



Somewhere and...

YOU ARE RECIEVING THIS BECAUSE:

- You paid for it (may thy tribe increase...).
- You support Chicon IV in '73.
- We trade.
- We would like to trade.
- You are selling us a veri-typer for five dollars.
- You contributed (thank you).
- We want you to contribute (if Harlan can, you can).
- You are a member of the S-F for lunch bunch (MEB--founder).
- We want you to review it.
- You are a pro.
- You wrote (thank you).
- We owe you money.
- We would like to owe you money.
- You are a member of UCSFS.
- We enjoy torture.
- You 'Aced' our last quiz (hah!).
- You flunked our last quiz (thats more like it).
- We forget why, please remind us.
- You are Harlan Ellison (thank you).
- You are Jack Gaughan (thank you).
- We had extra copies.

All readers PLEASE note which reason is at the TOP of the list.
signed, (broke) MEB

Tomorrow AND...

VOLUME I NUMBER 4

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IN MEMORIAM

Lewis J. Grant, Jr.

It was not my privilege to know Lewis long, but during the three or four months he attended meetings of the University of Chicago Science Fiction Society or came to the apartment with a group to chat, I came to have a great liking and respect for him. Our group had just gotten started in April, when Lewis heard about us and began to come also. He was an immense help in getting both the club and this magazine off the ground, and his death was a severe loss to us for this reason as well as a deeply-felt personal one.

Before his death Lewis gave us two articles. As they had not been published before his sudden death, we decided to wait until this issue when we could print this memorial with them. So you will find both in this issue. I might mention that Lewis's depth of intelligence is amply demonstrated by the accuracy of various predictions he made in his article on geriatric drugs. Already the world has seen the beginnings of tumult within the Catholic Church over the use of the pill, which Lewis foresaw.

The appreciation of Lewis printed below is the text of the reminiscence given by George Price at the Humanist Service for Lewis.

Michael E. Bradley
for the staff of Tomorrow And... and
the members of the
University of Chicago Science Fiction Society

I first met Lewis Grant late in 1953, when I came home from the Army and joined the University of Chicago Science Fiction Club. Lewie was already one of the leading members of the club. In the following years he held various offices, including the presidency. When he was elected to be president, I was the defeated candidate. It is a measure of Lewie's personality and ability that I did not feel the least bit resentful or embarrassed by the defeat, because he was so obviously the best fitted for the job. If anything, I felt relief that he was going to take on all that work. He took it on, and discharged it very well indeed. Whether in office or not, he was always one of the pillars of the club. He could be depended on for any club work that needed doing, including giving talks on practically any subject at short notice.

Lewie's knowledge was wide---I have never known anyone else who was so well versed in such a variety of subjects. Intellectually speaking, Lewie Grant could justly be called that very rare thing in this time of specialization, a true Renaissance man. Wherever a conversation might turn---science and technology, science fiction, politics and public affairs---Lewie could be counted on to have well-informed opinions. I did not always agree with him, but I never found his opinions superficial. It can't really be true that Lewie had more than a layman's knowledge about everything---it just seemed that way because, unlike many people, he had the good sense not to make pronouncements on subjects where he was ignorant. He was unlike most people in another important way: he had a very strong sense of the inter-relatedness of everything; he did not see knowledge as a batch of separate little items having nothing to do with each other. I suspect that it was this sense of the wholeness of knowledge and life that accounted for his deep interest and enthusiasm in science fiction, a form of literature which at its best tries to show how the increase of knowledge affects man and society. Still, it would be impossible to say for sure whether it was his great interest in the future of our society and the effects of science and technology upon it that led him to become interested in science fiction, or if it was science fiction that turned his interests toward science and public affairs. By the time I got to know him, the two aspects were so well integrated as to be impossible to separate.

Suffering as he did from the physical disability that finally took him from us, his intellectual development might be considered a compensation for the lack of a physically more active life. But no such development could take place unless there was a first-class mind there to begin with. Lewie's formal education was not extensive, but his all-devouring curiosity led him into a self-education that more than made up for it. Those who met him and experienced the sharpness of his mind and the range and depth of his learning were usually quite surprised to learn that he did not hold an advanced degree, nor any degree at all. At the time of his passing he was enrolled in a computer training course, and I am willing to bet that he was very near the head of his class.

Concerning Lewie as a person, rather than a scholar, there is no need to say much, since we all knew him. And I find it difficult and very painful to express my personal sense of loss. Simply, I counted him my best friend.

I am sure that all here have groaned at the atrocious puns that Lewie assailed us with, and I am equally sure that most of the groans were inspired by jealousy because we knew that we could not match his wit. As he once remarked, the puns kept him young in spirit, which is why he should have been named Puns a Day Leon. That was far from his best pun, but it seemed the most appropriate here. And if anyone should think that a memorial service is not the right place for a pun, I think Lewie would have been the first to disagree. I do not think he would have any use for a service drenched with tears and weighed down with solemn pomposity. Life played some dirty tricks on him, but he always faced it with a smile and a joke, and that's how I want to remember him. While we cannot help but feel hurt at having lost him, that pain will pass and we can then celebrate our good fortune in having known him at all.

Lewis joked and kidded with us, but he was not one to kid himself---he knew that his life could end at any time. But he did not let the shadow affect his good humor. I never saw him angry, or heard him say a mean or spiteful thing about anybody. Let me put it this way: if you ever encounter anyone who says that he knew Lewie, and disliked him, watch out!---that person is a psychopath. Lewie's life was short, but he put into it more accomplishment, more friendship, and more plain human decency than most people do in twice the time.

I miss him.

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QUIZ DEPARTMENT

This time we have two quizzes in TA's notorious quiz department. The first type is our five-clue quiz. For those of you who didn't get the second issue, the object of this is to guess the famous science fiction character using as few clues as possible. The clues appear sequentially but not on directly succeeding pages and are found at the bottom of the page set off by lines from other copy. If you guess the character on the first clue, you must be clairvoyant; on the second, you're an old pro; the third clue should give you a good chance; by the fourth clue, no excuses; no soap on the fifth, you'd better go back to the library.

The second type of quiz appears below. You'll be seeing more of this type in future issues. The object, of course, is to match -- in this case, to match the captains and their ships with the story in which they appear. Place the number representing the story in the parentheses beside the ship and then the captain with whom you think it matches. Score 1 point off each time the wrong number appears in a blank. We think that 12 is pretty fair; 15 is quite good; and if you get 18 or more, you're a genius. The correct list of numbers for each column appears on page 52.

| <u>Column A</u> <u>Story and Author</u> | <u>Column B</u> <u>Ships</u> | <u>Column C</u> <u>Captains</u> |
|--|---------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. The Saddest Lot of All by Harlan Ellison | () Far Star | () Valkanhayn |
| 2. Starship Troopers by Robert A. Heinlein | () Marathon | () Blaine |
| 3. Satan's World by Poul Anderson | () Acheron | () Baer |
| 4. Men, Martians and Machines by Eric Frank Russell | () Venture | () Brant |
| 5. Starman Jones by Robert A. Heinlein | () Tours | () Pausert |
| 6. Foundation by Isaac Asimov | () Space Scourge | () Falkayn |
| 7. The Witches of Karres by James Schmitz | () Envoy | () Brennan |
| 8. Space Viking by H. Beam Piper | () Muddlin Through | () McNulty |
| 9. Stranger in a Strange Land by Robert A. Heinlein | () Saviour | () Mallow |
| 10. Earthlight by Arthur C. Clarke | () Asgard | () Jorgenson |



From Another Land

209 Albert 168

In a letter to Ben Solon's Nyarthatlap, the late Lewis Grant said:

"However, I feel it is the magazine that wins the Hugo; and while the editors are very important, the writers and artists share equally in the magazine's success."

There's a funny paradox in this apparently simple statement. By the basic concept of the fanzine, it would seem that the editor is usually more of the chief writer, producer, and publisher than a real editor, at least in the normal journalistic sense. It seems only logical that a fan's fanzine would largely contain his own material, with contributions from others thrown in. The standard fannish practice has always been to write articles, letters, and the like for other fanzines until one feels confident enough in one's own ability to put out one's own fanzines.

Certainly most fanzines begin this way; how, however, do they keep going? Judging by today's better fmz, the situation may well be considerably different. In search of an answer to the question, "Who is responsible for a fanzine's success?", I skimmed over recent issues of what I consider the better fanzines--this also, of course, gave me a good excuse to reread those issues! In doing so, I discovered what I see as somewhat of a change in the traditional contents. Let's look at some of these: in no particular order, really,

Basically, we have two general groups here, one made up of Warhoon, Odd, Algol, and Speculation, the other consisting of Science Fiction Review, Lighthouse, Niekas, Trumpet, and Yandro. The division is based only on the amount and/or importance of editor-written material in the respective fanzines, but interestingly enough divides the zines in another basic way, one we'll get to in a moment.

Warhoon is a FAPazine, and the 25th issue runs 54 mimeo pages. Excluding two pages of mailing comments, we end up with 52 written pages, much of which is typical of the magazine. The contents: Harry Warner discussing Walt Willis; James Blish's Philicon speech on science fiction and society; Bob Shaw's fannish column on various things; Walt Willis' column on Irish railroads (which needs no further description if you're at all familiar with Willis, and couldn't possibly be described if you're not); the second half of Ted White's comprehensive discussion of Dangerous Visions; Harlan on Dangerous Visions; Robert Lowndes discussing criticism; the lettercol; and editor Richard Bergeron's editorial. Bergeron does not comment in the lettercol. The editorial, total of Bergeron's written material in the magazine per se, runs five pages.

Odd 19 is a particularly large--96 pages--issue; it's professionally printed with full-size type. This one has: editorial by Ray Fisher; St. Louiscon ad; Zelazny short story; Gaughan autobiography; Ted White on the "Science Fiction Package"; poems by Joyce Fisher; book review by Tucker; column-letter on life in Viet Nam by Joe Haldeman; something by "Random Trolls" (don't ask); article on Wagner as fantasy by Harry Warner; Bode's "Gline" strip; Richard Gordon on 1972 Britain and other things; Arnie Katz's fmz reviews; Robert Bloch on Ron Ellick; and the lettercol. Ray does comment, sometimes extensively, on the letters. Other than that, his written material (assuming he is "Random Trolls") totals three pages.

Algol, to my mind, deserves considerably more discussion than it's gotten recently. The 14th issue is 64 pages long, offset, ditto, and mimeo. It contains: editorial by Andy Porter; excellent discussion of Cthon by its author, Piers Anthony; discussion by Anne McCaffrey of her dragon series; Dick Lupoff's book reviews, with one by Porter; comic strip by John Bangsund; SFWA Banquet speeches by Fred Pohl and Larry Ashmead; fanfiction by George Locke; lettercol with brief comments and a final editorial. Total Porter material: about three pages.

Speculation is another excellent zine: it's often neglected, perhaps because it comes from Britain. The 5th Anniversary issue is 64 mimeo pages, with a page size slightly smaller than normal. There's very little art,

and material is pretty well crammed in. Here almost everything is serious: editorials by the two editors; book reviews and criticism by a number of people; Tim Hildebrand talking about the Secondary Universe Conference; Richard Gordon's long, definitive study of Brian Aldiss; prozine reviews by F.M. Busby; a continuing guest column on the World's Worst S.F.; brief book reviews, a few apparently by the editor; lettercol; and a Michael Moorcock column on New Worlds. Brief comments in the lettercol. Editor Peter Weston has a total of about two pages, while Assistant Editor Bob Rickard has one.

Basically, these four magazines contain primarily serious discussion of science fiction and related topics. There are exceptions, as in Warhoon's very fannish articles, but in general this seems to be the case. And in these four fanzines, the editor(s) write a very small part of the actual written material of the magazine.

There really isn't a hell of a lot of difference between the first and second groups, but I feel the difference is significant. In these fanzines, the editors have considerably more written material than in the others and, strangely enough, these fanzines seem to have less serious discussion of science fiction and more fannish talk and talk on life in general.

Lighthouse is the first of these. Lths 15 is a monstrous 95-page mimeod fanzine and, like Warhoon, is a FAPAZine. This issue contains: editorial by Terry Carr; rambling comments on his wandering by Samuel R. Delany; a column by Carol Carr; Gahan Wilson discussing cartooning; Fritz Leiber in a somewhat atypical talk on "The Anima Archetype in Science Fiction" (atypical for this magazine); Damon Knight's '67 Boskone speech on expanding sf distribution; an article on old westerns by Pat Lupoff; a satire on the "Invaders" and the SFWA by Joanna Russ; a long discussion by Dick Lupoff of extrapolation in 1880-1914 science fiction; a Harlan short-short; and lettercol with extensive comments. Terry Carr has a total of nearly nine pages, plus many comments in the lettercolumn.

