



Twentieth Century UnLtd (2)

FAPA 135 | TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED

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THE HIGH COST OF FIAWOL: When I first began to plan for this issue, sometime after receiving the last mailing (always plan ahead, I says), I checked into my stock of 24# ditto paper. After using the remnant of my last purchase for my last Fapazine, and for drawing paper (smooth as Strathmore and cheaper, in the long run) I discovered that I was Running Out.

I contacted Ditto, which since their purchase by Bell & Howell have been doing everything possible to phase out their duplicator services. This began with the elimination of all retail outlets for their products in New York; it's apparently ended with the locking of the street doors to their showroom on upper Third Avenue. (To gain entry to the showroom you have to read a typewritten notice on the showroom door, which suggests you come into the building and see their regular sales department.)

The cost of 24# ditto paper now stands at \$5.18 a ream, with the minimum order taken being \$20.00. A penny a sheet is rather high; at their minimum order rate I'd be getting only 4 reams, which would run out in about a year. So I ordered 10 reams (price break: \$3.40 a ream over ten ordered) which should hold me for at least two years. In that time the price of the stuff should go up again, and maybe I'll order 20 reams that time. Total cost, \$34.00 plus delivery cost.

At this rate I'll never be able to make my masterful, definitive movie, *Earth Vs. The Ditto Masters...*

IN THIS FABULOUS ISSUE: In this fabulous issue of TCU, legal successor to DECLER! and SFWEEKLY, we present the first and only installment of Dick Lupoff's masterful column, Lupoff's Book Week. The review of Dangerous Visions (Visions) was supposed to appear in ALGOL, but I changed my mind about running it (too long, and almost dated) and so it appears here. OE, take notice; give credit where credit is due. Next issue, to carry on the tradition, I have an Old Story by Les Nirenberg which is left over from an old Jerry Knight fanzine, and which was never published. When you read it, you'll understand why. I also have an old, unpublished article by Steve Pickering, which Arnie Katz gave me (left over from Excalibur, I think). But Redd Boggs has first rights on publishing it. If I do publish it, I'll edit all the idiocy out of it and boil it down to the nitty gritty (the last time I did that it was to an Edgar Rice Burroughs story, and I condensed it from 16 to 8 pages by taking all the anti-Semitic content out of it; it appeared in ALGOL #7).

THE INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION COLLECTION OF PHILIP GRILL: Once upon a time, long before Burbese invented the world, a young boy-child was born in the teeming heart of the city of Brooklyn. Undaunted by his beginnings, this child grew and matured until he came to know his own name, which was Robert Silverberg. He lived in a ramshackle mansion on Montgomery Street, near the fabled rotunda of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Time passed. Young Silverberg began to read science fiction. Far off, in other cities, things began to happen. Ed Earl Repp condensed out of the primordial cloud and began to bend men's minds; the proto-Barbara Silverberg was born and adopted into the League of Medical Electronicists; Hugo Cernsback decided to invent America, and moved to it when it was full-blown. Silverberg continued to read science fiction, buying it from newsstands throughout Brooklyn. He may even have wandered into the candy store run by that Russian Jew, Asimov; however, no records of that fabled event survive, and neither Silverberg nor Asimov can provide any basis for the legend.

Then, one day, it happened. Silverberg, while looking in old bookstores for more of his beloved science fiction, came across a particular store that sold old junk, old bric-a-brack, old furniture, and old books.

"Why, yes, I do have some of that pulp trash," the proprietor told the young Silverberg (who had at this time discovered writing, on his own, and had proceeded to teach it to the rest of the world in order that they might read his fanzine, SPACESHIP). Let it be noted here that Silverberg's Supreme Plan for the Universe has been partially completed: in a secret trip early in 1965, he went back in time and showed Edison how to invent the mimeograph; later that same year of 1965, he went back in time in order to show Gutenberg the ropes. We shall not dwell here on his abortive trip in time and his attempt to convince the council of prelates to break with tradition and elect a Jew as Pope. For the true story of that trip, ask Lester del Rey.

But enough of asides. Silverberg went into the store, and discovered countless ranks of old pulp magazines, including copies of ASTOUNDING going back to the beginnings of Eternity.

"The price, young whippersnapper, is 50¢ apiece, for every magazine, and I won't lower the price. And mind you don't drip jelly on the magazines, or out on your ass you go!" So spoke the proprietor of the Establishment. No record of his name exists, save for the last gasp of a young man, found crushed to death beneath towering stacks of National Geographics. "H-h-h-howard-d-d..." the young man was heard to gasp, before he fell silent, tragically forever.

