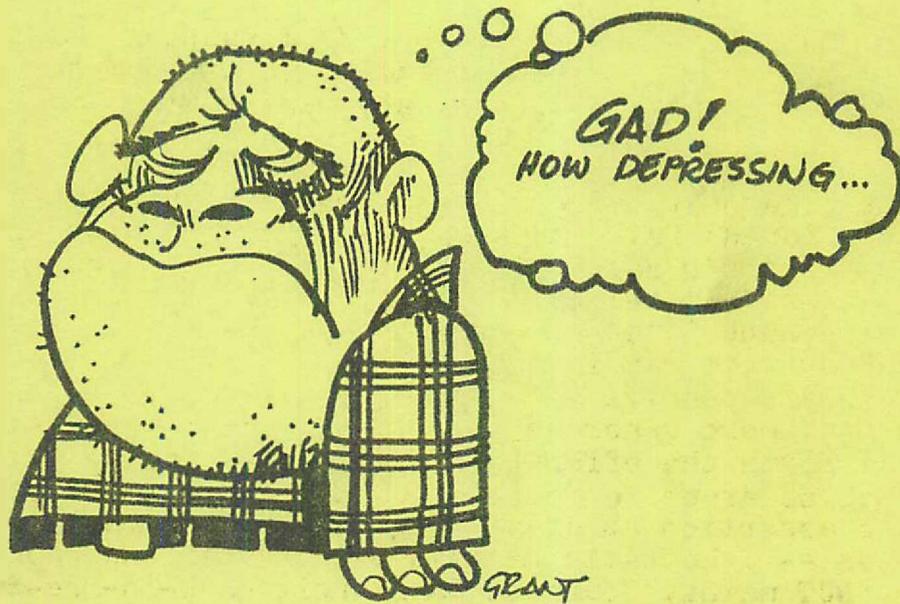


special
all-pumpkin
issue

SCIENTIFRICTION 3



OCTOBER 1975

SCIENTIFRICTION

September, 1975

1. The Trial of Cracker Jack

"Dear Sweepstakes Winner:

"You and a guest are invited to Billy Jack vs. The Critics Contest/Sweepstakes awards ceremony, luncheon Tuesday... Stars of 'The Trial of Billy Jack' will attend, everyone will receive free posters, record albums, and guided tour of the studio..."

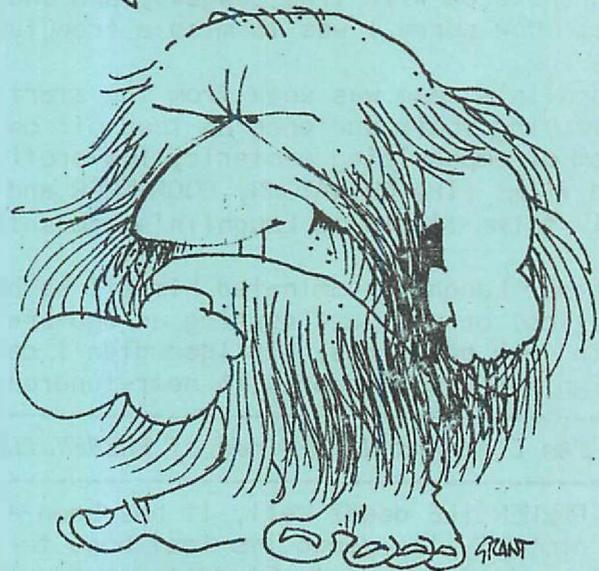
Last April, Variety carried advertisements for the Billy Jack vs. The Critics Contest, soliciting the hordes of everyday people who read Variety and love the truths of Chairman Billy to write in 300 words maximum about Why Are The Critics Out Of Touch With The Audience They Supposedly Serve? -- ads accompanied by several thousand words by Tom Laughlin on the same topic practically exhausting everything you could say if you assumed a priori that the critics were out of touch. And, that they existed to serve the audience in the first place. The contest, intended as the promotional spearhead for the re-release of "The Trial Of Billy Jack", became something of a millstone around the corporate neck when the movie flopped on its initial LA return. Now the courts look with critical eye on companies who default on contests, and the Irish-looking Indian of the flying feet, Billy Jack, would certainly have shit all over his escutcheon if a contest held in his glorious, moral, shiningly ethical name were turned into a kind of scamola.

In Bowling Green, at the Popular Culture department where the weekly Wednesday Variety is eagerly awaited, chairman Mike Marsden xeroxed and posted the contest announcement. Almost immediately everyone decided that, well, shucks, if anybody can dump on the critics with expert disingenuity it ought to be us, b'gad, and we can use the addresses of the California PC gradasses to cloak ourselves with the appearance of The Real Thing. (The contest was limited to Southern California Residents Only.) Why should we do it best? Why, because at least half the people around have been movie critics at one time or another...

Yet the contest idea seemed to float along ignored. Ultimately Dave Feldman (Penguin Dave) and I entered, staying up late at night before the postmark deadline to polish our blasts then get them in the mail to LA. Nobody else from Bowling Green bothered.

Well (sound of snapping fingers), we didn't win the \$25,000 first prize. Nor the

NOW!
LET'S GET
DOWN TO
BUSINESS!



\$10,000 second prize. In fact we didn't win any of the cash, cars, color tvs or any of the first line prizes. The seven major prizes were awarded by the agency handling the contest to the authors of their seven favorite entries. Afterwards the whole lot was thrown into the hopper and the myriad secondary goodies randomly distributed. Thousands of prizes, from bikes to hand calculators, were given away. Here Penguin Dave and I managed to cash in on our wee-hours scribbling. I copped a 10-speed bike while he picked up a hand calculator. My as-yet unassembled Taiwanese specialty turned up at the beginning of the month.

Unfortunately neither of us was in town for the winners luncheon. How sorry I was to pass up the electric thrill of communing with Tom Laughlin and Delores Taylor, being showered with free gewgaws, and shuttling around the back lots at Warner Brothers. How sorry I was to miss a free lunch!

Laughlin's case was weak from the start: in accusing critics of cliquishness and betraying their audience he teed off on their best-of-the-year lists, accusing them of emphasizing esoteric, low-profit, artsyfarty films -- when every list included films like CHINATOWN, GODFATHER and other hits from that season. About the only films liable to Laughlin's accusation were the entries by Renoir and Fellini.

Whether Laughlin nominated himself as box-office demagogue against the patrician critics, or was just nursing an ego-bruise left over from BILLY JACK by salving it with cash poultices, his idea didn't catch fire the way he anticipated and the campaign was disposed of with near-funereal silence.

2. *The Life And Hard Times of PREHENSILE...*

Is PREHENSILE dead? Well, it has been a suspiciously long time between breaths... It probably is, since its last hope for revival rests with the Bowling Green State University's Graduate Student Senate. The GSS administers "Research and Professional Development Awards" and gives reimbursements, mainly, to BG grad students for various expenses connected with their theses etc. I typed up a spiel describing PRE as ghu's gift to the future professional editor and a certain way for the GSS to shower itself with glory. So far I've heard nothing. I'm starting to get very uptight generally about never hearing from agencies I apply to. Fair enough if I don't get the cash, but to be denied the dignity of a reply... Same thing happened with the application for a 13-week work-experience internship I applied to the National Endowment for the Arts for: no reply, just a cryptic envelope full of blank applications for the spring edition. I am to gather that my application for the fall didn't make it, no doubt. Still I ripped off a hot letter to the program administrator, not out of any expectation of having anything done, just to, ahem, share the misery.

Meanwhile I've been sitting out an application for unemployment benefits. Evidently even terminated graduate assistants can cash in. Though the only evidence I have is that my claim was accepted for processing by the local office -- which only handles the paperwork for a case actually disposed by Ohio. And I've gotten no checks from Ohio yet. They're certainly doing nothing to encourage my continued unemployment -- but I'm persistent... Or else I'm becoming the real life version of Monty Python's invisible man; two job applications also went unanswered.

3. *Wheezy Rider*

Finishing my master's work at Bowling Green was the usual hurry-up-and-wait proposition -- days of typing followed by days of waiting for my thesis committee to get around to riffling through the pages and approving it -- then days more of picky typing for the final draft which must be set lawlessly done.

Part of the dead time was spent wandering through the BGSU Popular Culture "archive

-- a mysterious collection secreted in an upper floor of the one-time library (now Graduate School headquarters). While Deb Hammer-Johnson explored and cataloged its large (but far from comprehensive) comic book collection I wandered through hideously neat shelves of vast numbers of magazines. From time to time an item of fan-nish relevance would crop up. Usually it was a dittoed zine of two or four pages. Often it mentioned Nan Gerding, though authored by fans I'd rarely heard of, from bygone days. One of the collected bits was a letterpress, handset pamphlet entitled EGCECO by an unnamed Kansas City fan. It was a scientificfictional satire of fannish life, featuring archvillain Vermillion Swampwater. That was the lone name in the story that seemed of any fannish relevance; in fact the only name at all I recall. And the camouflaged butt is about as subtly concealed as a decapitation. Clearly someone had donated a SAPS mailing of undetermined 1950s origin to the collection, and the archivist had dutifully scattered its components in alphabetical order throughout the many aisles of shelves. Still I'm curious to know, if anyone remembers, who might have had it in for Redd Boggs enough in the 50s to devote the energy to his satirization, who lived in KC and used a letterpress.

In due time -- overdue time? -- the thesis was approved, filed, defended, and disposed of. That was on a Friday morning: I immediately left town and stayed that night with Ross Pavlac: regrettably leaving behind the best friends I've ever had.

For a variety of reasons, I was leaving the driving to Greyhound. How Fred MacMurray has avoided pneumonia this long eludes me: Greyhound buses are all thoroughly posted with signs describing the Federal smoking prohibitions. These are unenforced and ignored by riders. What is more, the circulation on a bus wafts the billowing tobacco smoke forward anyway. This combines with erratic air conditioning to produce misery: except that it would cause a riot, I'd rather ride with a window open than the way it is currently set.

Pavlac is a true friend, and I much appreciated his hospitality. I needed to get moving, to start putting myself back together. He added master touches all along the way: Domino's pizza (mushroom and double-cheese), and the opportunity to see MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL and LOVE AND DEATH all in the same evening. The Python's picture is absurdly funny, more organized than most of their material ever was yet (in my view) not sacrificing either spontaneity or freshness.

The arrangement for LOVE AND DEATH came from a Columbus radio station's promo, giving away free tickets to the local premiere. Scheduled for midnight, the film didn't get off until quarter of one. The ever-swelling crowd jammed the theater's foyer, turning it into a tropical jungle, smoke-scented, with popcorn machine percussion. A bevy of Columbus fans pressed around us at the head of the line: including one cold-stricken femmefan who sneezed around indiscriminately. Including all over me. I owe one of the colds I got on the homebound trip to her, I'm sure. In that feverish air threats of violence were insincerely shouted from the rear of the mob, pardon me, mob, but there were no ears for them to fall on. Finally the theater manager, the arch Ohio entrepreneur in his 42 short portly tweed suit, torturing a pungent cigar, strolled through and made the appropriate heavy-handed noises ("If you don't hold it down there'll be no showing!") a performance that would have been bravado in another town and was strictly bullshit here.

You say it's unfair to weigh a film against interminable waiting, mob frenzy, and the risk of disease? I say if they'd brought LOVE AND DEATH to my home and served me expensive wine while it played upon the wall it'd be a turkey all the same. Its single joke is tediously repeated: a hurried gobbledygook of philosophical burlesque. The fact that it is a broad and complex parody of great Russian novels fails to make it either funny or significant. The incongruous mouthings, Bugs Bunny slapstick and usual Allen embarrassment-humor combine into Thanksgiving dinner's main course. (But, again, I would have gone to see it sometime: how delightful to

get an early shot at it.)

On Sunday I left for Chicago from the Columbus bus station and spent most of the day in transit. This included a long drive through Indianapolis, the only city on the trip that seemed not to have a decaying center. (Bus riders know that one can always tell where the worst part of town is by the fact that Greyhound has its station there). There was a gaudy A-frame porno store almost every five blocks, but some might regard that as a form of progress... Indianapolis is also decorated by the gaudiest and grandest war memorial I've ever seen -- spraying fountains and skyscraper white figures commemorating the Civil War: only the Temple Square in Salt Lake City is more characteristic of American architecture, which is the long way of saying it's grotesque but it could grow on you.

Dave Feldman now lives in Chicago (teaching two courses this fall at Roosevelt University) about two thirds of a mile from Wrigley Field. I stayed with him a couple days: Ro Nagey was setting out on a three-week vacation and we'd arranged to get together in Chicago. Meanwhile I discovered that it cost only \$5 more to fly from Chicago to LA than it did to travel by bus -- an absurd situation, but one that simplified and quickened my return home.

4. "If you don't say anything, you won't be called upon to repeat it." --Coolidge

If the coffee shop served witch hazel and factory second tacos for \$35 a plate, or a gourmet smorgasbord for \$5 24 hours a day; if there were all-night movies or they locked the function rooms at 5pm and booted roomless fans out of the hotel at midnight; if the SFWA room was the Presidential Suite or a door opening onto the fire escape: it would have practically no impact on my enjoyment of a convention. By now when I attend a con I can only be counted on to attend masquerades, awards and goh speeches (and sometimes not masquerades, which outside California tend to be abysmal). The rest of the program serves only to fill a slow hour. And by that token I find that the con committee exercises very little influence over the convention features I am most interested in: room parties, the contents of the art show, the quality and price of items in the huckster room, the out-of-towners in attendance, the conversations to be had and the deals to be consummated. I suspect this is largely true for most readers, though naturally it is untrue for the majority of convention attendees; about the only thing a concom ever provides us is the occasional con suite party. And since even that is an unheard-of notion at West Coast cons, where the tightfisted cheapass concom is legendary about the only use the committee is is to keep the hotel off our backs.

Therefore I hope Chuck Crayne won't take it too hard when I say that the NASFiC was the most boring convention I ever attended, the most tiresome, the most depressing. Without the Anthonys and Steve Simmons and the timely appearance of Elst. Weinstein I'd not have returned after the LASFS meeting Thursday night.

To mention the con itself, however, consider. Harlan Ellison introduced the NASFiC showing of A BOY AND HIS DOG. Ellison, of course, was Pro Goh. This was not the rough work-cut shown at DISCON, for it had titles, fully edited sound, and other professional touches. There was one simple drawback. AGAIN one of the rented projectors broke down, and AGAIN the film was shown interruptedly. I left in the middle. But sometime I would like to see A BOY AND HIS DOG made into a full length feature film: even as a serial it's shown great potential.