Science Fiction Review needs no introduction, tho in case you haven't seen the latest issue, I'll note that it's now half-size offset, with very small type, and about 64 pages of material. Contents: Geis editorial; Farmer BAYCON speech on working toward control of mah's future; Berry's "Stuff and Fanac" column, just that; review of "Barbarella" by Leo P. Kelly; the conclusion of Earl Evers' five-part "Primer for Heads"; books reviews by Geis, Delap, Evers, and Bill Glass; fannish column by Arthur Jean Cox; lettercol; and a final editorial. About 6½ pages of Geis, plus much lettercol comment.

Niekas 19, at 68 pages, is a fantastically large fmz, since most is done in small type and much in tightly-spaced microelite; reproduction is mimeo. This issue of the 1967 Hugo-winner has considerable variety: editorial by Felice Rolfe; pop art discussion by Diana Paxson; editorial by Ed Meskeys; a Chambers Dragon strip; a poem about dragons by Nan Braude; satire of sorts by Carl Frederick; the continuation of Bob Foster's glossary to LotR; a rambling column-article by Poul Anderson; Mesky's Green Dragon; the TSA bulletin; Piers Anthony's review of Dangerous Visions; a brief article by Jannick Storm on Klassen's "Approaches to the Study of Myth"; book reviews by Laurence Janifer, Marsha Brown, Nan Braude, Piers Anthony, B.A. Fredstrom; a column of opinion by various people; the lettercol; and a brief page of comments by Charlie Brown. Total Rolfe content: 3 pages. Total Meskeys content, excluding GD: 3 microelite pages. No lettercol comments.

Trumpet at issue 8 is probably the best-reproduced zine in the business; it looks considerably better than Analog. Counting Bode's strip, a total of 18 pages are art alone. Contents, in 44 pages of very small type, generally three columns, includes: editorial by Tom Reamy; editorial by Alex Eisenstein; article on space law by H.H. Hollis; long Bode strip; column, mainly on hypnosis, by Andrew J. Offut; brief autobiographical article by Hollis Williford; Stan Taylor art folio; movie column by Dan Bates; brief fmz reviews by Eisenstein; short lettercol with brief comments. Total Reamy material is two full pages; total Eisenstein, nearly 6 pages. Al Jackson has nothing this time.

Finally, Yandro, now in its 185th issue. (BUCK --PLEASE NOTE. THIS IS NOT A REVIEW. I AM DISCUSSING THIS AS AN EXAMPLE AND AM NOT MENTIONING ADDRESSES, PRICES, OR ANYTHING.) Perhaps the epitome of the personalzine. This time it's thirty pages, mimeo: Robert Coulson editorial; Juanita Coulson editorial; review of book version of 200 by Michael Viggiano; a poem by Dainis Bisenieks; an obituary of God by Keith Richardson; lettercol with extensive comments from both Coulsons; books and fmz reviews by Robert. Total RSC material is 12 pages; JWC is two pages.

All right. Where does this whole mess really get us? Well, we've seen that in most tope fanzines, the editor's actually written material is very severely limited. This is emphatically not due to inability, as some of these faneds are among the best writers in fandom. I would venture to guess that it's really due to a combination of lack of time and necessity for diversity. Many of these people have other fannish and/or pro activities in the field, not to mention full-time jobs. The task of sitting down, and writing to satisfy their own standards may well take more time than they're able to give. Most important, tho, the editors seek diversity in their magazine--in type of material, in opinion, in writing style. Unless one is a really superb writer, a constant diet of HIS style, HIS opinions, HIS type of articles can be a severe strain on the reader. To keep the reader interested and to produce a more interesting magazine, the editor uses as little of his own material as possible. And, of course, he tries to use material, if obtainable, from people whom he feels to be better writers than himself, at least in a specific field, such as reviews.

The editors, at least of the better fanzines, do not, in general, write for their fanzines. And I would sincerely doubt that when one gets the kind of contributions these magazines are getting the editor needs do much physical work on contribs, i.e. correction of grammar, spelling, etc. Of course, the editor controls layout and similar technical aspects of production, but in this whole collection, there's very little diversity in this. There are a number of standard layout patterns, a number of ways of setting up titles and illustrations, and there's precious little you can do but re-arrange these basic patterns. The best faneditors have learned these patterns, and use them well. About the only mag with anything really out of the ordinary in production is Algol using as it does three different reproduction methods in the magazine. But artwork is otherwise conventionally handled here.

In the case of the successful top-quality fmz, then, we've pretty definitely shown that the editor has comparatively little to do with the writing of the material, and really little choice in the organization of it. Where, then, IS his major role?

I think it would almost have to be way back in the first step--the assembling of material for the magazine. To produce a successful fanzine, you need good contributions. To get good contributions, you need a good fanzine. It's a vicious circle, and, especially when you're just starting out, good material by known people is hard to come by (Gaughan art excepted). So at least in the beginning, the editor must be able to convince other fans, be they in fandom in general or in his own little group, that he CAN put out a successful magazine. If possible, if he's lucky or is a very skilled writer himself, he'll be able to do it through the force of his first, personally written fmz. But more often, I think, he's forced to convince people that he has that unknown quality--sight unseen, quite often--to present their material in the manner in which it SHOULD be presented.

In short, he must be a con man.

Once the zine is going and on its feet, this burden is slightly lessened, but not too much. Now, when he's competing for the services of the top people around, he must convince contributors that among the best fanzines, his is the best for their particular material. He must develop, if he hasn't already, the ability to turn down a contribution in such a way as to encourage further contributions from the author.

But still, underneath it all, the con man must lurk, as material is ALWAYS needed.

BACK FROM THE DEAD, perhaps? I suppose most of you know that Ted White has taken over as managing editor of Amazing/Fantastic. According to Locus, he's planning to incorporate fannish features, including fmz reviews, articles, and lettercolumns, into the magazines. As well, of course, as improve overall quality. I have next to me the March 1969 Amazing, and while I don't know if Ted had anything to do with it, I must say that it's the best issue of that magazine I've seen for quite a while. The cover is bearable, better than some of the recent Galaxy-If covers. Fiction is better than normal, with original short stories by Disch, Slađek, Durant Imboden (?), and Bunch, and the conclusion of Richard C. Meredith's new novel; reprints are limited to three novelettes. Other features are what really shine in this issue: guest editorial by associate editor Laurence Janifer on, essentially, over-reaction; film review ("Hot Millions") by Janifer; discussion of 2001 by Leon Stover, probably the best prozine discussion of that picture yet; and James Blish's William Atheling, Jr. book review column. Eliminating the fiction altogether, it remains readable, and this time the fiction is more help than hindrance. If Ted can manage to keep this level of comment while improving the fiction--he might well make Amazing the "World's Leading Science-Fiction Magazine!"

THE LATEST ISSUE of Mad contains a parody of 2001. Sadly, it's not as good as we could have hoped. What they did (they being Mort Drucker, artist, and Dick De Bartolo, writer) is merely to go through the basic plot of the picture and make comical remarks about everything. For instance, when the scientist from Earth reaches the space station, the following conversation takes place:

"Did you have a pleasant 250,000 mile Express Flight up from Earth, Dr. Haywire?"

"Yes! We had In-Flight Movies...They showed us 'Doctor Doolittle', 'Ben Hur', 'Dr. Zhivago', 'The Ten Commandments', 'War and Peace', 'Gone With the Wind', 'Camelot'-- "

"You're lucky! On the Local Flights, they show slides of 'Sap-Gathering in Maine!'"

There are some good lines, tho; when the scientists reach the lip of the monolith's crater,

"Well...there it is, Dr. Haywire! What do you think?"

"Boy, that's a Black Monolith if I ever saw a Black Monolith!"

The best way to do these things is to do what Mad did with such things as "West Side Story" and Star Trek, which was to take the original basic idea and make a completely crazy plot, using the same characters, etc. But there ARE some good lines, and the art is excellent. If the March Mad is still around when you read this, you might pick it up.

JUST IN CASE you're interested, there is a special postage rate for manuscripts. Check at your post office, but I BELIEVE that they go fourth class rate, the same as books.

Several writers I know who've sold professionally were not aware of this situation, and suggested that I print it. So, here it is.

So now, you can send us all the manuscripts you like. QX?

I DON'T WANT TO talk about it extensively, since we'll have reviews in the next issue, but I do urge all of you to see "Yellow Submarine." While you'll appreciate it more if you like the Beatles' music and have seen their other movies, anybody can enjoy the visual aspect. This is a completely new form of cartoon, and it's as fascinating in its way as 2001. Check the December 27 issue of Time to see what I mean, and see it when it comes around. you WILL like it.

We, or at least I, (I don't know about Mike), support Bob Shaw for TAFF.

THE LEGAL RULES is a little publication of mine, listing the official rules of the World Science Fiction Society, including the changes and additions made at BAYCON. It's a very handy little thing, and it'll cost you

merely a thin dime or two 6¢ stamps from me.

SOMETIMES MY FAITH in fandom is completely destroyed. The latest Locus (#16) contains considerable information from Alva Rogers about the Hugo balloting, and I was somewhat shocked by the actual results.

In the nominations, a total of 245 ballots were received; this is, I believe, considerably above past years' totals, but the situation isn't quite so rosy when you look at some of the specific nominations. The Butterfly Kid made the final ballot with only 11 nominations; "Aye and Gommorah" made it with only 21. Lord of Light and "Eity on the Edge of Forever" had 34 and 33 nominations respectively. When you have so few nominations, it's ridiculously easy for a small group--even ten people--to influence the nominations drastically.

A total of 482 Hugo ballots were received by the deadline; I feel this number is also far too low, but there is not much one can do about. But it's the actual voting numbers that really surprised me.

Lord of Light beat TEI, 200-169; I thought it'd be closer, but wasn't too surprised. "Riders" and "Weyr Search" tied with 213 each, the runner-up was "Damnation Alley" with 133 votes. I've already said that I didn't think the Dragon tale deserved Hugo, that the whole work (Dragonflight) was perhaps Hugo-caliber but that this first story wasn't. But otherwise, I'm both unsurprised and satisfied up to now. Things begin to get weird in the novelette balloting; Leiber's entry won, of course, with 246 votes, but the runner-up was Andre Norton's decidedly mediocre "Wizard's World" with 173 votes. I strongly feel the other two stories, Harlan's "Pretty Maggie Money-Eyes" (quite possibly his best work in competition) and Dick's "Faith of Our Fathers" were FAR superior to Norton's entry.

And so it goes with the short story. For me, the toughest choice was deciding between "I Have No Mouth" and Delany's magnificently underplayed "Aye, and Gommorah..." But second in the voting, with 176 votes to 251, was Niven's "Jigsaw Man," not a bad story but now even Niven's best of the year.

The dramatic voting was no surprise at all; Harlan barely defeated David Gerrold's "Trouble with Tribbels," 201-190. Prozine balloting WAS a major surprise, though, with voting split almost down the middle with 222 votes for If and 215 for Analog. Why all the new wave people chose If rather than Galaxy or F&SF is beyond me, tho of course I'm not surprised by Analog's nearness to victory.

The pro artist balloting was also a two-way battle (as expected) with Gaughan defeating Freas 203-191, but the fmz contest was a major surprise. Amra won with 169 votes; you already know what I think about that. But second with 142 was ASFR! This I just can't see either; tho I've only seen two copies of that magazine, it just hasn't struck me as really THAT good. Particularly with Lighthouse and Yandro in the running, not to mention Psychotic. While I didn't think Psy should have won last year, I certainly support it this year.

Fan writer is really no surprise; with very few people voting, Ted White beat out Harry Warner 100-86; I think Harry stands an excellent chance in '69, with his majestic locs and his history columns in several places.

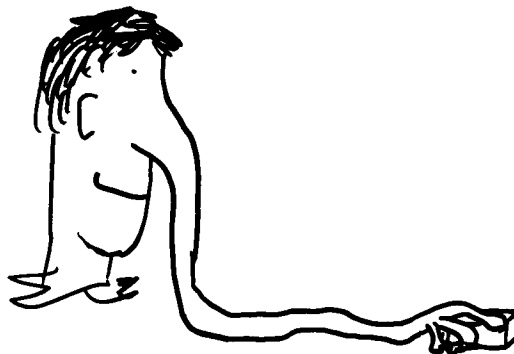
But fan artist completely throws me; Barr, who probably deserved it, won with 167 votes, but Bjo Trimble came in second with 159! Now I like Bjo's cute drawings for Shaggy and other places as much as the next fan, but this has got to be a case of voting for name only. Certainly TAFFman Steve Stiles was the superior artist, not to mention Atom and even Johnny Chambers.