And so Silverberg spent his hard earned 50¢ pieces (coming in groups of two; the infamous sticky quarters of our youth) on copies of old ASTOUNDING STORIES magazines. There is no record (unfortunately, that remark must crop up again and again; had these events happened in Hagarstown, Maryland, such records would obviously exist, engraved on stone tablets and set in the sidewalk at various and suitable points) of how many of these volumes Silverberg bought.

The scene changes and shifts. Silverberg grew up, grew a beard, attended Columbia University, met Barbara Silverberg and decided to marry her to save on listings in the phone book; he moved from the crumbling mansion on Montgomery street to a towering three-story edifice in the Riverdale section of the Bronx; became a world traveler, an internationally known author and feline fancier; grew rich and famous and slightly middle-aged (Barbara remained the same through the years; unknown to her she was related, though distantly, to the semi-fictitious Lazarus Long) and weary of the grind of weekly

conventions and banquets celebrating his renown and world fame. Indeed, at the Pohlance, held in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in mid 1970, Silverberg announced that he had decided to implement a side trip on his Master Plan. Accordingly, after the convention he went back to 1954 and announced his gaffiation. The unpublished stencils of his last issue of SPACESHIP were destroyed in a mysterious fire which his mansion suffered.

And so the years passed. Meanwhile, in another part of New York (annexed by Brooklyn in 1898) a young man, also named Silverberg (remember Robert Silverberg's abortive trip back in time to convince those in power to make him Pope? Well, in between convinced prelates and the X like, he massed around, as they say. But that's another story, and probably another paragraph) was rapidly growing toward maturity. In 1956 (September 4th: the height of the NYcon II) he moved to New York and immediately was hooked on science fiction. In 1961 he was introduced to fandom by Donald A. Wollheim [for full details call (212) BO 3-5959 and ask for Mr. X] and shortly afterwards published his first fanzine, called ALGOL.

The road through fandom and collecting was hard. He learned all the catch-words of collecting fandom including the Magic Words to use upon Stephen Takacs. "How's Business, Steve" is enough to bring about vitious cries to the gods from fandom's own perpetual hucksterish crybaby. And eventually he moved to Brooklyn.

And one morning, to be precise MayDay, May 1st, he entered a small bookstore in downtown Brooklyn, on his way to straighten up his messed up account with Abraham & Strass. "Have any science fiction?" he was heard to ask the proprietor.

"Oh, you want science fiction to read. I've got some, scattered around," the earstwhile proprietor replied, indicating massed piles of books in the center of the store.

"Yeah, but do you have any *Old Pulp*?" he asked the proprietor. "You mean, to Collect?" the proprietor asked, his eyes lighting up. "Say, do you know of H.P. Lovecraft? I have some stuff by him downstairs. I also got some stuff by other writers; every time somebody comes in here talking about science fiction, I learn a little more. You see, I got this collection, and I've been indexing it. Want to sell it when I get it set. Bill, hold the store a moment, willya? Come on down to the basement, I'll show you..."

And so I was taken down into the basement, where the proprietor (as he hasn't completed indexing the collection, I won't give you his name) showed me boxes.

Boxes, piled to the ceiling. Boxes, neatly stacked, taking up half of the basement. "I've got more upstairs on the second and third floors," I was told, and he proceeded to show me. The bookstore proprietors real love was for H.P. Lovecraft, and he said that as soon as the collection was indexed, he'd sell it to a university.

And I saw: mint copies of AMAZING from 1928, looking like they were just off the binding machine. The man told me that there were complete sets of every SF magazine ever published. I saw: tons of SF books, all in mint condition. I saw: hordes of fanzines (Harry Warner: I know you never heard of this guy, because there's no record of him in AOY) including mint sets of FANTASY COMMENTATOR; THE ACCOLYTE; KAYMAR TRADER (Kaymar Trader?!?) and others too numerous to mention. And I saw manuscripts, original manuscripts. All autographed. Manuscripts by Bob Tucker, and Leigh Brackett, and Bob Bloch, and Charles Tanner, and John Michel, and Don Wollheim, and Doc Lowndes, and a lot of names I didn't notice (but from Amazing stories, and Wonder stories, and other magazines. And then I saw the H.P. Lovecraft collection that the man was going through; it represented a large part of the total collection.

There were hordes of things connected with Lovecraft. Books he had written, and travel pamphlets he had ~~written~~ written; plus letters from other writers to HPL, both published and unpublished (including a letter from Lovecraft's grandfather to HPL when he was a boy); unpublished folios of books printed but never bound; fanzines with Lovecraft's writings in them; and a heck of a lot of other stuff.

The name of this collector, who lived in Brooklyn and whose collection spans more than 40 years? Philip Grill. Completely unknown in the wider world of fandom, and yet a master collector. Apparently he died in May, 1970, his collection being sold by the executor of his will. And somehow, without the knowledge of fandom or the science-fictional world, he amassed what I can think of as one of the dozen largest collections of SF in the East (perhaps in the US).

