | 13. <u>Little Fuzzy</u> by H. Beam Piper |
| 4. <u>The 9 Billion Names of God</u> by Arthur C. Clarke | 14. <u>Lest Darkness Fall</u> by L. Sprague de Camp |
| 5. <u>The Stars Like Dust</u> by Isaac Asimov | 15. <u>Double Star</u> by Robert A. Heinlein |
| 6. <u>Lord of Light</u> by Roger Zelazny | 16. <u>Naked Sun</u> by Isaac Asimov |
| 7. <u>Gather, Darkness</u> by Fritz Leiber | 17. <u>Close to Critical</u> by Hal Clement |
| 8. <u>Gladiator-At-Law</u> by Pohl & Kornbluth | 18. <u>Babel-17</u> by Samuel R. Delany |
| 9. <u>Deep Range</u> by Arthur C. Clarke | 19. <u>Methuselah's Children</u> by Robert A. Heinlein |
| 10. <u>Cannon Code</u> by Cyril Sudd | 20. <u>Three Hearts and Three Lions</u> by Poul Anderson. |
- The Big Time by Fritz Lieber

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Next issue brings a non-fact article on the history of machine-generated literature; a short piece featuring an imaginary conversation between two television executives who intend 2001 into a TV series; and the Lewis J. Grant Memoriam, including the last two articles Lewis wrote. These will be in addition to our regular features.