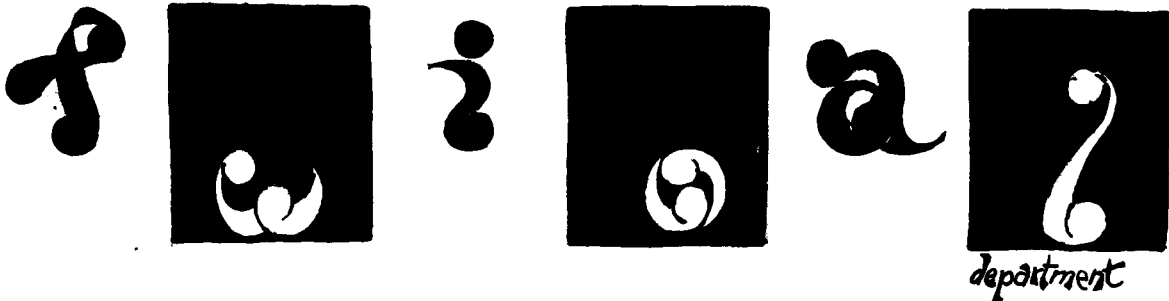
I think we'll talk more about the hugos next time. I'm peeved.

THE BRITISH Science Fiction association misspelled my name (in News Bulletin 2 of the Galactif Fair 1969). Somehow they had it right on the envelope, but messed it up in the membership listings. I don't care what they say about me as long as they spell my name right.

DAVID GERROLD, Good Man and author of "The Trouble With Tribbles," is putting together an anthology of original sf by new writers. There are no restrictions on material, and "If any of ... your readers would care to submit stories, feel free to do so. The worst I can do is send it back." If you've got something you think is really pro caliber, it might be worth it to write him at: 13615 Debby St.

Van Nuys
California 91401





Science Fiction Review 28: Richard Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, California 90403. \$.50, \$3.00/year. Sob! Cry! (no pun intended) Choke...choke...choke...It's not Psychotic. (That has a strange inner meaning. Seems I was at an unofficial party at Mike Gilbert's (our fantastic artist) the other day, and we were passing around this...and moaning, "It's not Psychotic.") As you all know, Geis has done it, and Psychotic is now officially Science Fiction Review; Geis insists it's the same thing. It ain't. First off, it's offset; now offset IS a good thing in fmz, and it allows you to use a lot more good art, etc., etc. BUT there are some zines less suited to offset than others, and SFR is one of them. Second and third, the title and size (it's half-size) contribute to a very serconish attitude, and even if Geis wants to stay the same, I think he'll find that with offset, half-size, and a different title, he won't be able to. Finally, the column titles are gone. No longer do we have "The Couch," "Delusions," "The Violent Ward." Now it's "Dialog," "Book Reviews," "P.O.Box 3116." Feh! And because of all this, it just doesn't read the same, even with all the regular features. Dammit, Dick, it's no FUN anymore. Dick, how could you? Sorry about that outburst. It may NOT be Psychotic, but that doesn't mean it isn't one of the top three or four fmz around. Dick's the first to reprint Farmer's BAYCON GoH speech and, lo and behold, it's coherent and interesting; too bad it wasn't that at the LONG banquet. The rest of the people are still around: John Berry's personally illustrated "Stuff and Fanac," interesting if not world-shaking; Leo P. Kelly having fun with "Barbarella": Earl Evers completing his superb "Primer for Heads"; a very long (13 pages) book review column, probably one of the best around, with tidbits from Geis, Delap, Evers, and Bill Glass; and, of course, the lettercol, which only takes up 20 of 60 pages. Big improvement is the artwork; with offset, Geis now has goodies from Bergeron (a warrior robot cover), Robert Flinchenbaugh, and Mike Gilbert, in addition to the usual Gaughan, Berry, and Rotsler. But it's not Psychotic.

Trumpet 8: Tom Reamy, 6400 Forest Lane, Dallas, Texas 75230. \$.60, \$2.50/5, contrib, loc, trade. If Tom and the rest keep this up, they may well give Psychotic a real race for the 1969 Fanzine Hugo. This has got to be one of the best looking Fanzines yet, from its beautiful multi-color Jones cover to the fine Wrightson bacover. Trumpet is also less serious, more fannish than in past issues, and this helps the overall impression. It's also longer, and 40 pages of this size printing equaling perhaps twice that in normal fanzine style. Artwork is all good; besides the covers, we have Barr, Gilbert, Hollis Williford, Lovenstein, and others, plus five-page Stan Taylor portfolio. No fiction this time (thank ghod) but one new feature--yet another Bode strip, this time "Bode's Machines." While I don't particularly like his illustrations, Bode is probably the top regularly producing sf cartoonist, and this is his work at best, beautifully reproduced. Written material: long and very interesting editorials from Reamy and Alex Eisenstein, very readable columns from H.H. Hollis and Andrew J. Offut, movie reviews and commentary by Dan Bates, fanzine reviews by Eisenstein. A rather dull lettercol is a letdown, but on the whole, Trumpet 8 is a definite accomplishment.

Algol 14: Andy Porter, Box 367, New York, New York 10028. \$.60. \$2.50/5, contrib, loc, arranged trade. Right now seems to be a remarkable period of fanzine prosperity, as virtually every zine I have for review is at least good if not outstanding. This is yet another in the latter category. Actually, you could almost call this a "proish" fanzine--a fanzine which, to a large extent, discusses the thoughts and activities of pros, rather than just fans. The lead and most important section, for example, consists of Piers Anthony discussing the background and writing of Cthon and Anne McCaffry talking about her dragon stories. Both of these are most interesting, and the Anthony article goes a long way toward providing a method of truly understanding what may well be the most complex sf yet attempted. Algol is also unique in its reproduction, with some pages offset, some ditto, and some mimeo; while rather disconcerting the first time, this produces a pleasing contrast, and makes reading the thing more enjoyable. Reading joy is also heightened by the somewhat limited but still outstanding art. From the Power's cover through the full page work from Bode, Mike Gilbert, Bill Rotsler and others, there isn't a bad piece of art in the 60+ pages, and much of it is excellent. In addition, we have: book reviews by Dick Lupoff, unassuming but very well done; S.F.W.A. Banquet speeches by Fred Pohl and Larry Ashmead; faanfiction--just average--by George Locke; lettercol, and editorial. You go broke, but this is yet another you really should be getting.

Riverside Quarterly, Vol. 3, No. 3: Leland Sapiro, Box 40, University Station, Regina, Canada. Contrary to popular opinion, reports of RQ's demise are highly exaggerated. At least temporarily--Leland promises that the field's "little magazine" will continue for at least two more issues, and further if enough subscriptions are received. It's still \$.50 and ish, or \$1.50 per year, and should the mag fold, all money WILL BE returned. So do send. This issue is rather more interesting than the last several, probably because of the diversity of material. Besides the third part of Jack Williamson's five-part study of H.G. Wells, RQ for August includes a fascinating article on Van Vogt and Blish's usage of the theories of Oswald Spengler, Sandra Miesel's (whose work on Delany and Zelazny you've seen in Kalikanzaros) continuing series of the backgrounds of LotR, a Blish

article attacking Michel Butor's discussion of sf in the Fall 1967 Partisan Review, a Kris Neville story using the techniques of Ballard, articles on Bradbury by Moskowitz and John Boardman, notes on Cordqainer Smith by Zelazny, columns by Harry Warner and Jim Harmon, editorial, letters. One of RQ's best issues yet--why not send a little money so Leland can keep them coming?

Granfalloon 5: Linda Eyster, Apt. 103, 4921 Forbes Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213. \$.50, trade, substantial letter, contrib. A nicely-reproduced mimeozine, GF is quickly losing that neo-image we discussed last time and managing the difficult step of creating its own distinct personality. This is primarily due to co-editors Linda and Suzanne Tompkins, Carnegie-Mellon femme-fen, and their gang in the Western Pennsylvania Science Fiction Association; the mag is always a lot of fun to read, and is getting better and better each time. Thisish contains one of the best pieces of faan-fiction I've seen in quite a while: Ginger Buchanan's magnificent "I've Had No Sleep and I Must Giggle." Here Ginger's written what is not only a good BAYCON report but is also a beautiful pastiche of Ellison's Hugo-winner. This you'll HAVE to read to believe. Also outstanding are Richard Delap's book reviews; in a relatively brief period, Richard has become one of the more respected reviewers around, with many 'zines competing for his work. He's slightly off form here, perhaps a little cramped for space. Also around are regular features and a rather lively if poorly edited lettercol.

Science Fiction Times, November 1968: NOTE NEW ADDRESS: Ann F. Dietz, Science Fiction Times, Inc., Box 515 Washington Bridge Station, New York, NY 10033. Here you get the inside story on what you read in Locus plus, on occasion, some excellent reviews. Oh, before I forget--\$.30, \$3.00/year. This time top stories are: David Paskow/s discussion of the '68-'69 TV season sf-wise; a discussion of fandom by Samuel Mines; and a review of "Barbarella" by Frederick S. Clarke. Regular features include international news, a calendar of events, fanzine listings, listings of new books, upcoming prozine contents, and book reviews.

Nyarlatotep 6: Ben Solon, 3933 N. Janssen, Chicago, Illinois 60613. \$.30, contrib, trade, loc. Ben's 'un-speakable fanzine' is back after a 16-month hiatus, and, like so many others this year, is a welcome addition to the fannish scene. In set-up and content it's strangely similar to Lighthouse, and while perhaps it's not quite the equal of Terry Carr's creation, Nyer comes surprisingly close. None of the material is particularly THAT outstanding but all is at least competent. Best probably is Ben's long editorial, which centers on the duties of the faned; here, he sets down a series of ground rules which should be required reading for every prospective editor. Also: Joe Hensely on Tucker, Ted White on the new edition of damon knight's In Search of Wonder, Alexi Panshin on books (on second thought, THIS is another highlight), fiction by Valerie Walker, opinion by Dean Natkin, humor by Arnie Katz, other features. A fairly interesting lettercol finishes off a very enjoyable ish.

Hugin and Munin 6: Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Road, Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada. \$.25, trade all for all, loc, contrib. This seems to be part of the whole scene thisish--improvement of fmz. HaM y, while still not overly interesting, contains considerably more readable material than the past two issues; actually, it's a typical University-club fanzine (something I sincerely HOPE TA is no longer, it if ever way) with lotsa mediocre sercon material and little fannish stuff. Contents include conreport on Triple Fan Fair; dramatically unimpressive article "Sherlock Holmes and Forensic Science Fiction"; fairly good reviews of 2001, movie and book, and "Rosemary's Baby" movie and book; a couple o' poor short stories; also regular features and an attached copy of issue # 1.5 of Kevas & Trillium, another short Canadian zine. Interesting cheap for the price.

Amra, vol. 2, number 49: George Scithers, Amra, Box 0, Eatontown, New Jersey 07724. \$.50, \$3.00 / 10. Amra, the 1968 Hugo winner, has the distinction of being one of two fmz to win this award more than once. And I don't think it deserved the second nod. At All. Not that it's BAD or anything like that, but think it's too limited and selective to merit the honor. Amra is THE swordplay and sorcery fanzine, and normally consists of 20 lithoed pages with magnificent art by Barr, Krenkel, and others. But somehow, AMRA manages to make s&s boring, dull, even tiring at times. While I do admit that s&s is not my favorite type of literature, I do enjoy Fafhrd, Elric, Conan, and others. But most of the discussions in this issue leave me completely cold. I guess it's much like the Tolkein Journal; while any fan CAN find it interesting, only the real enthusiast will enjoy it--which makes it even more amazing that it took the Hugo this year. My only suggestion is that the fannish vote was split between Psy and Lighthouse, and the more serious vote between ASFR and Odd. Amra got ALL the s&s vote, and this was enough. Contents here: a reprinted review-discussion (reprints are rare, I must admit, here) of The Well of the Unicorn and The Worm Ouroboros by Dave Hulan; several short pieces by Lin Carter, poems by Boardman and de Camp, letters, editorial. Just for comparison, issue 48 had editorial, de Camp article on editing Conan, letters, book reviews, Boardman article on pulp fiction, limericks.

Shangri L'Affaires 74: Ken Rudolph, 745 N. Spaulding Ave., Los Angeles, California 90046. The 74th Shaggy is, like most of the revived issues have been, very uneven, thus reflecting the unique LASFS character. This one is a bit better than last time, tho. Pride of the issue is a brilliant Funcon report made up of scattered personal thoughts of a few of the attendees--Rudolph, Barry Weissman, the Trimbles, and others. Several pages of wonderful Bjo illustrations accompany the thing, and together with the text produce one of the best single con reports I've ever seen. Two other features of particular interest: a continuation of Vaughn Bode's excellent strip "Cobalt-60," and a most impressive eight-page portfolio by Don Simpson. We also have fannish columns from Rudolph, Len Bailes, Ted Johnstone, Sally Crayne, and some good reviews. Also the regular features (i.e. editorial, lettercol).