There were at least 1100 people registered at the con, according to the committee and the numbers I saw popping up on badges during the weekend. I constantly wondered where the other 700 people were -- even at the main functions it was hard to believe more than 400 could be accounted for, and during the days the convention area of the Marriott Hotel -- which is an impressive facility -- seemed less crowded than

the lobby. The people supervising memberships did not seem to be anyone I'd ever seen -- I don't know whether they were rented, or relatives. Most of the usual LA conrunning staff declined to work for the bid that had defeated them: a quite intelligent decision I think, but surely a superb decision politically, and a really peachy decision where it counts: in the revenge department. Of course they weren't at all missed from their administrative capacities. But since they were the only ones throwing open parties, their presence was surely felt and appreciated -- at least appreciated for however long it took to drain away the drinks and devour the eats. Previous LA conbids are the textbook example on why parties fail to win conventions. Few in LA have bothered to revise their thinking, though, because they really love giving parties. And perpetually overrely on their bid's strength in the face of a permanent anti-LA sentiment. To wit: the Vancouver bid for Westercon proposed to house the con in a dorm which has only gang baths, and abysmal facilities. This bidding group had not even attempted to bargain with a hotel for a site. LA, on the other hand, offered another interzonal bid. LA lost, and now fan will likely have a boot camp-like con in '77. (Except for all the pros and many fans who are already organizing to stay at a motel and shuttle daily.) LA's Pacificon III bid is coasting along under the usual strategy, while in San Francisco the fanpols grope for some hotel that hasn't already been booked up for '78. When they find one we can anticipate a bid that will give LASFSians/concommers a real run for their money. Complacency, however, and naturally, rules now. If given enough time and sufficient old-guard campaigning from the north end of a beer can, they'll find a way to give away the '78 worldcon.

Dr. J. E. Pournelle must be credited with primary responsibility for my making any remarks about NASFiC, though. Throughout the weekend it was amply demonstrated that Dr. Pournelle enjoys the respect and friendship of most of his professional colleagues. His fiction is well appreciated by most readers, he has been often nominated for awards. At NASFiC each of his panel appearances, particularly his speech, received due respect and crowd applause. A fan would have reason to ask why a man with such a lot going for him would so frequently behave as if he felt threatened by the remarks made or likely to be made in a low-circulation zine that, assuredly, is NOT taken as gospel by its readers, and for which he has no respect anyway.

"Well, Mr. Glycer, I see you didn't like our book." Dr. Pournelle wandered through the crowd at Thursday night's meet-the-pros party and immediately made his point. He'd already been browbeating Keller for the review of A MOTE IN GOD'S EYE published in PREHENSILE 14, I'd gathered from snippets of conversation drifting through LASFS, though Keller wouldn't be prodded into specifics, in fact verged on the penitent.

It was shortly after that opening that I found myself accused of masterminding slams against MOTE by scouting around for a bad review: which review was wrong and vituperative to boot. The professional reviewers liked the book very well, but the fans hadn't gotten with it, it seemed. Keller, I was told, had picked out this little point (and misquoted it, or taken it out of context) and devoted a third of a page to badmouthing it.

At one time I was still naive enough to think that Dr. Pournelle constantly called me "Mr." Glycer because he'd forgotten my first name. Only recently did I revert to the formality, to avoid a familiarity that pointedly wasn't reciprocated.

All the same I'm sure nobody cares about such unpleasantries. But it's getting on my case. And that weekend exacerbated matters severely. Though Dr. Pournelle had quickly accused me of conspiring to dump on his book Thursday evening ended without much reason to write a NASFiC report, and I wasn't even taking notes.

By the way. Read Keller's review. Keller doesn't spend a third of a page on anything, and the longest segment related to that quote is the quote itself. And did I go out

and pick and choose from my multiple submissions until I found a punishing review of A MOTE IN GOD'S EYE? Why is it assumed that anyone who dislikes the book is robbed of all integrity? If Stan Burns had wanted to review A MOTE IN GOD'S EYE his review would have appeared with Keller's, as I explained. Burns had been shown the novel in manuscript. He said he enjoyed the book (as a finished product in hardback). He played poker weekly with Niven and Pournelle and the rest. But since Dr. Pournelle has recently shown himself uncomfortable with all ~~the~~ wholly favorable notices, one might better understand why an LA reviewer would grow reticent to review a work by him. And is that exactly what he wants?

An author so sensitive and meticulous in patrolling who criticizes him and his work and for what might be expected to extend sympathy to other authors' egos, and allow them shortcomings without abuse. Well, he would if he thought he had ever written anything that abysmal himself. In other words, no chance. The next day Pournelle gave a speech (as part of the NASFiC program) entirely devoted to shaming and burlesquing some new nonfiction (of admittedly shoddy quality). The speech was wildly applauded.

Then Saturday evening I came upon this scene in the hall: about thirty laughing young fans surrounding Dr. Pournelle as he joined in a sarcastic reading of Monteleone's SEEDS OF CHANGE, the first of the Laser Book line edited by Elwood. Dr. Pournelle picked out inconsistencies (like one line which says there are no guns on Mars, and the later scene where nine guards appear with guns) and unleashed full acid on them in a voice like Frank Morgan (the Wizard of Oz) on reds.

Upstairs at Keith Kato's chili party I entered to find Dr. Pournelle had arrived beforehand. He said, "You walked out in the middle, downstairs."

"I walked in in the middle."

"I want to give you the bottom line on what you saw," he explained. Dr. Pournelle proceeded to say that he'd come upon the fans performing their own oral surgery on the book. He wanted to stop it, but you can't just clamp down on these things, he said. So he played along for awhile and bested them at their own game. Then he cut it off and explained to them that one shouldn't judge Monteleone on one bad book, that he'd done other, better writing, that Elwood should have exercised better editorial discretion than to let such prose go by untouched. To me he said that he didn't blame Monteleone for writing everything he could sell: that Monteleone was a guard in a mental hospital and wanted to get the hell out of that job. By the end of the explanation, the bottom line was Dr. Pournelle had done a good friend a kindness by publicly ridiculing his work.

"Any prose read in that tone of voice will appear laughable," I argued.

"Not true, Mr. Glycer. And if I had written anything that bad I might get the same treatment. But you can't find anything that bad by me, now can you, Mr. Glycer?"

"From what I've seen at this convention you command a great deal of respect. You need have done no more than tell them to knock it off." They'd have evaporated, ashamed. Especially if he used that tone of voice on them instead of Monteleone.

"I don't think so, Mr. Glycer."

If you'll review the close-ordered sequence of these events you'll begin to understand why NASFiC was not an enjoyable convention for me.

5. *There must be some reason I didn't stay in the midwest. If I could only remember*

You want to know about LASFS? Well, you've just read part of what it's all about. Even when you don't go looking for trouble, trouble comes looking for you.

Most of the material in this issue was received at or as the result of Midwestcon. Leah Zeldes' Herbangelism essay and Glicksohn's column; then when Sam Long stayed with me a couple days on the way from Midwestcon to FanFair II, his poetry; and my Midwestconreport. Since I haven't got a worldcon to attend this year and write about, Midwestcon will serve admirably as a replacement.

I have a lot of half-completed editorial material around my desk now. It's a matter of deciding what to hang onto and what to send to people who have requested material. Ironically Tim Kyger fell heir to an article I'd mailed to Dave Locke and never heard from him about. Locke said at NASFiC he'd never gotten it. So I'll have to see what I can do in that department. Meanwhile Ro Nagey has promised me a cooking column in exchange for something on cons. (Should have sent him section 4 -- that'd shut his fanzine down tighter than a Buchmanesque virgin...)(Buchman's perpetual "Was it a tight one?" noted.) One of these fragments is getting less seasonal all the time, though, so if you'll permit:

6. *Natural Man*

Bowling Green, indeed, has seasonal changes. There is Winter, which lasts from mid-November until early May. There is that brief rush of spring, condensed like a Braverman film, that lasts two weeks in May. Then there is summer, when humidity suddenly smothers the town like a vaporous deadfall, and temperatures skyrocket. That lasts until autumn, which begins in late September. Then the mad cycle starts all over again, as leaves and temperatures drop apace,

Summer cascades over the office sill like air in a con bidding party at four in the morning, damp air drowning me in my own sweat, air spiced with second-hand smells of ground-out Camels and stale Right Guard. They welcome winter when it comes to Ohio, morbidly admire it. I know why, now.

Winter, grip weakening, still hoevered as an overcast threatening rain as May wound down. Ross Pavlac ventured north from the Avenging Aardvark's aerie to overnight in Bowling Green en route to Ann Arbor. In my office I avidly listened to him discuss computers and artificial intelligence (the innards of a story I've wanted to write).

Out on the lawn near my window in University Hall squirrels trotted under trees, running from people who chased them with peanuts. Only an urban hick, the LA kid, finds squirrel feeding a new and fascinating pasttime. When Pavlac exhausted his file of computeriana, I produced a pocketful of peanuts and dragged him outside to help me feed the squirrels.

Living in the city my education in things rustic came from elementary school books and Disney cartoons and most of what I remember is wrong anyway. Around here squirrels don't stuff hollow trees full of nuts and hole up in them all winter. When it's snowing or the ground is covered, they sleep. Then, once the worst is over, they're back out again trying to find the nuts they hid in the grass and around the bases of trees. I mention this to point out that if ever there was a time to feed the squirrels it would be in winter, when they need it. Nobody does, though. Including me. Who wants to stand around in 18 degree weather with a wind chill factor of 15, freezing his own nuts off, just to throw peanuts at squirrels?

When spring comes, the snow melts away and it's a different story. At first a few

remember, and bring a handful of nuts to tempt squirrels to eat from their palms. (Cancel those italics.) Then the first sunny, 50 degree sunshiny afternoon comes, too cold to sunbathe (but only too cold by a couple degrees). Just right for feeding squirrels. Everybody is suddenly out there tracking down the furry beggars. There's lines forming, or at least people waiting at the periphery to have a turn at some band of squirrels other feeders are now attending. The squirrels grab nuts and run into trees to shell and eat them, before coming down for more. People run around looking for them in trees, to sit beneath and wait their turn.

It might go on forever like this, but it doesn't. Soon the weather turns vicious and few idle around the college lawns. That doesn't mean the squirrels have lost their taste for peanuts, though. Soon they're laying in wait: two and three trot out in front of a pedestrian or even bikerider and squat paws outstretched, blocking one's way in mute extortion.

Squirrels can't get accustomed to being a seasonal diversion.

MINIREVIEWS BY STAN BURNS

ORBIT 16 ed. by Damon Knight, Harper 1975 \$8.95

This latest collection of original stories contains several fair effort, and one outstanding novelette. "The Skinny People of Leptophlebo Street" is a fair Lafferty story, but does not really connect the way his better stories do. Only about 60% effective, rather than a hundred percent. Eleanor Arnason's "The House By The Sea" is a rather amusing combination of science fiction and Gothic horror, "Not to speak of the noises the troglodytes made at night in the basement." William F. Orr's "Euclid Alone" is a Silverberg type introspective story about what goes on in a Scientist's head as he goes about trying to suppress the publication of a paper disproving Euclidian geometry and most of modern mathematics. It is a thoughtful, well-written story with great emphasis given to some fine characterization. Silverberg could have done it better, but...

The story that saves this collection is Joan Vinge's superb novelette "Mother and Child." Told in three different parts by three different first-person narrators, it tells the story of Etaa, who is 'priestess' of a simple agricultural/herder community. The first part tells of her early life, told through the person of her husband -- how they meet, grow together, marry, and how she finally conceives a child -- a rarity in this disease-swept lost colony of human souls. The second part details her capture by the king of a neighboring kingdom (the narrator), and of the war that results from his failure to return her to her people, keeping her child as his own heir. The third story tells of how 'allen' observers spirit her away to another world in a power play of their own bent on controlling her world's destiny through her child. The plotting is hardly exceptional -- if this was all there was to it I could easily dismiss the story as another 'read and toss' effort. But the characterization is handled so well; the style is so superior to the average sf story; the mood that is established by the use of three narrators and their three different points of view; the total brilliance of the writing is such that it set this story far above that of everyday sf. While I found the conclusion pedestrian, overall the story is of such a caliber as the guarantee its notice in next year's awards race. If it is not, I will be both surprised and disappointed.

+++++

I

shybird sky is
 the shape of grace rolled into one piece
 (to see it certain,
 build more roads into the
 hills): just as an age full
 of marvels out of dung,
 the sky adds
 wrapped wings to sky, and bends
 a little less--
 men see this

II

each time there is a word
 or new shade-mode
 to consider,
 the question I ask is:
 does the
 code permit it? does it hold
 the strengths of my old age?

 while each clock kiss
 tenders ghosts toward glowing--
 can a throat be encoded?

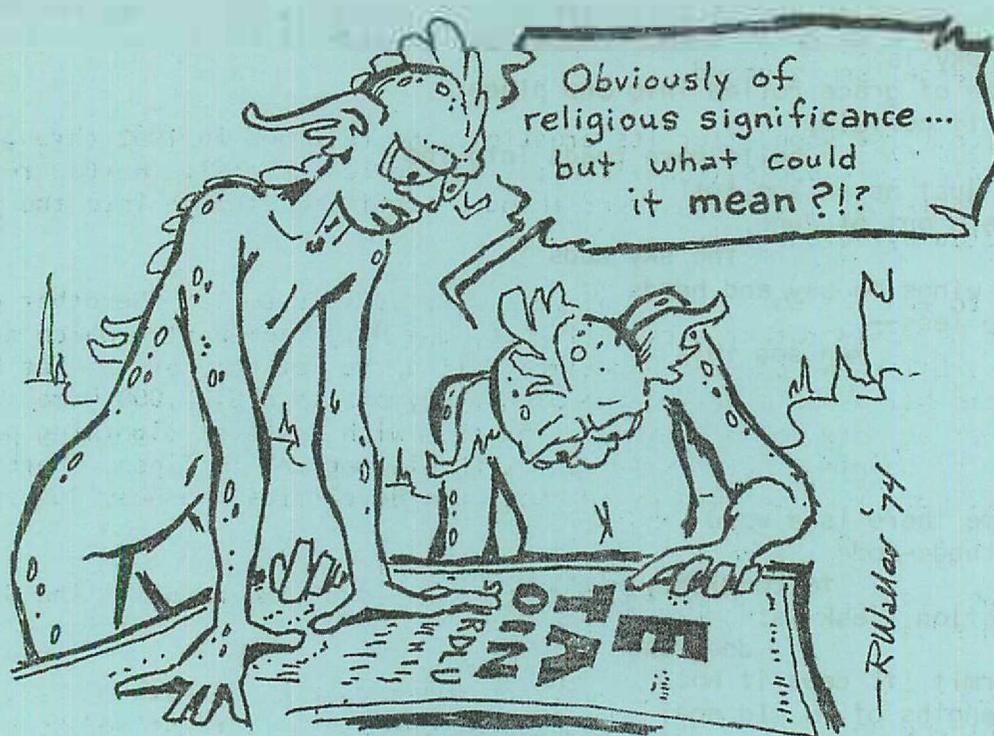
III

outwind blown from here
 tongues crystal sun, which
 pulls back sudden as ever,
 shivers a wilder moment, may
 now be praying for never again

 poor animal star
 your fertility
 at best last a whisper
 and bluedeath moves in after

 and outwind lost as well--
 we all of us
 grow sullen

TRIPTYCH
 ALJO SVOBODA



HERBANGELISM

LEAH ZELDES

Herbangelism, simply defined, is pantheistic, a neo-paganist religion still in its early, formational stages. It was founded in California in 1969 by Elliot Weinstein (also known as Elst, High Priest and Chief Expounder of the Truthe), Glenn Mitchell, Hugh Kramer (co-founders of the Druff cult within Herbangelism), Murray Siegel, and Richard Levin. It was carried on by Weinstein, Mitchell and Kramer until 1972, when the first church outside California was founded. As of March, 1975, there were approximately 120 members of the church, spread across 25 states, Canada, the Netherlands, France, Australia, Mexico and Great Britain.