It certainly is mind croggling.

GO NORTH, YOUNG FAN: I suppose it had to happen, after I rambled on (and on) about the glories of Toronto and Canada. In March, after a little consultation, I was made a member of the Toronto in '73 ConComm. Since then I've designed a letterhead for the committee and several ads, including the one published in the last issue of SFR. Also the title page of "TORONTO. IS THERE ANYWHERE ELSE?" which is the official publication of the committee, and Tells All about Toronto and the committee. I've also been feverishly busy working on promotion for the TorCon, which included a massive dose of promotional material at the LunaCon (we needn't have worried; nearly all the fans there -- the important ones, those going to the NorEasCon -- were in favor of Toronto) and more for the DisClave and the MidwestCon. Included with this mailing should be a copy of "TORONTO. IS THERE ANYWHERE ELSE?" franked through by yhos. I've also done an ad for the 4th Progress Report of the NorEasCon giving facts and stuff about ~~my~~ our bid. So, we present the two sides of the bid through two ads; one will be the usual cartoon; mine has the title "Toronto in '73: The Facts Behind The Bid." The title is self-explanatory.

I have a good feeling that Toronto will win; certainly the Northeast seems to be solidly behind the bid. And, the people who were wavering behind Minneapolis but didn't want any part of Dallas have come to our side, for the mostpart.

But if you aren't really sure who to vote for, see me at the DisClave or Midwestcon and I'll buy you a Pepsi and we can talk about it.

ITS EASIER TO MAKE AN A-BOMB NOW: It's a lot easier now that people can use Plutonium rather than U-238. Instead of requiring 14.7 lbs. of bulky old U-238 to make Critical Mass, you can now do it with only 11 lbs. of Plutonium. And now, with so many breeder reactors in operation, the availability of Plutonium is much higher than that of U-238. In fact, because Breeder Reactors are so common, the possibility of Organized Crime (Mafia to you) stealing Plutonium is that much higher. And the FBI ~~was~~ circumvented just such a crime just last year. Just think: you could put a little Plutonium in each issue of your fanzine and the first person to get a complete set would be the first person to get a Big Bang out of it...

"All We Are Asking, Is Give Peace A Chance..."

NOTE TO BOYD RAEURN: If you meet Gordon DeWolfe, of 130-11 Ruddington Drive, Willowdale, Ontario, on the street, Beware! He is a fan!!! Admit nothing, and the chances are good that he will not recognize you and ask for your autograph.

...REVIEWED BY

DICK LUPOFF

Now that Harlan Ellison's monumental anthology is becoming available as a triple-decked paperback, I suppose that all the people who passed over it in its original hardcover edition (presumably because of the price) and its SF Book Club edition (presumably because they weren't members of the club) will finally have a chance to read it. And, the original wave of reviews and rebuttals generated by the book's prior appearances have finally quieted down, I suppose we are in for a whole new round of shouts, cries, shrieks and moans.

Somehow I failed to get my two cents worth in during the first cycle of responses to DV even though I read the book in the Doubleday edition way back when. I dropped a few sentences about it in FAPA and elsewhere, as well as in correspondence and conversation, but somehow never got around to recording a coherent statement about the book. The anticipated new wave of reactions to DV gives me a second chance to say my piece. So...

The idea of a book of SF stories not reprinted from magazines but written especially for that book is far from new -- it goes back at to Healy's NEW TALES OF SPACE AND TIME (1951!) and includes Fred Pohl's STAR SF SERIES from Ballantine and Damon Knight's ORBIT series and Ted Carnell's British series of NEW WRITINGS IN SF. I expect that there are others that do not spring to mind immediately, and of course there are cases of mixed reprint and new anthologies. So certainly this aspect of DV is far from unique, and certainly does not account for the vast uproar that the book generated.

I think the uproar can be attributed to a combination of four factors:

1. The book is big -- by far the biggest "all original" SF anthology ever published, and one outsized by only a handful of older reprint anthologies. Sheer physical bulk impresses.
2. The authors included represent many of the best-known and most popular in the field -- del Rey, Silverberg, Pohl, Farmer...those are the lead-off authors of the book, and that level continues (not without exception, admittedly) through to Spinrad, Zelazny, Delany. It's true that Harlan didn't con the very top names -- Heinlein, Bradbury, Clarke -- but he got 32 authors including almost all the other big names. Big name authors impress.
3. He looked for quality and controversy. Every editor looks for quality, of course; given a good story and a poor one, he'll choose the good one. But Harlan went out of his way to get his authors to give him stories that violated the taboos, that were too hot to handle, that could never go in the conventional markets (the SF magazines, the men's magazines) because they broke the rules of polite society. Courage and controversy impress.
4. Harlan himself went out and campaigned for the book, and being one of the most colorful and dynamic figures in the SF field -- and with growing fame beyond the field -- Harlan for a solid year promoted DANGEROUS VISIONS, talking about it at conventions, writing about it in the fan press, promoting it in SFWA as best he could, hammering at the eyeballs and eardrums with DANGEROUS VISIONS, DANGEROUS VISIONS, DANGEROUS VISIONS..... Harlan Ellison impresses.