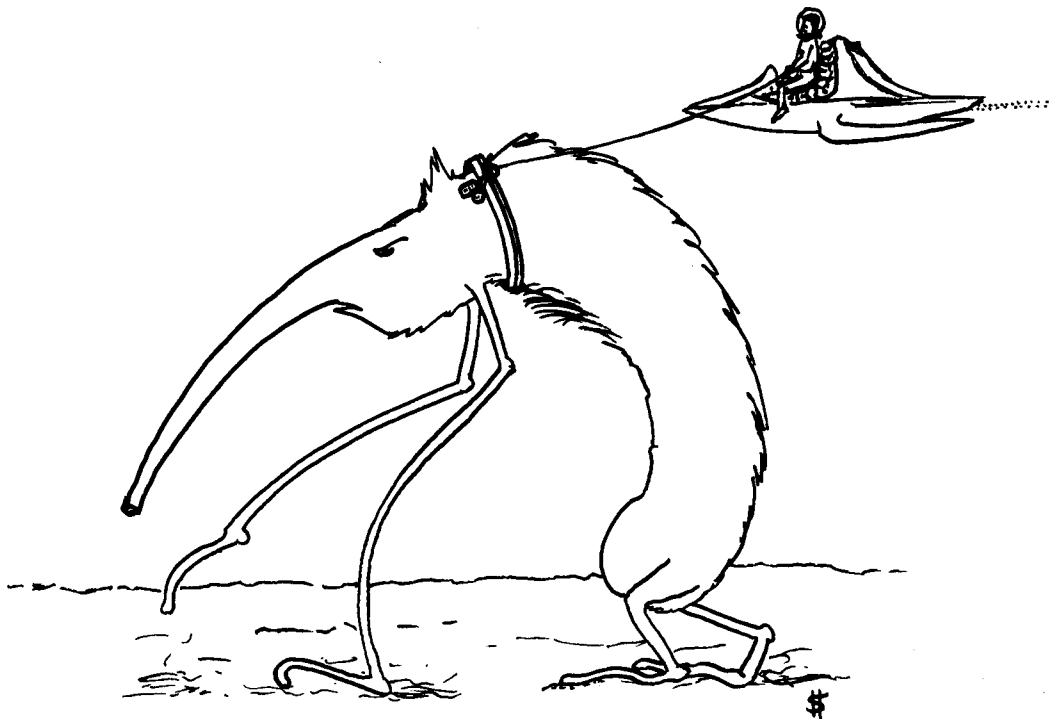
Shangri L'Affaires Art Supplement: Ken Rudolph, 745 N. Spaulding Ave., Los Angeles, California 90046. Shaggy's Annual Christmas Art supplement is out, tho the mag itself won't be read till after Christmas (ergo it SHOULD

be ready by the time you read this). The supplement is simply a portfolio of 30 artists'--some very good, some well, not so good--works pertaining somehow to Christmas and hopefully to science fiction. Best things for me were full-pagers from Bonnie Bergstrom, Wendy Fletcher, and Katherine Cribbs, plus good full page cartoons from Bernie Zuber and Ken Fletcher. Also included in the package is a '69 calendar illustrated (by Tim Kirk) with drawings from LotR. I'm not as nuts as some over Kirk's art, but he DOES have some fine work here. I'm only sorry that Gilbert and Bode, my favorite fan artists, didn't contribute.

Locus 15: Charlie and Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10457. 8/\$1.00, trade (issue for issue), news. THE newszine, coming to you at least every two weeks (although Andy Porter IS making noises again). This one's the biggest yet, running seven sides plus a full-page:flifer for the Pittsburgh regional, PgHLANGE. You should already be getting Locus; if not, do so immediately.

Speculation Vol. 2, No. 7: Peter Weston, 81 Trescott Road, Northfield, Birmingham 31, United Kingdom. \$.35, 3/\$1.00 (send cash, no cheques), trade. Sort of a cross between Riverside Quarterly and Australian Science Fiction Review, Speculation is probably the best non-American fanzine I've seen in a long time. It's fantastically underpriced (35¢ for 64 most interesting pages) and contains, among other things, considerable information on British fandom and prodrom. This fifth anniversary issue is topped by Richard Gordon's definitive study of Brian Aldiss and his work, "A Man in His Time." Gordon does here essentially what Panshin did with Heinlein, and the result is just as interesting--if not as controversial. Next in interest would have to be Michael Moorcock's long column concerning the trials and tribulations of New Worlds; Moorcock is now financing the mag entirely on his own, and here he describes his background with the magazine and details his goals and reasons for publication. It shouldn't be missed. Most of the rest of the space is taken up by very competent reviews; long ones of A Torrent of Faces, The Final Programme, Bug Jack Barron, The Reproductive System (John Sladek), Neutron Star and Heinlein in Dimension, and shorter things on other books and some prozines. Editorial, a few other short features plus lettercol finish out a truly fascinating issue. Perhaps the overall tone is a mite too stuffy, but this is a minor quibble. One of the best.

Locus 13: Charlie and Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10457. 8/\$1.00, news, interesting letters, whim, or trade (issue for issue). Locus keeps getting better as the editorial staff gets settled and fandom realizes there IS a viable replacement for SFW. Charlie is now (I think) permanent editor, with Elliot Shorter assisting him, and various people (often John D. Berry) doing cartoons. The thing comes out at least bi-weekly (unless there isn't much news that week!) and is currently running six full pages. It regularly features brief fmz reviews; highlights of the ish include: announcement of Mervyn Peake's death (Peake wrote Gormanghast trilogy); news that NBC is NOT cancelling ST; and announcement of the Columbus in '73 bid (not ANOTHER one!) Also news from clubs, apas, movies, pros, publishers, etc. You should have it.



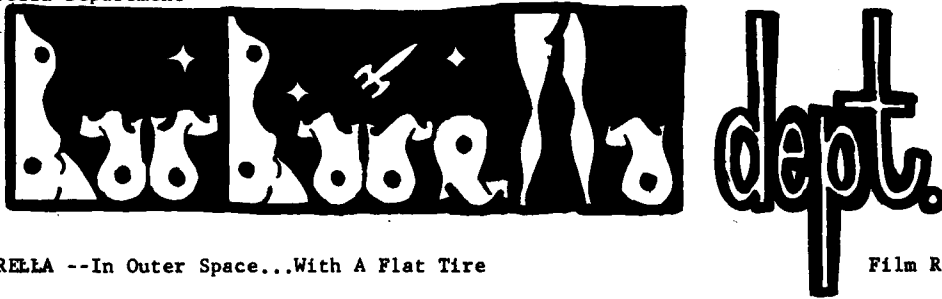
offutt's
IMPRESSIONS of
'Barbarella'

NOW LET ME SHOW
YOU MY GIANT
ORGAN, Barbarella.

with Jane Fonda
AS BRIGITTE
DIRECTED BY
Bridgette EX

offutt





BARBARELLA --In Outer Space...With A Flat Tire

Film Review by Richard Delap

Barbarella. A Paramount release. In Panavision and Technicolor. Directed by: Roger Vadim. Screenplay by: Terry Southern and Roger Vadim, with script assists by: Claude Brule, Vittorio Bonicelli, Clement Biddle Wood, Brian Degas Tudor and Jean-Claude Forest. Based on Jean-Claude Forest's comic strip. Photographed by: Claude Renoir, Music by: Bob Crewe and Charles Fox. Film Editor: Victoria Mercanton. Produced by: Dino de Laurentiis.

Cast: Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, Anita Pallenberg, Milo O'Shea, David Hemmings, Marcel Marceau, Ugo Tognazzi.

I should begin by stating flatly that Roger Vadim is one of my favorite film directors. For ten years or more, Vadim has been turning out films that even when constructed around an idiot plot -- Countless Bardot films such as Love On a Pillow, etc. -- remain fascinating to watch, if only for the fact that he knows exactly how to make cinema sex fulfill the adolescent carry-over dreams of drama, great beauty and the ultimate accomplissement with the sexual woman.

Seven years ago, Vadim made what yet remains the most underrated fantasy/horror drama of all (although Time Magazine did call it "a small black pearl of a picture"): Blood and Roses (Et Mourir de Plaisir -- "And Die of Pleasure" -- in France). Paramount butchered the American version of the film by mercilessly chopping nearly twenty minutes of running time to escape the Catholic "C" rating, but failed to disguise the fact that Vadim had taken a creepy old Gothic tale (J. Sheridan le Fanu's Garnilla) and made a film chillingly rampant with horror by coupling the terrors of vampirism with that of cold and unmerciful sexual aberration, pictured here with a striking and subtle (and all the more horrifying for that) Lesbian seduction. He also refused to tack on a regulative "happy ending," instead jolting audiences with a filmic postscript confirming the immortality of evil.

All of which leads me to the point that, despite Vadim's failure in the past to loosen a heavy-handed touch in a few ill-assorted comedies, I very much looked forward to this director's tackling a wild, "space opera" sex spoof. Sad to report, then, that Barbarella is the most unfunny, unentertaining and unmitigated stale cookie ever to pose as crepe suzette.

The film opens with one of the few good bits of humor present (must have been an oversight) as Barbarella (Jane Fonda), shucking off her spacesuit in freefall, spills out the lightly-bouncing main titles which inadequately conceal the lady's breasts and asexual crotch. She remains in the buff for the following ten minutes spent drifting aimlessly about her ship's fur-lined control room, receiving emergency instructions from Earth to proceed in all haste to the planet Lythion and discover the whereabouts of a missing astronaut, and, throughout all, wearing the most consistently bland expression a human face can possibly achieve. On Lythion, Barbarella soon meets Pygar (John Phillip Law), a blind angel, and from then on it's a running battle between the two as to who can out-bland the other expression-wise.

Presumably, scripter Southern, or Vadim or one of the hoard of writers with a hand in the sticky-pie script, had a collector's-item armload of vintage s-f magazines featuring dozens of cover illustrations of helpless beauties being menaced and tortured in every conceivable way. For the next hour or so, audiences are invited to watch Barbarella trussed up in a cave to be eaten alive by mechanized, man-eating dolls; thrown into an outsized birdcage, to be pecked to death by a mangy-looking, multicolored group of undersized canaries; menaced by whip-wielding "leather men" and deathray-shooting airships; trapped in a chamber offering a grisly choice of lingering deaths; and locked into a "pleasure" machine that kills its victims with an excess of sensual delight (but blows its fuses in trying to surpass this heroine's erotic limit). Throughout this melange of moronic menaces and preposterous escapes, Barbarella manages to find time for almost an equal number of sexual escapades. And, by darn, before it's all over, if she doesn't manage to find the missing astronaut (by default), join forces with a haphazard revolution (by accident), and overthrow the evil Black Queen, ruler of the wicked city of Sogo (by sheer, stupid luck).

Terry Southern, co-author of the amusingly over-written Candy, seems to have left his wit sealed up in a cellophane bag, for the best he can come up with here are lines such as Barbarella's lightly-voiced musing-- a la Tom Jones--upon hearing an off-screen shriek: "A good many dramatic situations begin with screaming." With the exception of Anita Pallenberg, who gets more mileage out of the Black Queen role than was really written into it, and Milo O'Shea, who chews the scenery with just the right balance of hammy aplomb, the entire cast wanders through the film like they're still waiting for the director to tell them what to do.

If an indifferent cast, lazy direction, and a flat script unhesitatingly tromp any cerebral appreciation, something might have been salvaged with an eye-filling pyrotechnic display of visual wonders. Barbarella fizzles out in this department too. Japanese-inspired special effects are the technical rock-bottom. Claude Renoir, the best cinematographer in Europe (possibly the world), seems as uninspired as everyone else and sets up each shot head-on, with nary a "soft" shot at all, even in the sex scenes. The lab work imparts a bothersome graininess and gives Technicolor all the life of a watercolor painting left out in an afternoon shower. Film editor Mercanton paces the entire mess at a galloping crawl.

With technical credits nil, script at a standstill, acting and direction out in left field somewhere, is there any hope in the "pop"-sound music score? Hardly, unless you're the type of swinger who could play

The Monkees full-blast at a dog's funeral. With a four-million dollar budget, one would suppose a producer, any producer, could have come up with something worth waiting for, worth paying even an ordinary admission price for. No such luck.

If the film holds a vulgar appeal for an assortment of voyeurs and sadists, one wonders if the hard-sell advertising campaign is the only thing responsible for the holding power of this film in initial playdates around the country. Hmmmm?