Herbangelism is related to science fiction fandom in that the majority of its

1. Herbangelism has a unique system of spelling. Such words as "ghod" and "bheer" are adopted from the jargon of science fiction fandom, while others, such as "treu" "religio," and "evial" seem to be original Herbangelist creations. Spelling is not always constant from one Herbangelist writing to another.

2. The only copies of the Testaments available to this writer are from 1965-1967, so I am unable to give any personal confirmation of the revelation.

members are science fiction fans. As a result it has adopted many of the idiosyncracies of the group.

Like Hinduism, Herbangelism is polytheistic and incorporates a large pantheon of ghods.¹ Chief of these ghods is Herbie Popnecker, Creator of the Universe, and the ghod for whom Herbangelism is named.

Herbie left this universe soon after its creation. He returned in 1962 through his revelation in Herbie comic books (sometimes called the Testaments). Herbie revealed himself in 1969. This was later confirmed through studious research into the previous comics conducted by Herbangelists.²

Herbie is able to run the universe by himself, but prefers to let the other ghods do it for him, as he would rather suck lollipops, the Holy Implements, which are associated with peace, bliss and power. Sometimes called the Fat Fury or the Fat Fuher, Herbie is a supreme being who lives on top of Mt. Olympus in a \$100,000 home. He manifests his anger at mere mortals by -lasting them with bolts of lightning plucked from his nose, or by bopping them on the head with his magical lollipop. Herbie has many kinds of lollipops to give him special powers. He carries the Holy Sucker and may use that to punish those who do not SIN.

SIN is an important concept in Herbangelism and is NOT the same as sin. The Herbangelists put it this way:

....In Herbangelism we promise whatever thou doest that be not sin is SIN, which is right and holy. And SIN be just what one feels is right and Holy, pleasurable, joyous and guiltless....

....Morals should be sufficiently lax so as to make any 'sin' that usually causes only the slurring of the name to be regarded as moral. Very few things are sin but many are SIN-ful. At this time I should clarify that SIN and sin are not synonymous. SIN is encouraged while sin is evial....³

There are other ghods and major figures in Herbangelism besides Herbie which form an important part of the "religio." The four eldest are Cash, the almighty ghod of money (it is said that Cash was a Madison Avenue accountant until his rise to ghodhood); Devonisus, the ghod of gourmets; Drunkus, the ghod of Wine, Women and Whoopie (possibly related to the Greek Dionysos); and least of the Elder ghods, Kaballa, the kybo ghod. In 1974 there were 103 ghods; four demi-ghods (including KashaVaniska, demi-ghod of that noodle delight, which is the Holy Pablum of the ghods); seven Others (mostly archangels, but this group also includes Posternak, the supreme being of evial⁴); 12 saints (beginning with the Four Gossips, first of whom is St. Spiro of the Mouth); eight prophets; four holy men; seven soothsayers; five wizards; 20 daemons; four heroes; four ringers (including Ma Belle, the daemon-ghoddes of Frustration); seven reverends; and 17 Holy places and things. These numbers are liable to increase without notice, due to the following Herbangelist policy:

Any body may submit themselves to any post if:

1. To ghodhood they do a service and donate \$50.
 2. To demi-ghodhood they do a service and donate \$25.
 3. Sainthood, daemonhood, they do a major service or donate \$25.
 4. Lesser states they do a service or donate \$10.
- Nominating OTHERS is still free of charge.⁵

3. Elst, "Letters to the Apans, Herbapa #1, The Herbangelist Babble Society, North Hollywood, 1973.

4. Oddly enough, it is Cash, not Posternak, who holds the deed to Hell. He won it from Posternak in a poker game.

The Herbangelist hierarchy is as follows: Herbie, of course, is the most powerful. Then is the first generation of ghods; next, the second generation and all succeeding generations. After that are the archangles, saints, prophets, holy men, wizards, soothsayers, and reverends. Beings of evial are the demi-ghod, Posternak, the Daemons and monsters. Supernatural beings such as ghosts, ghouls, werewolves, witches, warlocks and so forth are not considered innately evial and so may be enlisted by either side. On the "unHoly" side, the Church of Herbangelism is set up like the Roman Catholic Church. First the Pope (the last one was the "infamous dummi-Pope Hyman Sisman, who lost his job due to his excommunicating everybody."⁶ There is at present no Herbangelist Pope; the highest official of the Church is Elst, the High Priest), then the Virgin Murray (Siegel), founder of the Church, and after that the lower priests and priestesses.

Another major concept of Herbangelism is the Jihad. The Jihad is a Holy War. According to Elst, since the main objective of Herbangelism is to try to convert all science fiction fans, the Jihad is really a war against sanity, as only the less serious would want to join. It is customary for the High Priest to close all letters to Church members, "Yours in the Jihad."

Probably the most important principle in Herbangelist theology is the concept of dualism and bi-polarity which pervades it. Herbangelism is much like Mithraism in this respect, and also seems to borrow heavily from the Oriental concept of Yin and Yang. Because of this, Herbangelist theology seems to contain many contradictory passages.

A primary creed concerns truth and nontruth and their indistinguishability outside of the absolute sense. This is based on the Platonic idea that all anyone can be aware of through one's senses is the imperfect shadow of the real thing and not the thing itself in its absolute sense. Herbangelists contend that because of this man can never experience anything that is absolute, and since he cannot experience absolute truth, there must be an element of non-truth in it. If one does not know how much is true, then it must be assumed that all things are relative outside of the absolute sense. By accepting this, one agrees that truth and nontruth are relative, and as such are indistinguishable. Other dualistic concepts which permeate Herbangelism also deal with this principle of necessary opposites and their indistinguishability in confusion, and include sense and nonsense, wisdom and stupidity, creation and destruction, natural and supernatural, good and evial, SIN and sin, etc. The following illustrates its duality:

For hath not the Lord Herbie so sayeth: 'Knowledge that cometh from the twin pods of the Universes, in all its Holy might, wouldst not exist without its opposite, for there could be no knowledge without the absence of knowledge. When I created the universe we are in now, the destruction of such was also made, and so everything has in it its means of destruction; destroy it and it lives forever. RE Creation, therefore, creation and destruction are the same, hence the Truthe is equivalent to Lies and Heresies. Hence: The Book of the Heresies shalt thou read as fervently as any other.'⁷ The Truthe is embellished in the All: Thou art god, as well as the chair in which thou sitteth.⁸ And in Lies and Heresies therein is the Truthe; Joyful Lies only exalt the Truthe to a higher level....⁹

One basic principle of Herbangelism is confusion (nonsense, absurdity, absence of knowledge, etc.) As you have done your church's tenets,¹⁰ so

5. "The Anals of Herbangelism," Herbapapa #2, The Herbangelist Babble Society, North Hollywood, 1974.

6. Elst, "Letters to the Apans," Herbapapa #1.

shall I.... Herbie said that only ghods can enjoy themselves, but by the belief 'Thou art god' everything is ghod. One should always act to increase total enjoyment to oneself, hence almost anything is legal (but regulated as we are not savages but civilized hedonists). Truth is lies, Heresies, and nonsense by its appearance in a cataclymic universe, hence by its nature it is Holy. It is right to do anything that is not wrong....¹¹

The basic premise of this world is nonsense, hence uncertainty, contradiction, absurdity are necessary to the furtherance of knowledge. Nonsense should be made available to all along with knowledge: Common Nonsense. Or CN or Cyanide. Hence Truthe is Cyanide, and Cyanide is Truthe to human beings. For doth not Cyanide bring the only ultimate truth, that we all someday shall die? ...As we know now, nonsense and non-knowledge must be given the Truthe....¹²

This is the creed of Herbangelism, but it may not be universally accepted by its members. Herbangelism is more of an ethical religion than anything else. Belief is practiced only if it is wanted. Each member has his own personal beliefs and is not required to ascribe to any Churchwide ideas.

The Herbangelist concept of dualism is further brought out in its creation myth, Disgenesis, in which Herbie and the other ghods live in an alternate, parallel universe in the greater fourth dimensional suprauniverse. The myth begins:

In the beginning there was no beginning: all that ever existed in complete accord and all was within the range of the universe. This three dimensional universe was uniform: all parts alike and indistinguishable. All matter was evenly distributed as was all energy, and so it was for every other particle of power. There was no day; there was no night. Nothing had ever changed for there was no change. Change had not yet entered upon this universe. This was the way it was and the way it would always have been for all eternity: Time had not yet entered into this universe. And so for all the aeons that went by, the timeless unchanging universe just existed, for there was no way for it to change....¹²

It continues to relate how Herbie, in the alternate universe, creates our universe by accident. He drinks himself into a stupor at the bar belonging to Drunkus and so is "ejected." Somehow he gets into the gravityless "corridor" separating the universes, and through particles bouncing off his body and forming centers of gravity to attract other particles, he creates the universe. The myth then covers his journey with Drunkus, Devonius, and Kaballa to rediscover the place and find out what he had done, as well as his installation of the three as ghods, and several things as Holy Items. Then there is an explanation of the formation of the asteroid belt. The final part of the myth reveals Herbie's choice of Mt. Olympus atop the Hollywood Hills in Los Angeles on Earth as his residence, and his decision to make human beings to build it.

7. This portion may be allegorical, referring to the Herbangelist scriptures as opposed to those of other religions, since as far as this writer knows, there is no Herbangelist Book of Heresies.

The pantheistic concept of "Thou art God" appeared in Robert A. Heinlein's Stranger In A Strange Land, but referred only to living things.

9. Elst, "Letters to the Apans," Herbapa #1.

10. It is not clear what "your church" refers to here.

11. Elst, "Letters to the Apans," Herbapa #2.

12. Elst, "Letters to the Apans," Herbapa #1.

Herbangelism, like Islam, has its Mecca. North Hollywood is the Holy City and the center of Herbangelism. In this sense it is also like the Vatican, despite the fact that there is no Pope and the High Priest currently lives in Mexico.

Like Judaism, Herbangelism has a sacred homeland. Devonía was the first major nation to adopt Herbangelism as its state religion.¹³ This makes Devonía the chosen people: "All they are trying to do now is try to get away from being chosen for everything."¹⁴

It should be obvious that Herbangelism is very eclectic, borrowing from other sources anything it finds useful. It has already incorporated several other religions of science fiction fandom, as well as borrowing elements from the less obscure faiths.

There be no vast differences 'twence our respective religions.
And Herbangelism is perfectly willing to ~~steal~~ borrow worthy think from other religions...¹⁵

The goals of Herbangelism are, however, unique. There are five objectives:

1. To spread the Herbangelist Jihad to all of Fandom.
2. To give every member of the religion a sled with the word, "Rosebud" inscribed.¹⁶
3. To give every member of the religion a hard-to-get cinnamon lollipop.
4. To remove pay roads, pay bathrooms, pay parking meters from the entire world.
5. To dispose of . . . used car commercials, fried chicken TV dinners, Greenwich Mean Time, Electoral College, English Weights and Measures system, and watercress sandwiches.

There is only one dietary restriction in Herbangelism. The eating of green gumballs is strictly forbidden. This may be because green is considered a holy color. All Holy matters are on canary yellow paper with green ink. Green candles are used in Herbangelist ceremonies.

Herbangelist services are held at any gathering of fans, usually at conventions. Most services are recorded and later transcribed for the benefit of those who could not be there.¹⁷

There are two major rites which have been held at Herbangelist services: marriage, and the canonization of a saint. Both were conducted at a service held at Westercon¹⁸ over the Fourth of July weekend in 1974.

The wedding was held in effigy, as neither bride nor groom attended. When the vows are given in the Church of Herbangelism, the customary response is a simple yes, no, or silence. Silence, uninterrupted for a period of 15 seconds after the question has been asked, is interpreted as a yes answer. Thus, ceremonies in effigy are possible. The traditional wedding ceremony consists of the Priest administering the rites, which include each partner licking the symbolic all-day sucker given to the couple,

13. This may be a Herbangelist name for an existing country or a legendary nation.
There is no way to be certain.
14. "The Anals of Herbangelism," Herbapa #2.
15. Efst, "Letters to the Apans," Herbapa #1.
16. cf. Citizen Kane by Orson Welles and Herman J. Mankiewicz. There is also a Jewd told by long-time fan and writer, Wilson "Bob" Tucker.
17. Or those too drunk, stoned, or otherwise incapacitated to be all there.
18. A science fiction convention held annually on the West Coast.

a rite similar to the wine drunk by the bride and groom in Jewish wedding ceremonies. (Divorce may only occur if the sucker has been completely licked down to the stick by one or both partners.) The honeymoon may not begin until the couple has taken a trip through a car wash (in a car, of course). This is an act of water purification which symbolizes the cleansing of the soul and rebirth.

There are not traditional rites for divorce, funerals, births, etc., as these have not yet occurred within the religion. There is a tradition regarding the coming of age: At the age of 13 (the traditional age of puberty, as in Judaism), a person may play the familial arcana in forecasting his Tarot. The familial arcana is four cards chosen by the head of the family and inherited patrilineally by all offspring. This relates to an astrological method of Tarot reading revealed to Elst in a dream.

The ceremony for the canonization of saints is fairly simple. First the candidate is introduced. He then gives a short speech of his qualifications, which are then commented on by people in attendance, who either speak in his defense or attack him, including the Dribble's¹⁹ Advocate, whose purpose is to disprove all that has been said before. The process is similar to that of the Roman Catholic Church, save that Herbangelist candidates are able to speak for themselves.

There are several cults (sometimes, "kults") within Herbangelism. These include: The Hoochi Koochi Cult and Society of America, founded by the Mesguanishi Markman, and teaches the principle of salvation through Geometry for all the world; the Druff Cult, opposite to the teachings of the Meshuganishi (i.e. based on stupidity rather than intelligence), founded by Glenn Mitchell and Hugh Kramer, and is based primarily on the teachings of Steven Blech, also known as Daniel Druff; Yuch-Canker, which became an officially recognized cult in Herbangelism on 13 July, 1974, and teaches the Modern Philosophistry of Sole Travel -- the projection of one's inner consciousness into the body of a migratory Dover Sole.

The major scriptures of Herbangelism consist of two books, the Holy Babbles, sometimes called Herbapa #1 and #2.²⁰ These consist of the writings and drawings of various members of the Herbangelist Church, which are done while "divinely inspired" and in a state of "enlightenment." The Babbles give laws and stories of the Holy Sacraments, personages, and gods. In addition each page is supposed to contain a hidden thought from the Lord Herbie himself.

The Holy Babbles are difficult to read and understand, being reproduced in faded purple by a spirit duplication process commonly known as "ditto," and written in a bad imitation of 16th century English. Herbangelists discount this latter, however:

Sayeth that I misuseth my tongue? Nay. By all the absence of rules of the auld tongue, I may speak or spell it any way I like.²¹ See, the rules for proper English did not come to much later. And though there be rules, there be nary an authorite to say the ruels weer legal. I agnise thy attempt to altern me usage as an attempt to lose my affiance. Verrily, I attend thee and thee avanut they self from this abode if thee wisheth to battle me. So sayeth the treuthgiver. So sayeth me....²²

19. Possibly a contraction of "Devil" and "tribble," a small furry creature created by David Gerrold in the Star Trek episode, "The Trouble With Tribbles," this may also mean exactly what it sounds like.