As for the book itself, there are built-in features for promoting and exciting: a melodramatic dedication that alone runs almost 100 words, a foreword by Isaac Asimov,

another foreword by Isaac Asimov, a very lengthy footnote to Isaac's second foreword by Harlan, an introduction by Harlan, a separate introduction to each story by Harlan, an afterword to each story by its author, an illustration to go with each story... good heavens, one could drop the 33 stories from the book and retain just the encrustations and this would still be a sizeable volume.

What I want to do, though, is strip away all the encrustations, and forewords and afterwords and introductions and illustrations and dedications and consider the 33 stories. I'll group them by grade, rather as a schoolteacher might divide a class into "A" students, "B" students, and so on, and say a little about each story.

THE "A"s

Going through this book again, I found that over half the stories were strong enough in my mind that just the title-and-author, or at most a quick glance at the prose, brought them back into focus. This sort of strength and vividness is a sign, a good sign. Of them no fewer than six earn my personal rating as "A"s -- stories with good ideas, good writing, character, style, impact -- and without any flaw serious enough to deny them a top rating. Here (in the same order that they appear in the book) are the six:

1. RIDERS OF THE PURPLE WAGE by Philip Jose Farmer. This is by far the longest story in the book, 70 some pages, that portrays a future world of over-population, cultural placebos, personal degeneracy and governmental paternalism that produces a life less like that lived under Orwell's Big Brother than Forster Machine.

Written in a dizzying style of puns, stream-of-consciousness, flashing perspectives, impressionistic snapshots and typographic tricks, there is a danger that the story will overwhelm the hurried reader. It takes attention and thought; no hurtling paced sword and sorcery or space opera fan is likely to see anything without revising his attitude. But such a revision is well worthwhile; the story is powerful and pointed, written with passion and perception, and well deserving of any honors it receives.

It is indeed a story that Philip Jose Farmer (or anyone else) would have had a hard, hard time selling to any conventional SF market. It is exactly the kind of story that needed a DANGEROUS VISIONS to contain it, a Harlan Ellison to buy it. It -- and too few others -- live fully up to the promotion given the book.

2. THE NIGHT THAT ALL TIME BROKE OUT by Brian W. Aldiss. Authors continue to tackle the challenge of writing a new time story, and Aldiss has succeeded, with the invention of a "time gas" that permits people to grow younger, temporarily.

He stroked her pretty hair gently. "Tell you what I thought we could try sometime -- dial back to when you were twelve. You must have been very sexy in your pre-teens, and I'd sure as hell love to find out. How about it?"

Or -- have one room of your house set permanently on a particularly happy day in your life, which you might wish to visit repeatedly. Or... Well, it's a beautiful idea, and Aldiss handles it with great skill, and when there is an accident and "all time breaks out," things get wildly out of hand. It's not a vital and powerful story like Farmer's. It's an amusing story, funny, entertaining, stimulating, occasionally touching. I don't know why it had to be a Dangerous Vision. It could have appeared in F&SF -- or PLAYBOY -- but here it is, and it is excellent. It is even, in a way, an end-of-the-world story.

3. FAITH OF OUR FATHERS by Philip K. Dick. A lot of SF writers are vaguely leftish (not

discounting major exceptions like Heinlein and Poul Anderson), espousing such wildly radical ideas as conservation of natural resources, equal access to decent medical care, reform of various economic inequities, and so on. (See the Farmer story for an example). Phil Dick's story is set in a future Communist Vietnam, but before the cry of "Red" goes up, he paints a picture of numbing ~~XXXX~~ bureaucratic tyranny and forced conformity that *does* jibe with Orwell's vision.

Dick's major theme in almost all his stories is an exploration of the nature of reality. This story is no exception and is, in fact, one of his most disquieting attempts. Look, reader, suppose we are sitting around a table and an object is placed upon it that each of us sees differently. You see a billiard ball, I see a burning candle, another person sees an open book, etc. Now common sense tells us that "whatever is there is there," and the fact that we have multiple perceptions does not alter the fact that there lies behind those perceptions a single reality. But Dick says, what if there lies behind a single perception -- a multiple reality? If we all saw the same object, say an ashtray, but if we were by some means (in the story, a drug) permitted to penetrate beyond the ashtray and perceive reality, then we would see, each in turn, a ball, a candle, a book...?