BARBARELLA: A Review by S. Herbst

There are a lot of things that BARBARELLA isn't. Good, for example. DeLaurentis, having used up his scriptures, has made this comic strip event into something which resembles Dante's Inferno. Steaming Labyrinths, naked bodies, the whole bit. It all has the dramatic, mystical impact of a halloween mask. And plastic - you never saw so much plastic in your life.

BARBARELLA definitely isn't science fiction, nor what SF people refer to as fantasy. Intellectually stimulating it's not; the most plausible thing in the entire picture is the fact that Jane Fonda is from Earth. Intellectually humorous? Well, how about vulgarly humorous? Well, how about...

But let's be fair, now. BARBARELLA wasn't made as either science fiction or science fantasy. So let's see what the movie did have to offer: Color, yes. Impressive sets. DeLaurentis is up to many of his old tricks. For example, playing peek-a-boo with Miss Fonda's features and floating credits. Remember The Bible? This time, instead of dawn-filled skies he uses immiscible liquids to achieve colorful optical effects which probably are the best element of the film.

And he has the usual bountiful supply of female bodies, which he wraps in some of the scratchiest, most uncomfortable garments imaginable. Certainly there is an overwhelming preoccupation with sex; the comic strip had that, too. And a surprising sadistic flavor: Barbarella plays about a third of the film in the raw and is assaulted by biting dolls, vicious parakeets and a variety of evil machines. Delightful, mature fun. There are girls standing, sitting, leaning, langoring, dancing, bouncing, running and swinging from every corner of every set, and in the midst of it all is powder-covered Jan Fonda, who is about as arousing as a good healthy piece of wet fish.

But I digest. What you really want to hear about is some of the exciting scenes the movie has to offer, right? Picture:

SCENE: Barbarella spends night in winged man's nest and gives him the "will to fly".

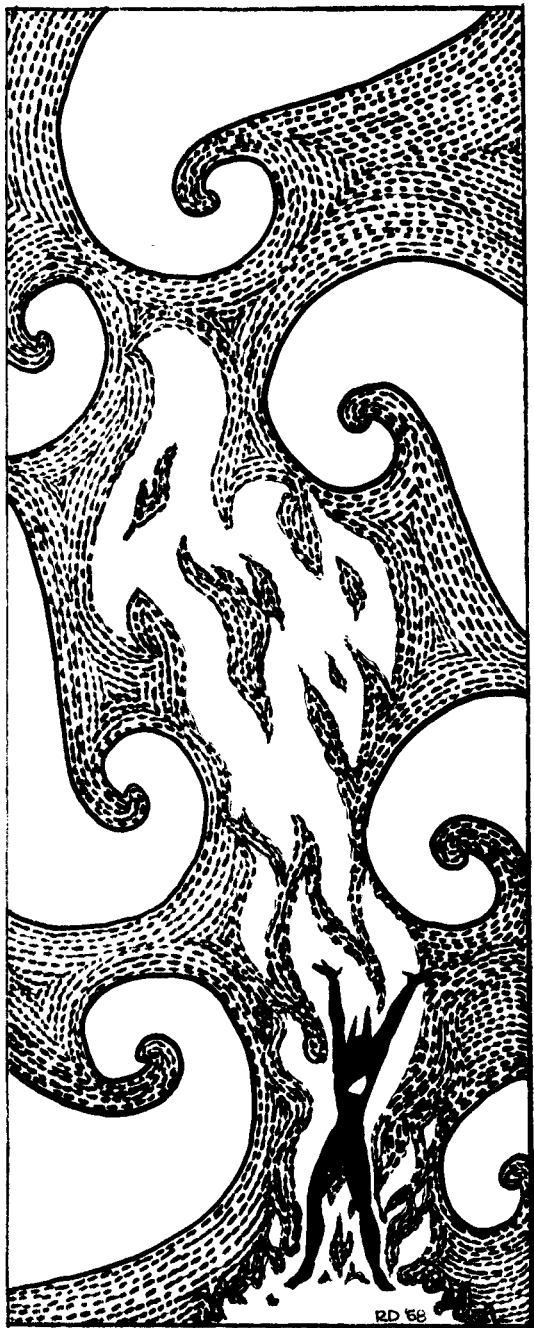
SCENE: Scantily clad females lounging around a giant hookah in which swims some poor idiot; the girls are puffing "essence of man".

SCENE: Barbarella is placed in some naughty-looking contraption which is supposed to kill her with pleasure. Predictably, her responses blow the thing's every fuse.

Bad jokes too numerous to mention. And twanging guitar music that enfeebles whatever is left.

BARBARELLA isn't a 2001 because it doesn't try to be. And whatever it tries to be, it isn't that either.





H.E. dept.

VECTORS: Two Attempts At Story

Copywrite 1969 by Harlan Ellison

In a recent issue of this magazine, editor Jerry Lapidus reviewed one of my collections, "From The Land Of Fear". It was a group of stories written almost ten years ago, and to his credit as a critic Jerry discussed them in the light of that information. One of the elements of the book Jerry found intriguing were the bits and pieces of stories I had started, and never finished, for one or another reason. False starts, intriguing thoughts without plot-structures, random observations. In the introduction to the book I asked those who were stimulated by any of the bits and pieces to drop me a line, and suggest which (if any) seemed ripe for completion. Because of this writer-to-reader liaison, I received half a dozen letters asking me to do something with a two-page fragment of paranoid delusion. I looked it over, and found that indeed it did give pause for consideration. When I had written that fragment, in 1962, it had no story to go with it; it had been merely some mad thoughts I'd had about my own personal situation at the time. But now, in 1968, as I re-read it, a story took form in my mind. I sat down and in one eighteen-hour stretch of unbroken creativity, wrote the story, into which the fragment fit almost as though it had been invented for the first timeright then. That story appeared earlier this year in The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction. It was called, "Try A Dull Knife".

Literally, had it not been for those who find worth in my writing, those who pay me the highest possible compliment--caring--that story would probably never have been written. It proved to me, for once and always, the inestimable value of having fans that truly read and consider what a writer is about. I was enormously grateful.

My gratitude is no less for cogent and caring reviews such as the one Jerry Lapidus did of "From The Land of Fear". And to the end of explicating my gratitude, I wanted to submit something for this magazine that might do more than merely fill a few pages with fripperies or fannish comment.

Yet the press of imminent work, the jackhammer pressures of deadlines made it impossible for me to write something new, valuable enough, to fulfill the debt. At which point Jerry's comments anent those bits--and-pieces came to mind. If there was value in just odd fragments, might there not be value (however negligible) in stories actually written, but unsuccessful?

I went back through my manuscript files and found that of the almost seven hundred short stories and articles I've written in the twelve years of my professional career, only three stories had never been sold. I pulled them out, and re-read them; and knew why they had not sold.

The point was not that they were bad stories: they were merely obvious stories, slight stories, even inept stories. They were written in 1956, my first full-time year as a professional, and they were hastily-done, for what reasons I do not even remember.

But I brought them to a friend, himself a writer, and asked him what he thought of them. He read them and bouyed my spirits by saying they were by no means up to what I was doing these days, but for what they were, quite satisfactory. He was surprised they had never sold. (I was not that easily flummoxed, despite the enormity of my ego: I still knew why they'd never sold.)

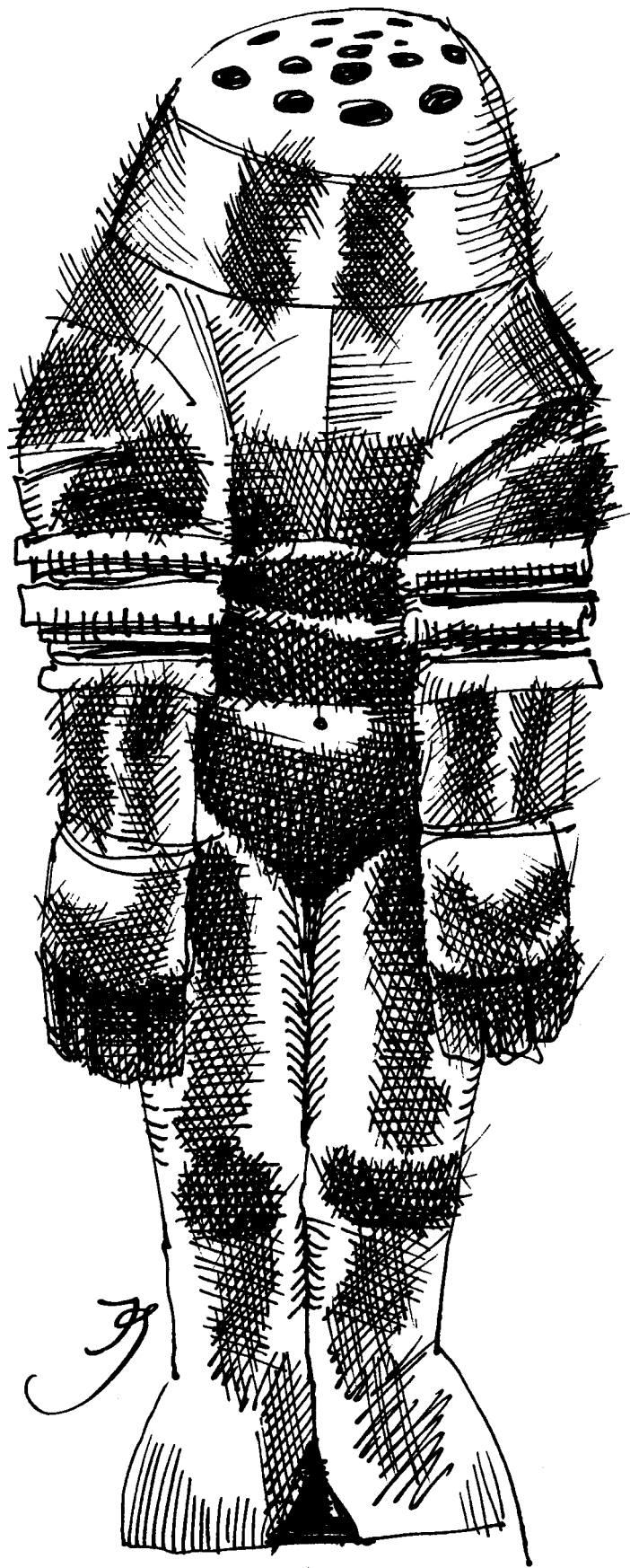
And so, feeling that they might dovetail with Jerry Lapidus's interest in what a writer does to create, I decided to send them on, for Jerry's attention.

These two stories, it seems to me, bear within them the seeds of later predilections on my part, evident in much of my writing: the religious nature of man, and the need for understanding God. It strikes me as peculiar that much of my work ("I Have No Mouth And I Must Scream", "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes", "Ernest And The Machine God", "Delusion For A Dragon-Slayer", "O Ye Of Little Faith") bears this thread of unity. I am not a religious man, I tell myself. I went early from a blind faith in Judaisim, because I had been raised in that faith, to doubt and agnosticism, and from there to what I call Creative Atheism. I cannot bring myself to thing of the word Atheism in a pejorative sense. Margaret Mead has said that it is a mark of the immaturity of a culture, how omnipresent are its beliefs in deities. Yet the enormity and complexity of the Universe leads any rational human being to keep his ego in check by postulating a force greater than himself. If this be God, then I suppose I am a Deist, rather than an Atheist. I really haven't given it any conscious consideration. Which is not to say that I have not given it enormous unconscious consideration, for the problem keeps recurring, as I say, in my writing; my writing, which is a more accurate gauge of what I am and what I think than anything I can rationalize in conversation.

And having thus declared, I urge those of you who read these two little two-thousand-words to remember that the Ellison who wrote them was twenty-two years old, learning his craft, experimenting, succeeding sometimes, failing sometimes. The Ellison who pleads for mercy is thirty-four. I quiver in embarrassment for the shoddy science, the syntactical ineptitudes, the obviousness, the lack of poetry, all the ills to which a writer trying to find his voice is heir.

And somewhat hypocritically, at the same time I secretly hope for a reader's delight at whatever glory there may be in these stories. It is a conceit from which no self-oriented creator is safe, I suppose.

In 1963, one science fiction novel was published for every man, woman, child, and grelch in the United States.



THE SADDEST LOT OF ALL

Copywrite 1969 by Harlan Ellison

"God, hell!" Irving 'Cubby' Baer exploded, pulling the blonde on his lap closer. "No such thing, no such thing at all. Look: 'God damn God!' There! See; if there was a God, I'd be struck down, wouldn't I? So don't tell me about any Gods that are destroyin' the Earth next Wednesday.

"That's strictly the work of the scientists--chowderheads that they be--and old Mama Nature. So the Earth goes up like a hunka pizza next Wednesday..so what I care?"