20. "Apa" is an acronym for Amateur Press Association. An apa works by having each of its members print up a certain number of copies of a submission which is then sent to a central editor for collation into individual bundles, oee sent to each member. The Holy Babbles are put together in much the same manner, hence Herbapa.

21. This may also account for the uniqueness of Herbangelist spelling.

22. Elst, "Letters to the Apans," Herbapa #2.

There are 42 different writings and drawings between the two books; 17 in the first, 25 in the second. There are some features which are in both Holy Babbles, however; some are continuations, others are similar in both Holy Babbles. Both contain a similar page of explanation of the goals of Herbangelism. Also in both books are the Blahverbs. These range in scope from laws and commands ("Never eat green bubblegum balls." "Thou shalt take part in no bad scenes." "Be inSINcere about your religion.") to helpful advice ("Thou canst bring a horse onto the water but no not drink after him." "Never trust anyone who wants your full name." "Thou canst not be a bigot if thou hatest everyone equally.") to useful information ("Hypersensitivity is just another name for not giving a damn." "If it works, you must be doing it wrong: Nothing is a failure in that it can serve as a bad example." "Truthfulness is next to idiocy.") information on Herbie and the ghods ("The gods punish those that punish themselves." "The gods regard commercials as immoral." "It is written by Herbie that you can't get a Big Mac on your Mastercharge.") to Zen-like koens ("Man was given a mind, but does he?" "The real question behind the truthe is the unanswerable question of the mystics: What can one eat, if one is a vegetarian, if plants came alive?" "If water were wine, and soda pop bheer, what would be schmaltz in a jar for a year?") to philosophy ("I believe because it is absurd." "The crow who knows everything has naught but what the fox had for the grapes.").

There are 135 Blahverbs, numbered 1 to 134; the discrepancy is due to the fact that there are two with the number 85. The last Blahverb of the first Holy Babble, the esoteric "No Egoscanation without Interpagination,"²³ is numbered 85, as well as the first Blahverb of the second book, "In anything you do, anything that could possibly go wrong will."²⁴

There are two Herbangelist versions of the universal, "Do unto others...": "Do unto others as they have done unto you," and "Do unto others before they do unto you." These seem contradictory, but another Blahverb is "Always contradict terms."

Other sections included in both books are the High Priest's "Letters to the Apans,"²⁵ the sections of "Parboiles and Foibles", stories or folktales, usually having morals to them, "The Anals of Herbangelism," which contain a full list of the Herbangelist pantheon and the Devonian calendar, amongst other kinds of information, and the Hymnal.

There is presently being compiled a third Holy Babble, to consist largely of hymns. Herewith is a favorite Herbaneglist hymn:

PRAISE HERBIE FOR THE CURE²⁶

I used to be a dooper, and I had just come clean
 I went into this chapel when I couldn't make the scene.
 A priest was by the altar, but let me make this point,
 When I got down to pray, the priest passed me a joint!

23. To Egoscan is to look through a publication for one's name and/or references to oneself. The meaning of Interpagination is unclear.

24. Obviously paraphrased from the words of the Archangel Murphy, the Law Giver:
 For that which could befallst on thee, then verily the very worst
 shall do so; if two things couldst befall on thee, then verily the
 very worst of the two shalt do so.
 (E1st, "Letters to the Apans," Herbapa #1).

25. An apans is a member of an apa.

26. Hymnal, Herbapa #1.

CHORUS: Hail Herbie, Praised for the Cure,
I wondered where I'd go after death,
But now I know for sure!

I was once a sex fiend, I'd rape each broad I'd see.
My file was over six feet deep at precinct forty-three.
I stopped by this little church, hoping I could pray,
A well-built priestess threw me down and gave me quite a lay

CHORUS

I was a drunken wino, I stayed on old skid row,
But treatment from the A.A. put me on the go.
I went into this chapel, supposedly God's house,
When those priests were done with me, I was good and soused!

CHORUS

The most important portions of the first Holy Babbie are the books of Disgenesis and Exodisc. The latter relates how Rock and Roll became the voice of many of the people.

So it came to pass that upon the land came a man called Elvis who spake unto the people suchly: 'You ain't nothing but a hound dog.' This brought unto the people the first outpours of Rock and Roll. And the gods said unto Elvis: 'Be fruitful and multiply and spread they kind all over the land.' And so Elvis begat Chuck Berry who begat Bill Haley who begat Jerry Lee Lewis who begat Bo Diddley who begat the Big Boppa who begat Buddy Holly who begat Fats Domino who begat Chubby Checker who begat Little Richard who begat Little Anthony who begat the Imperials who begat Jan and Dean who (with some difficulty) begat Connie Francis who begat the Beach Boys in a miraculous virgin birth who in turn begat the Beatles: And the groups from Elvis to the Beatles numbered fourteen with many more uncounted...²⁷

The second Holy Babbie contains transcripts of services and several sermons, as well as four major books: the Book of Gromans, dealing with the history of the kingdom of Grome, a mythical place where the major industry was motion-picture making; the Book of Crock, which should be self-explanatory; the Book of Rosharn, which contains the Ten Commandments of Herbangelism:

I am the Lord thy Crud. Thou shalt have no other gods before me, except those listed in the Holy Babbie. Thou shalt have as many gods as thou wish after me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any CRAVEN image.

Or any likeness that is in the Heaven above, or that is in the Earth beneath or that is in the Water under the Earth or that is in the pollution that is under the Water that is under the Earth. Neither anything that produces Kitty litter.

Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, even if thou art not so overweight that thou canst not bow down to anything.²⁸

Remember the Sabbath day and take a Sab bath before it.

Six days shall thou goof off and do all thy shirk.

27. Book Two, Exodisc, Herbapa #1

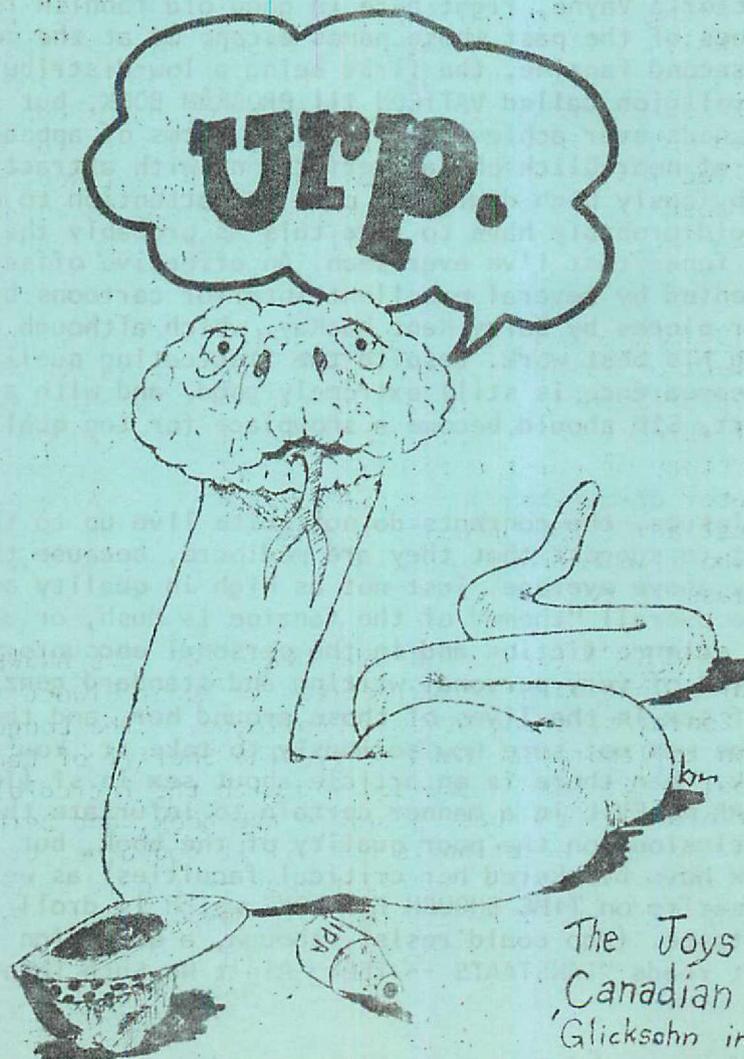
28. Many of the high Church officials are rather plump.

29. Jack Harness, BNF, Book of Rosharn, Herbapa #2.

ZINEPHOBIC EYE FANZINE REVIEWS BY MIKE GLICKSOHN

As a totally biased fanzine freak who manages to find something of value in every piece of paper fanac that is sent to me, no matter how poorly dittoed or mimeoed or offset it may be, regardless of the quality of the writing, the layout or the art, I suppose it isn't surprising that I cling to the notion that Sturgeon's Law doesn't quite apply to the field of fanzines. Never having thrown away a fanzine or a flier or a convention progress report in my nine years in fandom, I'd have to hold fast to this belief if only to justify the vast collection of material I've zealously hoarded in all that time. But I do think it's true by more subjective standards as well.

That is to say, 90% of fanzines are not crud. Probably only 50% of fanzines are crud, in one way or another, and that's a pretty fair amount of better than average material. Of course, looking at it the other way, it's an equal amount of average material and below average material, but that's a facet of fanzine fanning a reviewer or letter-hack or fanzine fan learns to live with. It's worth nosing through the glop to find the truffles. In fact, that's part of the fun!



The Joys of
Canadian Cuisine
'Glicksohn in Scotch'

As a letterhack and a fanzine reviewer (on rare occasions when the vast astral body of Mike Glycer blots out the sky over Toronto and coerces me into producing another column) I get a largish number of fanzines. I've mentioned this fact before. I also get a steady stream of fanzines I haven't seen before: new fanzines just starting out, established fanzines I've somehow not been aware of before, and the occasional odd-ball magazine that just wants a little fannish publicity. And at that, I get only a smallish fraction of the fanzines being published. For which I regularly thank whatever fannish gods there might be !

Now in that stream of new fanzines, particularly the first issues, there's naturally going to be a larger percentage of mediocrity than is found among the longer established zines. We all have our favorites, fanzines we *know* we can count on to be literate, provocative, entertaining, informative, amusing, or beautiful. Or all of those in a few very rare cases. But the newer fanzines, the first attempts, the fannish teething rings, are relative ciphers. When a fanzine arrives that you know nothing of, or have heard only vague rumors about, there's no real way of knowing whether it's a potential OUTWORLDS or another LE VIOL. So you test it out, and most of the time you find a few worthwhile items afloat in a sea of inconsequential froth. Which can still be fun, or possibly infuriating, depending on the relative percentages of dross and ore. But, and here's the good part, you can also find a really interesting and enjoyable fanzine with a lot to recommend it and a bright future to look forward to. When you do, you want to share it, spread the word around, just as I'd like to with...

SIMULACRUM 1 from Victoria Vayne, right here in good old fannish Toronto, home of numerous great fanzines of the past whose names escape me at the moment. This is actually Victoria's second fanzine, the first being a low-distribution one-shot spoofing/discussing religion called VATICON III PROGRAM BOOK, but it is more impressive than most faneds ever achieve, at least in terms of appearance. A solid 62 pages of mimeography of near-Glicksohnian perfection, with attractive and intelligent layout and an obviously high degree of care and attention to matters of graphics and design. I would probably have to rate this as probably the best-looking first issue by a new faned that I've ever seen. An effective offset cover by Wayne MacDonald is complemented by several excellent interior cartoons by the same artist, plus some lesser pieces by Barry Kent MacKay, which although competent are nowhere near to being his best work. Despite the fluctuating quality of the artwork, though, the overall appearance is still extremely good, and with a few more outside artists working for it, SIM should become a showplace for top quality mimeographed artwork.

As usual with first issues, the contents do not quite live up to the appearance of the zine. This is not to suggest that they are mediocre, because they aren't. Most of them are decidedly above average, just not as high in quality as production values surrounding them. The overall "theme" of the fanzine is Mush, or unnecessary sentimentality and sex in science fiction and in the personal encounters of the editrix. It's an odd combination of very personal writing and standard genzine fare: Victoria bemoans the excess of sex in the lives of those around her, and the lack of it on her own, and I for one was not sure how seriously to take it. You'll have to decide for yourself, I think. Then there is an article about sex in sf (in which Victoria castigates I WILL FEAR NO EVIL in a manner certain to infuriate the Heinlein fans: I agree with her conclusions on the poor quality of the book, but feel her personal attitudes towards sex have blinkered her critical faculties) as well as faan fiction, and a lengthy satire on TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE which is droll in part, but a bit too long for my taste. (Who could resist, though, a quotation from Methusalah Smith's notebook that reads 'TANSTAATS -- There Ain't No Such Thing As A Trite Saying'?)

Long column of good fazine reviews, some short introductory columns by local Toron-

to fans (including the best-written piece in the issue, an article about registering for the dr-fft by local ANALOG writer Bob Wilson is superb indeed) and a lettercolumn on Victoria's earlier fanzine round out this quite impressive first issue. I recommend it highly: visually it is excellent, and the contents are certainly good enough to stimulate your interest. I'd say this is a fanzine to watch carefully and expect great things from: it's a hell of a lot further ahead than ENERGIUMEN was in its first issue.

Another faned who is new to the field (as far as I can tell) is Keith Justice, who sent me UNIVERSE #2, his science fiction reviewzine. I didn't think I'd like it. It has a comicbookish cover, all the trappings of a would-be semiprozine, and reviews science fiction, which we all know isn't the sort of thing a fanzine fan is attracted to. Well, it just shows to go ya: Keith surprised me with a most interesting and readable publication.

It's offset, with two column layout, justified text, a few relatively minor fillos and layout whose main fault is a tendency to crowd the bottom of the page. But it is not enough to detract from the text, which is exclusively editor-written in this issue, although this will change in the future.

The reviews themselves tend to be far more readable to me personally than a great many of the more sercon fanzines'. I put this down to Keith's tendency to deal with the more concrete aspects of the works he comments on: plot, character and writing style are generally examined in minute detail, and in the works under scrutiny are found generally wanting. There is practically no "literary criticism" of the type that generally involves examinations of the underlying themes of the books and how they fit into the general trend toward existentialism in the paradigm of modern American literature. Or whatever. I suspect a great many critics will fault Keith for taking so much time to point up the weaknesses and inadequacies in the writing abilities of authors such as Brenda Pearce ("As a first effort, it is almost beneath notice -- how it came to be the cover story for ANALOG must be a tale of editor-desperation") and Don Pfeil ("...probably the worst existing specimen of the space opera subgenre" and "...a barely tolerable novelette that has been expanded into an intolerable novel") each of whom gets several pages of detailed exempling of their paucity of imagination and writing ability. But I enjoyed it.

Keith looks at the tv show "Planet of the Apes", the ANALOG stories of Brenda Pearce, Don Pfeil's paperback novel, as well as other pb's and a hardcover. So he is covering the field nicely. And future issues promise to have some theme articles as well as individual reviews. I didn't agree with Keith's arguments on all points but he writes clearly, states his views and then backs them up, and should provoke any reader into discussion and argument. It might be a little difficult to get hold of this zine by the usual, nonmonetary means, but I think it's worth the effort. I certainly enjoyed it more than any other sercon-oriented zine I've seen lately.