One reads the story, gasps, ponders, rereads, scratches one's head, goes back a couple of pages...

4. *GOING ROLL THE BONES* by Fritz Lieber. This is a story that would have been a classic in *WEIRD TALES* in that magazine's finest days, that would have been at least best-of-issue in most of *UNKNOWN*'s 39 editions, that could easily be a lead novelette in today's *F&SF*. It may not be very dangerous, but it is a powerful and chilling vision.

The story is a pure-quill weird fantasy, with Death personified one of the leading characters, the protagonist feeling (literally) the Chill of the Void Between The Stars, magnificently evoked suspense, restrained violence. All this laid against an Old West gambling ~~xxxx~~ setting that brims over with colorful corroborative detail. Further, the characters are real and sympathetic. So read it as a sort of suspense story about gamblers, read it as a weird tale, read it as some sort of high-flown allegory if you want to (I don't), but don't miss it.

5. *SEX AND/OR MR. MORRISON* by Carol Emshwiller. Well, America (and I suppose most of the world) is undergoing its own Cultural Revolution, and unlike the one in China it is really a cultural revolution. We are asking questions we have previously dared not ask (or even think), saying things we had previously dared not say. Some of it is as silly and trivial as the Free Speech kids marching around hollering "fuck!" "shit!" and other daring naughties (didn't D.H. Lawrence settle that?). But much of it is sane, healthy, vigorous and constructive: the music, the writing, the sexuality, the effort to ingest mind-stimulating rather than mind-deadening materials.

Carol Emshwiller writes about the sexes, about the interest that boys and girls have in each other, in their bodies and in their relationships, and about our ridiculous repressions of this curiosity. Her story is at once amusingly light and profound, and I thought only it science-fictional ending a flaw. If she had written it as a straight, realistic story... But read it anyway. Its ~~x~~ virtues so outweigh its one significant flaw...

6. *AXE, AND GOMORRAH...* by Samuel R. Delany. The phallicism of the rocket ship is long familiar, and more recently we are familiar with the complementary symbol of the giant space wheel. The birthing thrust of Man's drive to travel beyond the amniotic atmosphere of the earth is part of today's mythology, and how great an element of sexual symbolism lies behind the glamour of space remains to be assessed.

Delany assigns a new dimension of sexuality to space travellers -- a new and neuter fraternity of gelded spacemen and spayed spacewomen in the future. [A literal interpretation of the story observes this to rest on an elementary confusion of sterilization with castration; a more penetrating analysis recognizes Delany's psychological acuteness in identifying sterilization with castration.]

And in a world of neuter space travellers, where the price of escape from earth is the abandonment of sexuality, what will the reaction of normally sexed men and women be to returning spacers? The story probes deeply into the reactions ~~of~~ of both the spacers and the "normals" who encounter them on earth.

THE "B"s

DV contains six "A" stories -- five if the flawed ending of SEX AND/OR MR. MORRISON should knock it down a notch, but let's leave it up there. There are nine "B" stories, and I don't use the term as one does "B" movie. The nine are very good stories; very good. It is not their weakness, but the extra strength of the six "A"s that separates the two groups, and even at that several of the "B"s -- Kris Neville's disquieting FROM THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, R.A. Lafferty's ingenious LAND OF THE GREAT HORSES, Ballard's wrenching THE RECOGNITION could easily slip across the line and be considered "A" stories.

The other "B"s, in my opinion, aside from Neville, Lafferty, and Ballard, are the stories by Bob Silverberg, Fred Pohl, Robert Bloch, Larry Eisenberg, John T. Sladek, and Norman Spinrad. All good stories, all well worth reading, all well worthy of a place in a major anthology like DANGEROUS VISIONS.

THE "C"s AND "D"s

That leaves fourteen "C"s and "D"s. I count eight "C"s and will not enumerate the stories or authors. All are perfectly competent, professionally turned out, salable, publishable and readable stories. All would go perfectly well in a typical issue of a typical science fiction or men's magazine.

I am not sure why they are in this book. I suspect that a slimmer volume of DANGEROUS VISIONS would have been a better volume. If only the fifteen "A" and "B" stories had been used, for instance, I think the sheer quality of this book would have been overwhelming. With the "C"s included, the average is pulled down but there's really nothing here to be ashamed of, and the bulk and the contents page look the better.

There are six "D"s -- sub-marginal stories that might have made it in the second- or third-rank SF magazines when the magazine field was bigger than it is now, or that today might make it in the third- or fourth-rank men's magazines. These are the borderliners, the "maybe"s, the kind of manuscript that an editor holds balanced in one hand while he looks at his stock of material. If he's hungry, he buys; if he's full, he bounces.