The newspapermen shifted feet, stared at each other, looked uncomfortable. Here in Baer's apartment, plush and loaded with women, they were assigned to get the story of the man who was to pilot the flagship of Earth's evacuation armada. But Baer was not at all what they had expected; he was not the shining knight who would lead the peoples of the Earth into space, safely away from the holocaust about to descend on the planet.

"Hey, I got a question for you," the spaceship pilot chortled around a swallow of wine. "If the Earth's goin' pop! in a few more days, what're you gettin' stories for? Who's gonna read 'em?"

Galway from the Journal-American said, "What else we got to do? We've all got our ship assignments out in Newark, so we know when and where we board, so for the next few days we got time to kill. We been newspapermen all along, what better should we be. And there'll be editions right up to takeoff time."

Baer nodded in understanding, hugged the blonde tighter, and waved away the reporter's statement with, "Yeah, well, I suppose you guys got nothin' better to do. Now me on the other hand..." he squeezed the blonde where a curve turned in and then out.

"Yeah, we know," interrupted Lhoneragan of the News, "but we want some poop on why you were chosen to fly the flagship."

"Okay. I suppose my eager public pants for every word outta my kisser. Hey, baby," he patted the blonde's popo, "take yaself a fly-off for about five. I'll call ya in a littl while." She smiled toothily and hopped off his lap, went to rejoin the ten or twenty other girls who were grouped about the room, drinking and talking.

"Now," he settled himself, pouring another large glass of wine, "what's on ya minds?"

Glass, the Times reporter, eased forward, and said, "What precisely do you know about the cataclysm?"

"Eh? The what?"

"The cata--the collision of the flaming meteor and Earth? Do you know why the meteor flames? There's no oxygen in space to allow combustion? How can it--?"

"Hey, mac," Baer broke in nastily, "you want answers from me, or you wanna do all the talkin' yaself?"

The reporter bowed slightly. "Sorry. Go ahead."

Baer settled back again. "Okay. 'At's better. Now, the reason they picked me to fly the first ship is cause I had the most experience with high-altitude ships. I logged more hours than anybody else at Muroc and White Sands. That takes care of that.

"Now, about the meteor bit. Way I get the story, the thing was part of some planet, brokeoff a long time ago, and flipped out into space. Pockets of oxygen inside keep the fire goin', and it's got some kind of a little atomic furnace goin' there. I don't know; hell, man, I'm only a fly-boy. I fly, and that's that."

Odells, from the Herald-Tribune, inserted, "I hear you're holding the government up. You got 'em to give you this suite, these girls, the whole Earth for a playground, till you take the ship up. Just because you know how to out-orbit, and it's such a tricky process they can't train more men in time. That right?"

Baer waved a languid arm around the apartment. "Any more questions?" he asked superfluously. It was apparent he was making the most of his talent.

"Nope, that's all," they chimed in, and Fultzer of the Post added, "I hope you aren't the shining example of mankind God looks at as we come up," his voice was only half sarcastic.

Baer laughed rudely. "Didn't I give you the lowdown on that God jazz a minute ago?" he asked. They started to leave. He pushed out of the chair--s sloppy, blonde man, going to fat, and cheeks blotched by liquor--an tottered after them with a belch.

"You guys take it easy. I'll see ya on Mars, or wherever we settle down. They's supposed to be about thirteen thousand ships behind me, to take care of everyone on Earth, so as soon as we get where we're goin', let me know where ya are, and I'll give ya another story."

He belched again.

They filed out, disdain and disgust on their faces. Peacock, from the World-Telegram & Sun closed the door after himself, in Baer's face, saying, "Mister, I hope I never set eyes on you again! Of all the kooks to have leading me through the valley of the shadow, you're the worst I can think of." The door slammed. Baer stood looking blearily at it for a moment, then swore muskily under his breath, and turned away.

The girls, who had been going bout-for-bout with this big spaceman for a week now, started to clump together for protection as he came back into the living room.

"Ey, girls! Here I am. Lover boy Cubby! And all yours. All yours, all yours, all y--"

He staggered, belched, and fell on his face.

They let him lie.

They knew when they were well off.

#

The takeoff had been marred by one thing.

Thirteen thousand ships poised, ready to save every living soul on Earth from flaming death, had been held up by the drunken Irving Baer. He had staggered up to the reviewing deck of the big, golden flagship, The Saviour, where he was to be received by the Commisar, the President, the Emperor and assorted other dignitaries, riding the ship with him. A blond on one arm, a brunette on the other. All three stoned to the ears.

When he was told he could not take the girls in this ship, that the quota had been carefully filled and they were in another vessel, he rebelled, threatening not to out-orbit the armada.

"They're my wives," he slurred, staggering against the Generalissimo.

"But," the flight-checker argued frantically, holding out a clipboard of figures, "we haven't room for one more person. And there's a food shortage already. No room."

"Either I go, and they go with me, or nobody goes!" he slobbered.

Finally, in fear he might be drunk enough to carry out the threat, and everyone perish as the flaming meteor hit Earth dead-on, they agreed to send the Queen and her consort to the second ship, so Cubby Baer could have his two playmates.

Then the speeches were hurled off quickly, for the red mass in the night sky was getting brighter every moment, throwing blood-red shadows across the ground.

Then the ships were sealed, dogged, and Baer out-orbited them. The Saviour went blast! and went up on a tail of flame, as the thirteen thousand other ships followed it exactly.

When they were off-planet, far into space, and Baer's usefulness was at an end, the drunken spaceman left the flight-deck and stumbled back to the salon where the dignitaries sat. He still maintained the blonde and brunette as epaulettes.

"Well, there ya go, gents an' laddeez," he mumbled. "All safe an' off like I was supposed ta do it." He kissed one of the girls with wet noisiness. The others avoided looking at him. A Princess snorted in disgust.

"God have mercy on us, wherever we go, with someone like you," she said softly.

But not softly enough, for Baer turned, and planted a kiss on her mouth. She spat and drew away. "Nope, no God at all," Baer said. "Nothin' like that. Just us, just man an' woman, baby."

The dignitaries shuddered at the man's affrontery, and an Emir stood up as if to strike the drunken spacer. But someone pulled the Emir back down, and Baer stumbled forward toward the viewscreens, using the girls as crutches.

"I think I'll just sit here and watch good ole Mommy Earth get hers," he said.

Someone warned him, "Don't look back."

"Crap," he mumbled, and started to turn on the rear screen.

Deliberately, everyone got up and left. The President, as he slid the rolling door shut, murmured, "Watch your Sodom, Mr. Lot. And I swear our sins--the kind you typify, everything bad in Man--die back there. Watch your Sodom, and remember what happend to the other Lot."

The door closed, and the President did not have to hear Irving 'Cubby' Baer yell, "Ah, crap on you an' your God jazz. No such stuff."

He turned on the view of the Earth, burning its life away behind the ship. He saw it for only a moment, as did the girls.

There may have been a food shortage on the Saviour.

But there was no shortage of salt.



VISITATION ON THURSDAY

Copywrite 1969 by Harlan Ellison

Oh, dammit, dammit, dammit, what are we going to do now? What use is there, what use in anything, in anything at all? We had too much imagination, that was the trouble! Too damned much fright and too much imagination. We saw bogey men in every stand of shadows. We were afraid of everything, and most of all, afraid of ourselves.

If we hadn't been--oh damn, damn, I'm going to cry again. As if that would do any good either. I'm thirty-six years old, and I helped do it, and now I'm going to cry. If I could slash my wrists and make it all right again, I'd run into the bathroom right now, and get my safety razor. But it won't do anything but filthy things up all the more.

If I hadn't been so quick to jump when they called me in--if I hadn't had the last little bit of a secret they needed, perhaps it wouldn't have happened. Lord only knows (And that's a fine phrase for me to be using, too!) he--it--he?--must have known I had the information. He must have known, and yet he didn't try to do anything about it; everything under the sun he knew, so why? Why did it happen this way?

Oh, God! What'll we do now?

#

They spotted it from Palomar on Monday night, blacking out stars as it headed in past Neptune. It was nothing but a blacker blackness set against the pattern of space, but they knew it was not a comet. It was black, and it was heading straight in.

By Tuesday, noon, it had skirted the edges of the Asteroid Belt, and was still ploughing inevitably for Earth. Still, it was nothing but a black speck. A dot of matter that was blotting out space behind it; no one at Palomar felt secure enough to announce it.

Then the amateur astronomers caught sight of it, and the newspapers got a finger in the pie. Those damned, blab-faced hobbyists!

The first mention of it in the press was a foot-item to fill in space at the bottom of page thirty-eight of the New York Daily News, beneath an advertisement for a discount appliance house. No one paid it any attention. It talked about a new comet observed.

How wrong! How very, terribly wrong it was.

Wednesday came, and brought with it a statement from Palomar. Shortly after the Mt. Wilson statement cracked the papers. It made the Palomar boys look like frightened asses to most of us, but who could blame them for being cautious. Needless to say, it was not a comet.

It was a bug.

Unbelievable? Incredible? Even Fantastic? Yes, all of those....

Yet it was a bug. A gigantic, unearthly creature out of some legend. And it was on its way to Earth. No question of that, after the vector experts had plotted the thing's trajectory. It passed Mars on the way in, late Wednesday night, almost Thursday morning. Its speed was so fantastic, that after the range-velocity men had computed and re-computed and shot the findings through the CompuVacs eight or ten times more--they simply denied any belief of what they'd found. It was moving that fast.

It was a winged blot on the Moon, until dawn came over our side of the Earth. Then it was lost to the naked eye, for a while. For a while.

The newspapers were screaming, by late morning of Thursday, and they were screaming for protection. Because by then, the mass computers and the equation men had decided the thing was big as a house. Hell, bigger than any house; bigger than the Taj Mahal. In fact, big enough to level half the island of Manhattan, should it fall. It was a bug, but good God in Heaven! What a bug.

The President made a statement at 11:45 over a coast-to-coast hookup, warning the nation to be calm, that it was merely a newly-discovered phenomenon from space, and that it boded no ill for Americans. That man has a gift for bumbling!

It could be observed by the naked eye at not later than two o'clock, by anyone with close to 20-20 vision. Then the panic hit. The Army and Navy men went into their huddles, and even where I was stationed, the Nike batteries were hoisted to ready, and a red alert was jammed at us all. No one seemed to know what the hell was happening, and certainly no one knew what we were going to do.

Do?

What do you do when you've got a gigantic bug from space grinding down out of the sky at you? We all sat tight and waited. What else could we do?

At four thirty-eight, the bug landed. It landed in a stretch of desert land just past Elkhart, in the Nevada Fairchild desert. A wingtip scraped across the little town of Winnemucca, Nevada, and wiped out a stand of veteran's trailer homes, and a group of houses of ill-repute, located behind the trailer camp. Only three people were hurt--no one was killed. But the President declared it a disaster area. The Nevada National Guard was called out, and they headed fast-footed for the danger area, every man-jack of them scared to the barracks boot-tops.

By then, they knew they had something unusual on their hands. The clowns!

From space, and finally they realized they had something odd going for them. They called us all in; they flew us from our research centers and our government projects and our labs to the big Keystone Rocket Base in California. And then they asked us what the hell to do. We stared at them, all nine hundred-odd of us. They asked about guided missiles and about thermonuclear stuff and about radiation, and about anything the government had ever considered, as a means of getting rid of this menace.

One of us--I think it was Victoria of M.I.T.--had the good common sense to ask why the bug was labeled a menace. Naturally, the patriotics among us hooted him to his seat. So the bug was officially a menace.



Janhoo

We were shown films of the bug as taken first from the Wilson Observatory--the bug in flight--and then from recon jets and even a helicopter. It was a pretty damned frightening sight, I've got to admit, even now.

The bug was just that. An insect. It was monstrous out of all hope of description. It was like describing a redwood in terms of trees. Except it was bigger than a mountain. Its head was a dozen city halls all rolled into one triangular mass, with a pair of empty, multi-faceted azure eyes protruding from either side. Its main body coloration was a sickly greenish-grey, and its wings were membranous and semi-transparent. Its mandibles were gigantic, and the sight of them spread was enough to make you want to vomit. The bug was huge all right, and really revoltingly frightening. There is no cause for me condemning them--and myself--we were all scared out of our wits.

So finally, after everything had been tried...oh yes, they went after him with the Nike batteries, and the H-bombs, and the radiation attacks and God only knew what else...they started pleading for top secret stuff, and I got clearance from my section chief, and we gave them the screw-in on Project Whirlpool.

It seemed to suit them just fine, and they were sure it would work. I was sure, too, because I'd worked on it for eight years, having stumbled across the factor of spatial digestion strictly by chance. So I prepared the equations for them hurriedly, giving them the warning I'd given my section chief when I'd started my own research, and naturally they didn't listen.

Somehow I got them to allow me to come along on the bombing run, since it was my secret they were using, and since I wanted to watch for any signs of Whirlpool-out-of-control.