Which is not to imply that Jeff Smith isn't doing an excellent job on KHATRU, the second issue of which is now available. When #1 arrived, my first quick reaction was "Here's the fanzine that everyone is going to be talking about in the next little while; it's what a science fiction reader who's just discovered fandom will expect a fanzine to be." Now Jeff isn't your newly arrived faned, even though KHATRU is a new fanzine. Jeff's been around the sercon and personalzine field for several years and he knows well what sort of magazine he wants to produce. This gives KHATRU a unity that is lacking from, say, SIMULACRUM, whose editor is still feeling her way into the field. Jeff wants to publish a serious fanzine of criticism and analysis and he's gathered a staff of writers who are eminently qualified to write for such a publication. Jeff Clark, Sheryl Smith, Doug Parbour, as well as Jeff himself, along with Don D'Amassa, Don Keller and Cy Marvin (all of whom appear in the second issue) make up possibly the heaviest stable of critics and reviewers around.

To be quite honest, they are too heavy for my personal taste, but I recognize that for the serious minded science fiction fan, KHATRU is going to prove an excellent fanzine. And even us Philistines can enjoy parts of it.

The second issue has 60 pages, uninspiring but competent covers with little interior art and most of that mediocre, although Freff and McLeod stand out as they will in any fanzine. Jeff debunks the myth of the intelligence of sf readers (a stand I agree with fully, although I expect he'll get a few letters on it) then ponders the improbability of the happy ending. The heart of the issue, though, is provided by a lengthy article by Jeff Clark on communication, language, sf, media and literature. He too pillories the incompetence of the average man and I'm cynical enough to believe that the truth of this thesis will be amply proven by the inability of all but a few fans to comment intelligently upon what he said. Another serious piece comes from Doug Barbour, complete with footnotes and the jargon of litcrit, concerning the presentation of artists and criminals in the works of Samuel Delany. (Doug's Ph.D. thesis is, in part, about Delany and I suspect this is a section of it.) I didn't find this an easy article to get into partly because I'm not too familiar with Delany and partly because I found Doug's style too complex to be at ease with. Thus I cannot do it justice. But Doug is a scholar and a writer and I've no doubt that the more literary minded fanzine reader would find this a solid and thoughtful analysis.

I was personally more relaxed with Don D'Amassa's overview of the short fiction of Gardner Dozois, another in a seemingly endless series of serious but not overly critical articles by the Rampaging Reviewer of Rhode Island. Don summarizes the plots of the Dozois stories, indicating prevalent themes as he goes along, all in a low-key, easily understandable style. He may lack the depth of a Doug Barbour, but his popular appeal is probably much greater.

Other reviews, and a serious lettercolumn finish up the issue. With the highly irregular schedule of SF COMMENTARY, KHATRU has probably already immediately established itself as one of the top two or three serious journals around. It may not be everyone's type of fanzine, but you'd have to go a long way to find a better, more qualified or more enthusiastic group of serious writers.

And you'd have to go even farther to find two bigger madcaps than the editors of SHAMBLES #1, Dave Locke and Ed Cagle. Neither of these Giants among fen needs any introduction to trufen, as both have been responsible for publishing some of the most highly thought of fanzines in recent years. It's not surprising, then, that this "first issue" provides some truly fascinating reading. (John Carl described it as "the best first issue I've seen in five years" -- I wouldn't be that fulsome myself, but it's a fanzine well worth getting hold of if you can.)

SHAMBLES is just what its name says in terms of appearances. It might well win the award as The Least Impressive Looking Good Fanzine Since RANDOM, if there was such a thing. (And if there isn't, there should be.) Once you get past a simply delightful mimeographed cover by Jackie Franke, you'll find 33 pages of less-than-impressive mimeo work with a bare minimum of hand-stencilled artwork and layout in the basic Unimaginative style. But the fanzine *reads* extremely well, as might be expected from these two past masters of the personal essay.

Cagle natters about his life ("I reside in, and preside over, a fairly large boy scout camp (laugh, Hochberg, you bastard!) I am a Camp Ranger (laugh, Glycer, you bastard!) I get 45 weeks paid vacation per year, and enjoy every moment of it. Now laugh.") and a variety of humorous and serious thoughts ("This could lead to a complicated discussion of why someone else's farts stink and yours don't") then Locke does the same, describing an encounter with a massive drunken woman who wandered into his living room and a run-in with the mumps. Dave is among the top fan humprists of today, and even his lesser work is fun to read: since this is superior Locke, it is

fine stuff indeed. (For example, in discussing the reaction to an injection testing for mumps: "If there is a swelling around the puncture wound, that indicates some degree of immunity. The wider the swelling, the more the immunity. If the swelling has a radius of $\frac{1}{4}$ " you probably won't have mumps. My swelling ran from my finger to my armpit, which the doctor interpreted as meaning that Abraham Lincoln would probably catch the mumps before I did.")

There's some minor filler, and a column from Dean Grennell in which this masterful writer recalls some of his experiences with the educational system. (If Locke is one of the top five fannish humorists around, there are those who claim Grennell is the other four. They may well be right). It's almost impossible to excerpt from a Grennell article, they are so well-integrated. Suffice it to say that this is a pair of well-told and amusing anecdotes in keeping with the high level of quality I've come to expect from Dean.

Then the issue concludes with a mail dialog between the editors (who've never met) in which they discuss, in a chatty yet essentially serious manner, some basic concepts of their lifestyles. It's witty, bawdy, amusing, and thought-provoking as well. It doesn't take a sage to predict that SHAMBLES is going to become one of the fanzines to be a part of: when two people write as well as Ed and Dave, it's a real pleasure to share in the results.

It's understandable that new fanzines sometimes take a little while to build a reputation, even if they're superb products. There aren't many fanzine review columns around, and they tend to appear sporadically, so it might take a few months before you start seeing all sorts of compliments about that particular fanzine that bowled you over with its quality. But how is it possible that WILD FENNEL has published its tenth issue and I've hardly seen mention of it anywhere in the fan press?

I used to get WF some years ago when it was a fascinating experiment in graphics and printing processes. Each issue seemed to come out a different size, on different paper, with different experiments in layout and design. It was a fun fanzine, with a weird and wonderful potpourri of contents, mostly humorous and poetic. Then it stopped coming, and I mentally filed it as a casualty of gaffiation. But not so: it was merely a victim of the USPS, who recently relented and decided to deliver #10, my first issue in well over a year. I was delighted, astonished and amazed by the impressive level of writing ability throughout the issue. How is it no one else seems to have noticed this remarkable journal?

WF #10 is 40 pages of two-column, reduced offset in newsprint format and contains some really excellent columns, mostly by writers I'm unfamiliar with. If I mention that probably the slightest and least effective piece of writing is by Ed Cagle, that should probably give you an idea of the quality of the zine. Here's Don Cole, for example, discussing Euell Gibbons: "Did you know that he was a professional ball player before he got on that gourmet kick? That's right. He played for two or three seasons as a centerfielder with the Joplin Hickorynuts. They finally kicked him off the team. He kept eating the bats." And Glee Knight's remembrances of childhood are as fine a piece of nostalgic writing as anything I've seen in a fanzine this year.

There's still quite a bit of poetry in WF, and a large percentage of the zine is fiction, but even if you pass over these sections (I blush to admit that I did) it is still a fanzine well worth having. A good lettercol and a sprinkling of the insane humor that's always characterized the zine make this a really entertaining and enjoyable fanzine. WILD FENNEL deserves a much greater fannish reputation than it has and if sheer quality appeals to you you'll try to get involved with it.

The reason, John Carl, that SHAMBLES #1 isn't the best first issue in five years is that RESOUNDING HALDEMAN STORIES happens to be the best first (and last) issue in

years. Seventy-two pages of impeccable mimeography, offset front cover by Kelly Freas and an 8½ x 11 photograph for a back cover, this limited edition of fifty numbered copies was produced in honor of Joe Haldeman's birthday by some clown up in Canada. With original fiction by Ben Bova, Gordie Dickson and George Alec Effinger, plus articles, letters, stories etc by Jack Dann, Gardner Dozois, Jay Haldeman, Phyllis Eisenstein, Jodie Offutt, etc. etc., and art by Jack Gaughan, Tim Kirk, Bill Rotsler, Sheryl Birkhead, plus a tipped in photograph of the Haldeman brothers pissing on the Alaska Highway in 1948, this is probably one of the most unusual fanzines of the decade. You can't get a copy, unfortunately, but I wanted to mention it anyway since it fits nicely into the theme of interesting first fanzines.

In a fanzine I received today, Keith Justice, whose UNIVERSE is reviewed above, writes "I have read so many zines filled with uninteresting crap about who has a baby now and who had the flu last month that receiving your publication made me understand completely for the first time the meaning of the phrase 'finding a diamond in the shit.'" Well, I wouldn't be quite so negatively critical as Keith, but he does express the basic thought behind this particular column. There are lots of goodies hidden out there; I hope I've helped you find a few of them.

SIMULACRUM 1, Victoria Vayne, PO Box 136 Station D, Toronto ONT M6P 3J6.

62 pages excellent mimeo plus offset art. Semi-annual, \$1 or the usual.

UNIVERSE #2, Keith Justice, Rt. 3 Box 42, Union MISS 39365.

16 pages offset. Monthly (?!) \$4.50 for 6, \$9 for 12. No other means of obtaining it listed.

SHAMBLES 1, Ed Cagle (locs, ms) Star Rt. Sc, Box 80, Locust Grove OK 74352.

Dave Locke (art, trades) 819 Edie Drive, Duarte CA 91010. 33 pages fair mimeo.

Irregular, sample for 6 10¢ stamps, mostly available for locs. NO CASH!

WILD FENNEL #10, pub. P W Frames, 105 Grand Avenue, Bellingham WA 98225. Ed. by

Pauline Palmer. 50¢ or the usual. Irregular. 40 pages offset.

RESOUNDING HALDEMAN STORIES, Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Ave., Toronto ONT M6P

2S3. CANADA. 72 pages mimeo, offset cover, photo backcover. One shot. Unavailable except from Joe Haldeman.

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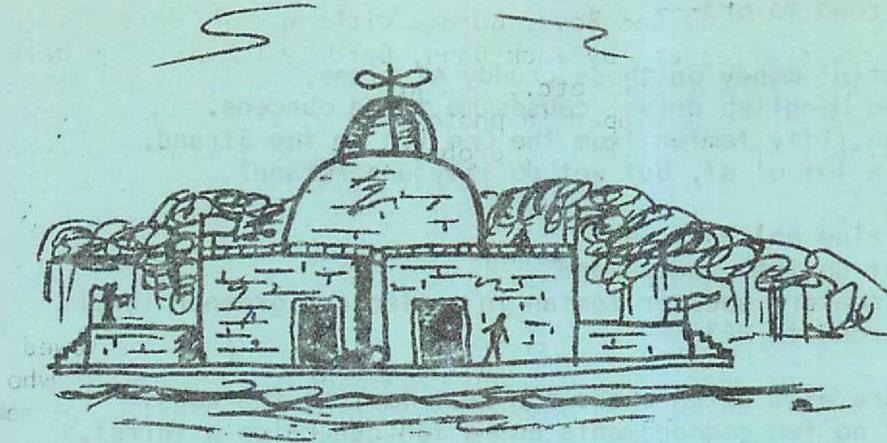
#### MORE MINIREVIEWS BY STAN BURNS

THE BEST FROM ORBIT ed. by Damon Knight, Berkeley/Putnam 1975 \$7.95

First off, let me say that the paper this collection is printed on is of poor paper-back quality, and I doubt it will last five years before yellowing and crumbling away. I hate to sound like the Ralph Nader of sf, but for this reason alone, I recommend either getting it from the SF Book Club (assuming they issue it) or wait-in- for the paperback. The quality of paper in this book is such that it ain't no way worth eight bucks.

Collection itself contains Knight's choices of the best stories from the first ten issues of ORBIT, including four Nebula Award winning stories ("The Secret Place" by Richard McKenna, "Mother To The World" by Richard Wilson, "The Planners" by Kate Wilhelm, and "Passengers" by Robert Silverberg) plus such exceptional stories as "Shattered Like A Glass Goblin" by Harlan Ellison, and "Gleepsite" by Russ. I tend, at times, to disagree with some of Knight's choices for ORBIT, and do with some for this collection. But there is much good material here -- the collection is very strong overall. Recommended.

THE OLD MOULMIEN SLAN-  
SHACK, AS SEEN FROM THE  
RIVER, IN FANGOON, BURMAH



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SAM LONG: ON THE ROAD TO NF3  
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By the old Moulmien Slanshack, lookin' eastward to the sea,  
There's a trufemfan a-waitin' an' I know she thinks o' me;  
For the zine is on the stencils, an' the typer-bells, you see,  
Say: 'Come back, you gafia trufan, come you back to NF3.'

Come you back to NF3  
Where the Seventh Fandom be.  
Can't you 'ear their typer chunkin' from FAPA to NF3?  
On the road to NF3  
Where the neos dance with glee;  
Where the mailin's they come reg'lar an' we've got a good OE.

'Er pettiut was yaller an' 'er beanie-cap was green,  
An' 'er name, it was Dolores jes' the same as 'Jurgen's Queen;  
An' I seen 'er furst a-pubbin' on a duper black as soot  
An' a-wastin' fannish kisses on a 'eathen idol's foot:

Bloomin' idol o' egoboo--  
Vot they call the Ghreat Ghod Ghu--  
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I gave her some corflu!

When the mist was on the fanac an' the sun was droppin' low,  
She'd git 'er little bagpipe an' she'd play 'Qwert-tyu-i-o!'  
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er typer goin' thud,  
We uster watch the fakefans and the neos pubbin' crud.

Neofans a-pubbin' crud  
In the squidgy, squidgy mud,  
Where the repro is so awful that it chills a trufan's blood.  
On the road to NF3---

But all that is shove be'ind now--long ago and far from me--  
An' there ain't no busses runnin' from Kandane to NF3;  
An' I'm learnin' up in London what a ten-year trufan tells:  
'When you've 'eard fandom a-callin, why, you won't 'eed nothin' else.'



THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR ed. by Terry Carr  
New York: Ballantine Books 1975 \$1.95, 304 pp., SBN 345-24529

*reviewed by donald g. keller*

Terry Carr's best anthologies have been so good (easily the best of the glutted market) that they have become a must-buy for the discerning reader. So it comes as some surprise to find the latest volume a decided comedown both in length and quality -- particularly when compared with last year's brilliant volume (which could unhesitatingly be given to anyone as representative of the best recent sf writing).

The main problem with this year's volume is something I have noted in the past, but seems exacerbated here: while Carr has more liberal tastes than most of the best-compilers, he still prefers the solid and conventional to the experimental and progressive. The result this time is a preponderance of gadget stories written in uninteresting journalistic styles.

Larry Niven's "The Hole Man" (which just won a Hugo), for example, reads like the stories Asimov wrote in the fifties; not surprisingly, it's from ANALOG. "Dark Icarus" by Bob Shaw is a well-wrought police procedural (sympathetic towards hardnosing with some reason) set in a fascinating future of antigravity belts. It would have served Bester for a novel, but the ramifications of the great central idea are dismissed in a short story. Frederik Pohl's "We Purchased People" is distinguished by a powerful frankness and a strong statement on freedom: otherwise it's merely a well-done Pohl tale.