THE "E"s

Four stories, I think, deserve to be singled out for particular condemnation. Several of the "D"s were so slight that they had almost no value, but at least they were not insults to the reader. Now these four...

Lester del Rey's EVENSONG has god reduced to a poor, hunted, terrified little critter who is finally tracked down and destroyed by Man. Poo?

Henry Slesar's ERSATZ is about this wandering soldier who is taken in by some kind-hearted proles who try to make him happy, but the food is reprocessed sawdust and the wine is some kind of faked quik and the mattress is uncomfortable and -- the shocker, man! -- the sexy babe they send to give him a good lay is -- are you ready? -- a man in drag! Oh, wow.

Poul Anderson's EUTOPIA is about cross-cultural shock when this explorer lands in a society where he seems to be getting along just fine until he buggers the local warlord's son, and then learns that this society doesn't dig buggery. Oh, lordy!

And Theodore Sturgeon...oh, Theodore Sturgeon, the man who brought love and humanity into science fiction as never before...Sturgeon produces the abominable IF ALL MEN WERE BROTHERS, WOULD YOU LET ONE MARRY YOUR SISTER? Now dig this. Somewhere in the universe is a planet where certain very valuable stuff comes from, but when our hero tries to visit there he finds that there's this galaxy-wide conspiracy to keep the planet secret and to keep everybody from going there.

In traditional one-man-against-the-system manner, our hero fights his way to the mystery planet and discovers that everybody there has absolute Peace, Happiness, Sanity, Joy and Health. And the reason they have all these goodies is also the reason that they're shunned by the rest of the planets: they all dig incest! Daddy screws daughter, son socks it to Mom, hub and sis play in the hay, etc., etc.

Now this is upposed to shock hell out of the reader. (Oh, come on!) And it's supposed to be at least a potentially valid idea (seems to me that a number of human societies have practiced incest without rising especially high in the peace-happiness-sanity-joy-and-health sweepsteaks). The whole ~~book~~ thing is presented in a glowing revelatory fashion as if Sturgeon had discovered the Master Key to the Gospels and was presenting it with a flourish to a quiveringly expectant mankind.

Oh, the story is horrible, horrible.

CONCLUSION

DANGEROUS VISIONS was advertised as a landmark volume of science fiction, and I believe that it is exactly that. It had a highly successful sale in the expensive Doubleday edition. As a Book Club selection, Harlan says that it had the lowest rejection-per-member rate in the history of the club, selling over 50,000 copies. As a paperback it should sell hundreds of thousands more.

For the sake of its "A" and "B" stories, it can stand with the best anthologies in the field. The "C"s and "D"s are ignorable or forgivable. The few "E"s...well, when it was good it was very very good and when it was bad....

In terms of its "dangerousness", I suppose it did knock down a few barriers; Farmer's story did, Delany's story may have. And Dick's story sticks and sticks in the brain.

A second volume, to be known as AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS, should be out in the spring of 1972. In addition to all the ground-rules laid down for the first book, Harlan has added the stricture that no author who was present in DV can appear in ADV. That eliminates 32 writers, many of them among the most potent potential competitors around the SF world. But there are, I think, about 380 members of the Science Fiction Writers of America, and that leaves some 350 of them, plus other writers coming from outside our field (or from other countries) to compete for places in ADV.