We cruised in over the Desert, and from thirty miles away the bug was bigger than the mountains. We leveled off, and the young Army punk who jockeyed the ship gave us a crud-eating grin all freckles and honeydew melon as we eased in on a dead-stick line to it.

I could see the results of the bomb blasts all around the edges of the bug's rump, where craters had been chewed out, and great clouds of radioactive dust hung over it. I could see the after-effects of all the grisly attempts to kill the bug, and I wondered if Whirlpool would work.

Because if it didn't...nothing would.

Then I found myself wondering, why are we so worried about this bug? What has it done? I had only one answer, and somehow the answer didn't fit with all the work we were doing to murder it.

That bug looked so damned harmless, just crouching there.

Then the ship zeroed in, and the stick fell from the belly and fell end-for-end-over-end toward the bug, and struck, and met air, and Whirlpool started.

It sucked on the very fiber of matter, and drew the atoms every which way. It made a whirlpool in space, and made positive atoms negative, neg atoms positive. It drew in on itself, and it exploded, imploded, exploded again. The bug was literally torn apart within itself. We saw it erupt and spray itself across a hundred miles of desertland, and bits of matter flung themselves up at us, and the ship rocked and buffeted and finally zoomed out of range and steadied. The wind blew terribly, like a dying God.

Finally, it was all over, and we went back.

Then they got the research teams ready, and I was with them. We came back in Sikorsky rescue copters, and settled near the head of the bug, which miraculously, was still somehow intact.

I arrived with the first batch, and while the others were puttering around the shattered hulk, trying to figure out how a bug could move so fast, and breathe in space, if it did breathe in space, and the other million things a scientist wants to know, I made my way toward the big, faceted eyes, and stared up at one of them, big as a small moon.

And I heard it clearly, distinctly, sharply, going-away in my brain. The bug was dying. Not dead yet, and I don't think they knew it right then, the scientists and Army men, but they would in a moment. I heard it in my brain, and I heard it with the sweating palms of my hands and in the soles of my feet. I heard the bug's last words, and then I started to cry.

The bug said: Why? Why did you do this to me?

I listened, listened with a sense of horror overtaking me and drowning me and making me want to die right there in the sand, for the bug said:

Why did you do this to me? After I came so far, and so hard it was? It took me such a long time to come back...why did you do this?

The voice in my head was fading, like a wind dying out beyond the mountains. The sould of it was a thousand eternities going to their last peace. My heart was gone within me.

"Who are you?" I heard someone say. I didn't realize till hours later that it had been myself.

The foul, ritual assassination
of Director Mollack, under
the direction of Lord Halgom
performed by a native of
Wolf 235, monitored for violation
by compcon unit 78



HAVE A PEPSI, PONCE
or
HOW TO STAY YOUNG AND FAIR AND DEBONAIR

by
Lewis Grant

Time magazine this week had a little note on a little-known chemical called butyl-hydroxyl-toluene, or BHT for short, or 2, 6-di-tert-butyl-parecresol for long. I was interested in BHT because my company uses it by the 100lb. drum to keep ink from skinning. It is also used in very small amounts in all sorts of foods, principally those containing fats, to keep the fats from turning rancid so fast.

It seems, according to Time, (not exactly the most reliable model for reliability) that some fellow has been feeding BHT in much larger than usual amounts to rats, and has found it increases the lifespan of the rats by about 50%. The number 50% interested me, because there is a general rule that if you take the oldest known animal of a species, the oldest one in a million, say, the average life-span is about two-thirds of this. Apparently there are two limiting values to length of life. One is not exactly 100% effective, the other is, so far as we know. It may be that BHT gets rid of the lethal factor that kills off animals and people in the prime of life, only two-thirds of the way through the ultimate span. According to the article in Time, since BHT is a powerful antioxidant, it removes free radicals which damage tissue, making juicy, elastic tissue become hard and brittle. That's the trouble, all right, letting these free radicals run around. Lock 'em up and throw away the key, that's what I say. It's bad enough having billions of red cells inside your body, contaminating your precious bodily fluids.

Awhile back, J. Campbell was making noises about the thalidomide problem, and, of course, pointing out that thalidomide was, fortunately, a very quick-acting poison. It only took nine months for the effects to show up, and they were produced long before that. We know of other poisons that take years to work, like whatever the stuff is in cigarettes that does the job. Fortunately, the poison in cigarettes is not very potent. Even after thirty years, only a minority of smokers develop lung cancer. We could very easily be feeding pregnant mothers (or even non-pregnant mothers) or children a poison whose effects only show up during the stress of puberty.

On the other hand, as a general rule, most toxic substances do show some effects almost at once. Even thalidomide was producing polyneuritis in some patients, which is one reason why Dr. Francis Kelsey held up its clearance. ("Kelsey's nuts!" they were saying.) So there are a lot of drugs with bad effects which are weeded out before they get into general use. What we aren't weeding out are the drugs with good effects. The fact that the general health or life span suddenly goes up is not usually attributed to whatever goop you are feeding people. However, if we run a screening program to screen out the bad actors, and don't screen out the good actors, the probability that any given drug will have unsuspected good effects goes up relatively. It may be that BHT is the one chance in a billion that we turned into one chance in a million.

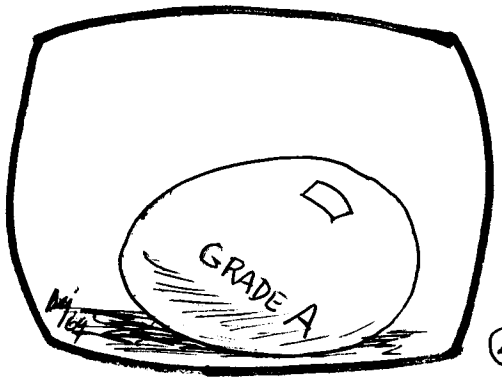
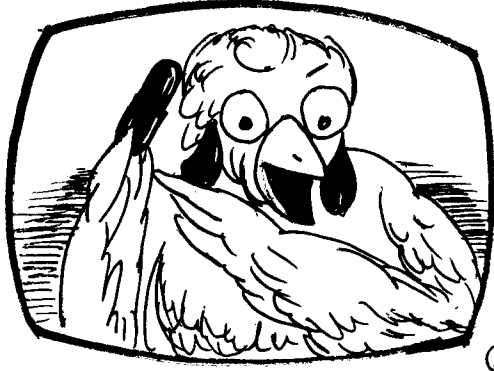
Since I doubt that BHT will undo the damage already done by those goddamned free radicals, I suspect that if it does work, only babies who get it from birth will get the full benefit. The rest of us may benefit proportionately, but I don't expect the average lifespan to go up too rapidly. Still, applying the 50%-more figure, the average age at death could become 100-105 in another generation, even though it will take 125 years to find out. If BHT does work to any degree, however, even if it adds only five years to the average life span, it is going to shake society to its roots. One of our problems today is that many of our social systems were set up over a century ago when the average father had the decency to die at 50. His son was about 25, ready to settle down and take over after sowing his wild oats. When the father dies at 70, the son spends thirty frustrating years waiting for the old coot to kick off. In a dynamic, expanding society like the U.S. had been, this problem wasn't very bad. First, of course, men reached an average age of 70 only in the past two or three decades. Second, the son could go on and make his, or at least keep busy for thirty years. S. Fowler Wright, however, wrote an exaggerated version of what the situation is like in a static society like pre-war England, called The Throne of Saturn, where new drugs had raised the average lifespan to 150 years. Now, of course, we are getting squeezed between the population explosion and automation-cybernation. Old geezers of 60-65 are complaining they are handed their hats and goosed through the door. Well, 65-year-olds may still be capable of handling their present jobs quite well, but they won't learn the next job as well as a young punk of 20-25, and even then they may have ten years ahead of them, instead of forty. Moreover, 65-year-olds don't riot in the streets when they can't get jobs, and young punks do. Moreover, any pappy who turned out more than three kids is responsible for a part of this problem, and if anyone is going to suffer, guess who it's going to be. The 40-to-65-year-olds who know what is going on don't write complaining letters to the papers, and they are more

History of Poland: The gopak distills the stoshes..... Dean Natkin

Game 2, clue 1: I am a policeman.

next clue, page 26

SPECIAL REPORT
**MODERN SCIENCE
 SOLVES
 AGE-OLD
 DILEMMA**



likely to be kept on after 65, because their think-works are still perking.

In the same issue of Time, on the next page in fact, there was a bit about Pope Paul's forthcoming billy doo on Pincus' Pink Pills for Potent Peoples. God, it seems is against the whole idea of the Pill, and said so two or three millenia ago. However, Paul, according to the story, got a rush visit from several prelates, and the current version was ripped off the press and burned at the stake. In the meantime, Paul will try to explain things better.

What I suspect is that a lot of people are going to put 2 and 2 together and get 22. Add just one more and you get 23 which they will then tell the Church. BHT may not work like Time says it will, but the very thought is enough to start the brain juices flowing. Until half a century ago or so, life was much the same as it was in Christ's time. 90% of the people were still poor farmers. They could accept, although with increasing reluctance, the idea that God, in clever plastic disguise, gave the Word to the Apostles, and it was still Good. Nowadays they are likely to ask, "Why doesn't God tell me, personally?" If the Catholics do come out against birth control, Paul had better pray that BHT is a dud! The Church will have an increasingly rough time making the pill prohibition stick, and BHT will make the eventual confrontation a lot bloodier and more concentrated.

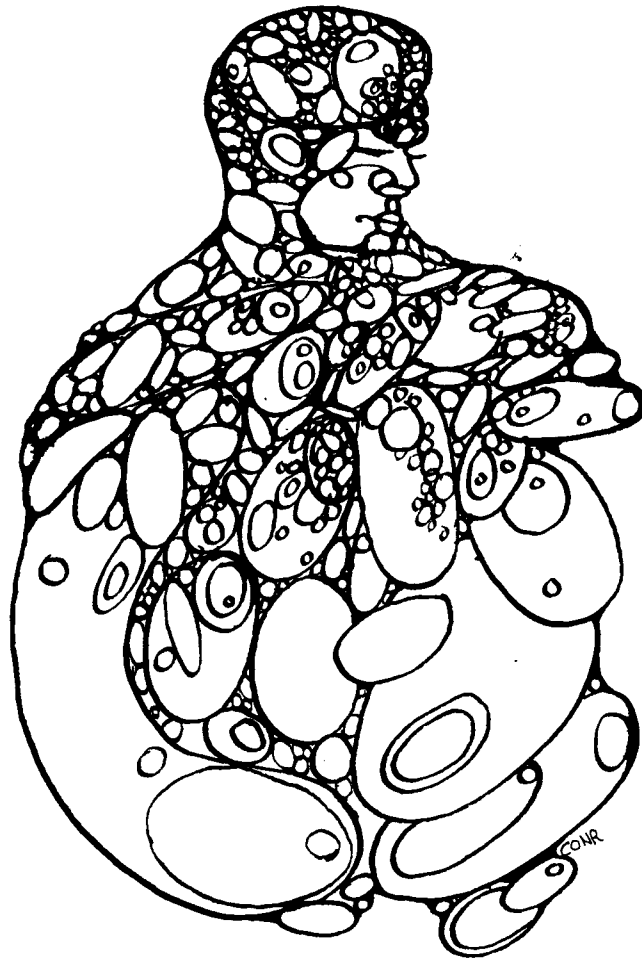
The place where this confrontation is going to take place first, in my opinion, is on the subject of the "Guaranteed Annual Income," which apparently quite a large majority of AMERICANS turn purple at the thought of. It is true that automation and computers are destroying the idea of a man supporting himself by selling his time for wages. Strong backs are a drug on the market and weak minds you can't give away. Something has to be done to prevent the spread of the neo-ludditism we are now running into.

The idea of the 'guaranteed annual income,' though, is an egalitarian and "Christian" idea which is out of touch with the times. Christianity, of course, is strongly egalitarian in many ways, since it was directed toward the poor farmers in a time when 90% of the population was poor farmers. They were told that each of them had an immortal soul which was just as good as anyone else's immortal soul.

The idea that everyone's bodies, and especially brains, are equal, is not quite so popular any more. The taxpayers with brains who are working to provide the guaranteed annual income aren't likely to take kindly to the idea that those with weak brains are entitled to an income simply because their brains are weak. They are even less likely to accept the fact that the weak-brains are moreover expected to produce large quantities of new weak-brains who, being human beings, even as you and I, are entitled to an income sufficient to allow them to reach breeding age and compound the problem. Something is going to crack at this point. I don't know exactly what it will be, but chances are good that the Catholic

Church will find itself in bitty pieces. While the guaranteed annual income idea may be the only workable solution to the automation problem, I predict that any program that doesn't impose penalties for having more than two children will not last many years. Too many persons, including a lot of Catholics, have accepted the idea of evolutionary ethics. While they may believe there are Great Ethical Verities, they no longer believe there are Great Eternal Ethical Verities. If they are talked into supporting the guaranteed annual income because Things Have Changed, they are not likely to throw the pills away because Things Don't Change.