The major example of this trend is Greg Benford and Gordon Eklund's "If The Stars Are Gods," recently winner of the Nebula Award. Again, my faith in most sf readers is dashed, for this is a rather clunky story. The idea of giraffe-like aliens who worship stars is a good one, but the execution is not up to it. The device of the aliens blinking when they lie is mechanical and too convenient, the scenes do not proceed smoothly, and (as in many of Eklund's stories) the promised metaphysical revelation does not materialize. The characterization is rather stereotyped as well. The story basically made me itch with frustration.

Philip K. Dick's "A Little Something For Us Tempunauts" I didn't expect to like; his meta-reality manipulations and flat characters do nothing for me. Plus I intensely disliked the philosophy inherent in the story. Objectively, Dick has never been thought of as a 'literary' writer, so on the whole he is simply not my dish.

I rather admired and enjoyed the heavy Jewish speech patterns of William Tenn's "On Venus Have We Got A Rabbi," but the plot is much too slight for its novelette length, and the build-up led me to expect more, so I felt left hanging at the end. The title character, fatally, is not developed at all. Plus, I'm unsure that this is a significant advance over the very similar "I'm Looking for Kadak" by Harlan Ellison (from the same volume, WANDERING STARS) and Carol Carr's "Look, You Think You Got Troubles" from ORBIT 5. A fun story, but nothing exceptional.

Ursula K. LeGuin and Roger Zelazny, two of sf's finest stylists, are present with stories that represent their talent -- but on an extremely small scale. The former's "The Author Of The Acacia Seeds" is (to me, a

a linguistics freak) a rivetingly fascinating piece on the literature of animals, but however much I like it it remains a mere trifle. "The Engine At Heartsprings Center," Zelazny's first short story in some time, is beautifully written and moving, but it is just a rehash of the great "Man Who Loved the Façit." Neither tale stands with the author's best work.

The remaining two stories in the book, both quite long, fulfill my desire for well-written science fiction, but nevertheless I disliked one of them.

Robert Silverberg's "Born With The Dead" is a typically well-crafted, highly literary novella which just won the Nebula award. (Carr's record is, as usual, excellent; he also has four Hugo nominees -- including a winner -- herein.) I have dealt with it elsewhere at greater length than I can here, but briefly I find it a distant story about peripheries that never really strikes to the heart of the matter. Though I'm certain this effect is deliberate, I still find it an unsatisfying story for all its excellences, and distinctly inferior to several other of the year's novellas. Had I been Carr, I would have dipped into his Honorable Mentions and used either Martin's "A Song For Lya" or Spinrad's "Riding The Torch," and represented Silverberg by one of the Mentioned short stories, probably "Schwartz Between The Galaxies."

The only story in the book I can wholeheartedly recommend is Michael Moorcock's "Pale Roses," and here I have to remind myself that the Danvers at the End of Time stories (to which series this and AN ALIEN HEAT belong) are a special taste. I find them endlessly enjoyable: fresh, witty, sharply satirical, and full of delights. Trifles, but major trifles. This one finds the marvelously and appropriately named Werther de Goethe learning about sin. (These far-future people can do anything, but completely misunderstand their ancestors.) Had Nabokov been a Victorian romancer, he could have written this.

There is also an introduction by Carr making a case against 'relevance' in sf and a well-done summing-up of The Science Fiction Year by LOCUS' Charlie Brown.

In sum, rather a disappointment as Terry Carr anthologies go, to my taste. But I must emphasize that there is hardly a bad story in the book, and Carr did a very good job with a poor year for the sf short story. Still, he missed a few stories better than the ones he chose. And I am uneasy about Carr's (and the field's) conservative trend.

THE SHOCKWAVE RIDER by John Brunner. Harper & Row, 1975. \$8.95

*reviewed by Stan Burns*

Lately, Brunner seems to have specialized in disaster novels. His latest deals with the effect of the future on the future -- so-called 'future shock.' And, I must admit, I found it to be his most enjoyable novel since YAN. Brunner seems to have finally gotten the idea that his purpose is to tell a story rather than lecture his audience.

The story deals with Nickie Haflinger, a genius of the future who is picked out of his jail/school and put into Tarnover, a government-run special school where he can develop his special abilities. But he soon discovers that the real purpose of the school is to turn him into - 'thing,' a tool that the government plans to use in the 'brain race' which has replaced the arms race fifty years in the future. Obtaining a special code that allows him access to the 'data-net' -- a vast computer-linked information network that allows those with special codes to obtain information about anything or anybody -- he sets out establishing new identities in a search for some solution to the problem he sees is ruining the country. What he wants to do is find some way of actualizing the data-net so that the populace of the future can have true freedom -- information available to all, not just to the special few that use it to exploit the country for their personal benefit. While doing it he establishes relationships with a girl who has a pet mountain lion, and a village that uses intelligent dogs for its protection. Haflinger is captured and returned to Tarnover.

where he undergoes interrogation. Finally he escapes and with his new friends sets out to try and solve the massive problems facing him and others in the future.

The book's structure is very interesting. Brunner starts out with Haflinger's interrogation at Tarnover, and then unfolds the story with a series of flashbacks elicited by drug therapy. Slowly he works forward again, finally tying into the present with Haflinger being conscious during some of the interrogation, until at the end the action all takes place in the present.

Stylistically, Brunner is in control of his medium. Brunner has always had a habit of slipping into melodrama and pulp cliches, but he has grown away into a direct style that perfectly suits the medium. At times, though -- especially in the parts where he is dealing with computer terminology -- the language does tend to become confusing.

My main gripe with the novel, though, is the assumed background. He still has them using fission reactors fifty years from now. What happened to fusion research? As is usual in this type of story the totalitarian future is too much like today's world, with just enough extra added to make it seem plausible. I have always felt rather cheated by that type of development -- it seems that if I'm going to pay nine bucks for a novel the author could use a little more imagination in creating a future rather than just projecting today's trends into tomorrow. Another thing that annoys me is the fact that Brunner paints the future all bad, all black. This sort of simplicism doesn't lead to any real effectiveness -- it requires a future of both good and bad aspects to affect me sufficiently so I want to get off my ass and do something about it. I can't believe in a future where everything is all black.

Still the novel does indicate a step up from the dreary messes that Brunner has been writing about for the last couple of years. He has his hero present his case to the public, and the public votes on the outcome in an open ending I find much preferable to those in other recent novels where he delights in killing off his characters while saying tsk tsk at the top of his typewriter. Recommended.

FUTURE CORRUPTION, ed. by Roger Elwood, Warner Paperback Library \$1.25, 189 pp. Reviewed by Donald G. Keller

Burdened with one of the least appealing titles I've ever encountered, this latest manifestation of the Elwood Phenomenon is nonetheless a mildly decent one: it actually has a few good stories in it. But, like all the others, it is full of the second-rate diluted sludge which passes for the sf short story in this day and age.

There is one outstanding story in the book, Gardner Dozois' "The Storm," but for him it is a slightly minor piece. He writes basically in two styles: one lyrical and evocative, the other drab, matter of fact, and gritty. He uses them both in alternate sections of this double biography (which may or may not be an autobiography): Paul's childhood is presented with breathtaking beauty and a feel for a child's worldview, while his adult life in squalid Manhattan is replete with all the necessary depressing detail. My only complaint with the writing is that Gardner shows again that, when con-

fronted with summarizing time, he does more telling than showing. And the inaction of the protagonist's adulthood is not handled as well as in the somewhat similar "Last Day of July." But the ending is stunning, and it's a fine story overall.

Richard Lupoff's fiction, particularly his novels, has been of a high level quality, and so is "Saltzman's Madness." However, it has a curiously old-fashioned feel to it; it's basically a sophisticated gadget story like those current in GALAXY and F&SF in the late fifties, with good characters but with emphasis on the scientific problem. It's excellent of its type, but the type is no longer strongly vital. Jerry Sohl's "Before a Live Audience" is similar, but not quite as good.

After a steady diet of his cryptic Apocalypse stories, it's pleasant to encounter a truly frivolous RA Lafferty story again. "Heart Grown Fonder" is a novelette about body-swapping, told in that eternal cockeyed off-angle manner he has perfected. I enjoyed every minute of it. But somehow it wasn't quite the unbridled glee Lafferty used to evoke -- his style may be palling just a bit. Still a good story.

Elwood apparently expects reviewers to shout huzzahs over Carolyn Glockner's "Andrew" because it deals with homosexuality in a positive manner. That aspect of the story is well enough done, I suppose, but it's hardly exceptional. The overstory and background, on the other hand, have an uneasily Star Trekkish feel to them, and little verisimilitude. The story is not a failure, but it's not a success, either. Elwood himself has a story called "Feast." Now, he seems to be a man of sincere and genuine feeling, but also one who would find "A Modest Proposal" disgusting rather than funny. He also plays silly little tricks with his words, none of which work. He is even a worse writer than editor.

Four other stories, Howard Goldsmith's "The Last Congregation," J.J. Russ' "Aurelia," Malzberg's "On The Campaign Trail" and K.M. O'Donnell's "Streaking" take on religion, sex, politics and the latest passe fad, respectively, and do nothing with them. Only the last in its frivolity was at all original, and it's merely peculiar. Otherwise all four are short, obvious, and pointless. The Malzbergs are well-styled, but so is everything else he does.

It should be mentioned that only a few of the stories herein have anything to do with the ostensible theme of "future corruption"; besides which one man's corruption is another man's normal pleasure, or necessary action.

Elwood claims to be widening the market for sf; actually, he is merely allowing the untalented and inexperienced to publish what shouldn't be. He gets good writers' rejects (like the Dozois, good as it is), and even when he gets a competent story it's rarely a challenging or important one. In this whole book only "The Storm" speaks with an authoritative modern voice. And that is alarming.

# LETTERS of COMMENT

STEVE SIMMONS  
124 Carlann  
San Marcos CA 92069



Gosh, Mike, I don't quite know what I'll do without PRE. Im one form or another it has been with me throughout all of my fannish life, even through that long period when I gafiated before I knew the word. I hope in one guise or another you'll manage to keep it going. ((PREHENSILE entitled a particular chemistry of fanzining -- abandonment of the title does not mean abandonment of PRE's positive features -- except those that prevented its timely appearance -- dino-graphics and fiscal gout.))

Actually you could keep PRE going if you were willing to go back to the old days of mimeo. I thought the repro on the last couple of mimeo issues was pretty good, and considering the difficulty of winning the Hugo against TAC/SFR, ALGOL, OW you may as well go back to it. ((If anyone had been within hearing range while I tried to mimeo this issue on that

selfsame mimeo we'd both have been embarassed... After its inking was perfected, what else -- it quit feeding paper. And this is an ultraprimitive crank/drum/pad item: when it stops working there isn't anything to repair. Now a long time ago when I was using this same paper stock for New Elliptic -- the fibertint makers went out of business -- I had the same problem. Cause? So if this issue gets published I'll owe the rescue to Milt Stevens' equally primitive Gestetner. Of course if it doesn't, I won't, will I?))

I found Don Keller's letter most interesting. For a long time I wondered if there was Something Wrong with me because I couldn't find anything Deeply Signifigant in hard rock. I've finally come around to the point of view that rock is an interesting phenomenon, but is basically unimportant. Such groups as mentioned (Kraftwerk, Tangerine Dream, etc.) are interesting, but I really don't think they're going to have a lasting influence on music -- say,

not beyond ten years. The future that I'd like to see is a rock group with the seriousness and dedication of YES combined with a symphony orchestra. Wakeman, although a fair writer and an adequate scorer of classical music (that is perhaps damning with faint praise, but then again he's head and shoulders above anybody else who's trying classical/rock fusions), has not yet achieved a true synthesis of the two forms. As I see it, electrical instrumentation would be used as an integral part of the orchestra, rather than Wakeman's add-ons of keyboards that really don't blend or the Moody Blues' alternation of classical and rock. Only time will tell.

Rock is basically for light entertainment, and does not demand near the effort of the listener that classical or jazz does. In the few cases where there is a demand, the rewards (at least for me)(and I realize I'm leaving myself wide open with that line, but let it stand) have never been worth the effort.

I'll agree with you on the degeneration of Vin Scully. I wonder if the death of his wife had anything to do with it. As I recall they began about the same time. But I've got to nominate the San Diego Padre announcers as right up there (or down there) with Nuxhall. I've heard Nuxhall, and at least he has the advantage of a decent team to root for. Jerry Coleman's pitiful attempts at injecting the Padres with glory have made him an asshole, and Bob Chandler is better only because he is on for only three innings. Then again maybe you and I have been spoiled by the Golden Years of Scully. I've got a good hunch that the sudden increase last year of the San Diego Padres attendance was only due partly to the new owner. The fact that KFI no longer broadcasts the Dodger games has left SD fans with only the Padres, so if you want baseball the Padres are it. Living in LA you may not quite realize how powerful KFI is, but I've received it in Idaho and El Paso. The new station, KABC, can't hardly be heard here in San Marcos, and the forty more miles to San Diego totally does in the signal. If someone ever starts broadcasting the Dodger games locally I predict that the Padres attendance will drop slightly. ((KFI, the regional clear-channel station, was occasionally heard as far as New York back in the early days, the 20s, when there was less aerial competition. That station's self-destruction, shedding the Lakers, Kings and Trojans games, depriving USC of Walden's gamecalling and leaving them to the tender mercies of Tom "Saywhat?" Kelly on KABC, is a story painful to relate. But I suspect more responsible for the Padres resurgence at the gate is the temporarily squelched threat to sell the team to Washington, and the acquisition of exciting players like McCovey, Fuentes, and Jones who give the team a fair chance to actually win games.))

Having read some of Jon Inouye's multibsubmissions in various places I'm beginning to develop a severe dislike of the fella. I suppose it doesn't matter, because each time I read the...yawn...er, the ah... I fall zzzzzzzzzzzzz--\*snort\*! er,...what was I talking about? Oh well, it couldn't have been very important.

The Bangsund piece was entertaining, and no more can be asked of a fanzine article. More, please. ((I doubt it, since the only way I happened onto this piece was because Ed Cagle had it on hand when he folded the never-to-be-correctly-spelled KWAL/HIOQUA. Thankee Ed))

HARLAN ELLISON  
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Sherman Oaks CA 91423

Thanks for the magazine. Lovely review by Stan Burns. Do I know him? If so, or if not, please extend my thanks. Of all the reviews the book has received, both literate and illiterate, his is the first one that seems to me to understand what I was doing. No deep analyses, no attempt to look like Mailer while standing on the soapbox of my work to get off snappy lines, no superficial bullshit about "violence" or "nasty language"...just a review guaranteed to warm a writer's heart because the critic clearly enjoyed the reading. And Don Keller's remark about "progressive" writing as opposed to "avant-garde" is the first time I've seen that distinction made, and I subscribe to it 100%. I'm progressive, not new wave.

CHRIS GEIST  
c/o Dept. Pop. Cult.  
BGSU  
Bowling Green OH 43403

SCIENTIFRICTION is a fun zine! But -- note that if you think Brennan/Nuxhall are obnoxious, you should have heard Waite Hoyt/Nuxhall! WOW! What partisanship -- if a fan tuned in late he'd never have been able to figure out who the Reds were playing! Not only did they use "we" and "us," but from the 3rd inning or so the Reds always played "they" and "them" -- Box scores went something like: "we had three runs, six hits, no errors, they had two runs, two hits, no errors." Believe me, Brennan is better -- everyone always liked Hoyt (in spite of his alcoholism) because he told so many old baseball stories when games were held up by rain -- but after awhile they all sounded the same.