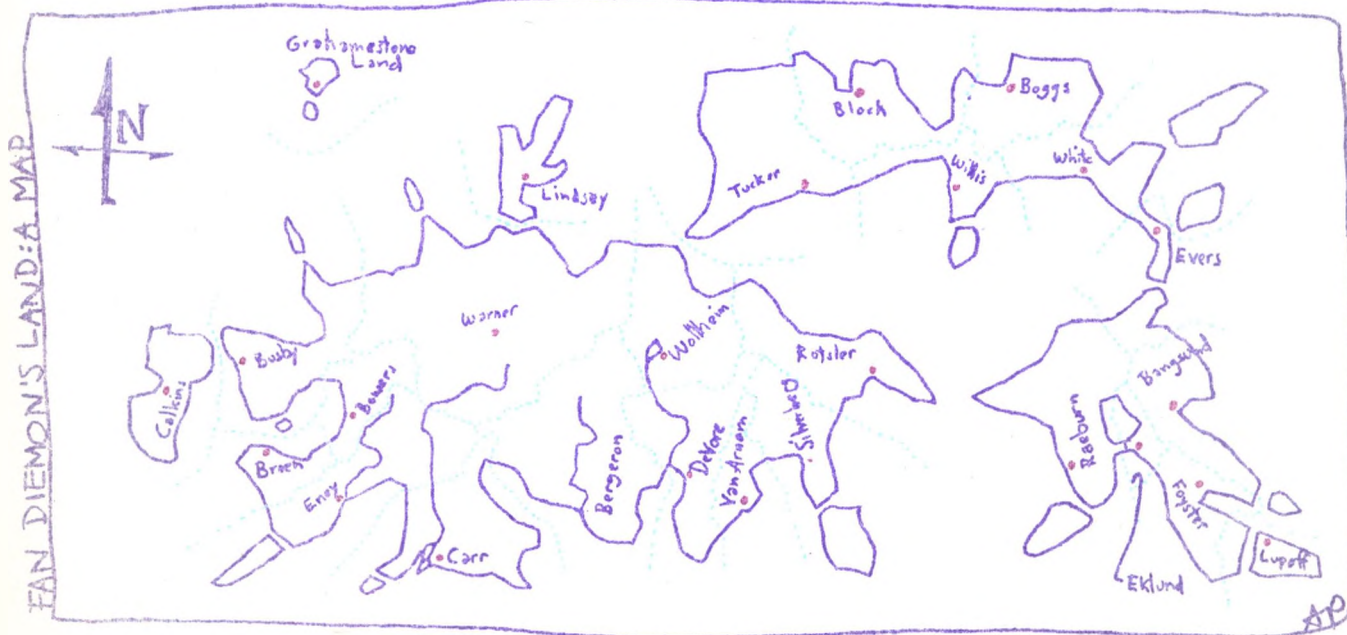
Piers Anthony has stated openly that purely as a matter of ego, he was upset not to have been in DV, and he competed for and won a place in ADV. Jim Blish, one of the really outstanding men in science fiction, was not in DV but told me recently that he hoped to be in ADV. I can say that I myself had a "dangerous vision" that even my agent declined to try to market for me. All sorts of editors said all sorts of nice things about it but they wouldn't lay out contracts. Harlan bought it and it will be in ADV as a novella. I have to say that that sale was a bigger thrill than one to Campbell would have been.

I'm very excited, looking forward to AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS next spring. I think the whole science fiction community will again be excited, as it was by DANGEROUS VISIONS. Meanwhile, if you haven't read the 33 stories, get them in one edition or another and hole up for a solid weekend to read this book!

PRETTY COLORS: A final comment on the mailing (this is the last bit of open exposed master left before I run off the issue) before I run it off: Gregg Calkins' use of interleaved colored mimeo paper is something that is both pleasing to the eye and useful in separating different departments from each other. Very nice, and commendable. Wish I could do it.

THE VERY LAST MINUTE: The man who sold me these masters told me they were good for a run of 1,000 to 1,500. I don't think that's right, and told him. I once did an illo for Steve Stiles' PEN & STYLUS, a portfolio which was distributed at a LunaCon and also went through FAPA (must have been about 1965); pressrun on the illo I did was about 500, the maximum for ditto. Jimmy Taurasi once told me that during the war propaganda leaflets were turned out using special mimeo stencils of etched metal foils (unsure about the composition of the stencils) on mimeo machines that were operated 24 hours at a stretch; pressrun was about 50,000 per stencil. Or so I was told.

Think I'll flesh this master out with an illo. Hope you like my format (didn't break format once, by my reckoning -- 'cept on Dick's review) and my non-revolutionary talkings this issue. This will be postmailed with something by Steve Stiles -- hope to get it in the mails before the postage goes up.



SHOULD BOB SHAW JOIN THE I.R.A.? Only if it's the Fannish IRA -- What is, the Inter-stellar Railfan Association. The idea has been proposed -- by myself, of course, railfandom's own fannish proposer -- that a fannish railfan's association be organized. Shortly after the last issue of TCU was published I received a list of railfan books and magazines for sale -- from Norm Metcalf. And the list of fannish railfen grows ever longer. It includes Elliot Shorter, Ted White, Larry Smith, Frank & Ann Dietz (who are live-steam addicts), Jack Chalker (car-ferries, isn't it, Jack?), Waldemar Kunning, Bruce Pelz, Fred Lerner, George Scithers, Dick Ellington (I think), Harry Warner (talking about inter-urbans certainly qualifies one), Hans-Werner Heinrichs (who works for Marklin), Lee Hoffman (I think), Tony Lewis, Arnie Katz, Stu Brownstein, Bruce Newtrock, Dennis McCunney, and Bob Tucker. To name the ones I know about.

The purpose of the fabulous IRA (fannish version) would be to gather 'round at conventions and drink. Beyond that initial purpose, I don't know what we could do. Maybe collect scientificfictional references to railroads (like that in Big Planet) and publish them for our own amusement.

I do know the time for a fannish railfan club is growing nearer. Open any issue of *Railroad Model Craftsman* and you can see the latest work by one of their staff cartoonists -- Derek Carter.