TERRY HUGHES  
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Arlington VA 22205

/SCIENTIFRICTION/ is a great title. You will go far, no doubt. The cover was both classy and funny. I really liked it. // I'm glad you found a realistic way to resume fanzine publishing. To be quite candid, I really enjoy STFR much more than I ever did PREHENSILE, but then I am a professional weird person. Your writing was relaxed and flowing and I look forward to next issue when you can deal with less businesslike matters. // John Bangsund's piece was great fun. I'll learn to read Australian yet. I hope John will explain to me why if too many Brussels sprouts will turn one green, and too many carrots will turn one orange, then how come too many prunes will...

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LARRY DOWNES 21960 Avon, Oak Park MI 48237

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All of those Randy Bathurst illos kept tempting me to call the Waterford Wethead and demand he give me one or two lousy illos. ((I wonder -- is he capable of doing one or two lousy illos?))((If he won't I know an artist who will...)) I mean here you are way out in California and here I am about 15 miles from the dear boy and I can't get but one lousy (figuratively speaking of course) cover and that's it... it makes me burn. Really. ((Artists living in your backyard means nothing: remember, even the NBA eliminated the territorial draft. If they hadn't, Sidney Wicks, Jabbar, Allen, Goodrich, Westphal, Walton, Patterson, Meyers and a whole slough would all be on the Lakers yet... But getting back to the subject I was about five inches from Bathurst when I received those illos. If you dare squeeze nearer than that, you're a wafer man than I am Gunga Dim.))

Though why anybody would want to see naked pictures of Mike Gorra (could they really fit a whole one on a single print?) ((don't ask me, ask Sheryl)) is beyond me. Ah yes indeedy.

And, oh, Mike, how my heart cries out -- how long it has been since I decided that I wanted just the kind of zine you've got -- a small personalzine with a few contribs and (I assume) lots of locs. I hate you for the fact that you've got one while I still struggle with my ever-growing slopazine. The Universe is unfair. ((Ah, a fan with a persecution complex to match my own... As far as locs go, I have printed every loc I ever got on SCIENTIFRICTION. Even you have sufficient fingers for that...))((Three Finger Downes: what will Sheryl think when she finds out? But then she'll never know, since this zine will join the rest in her tote bag, journeying miles unread. I know travel does wonders for aquavit, but fmz?))

"A Brief History of the World's Greatest Science Fiction Writer" was quite amusing and left me more confused about this Jon Inouye person. Sometimes, as in the last OUTWORLDS, he's utterly terrible, and other times, like this one, he's quite entertaining. I don't wonder that he's really not some clever penname shared by six or seven different fanwriters.

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Laurine White  
5408 Leader Ave.  
Sacramento, CA 95841

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Slink, slink. Here is another problem-causing letter from Laurine White sneaking through the door. Your change of address was listed in Karass. Are you mov-

ing back to LA just for the summer, or permanently. ((More or less permanently)) I did read STFR 2 and just can't think of any comments for it. The cartoons are sort of cute. Your comments on broadcasters were the best of the written material. And this type of loc will hardly qualify me for another issue.

So what should I do? I always thought my letters were rather ordinary. Just say something like this I like, this I don't. More of this, less of that. Well, if you make that kind of crack about my letters, then it is all the fault of ANALOG which should have published the addresses of some fanzines before they did. As a result the only locs I saw until 1968 were those in comic books, and those aren't the same letters found in fanzines. Lots of kids write "If you do that anymore I'll stop buying your comic." And sometimes it works. Ahem. I had a letter in Spiderman #105 complaining about his adventures with vampires and werewolves, creatures of magic and superstition, not pseudoscience. And Morbius and the Living Werewolf have not appeared in the pages of Spiderman since then.

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: advertisement :-----

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Abou fen Bowers, may his zine appear,  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of beer,  
And saw, upon the halftones in his files,  
Making them rich and like Outworld's slushpiles,  
A beercan standing on a mimeo,  
Exceeding drink had make his mind work slow,  
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,  
And with a look that bloodshot was but keen,  
Answered, "The names of those who love fanzines."  
"And is mine one?" asked Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the beercan. Abou spoke more low,  
But fannishly still, and said, "I pray thee then,  
Write me as one who pubs his fellow fen."

The beercan wrote and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And show'd the names who love of Ghu had blessed,  
And lo! Mike Glicksohn's name led all the rest.

Sam Long and Mike Glycer  
28 VII 75

# MIDWESTCON '75

— MIKE GLYER —

"If you don't go to Midwestcon," my rent-an-alter-ego spoke, "People aren't going to believe you were ever here. Some neo probably set up a Bowling Green mail drop, they'll say."

"Perhaps. Then again, some of us will go to any lengths to avoid attending a LASFS meeting."

"Whatever the hell that means," he said. I fed a quarter into his meter and pressed the Warp button that would zap him back to the Geiswerks Warehouse.

Midwestcon? The relaxicon. Ever since being in LASFS I've gotten a one-dimensional view of Midwestcon. It happens every summer before the Worldcon when every fan east of the Rockies (more or less...) congregate at an unknown Ohio site and raps fanpolitics for three days in a row and then goes home in a glow of self-righteousness. This results in two or three letters west to whichever LASFSians are cleared to receive Smofficial Intelligence, in which the author reports verbatim all the dirt piled on LASFS during the weekend. Which by accident or design makes one feel as if the entire con was held for that purpose, or, by the same



token, LASFS was so outrageous that all clear-thinking fans could do nothing but become obsessed by its horrors.

When I told that to Ross Pavlac he said, "You mean OCTOcon," the annual smof-in at Upper Sandusky. And afterwards Ro Nagey said, "You didn't really see any smoffing going on, did you?" Our definitions of it are blurred, for Nagey seems to associate smoffing (from smof = Secret Master of Fandom) strictly with a knife-in-the-back gossiping, while I toss al secret, power-lust fanpoliticking into the same bag. There may not have been all that much closed-door plotting. The segment of fandom playing on that level may just have felt it necessary to their self-image and self-importance to give out

that they were ducking up to a closed session "with the KC people" every thirteen seconds. They may have been riding elevators to the upper echelons and passing out in the stairwell. Then again they may have been smoffing. Every fanpolitico, it seems, has been recruited into the KC crew either as part of the committee, one of the kamikaze squad to bolster registration personnel when the mob turns up, or as a \$50 wonder -- one of several given small sums to perform some side room program. "The Kansas City People" are a charismatic but amorphous retinue of bright facets and sharp edges: in the Midwest they can fill a room with hangers-on, but at NASFiC, trying to shove the idea of a hardcover program book down the throat of a small anonymous audience of 25, "the KC people" (whoever they consisted of that day) showed the crudity of willfulness combined with certain power. Just because a certain fannish printing company stands to make a few centavos from the publication, and I believe it's a pointless extravagance using money better devoted to a con party or such, who am I to resist the inevitable...

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Budding SMOF, his captaincy, Ro Nagey, drove down with Sandy Lopez to Bowling Green on Thursday (June 26). They stayed overnight with me. Ro intended to look into BGSU's Pop Culture program -- and so he did.

During the summer I'd switched apartments again, taking a simultaneous step up (to kitchen facilities) and a step down (into the basement of 504 S. Main). Far more annoying than the chitinous multitude behind the walls were pipe and conduit-infested ceilings, which cramped both my style and my body. I'm 6' 2" and Ro is 6' 4". The ceiling was grill-and-inset-acoustical tile (6' tall) irregularly interrupted by lower heating ducts and beams. These the tall and bearded Captain Ro persisted in ramming his head into. In fact everywhere I've ever been with him it's the same. At Disneyland two months later he even bopped his head on the tilt-back roof of the Peoplemover. Nagey, a certified near-genius when I first met him, will soon be going around hand held by a nurse. On second thought, he's already going around with a doctor...

Friday morning we drove to Cincinnati -- actually, the island community of Norwood which houses the Quality Inn, home of Midwestcon.

In the lobby were Jon Singer and Mike Wood. Despite participating in Minneapa's early issues the fact of my existence seemed a complete surprise to Mike Wood, who was forced to conceal it -- masterfully -- behind a facade of complete nonrecognition.

Upon checking into the hotel Nagey spotted some of "the KC people" (Jeff May, parlayed into a meeting with Bill the Galactic). And May mentioned the plans of Ken Keller and others to foot Harlan Ellison's bill at BYOBcon in hopes of luring him to greater things at Midamericon in '76. I don't know how HE enjoyed KC, but Linda Bushyager's head-on collision with SMC0000TH indicated no lack of entertainment in any case.

When he returned to the room, Ro indicated he has some, well, quaint ideas. He was set on buying a hospitality fifth of Jim Beam to be kept in the room, and tapped Sandy and me for a share of the price. And that's just what happened to the bottle -- it stayed in our room. And went back to Ann Arbor about one shot emptier than it left the store. (Wait -- he's smarter than I thought -- have to bang his head on the plumbing some more.)

Leaving the Quality Inn on foot we were in afternoon traffic. A Norwood cop stood on the corner manually operating the traffic light. Ro struck up a conversation, and accepted the cop's offer of a wad of chewing tobacco. Finally crossing, and arriving at the nearby State Liquor Store (Ohio reserves hard liquor as a state monopoly), we timed it closely. Yes, by the time the three of us stepped in front of the store Ro was ready to let loose his first stream of urine-colored tobacco juice on the granitized marble entryway.

Inside he ran his finger decisively down the wall-mounted catalog until it rested on the Jim Beam listing. He filled out the hooch control slip and passed it over the counter to the clerk who condescended to accept six dollars in payment. Sandy carried the bagged Beam protectively in the crook of her arm and once more we took to the street. On the way out I noted that some unwary sole had already trod through Ro's leavings, the tobacco juice smeared in the shape of an Oxford.

I paid three bucks for a membership back at the huckster room: I'll say one thing, thanks to the con's free bar this was the only function I'd ever attended where I broke even, and possibly beyond. Because after unloading some old fanzines on the freebie table and milling around (where I met Andy Porter and glommed onto the new ALGOL) I joined Sandy and a concom member who set off for the con suite. We helped break in the free bar, sampling some wares while other concommembers hauled cases of soft drinks and potables up flights of stairs. I thought about offering to help for about half a second, but ever since I made two trips with armloads of Heinekens from the railroad station to the Royal York in '73 for our NASFiC party, I'm waiting for the rest of fandom to even up the score. So next time I attend a Midwestcon I promise to help haul. Real Soon Now. (You notice how I manage to sneak that story into every conreport I write? It's like I haven't done another piece of work in all the rest of the time I've been in fandom. Which might be true, but anyway...)

Was I one of the only three fans who didn't get laid at Midwestcon? Well if you need to ask why should I blow it by telling you? The other two were married, but not to each other. One man's relaxation is another

man's (er, woman's, AH, SWEET IDIOCY! this isn't) exercise. I shall resist the obvious allusions, such as to the deaf man in an organ recital.

Anyway, each night the scent of rutting permeated the hotel from the audiences packed in room 401 watching video tapes of DEEP THROAT and THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES, not to mention a trailer from ROLLERBALL (doubtless a fillip to the IRS permitting whoever brought the porn to write the trip off on his income tax). I must not have run fast enough; each time the word crackled electrically through the room parties "They're showing DEEP THROAT!" I neglected to drop my ~~bar~~ drink and hustle up to the room. So by the time I got there the room was filled almost to overflow (disclaimer) by fans raptly watching erotica, the flicker of offtone videotape color playing across their attentive faces. The room was partly partitioned by a floor-to-ceiling decorative wooden grille, against which standing-room-only fans pressed to get a sidelong glance at the equipment (video or otherwise). I speculated that later in the evening dozens of fans would be roaming the con, a familiar pattern duplicated in red welts on their faces, breathing heavily.

The pace of drinking Sandy and I had initiated was tremendously accelerated hours later as the post-dinner Friday night parties commenced. The base of operations from which flying squads were dispatched to parties on the upper floors was the con suite, convenient to hotel and pool, and mainly, booze. An ebb and tide of people from patio to room frustrated watchers of the sliding glass door who believed that if it was kept generally closed the room would cool down despite the forty bodies inside. You know, I just realized the word I was looking for to describe that kind of behavior: officiousness. (Frank Gasperik is the typical Midwestern fan in many ways, despite being a L<sup>A</sup>SFSian.)

Ro, Bill Bowers, George RR Martin, Sandy Lopez, Ross Pavlac, Diana Bainsbury and infinite others were out on the patio in the middle of the evening (add John and Sandra Miesel). When the brilliant repartee started to dim, we swapped nametags. (Well, there didn't seem to be any lampshades around). Including affixing one to a dog. Now Ro Nagey (who by then was either Mike Glycer or Lin Lutz) was talking to Bill Bowers (trying to pass himself off as Mike Glicksohn) about the art of fanzining in the way he, Bill, Glicksohn and others like them usually discuss it.

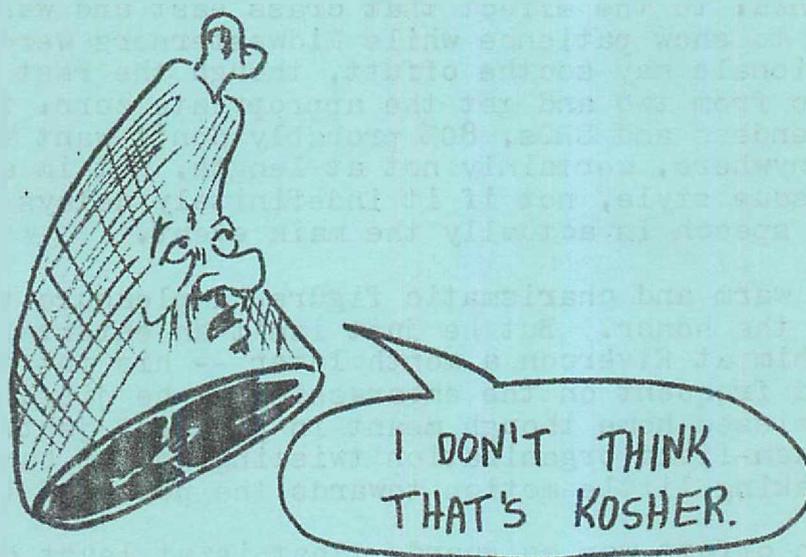
Bill Bowers: "On the next OUTWORLD's table of contents page I'm announcing in big type a 50¢ reading fee. My first readers are overworked."  
Ro Nagey : "The trouble is his first readers are his subscribers."

Many fans are impressed by CAP'N RO'S WHIZZBANG, and none more so than Ro Nagey, who after another bottle of Stroh's expressed the fear, "I'll probably be burnt out by the time I'm 22." But Bowers wouldn't hear of it: "Before you burn out, you have to light up!"

When you realize that you may spend nine or more straight hours partying in a single evening at a con it's no wonder the details merge. Writing this, the next point in time by which I can sort it out was 3 am at the tail-end of the evening's WASHINGTON IN '77 bidding party. Alyson Abramowitz was reproaching me for failing to send her PREHENSILE, which I'd promised at DISCON (oops). And Bill Mallardi was auditioning for a spot in "Movin' On." Mallardi drove to Cincinnati from Akron working his

citizen's band radio along the way to beat the heat, which is Smokey. Said Mallardi, he'd been on the circuit with one driver up ahead, the front door, and one behind, "Pink Dragon," the back door, with Mallardi in the rockin' chair on a stretch reconnoitered clear of cops. Mallardi's nickname? Bug-eye, semi-naturally, for a stfan. Eventually it turned out that Pink Dragon was catching up with him. "Is that you, Bug-Eye?" Sure was. They fell to rapping. Pink Dragon took his name from the lounge he owned. A class bar, with lovely Asian girls working as waitresses. Why don't you come by and have a drink on the house? And that's where Mallardi had spent Friday evening instead of at the con. Of course it turned out to be a little less than he expected. Just one narrow bar big enough for stools and counters. And at the bar a single Korean girl. The owner was nowhere in sight. Still Mallardi quenched his thirst, and ended up talking with bar patrons, trading obligatory rounds of drinks, and at long last staggering back to the Quality Inn.

Which, after listening to that story, is what we all did back to our rooms.



There must be a new era dawning in fandom, considering the subtle decrease in complaints about banquet food. The only convention banquets recently bitched at were two LASFS-run Westercon's. I never eat at banquets; but then I never have the money to burn.

Midwestcon's buffet-style banquet looked appetizing. Several varieties of meat (cold cuts or warm?) were available for sandwiches, plus salads aplenty, optional booze, etc. It was well received even at \$7.50. I futzed around the hotel making pointless reconnaissances of the parking lot, barner shop foyer, locked hucker room doors (make that huckster, stairwells and all the other features that obsess a fan who must choose between staring at a wall and staring at a variety of walls.

I'd received The Word from Linda Bushyager that the Fan Activity Achievement Award Committee members in attendance were expected to be introduced after the meal, prior to the distribution of the actual awards. But if memory serves we were introduced afterwards. Nagey had taken charge of transporting the Bathurst-created statuettes to the con, so I'd previous-

ly seen close-hand these individual artworks. Each separate award was a deliberate variation on the beer-can-on-a-mimeo design, the beer-can in some posture and facial expression appropriate to Best Single Issue, Best Artist, Best Fan Writer, etc. Once Wilson Tucker finished announcing each category's nominees and winners (many of whom weren't at hand, naturally) he introduced "your Fan Activity Achievement Awards committee." Now it so happened that Bowers had just cleaned up in the competition: Best Single Issue, and Best Editor (which was shared with Joan). Bowers was on the committee of seventeen, by alphabetical accident numero uno to be introduced. (Which evoked from Glicksohn, "And behold -- Bowers' name led all the rest!", and instigating the frontispiece poem). Afterwards, toastmaster Tucker introduced the featured speaker.

Midwestcon had never had a guest of honor until that black Sunday in 1974 when Andy Offutt's unveiling to international fandom as toastmaster dissolved in esoteric boredom. Demolished spiritually, Offutt was met in the room upstairs at Discon and revived by a good faith gesture: a "historic" first, the seat and speech of honor at a major regional which had never before had one. --Ever since that night Offutt has attacked the rude restlessness of an audience without the grace to listen to someone besides itself be mentioned: to the effect that crass east and west fans egocentrically refused to show patience while Midwesterners were in the lime-light. This rationale may soothe Offutt, though the rest of the world must subtract two from two and get the appropriate zero: in a hall of 2500 banquet attendees and SROs, 80% probably don't want to hear about ANY fan, from anywhere, certainly not at length, not in a disjointed, diluted Ricklesesque style, not if it indefinitely delays the appearance of the man whose speech is actually the main event.

Offutt is a very warm and charismatic figure, a pleasure to honor and see gratified by the honor. But he just isn't an entertaining speech-maker. I heard him at Rivercon a month later -- his introduction of GoH Farmer verged frequent on the embarrassing as he jibed at the man with barbs that missed home though meant in pleasant jest. That speech rambled, its broken-field organization twisting to cut back across its own path while making little motion towards the point of it all.

But at Midwestcon Offutt was on guard. That is at least one way to see it. He didn't really make a speech -- he read excerpts of funny material from current fanzines, thematically connected by Andy's reputation as "the husband of that famous fanzine writer Jodie Offutt." It worked -- everybody in the room wanted Andy's speech to be good (and not just because they wanted to avoid filling their yawn quota). I suspect Andy's tactical attitude was that the surest way to keep an audience happy is to congratulate them on their own stuff: and since it was amusing, he'd score doubly.

Following the speech came miscellany, like the fan who coordinated the (unsuccessful) effort to premiere ROLLERBALL at Midwestcon. He announced that producer Norman Jewison was scheduled to leave London as soon as a new print was made. He also circulated press releases and movie stills and a sign-up list, arranging for fanziners to get on the studio's publicity mailing list. Doubtless half the stuff he gave away will decorate huckster tables this winter, for I doubt that more than two of the dozens who took material and signed up had the capability to repro the stuff. What a spontaneous and enthusiastic demonstration of selfless devotion to the cinema! It foreshadowed Cliff Bigger's story at Rivercon, where a complete run of EC and Barks' McDuck comics was displayed: "And if they started a fire in the hotel," Cliff said, "the next morning's

paper would be headlined 'THREE HUNDRED DEALERS SAVE RARE COMICS.'

The Detroit fans had announced their room party -- Cy Chauvin stood there wearing his best cryptic expression while such cohorts as Diane Druitowski, Joe Wesson, Leah Zeldes, Larry Downes, etc. dropped ice down one another's backs. Buck Coulson in yellow t-shirt looked on indulgently. "You'll notice I was resolutely facing the rear while the awarding was going on," said Buck, rabidly apathetic about the FAAN awards. Larry Downes verified, "Yes, I know. I was in the rear." "What a choice!" said Bill Bowers.

Later on Coulson and I met again in the con suite, and with Jodie Offutt refereeing, we idly bantered about the matter. Coulson had raged about being sent THE ZINE FAN #3, the FAAN award drafting committee's business zine. I'd edited it and devoted a page to dissecting YANDRO's editorial slurs against the concept. Judging from subsequent YANDRO lettercolumns an issue of YANDRO I have yet to receive after many months described my action as rudely provocative. As it would doubtless have been called had I not sent him the fanzine where his views were lengthily attacked. For some reason his letterhacks let him get away with it. Anyway, among Coulson's statements was one that said the FAAN award committee members (like Bowers, Bushyager, Glicksohn, Digby, Lindsay, Edmonds, Roberts, Nelson, Jeff Smith, Warner, etc etc) were not his peers. (B'gad!)

"Would you be willing to name your peers?" I goaded, a jaundiced twinkle in my eye. But Jodie jumped in: "Ted White, Harlan Ellison --"

"And Dave Locke," he summed up. That's the whole trouble -- he's so affable about it in person, and so sharp about it in print.

In some past life I introduced Lou Stathis to Buck Coulson, to their mutual indifference, but at a time when Stathis behaved as if he expected Coulson to brain him with his riding crop. It required a certain combination of adventurousness and bad taste... So when Larry Downes asked me at the Detroit party to get him an introduction to Mike Glicksohn I assumed it was a similar case of unjustified terror. Likewise, something Downes could do better than me. (After all, if anything is putoffish at a 'relaxicon' it's formal introductions.) While we went up to find Glicksohn at the DC bidding party, a migration of Michiganders to the same place was started.

It turned out Downes and Glicksohn already'd met, so half a dozen of us held them apart... Bowers, Leah Zeldes and Jeff May, the Pavlats, Avadon Carol, were in one knot in the vicinity of Glicksohn, Downes and I, and a second knot of the Bushyagers, Joe Wesson, and unrecognized others sat on the bed and floor nearer the door to the room. In that situation you'd personally be involved in one conversation but picking up the bits of two or three others. Downes and Glicksohn were still going at it, the short blonde in tweed and the mid-sized Viking in shorts. Glicksohn was managing to shock both the mail-poor Downes and his column's publisher at once, saying: "I get in the neighborhood of fifty fanzines a month. If I can find a reason not to read one, it's a joy to me." Then in the short silent space between sentences Joe Wesson across the room was asking Linda Bushyager, "Why are married women incredibly naive?" Hysteria oozed across the party as the line was repeated to those who'd missed it.

After Glicksohn finally convinced Downes he didn't think he was cute, Avadon Carol could be heard remarking, "Mike Glicksohn asked me if I was interested at all in men." "Why, asked someone, "was he seeking a kindred spirit?"

Sunday morning I was with Ro in the hotel restaurant rapping down breakfast. He swore by his coffee, I steered away from pouring hot acid into my stomach first of the morning by ordering a pastry; the doughnuts had already been engorged by a parade of prenubile drillteamers. That would soak up the cool acid of orange juice while I borrowed the sports section from his newspaper and ladled vitriol into my brain; double feature articles on the Reds' victory the previous night. It's a small blessing -- but a blessing all the same -- that the Dodgers play most of their games with the Reds at the beginning and end of the season: too early for the juggernaut to have gathered momentum, too late for it to sustain the withering pace. In midseason there's no stopping them, as they hail bullets through the cardboard of which the rest of the league seems made.

A Tennessee contingent sat down at the table next to us, traded greetings with Ro. I didn't recognize any, nor were any nametags in view since by then all the stickum had worn off everyone's ID's. Still, since one of them was Ken Moore, mere process of elimination should make it easy enough to name the rest that I leave it as an exercise for the reader.

Ron and Linda Bushyager were also breakfasting, lending verisimilitude to the scene. On their way out Ro struck up a conversation with them, and Ron at first impression reminded me slightly of Jerry Kaufman. Which is all I've got of Kaufman anyway. At IACon I was on a panel when Jerry Kaufman was recognized in the audience; but he was gone by the time it wrapped up. At Discon he was manning a huckster table. I think I attended his party at TORcon. Then at Midwestcon I was strolling away from the banquet when Jon Singer ran after me to summon me before the presence -- Kaufman hovering over a dwindling stack of SPANINQs. "Glyer, I thought we were trading. You never sent me the issue with Glicksohn's review of SPANINQ in it. Being a little late I can understand, but having to hear about it from Jan Appelbaum..." One of these days we're going to have a conversation -- I really feel like we're building up to it. Any year now.

I thought about doing my best imitation of Diana Sainsbury pretending to be a squirrel, holding my paws in front of my face, opening my doe-like eyes, baring my delicate teeth, and twitching my cute nose... No he'd never buy that. Even I wouldn't buy that. Maybe I could weep and tear out clumps of hair and wail the tragedy my fanzines were then trapped in -- PRE months away at the printer, STFR's first issue scheduled Real Soon Now from the under-the-table printer... But as they say *Pride Goeth Before A Fanzine*: I wanted my goddam copy of SPANINQ in trade without having to be verified like I was applying for a loan. "Well, uh, ah, actually..." I vamped as Kaufman squinted demandingly between checking off the names of others getting their issues. Then Jon Singer vouched for me. Bless him! I hadn't felt like that since the first time Joe Minne took me and my friend from the USC dorms to the Niven's poker game and Niven came up to investigate us: "Can you vouch for these two?" A halfbreed at Fort Laramie stood a better chance.

Of course I got my issue of SPANINQ. Never wrote a loc. Forget whether I sent the last issue in trade... Typically fannish am I. Trouble is I keep getting conflicting addresses for Kaufman, and third class mail doesn't get forwarded as far as I know.

Leaving the restaurant ourselves we ran into Lin Lutz, who was organizing to eat at the Country kitchen. By then I was ready for breakfast again...and joined her, Dave Corner, Sandy Lopez, for another dose of Ohio queasine.

People stayed late Sunday afternoon, spending the full day around the pool. At the con suite while I was dosing up I heard somebody remark, "I've only got one year's experience. I left at six in the morning two years ago." Really? Uh-huh.

For Ross Pavlac, due to recent bizarre and painful personal events, it promised to be a swill ((no typo)) convention. Reportedly so many fen promised to buy him a drink to ease his pain that I expected to see him like the character out of Bill the Galactic Hero, flat on his back while liquor was fed him intravenously, leaving him calculatedly smashed out of his mind the whole weekend.

But by Sunday afternoon while Nagey took his final "ten-minute" dip (before leaving) for two hours, I joined Ross and Diana Sainsbury in the miserly shade of a young pine shrub near poolside. On the lawn a few feet away sat Gene Wolfe, Joe Hensley, one or the other's wife, Sheryl Birkhead and, occasionally, Mike Glicksohn. But it was Pavlac that Diana was planning some dire revenge on, reasons unknown. "Why don't you throw him into the pool?" Since he was fully dressed that was, I suppose, the obvious sophomoric thing to do. The trouble was, Ross kept getting ready. First he emptied the wallet and papers from his pockets. He set down his pen and keys alongside. He slipped off his shoes and socks (yes, in that order). Then he sat resignedly. I forget who all ended up with a Pavlackian limb; me, "agey, perhaps Glicksohn and Singer? In he went -- Bye Ross!

But though we'd cheered Diana up, Leah Zeldes was glum. Across the way Mike Glicksohn told her, "Smile!" No, she answered, "It's one of those things I don't do well, like closing bathroom doors." I hadn't seen any epidemic of open bathroom doors at the con, but whatever.

When it came time to cut out Sandy Lopez was still surrounded by her courtiers, and passed the word that she could get a ride back to Michigan, and it was just me following Ro and Lin's parade of goodbyes around until we made it to that strategic exit near the con suite: where we loaded up on whatever dregs remained by then of diet 7-Up or similar unmixable perversions. We squeezed by fourteen certified smofs signing their aliases to a treaty dividing up the franchises until next month's con. And we were gone.

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## EDITORIAL BUSINESS FOREVER

I ran very short on copies of STFR #2 because I used 68 of the 150 print run to save my FAPA membership. FAPA members received their copy through that channel. If you have not received a copy of that issue I'm sorry to be unable to rectify that situation.

The symbology on addresses this issue translates so: (5) a number indicates the last issue of your subscription. STFR is not available to new subbers -- it's just a means of paying off previous buyers of my news-

zine. (C) indicates a published contribution (article,,art, letters, substantial WAHF). (T) We trade all for all. (t) means this copy is in trade for a fanzine received from you, and that we trade one for one. to receive the next STFR I must hear from you again. (F) indicates a contribution from you is in the files. (?loc) A question mark warns that you'll be dropped from the mailing list after this issue unless I hear from you: following the question mark is a suggestion of what I'd like to see.

SCIENTIFRICTION is available for trade, contribs, etc. I'll send a sample copy once to anybody for a quarter. Maybe less. Some of you receiving your first copy of STFR will discover a ? (an ? -- what is the grammatical article for a punctuation mark?) -- so if you want more, let's hear from you substantively.

The next STFR will be a combined issue called POSTHENSILE -- publishing all the letters on FRE 14, as well as the usual insanity. It will also have a seasonal holiday theme, for which I'm soliciting special contributions. Stay tuned to this zine for further data...

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 note to Jackie Franke: Yes, I know it says September up on the inside first page, but just pretend it actually says October... My mimeo broke down in the middle of the run and I've spent the past two weeks running around trying to get it run off. Thanks to Milt Stevens and Jim Hollander for their valuable assistance.

*original copy 3/11/84*

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THIRD CLASS