Time Must Have A Stop

AUNTIE EM CEES ALL/AUNTIE EM CEES ALL/AUNTIE EM CEES ALL/AUNTIE EM CEES ALL/AUNTIE EM

THE RAMBLING FAP 53: Adding another statistic to the roundup of the previous years' Calkins activities, we might add that only 3 members -- Busby, Calkins, Warner -- hit every mailing. Seems to me if you want feedback and egoboo that's the only way to do it. Make sure you're in every mailing, if it's only two pages. Otherwise there's little chance for feedback, and little incentive to contribute. If you learn something in a weekly apa, it's that missing a mailing really messes you up.

SERCON'S BANE 47: Mark Walsted is still around, popping up at various conventions Busby (Boskone and LunaCon, I think). Every now and then I get a blood and sweat story from him in the F&SF slush; he operates out of the Physics dept of the University of Rhode Island. He doesn't dance and prance so much anymore; must be getting old.

Anent your comments about the Nameless Ones, sounds like what happened to New York's FISTFA club: we suffered a horde of what came to be known as Barbarian Invaders which just about killed the enjoyment for the rest of us. So, we retreated to the Fanoclasts. Have noticed a very high percentage of mss. from Seattle-area pipples in the F&SF slush -- usually about 5 a week. Including one from somebody name of Busby -- any relation? Thought of an invite-only club like the Fanoclasts for Seattle? The only solution if you're afraid of hordes of non-fan crashers...

KIM CHI 19: Speaking of old and lost fans, whatever happened to Robin Hood Wood? He Ellington was living in Amador City, and wrote a couple of columns for me before disappearing from fannish ken. And he didn't show up at Davcon, either.

LE MOINDRE 28: Fascinating travel-type report; seeing the places through your eyes plus the knowledge I've picked up on my own. Also had a chance to see an industry-oriented report that covers the same ground as you did,

seeing things through completely different eyeballs.

MOONSHINE 40: Re: Rick's comments about vertical separation in cons, after the mess
Moffatts that the LunaCon came to here in New York (too large, deluges of fans
that have to be catered to, so the con will be larger next year) I've
been thinking of staging a convention on my own here, unrelated to the LunaCon. Two
prerequisites: no huckster room, and a swimming pool required. Try a midwestcon-type
setup here, and see how it works. Or maybe not, and just think about trying it.

TWENTILTH CENTURY UNLIMITED: After seeing how the cover was murdered by the printer
Self I had the cover for this issue printed by good old un-
reliable Al Schuster. He may be slow, but his printing
is pretty good. The screen used on this cover was the same as the last issue's cover,
but the results are a lot better.

DIASPAR 14: I asked Terry, and he told me that after he uses it, he throws his art
Terry Carr away. Now, maybe I'm the only one who saves used artwork, but it seems
to me that used artwork, especially when it's by people like ATOM, de-
serves to be kept. I wouldn't have minded hanging some of the artwork in this issue
on my walls; but you threw it out! It is to knash the teeth and think dark thoughts.
(Did you throw out the Bode illo? I know Vaughn likes all his artwork back after
use; surely that one too didn't go into the trash basket.)

The con report, as always, was fascinating. Definitely Terry Carr for best fan
writer, come Hugo time...

PORTFOLIO: Your portfolio, as always, represents some really fine graphic design work.
Bergeron My only regret is that the art from ALGOL reproduced so poorly (the same
printer that screwed up last issue's cover, incidentally). The flowing
line, the sense of proportion and design are all real-true-good. [Hell, you know
what I mean -- the way something looks, whether it looks good or bad to you --
that's the important thing in any person's art. Not whether other people like it,
but whether or not you find it pleasing to yourself. Egoboo is all very nice and
good, but it's yourself that you're trying to please, and what it all boils down to
is ~~what~~ whether or not you liked it when you did it and when you look at it now.
You're an artist; you know that.]

The pieces I liked best were: the long, flowing, fish/spaceship design; The
lion-maned thing with hands crossed: the height of the simple lined, expanded pen-
cil drawing that you've refined to a simple creative process; the cover for ENCLAVE,
besides being the perfect example of the process of grease-pencil and exacto-knife
(that is the process used, isn't it?) is a finely balanced, very beautifully exac-
uted design in itself; the photomontage cover for WARHOON 25 -- something we've sel-
dom seen from you but hopefully, more frequent now that offset has taken a larger
place in fandom.

I must admit that your long series of Robot-evolutionary pieces never really
inspired me. I've done a lot of evolutionary-type drawings, some of which are in
circulation; most others haven't gone beyond my inactive files.

I have done quite a lot of evolutionary geo-political map-type things; I'm
sure you've seen some of them in worldcon and regional artshows when you've snuck in
under pseudonyms and in your own guise. Unfortunately, they're more for fun than for
reproduction.

Chick Chandler And His Incredible Janglemobile



Twentieth Century Unltd (2)