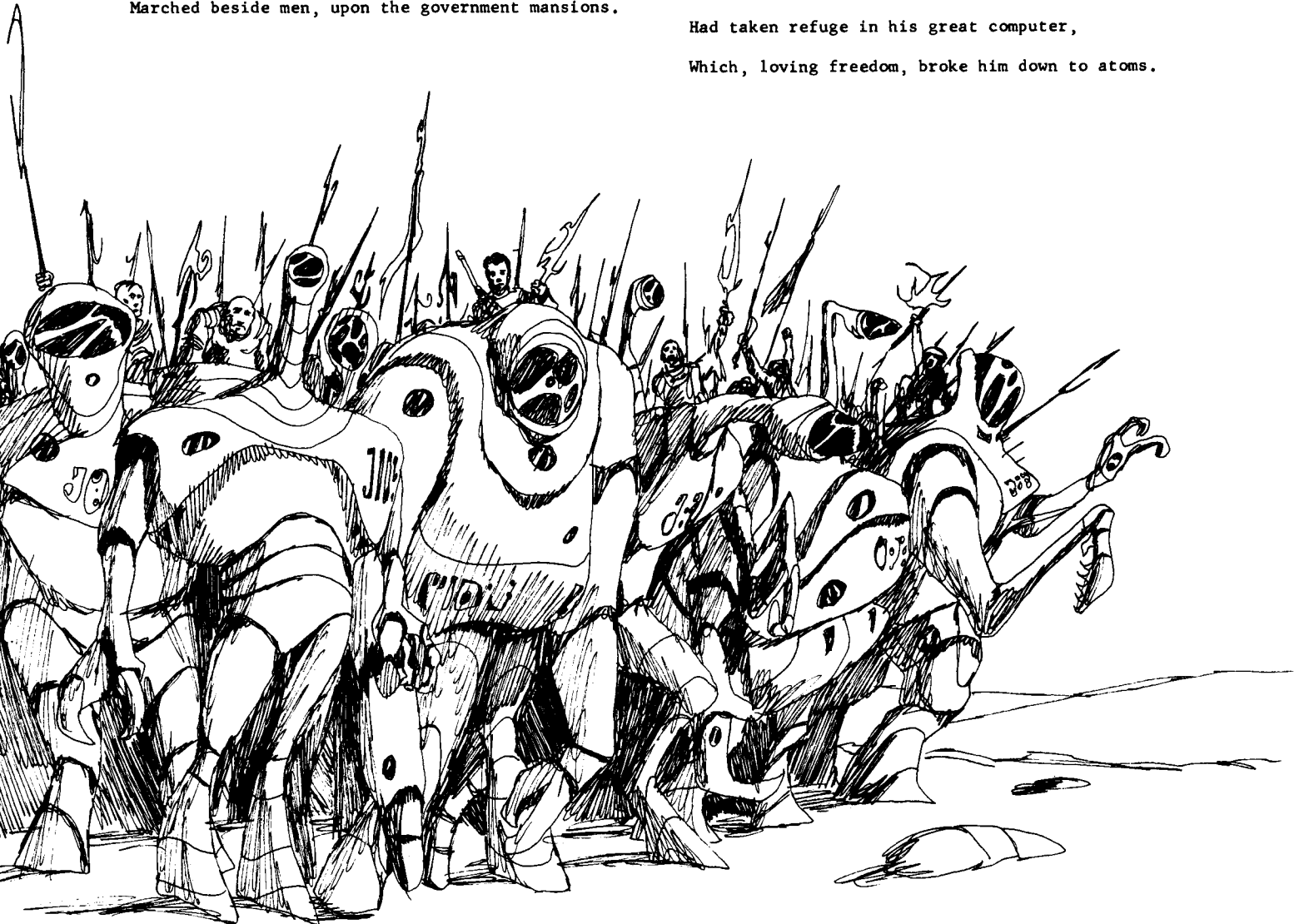
Anyway, even if Tomorrowland is not as much fun as Frontierland was (and it was lot less fun than people today think) it's going to be interesting!



REVOLUTION ON ALTAIR VI by Michael Jensen

The day the old colonial government
Became oppressive, both for men and things
We overthrew it. Lumbering, armoured bodies
With shifting coloured bands to mark their faces
Marched beside men, upon the government mansions.

Hands and steel pincers tore at bricks and stones
And crushed the marble pillars into dust.
The governor, on hearing of revolt,
Had taken refuge in his great computer,
Which, loving freedom, broke him down to atoms.



We have a president-war hero now.
The only president in the Galaxy
Who takes no salary, feeds on electric current,
And has to have a lube job every week.

A BROKEN RAGDOLL'S LAMENT by Rose M. Hunt

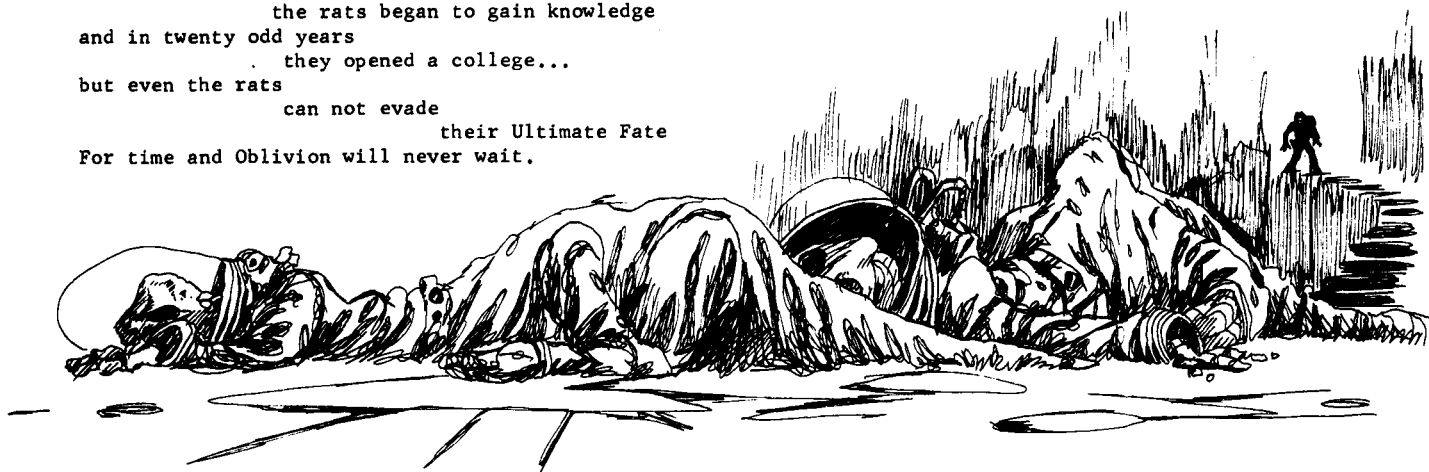
| | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Into the alien hands of | And then left |
| humanity | tossed aside |
| I've fallen, | unrecognized.... |
| Clutched to its Bosom | like the seemingly broken ragdolls |
| like some broken | before me. |
| ragdoll | My mission left far from |
| Loved in a way | its completion |
| so alien-- | And my mind crystalized into |
| Beyond | one dejected |
| all my facility's comprehension... | tear. |



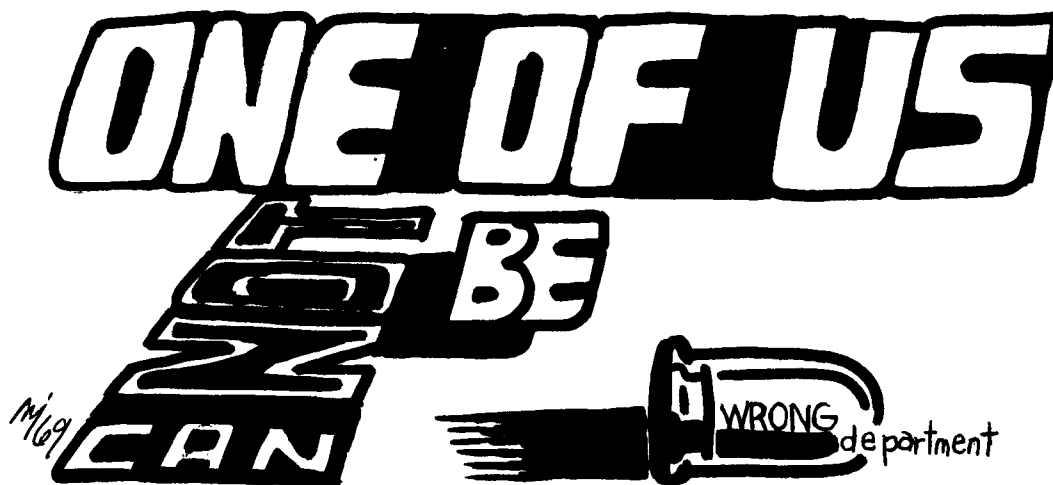
UNTITLED by Rose M. Hunt

Champagne and filet mignon
 Lost forever in the Oblivion
 and only the rats managed to live
 subsisting on Man--
 Nature's best tidbit.

From this lunch,
 the rats began to gain knowledge
 and in twenty odd years
 they opened a college...
 but even the rats
 can not evade
 their Ultimate Fate
 For time and Oblivion will never wait.







We seem determined to prove that fanzines never do get published on time. Unlike many, Tomorrow And... is fortunate to be adequately staffed, to have material available, both art and written, from two intellectually gifted areas, and to have material and schedules blocked out ahead. What we don't seem to have is immunity from flu, experience to estimate correctly how long it will take to do the more menial parts of the job, MONEY, a way to hasten the pony express and other communication between Syracuse and Chicago (without expending too much of the former) and any other reasonable excuses. Jerry would hasten to interpolate that the mail seems to work much better from Syracuse west than the other direction and he may even have a point. The whole production staff now has some experience under its belt. For the issue after this one, we have initiated procedures of production that will enable proofs to be typed out of sequence and without having to possess the art work in hand. If that very difficult problem of fanzines, the lack of the green folding paper, does not attack us too heavily we should be able to retain the following revised schedule. Herewith, Tomorrow And...'s new, new, last last publication plan for future issues: we will appear six, not eight, times a year on the odd months, beginning with this January issue. Bimonthly publication would seem much more realistic and it will give you that much more time to get material in to us (which response has been wonderful to date, to say the least). Cost will remain fifty cents an issue, but a year's subscription will now be \$2.50. If you like our magazine and can at all afford to do so, we would ask that you subscribe so that we can be certain of keeping our offset reproduction and our schedule. As you'll see, we've been able to keep up art and literary quality and we'll be working to enlarge the scope.

To judge by Leland Sapiro's letter and indications in several others, I didn't make myself sufficiently lucid last issue about the nature and purpose of the Crucifixion Department. It is not intended to be a literary review column, but rather a chance for some philosophical or analytical discussion of an author, his work or times. Mr. Sapiro is quite right to say that literary criticism should not be destructive, as the name Crucifixion would suggest. Although this department is not concerned with the literary ability per se of the notables discussed, I do not intend that type of crucifixion image or implication in the context I have described for it. Rather, the name was to give the whimsical suggestion that some of those discussed might feel crucified or, even more, that I might get crucified by the readers for what I say....which I guess Mr. Sapiro did.

Mr. Sapiro also castigates us for suggesting a world con here in '73. We are well aware of what Mayor Daley is like; we live here. Several members of the Staff of Tomorrow And... were on the receiving end of the police riot that disgraced our city and the nation. One of them was injured, fortunately not seriously. I would have been there myself if I had not been attending Baycon. If our bid had been for next year, we would have withdrawn it. But it is most unfair to say that a whole city, one of the greatest in the country, should be held eternally responsible for the attitudes and actions of a group of anachronistic party bosses. Many Chicagoans were in Grant and Lincoln parks. Mr. Sapiro intimates that everyone should boycott Chicago until 1984, when it won't matter any more. Sorry. We don't intend to let things come to that pass. Chicago survived Big Bill Thompson;

CHICAGO FANDOM LIVES !
despite Mayor (oink) Daley

it survived Al Capone; and I confidently expect that at the next election it will have survived Mayor Daley, too.

I am still planning to publish a local newszine listing service for area fans. I do need your help to begin, however. Everyone seems to like the idea, but I need specific news items, club meeting dates, fanzine information, including approximate publication dates, and anything else you think to send me. If you wish to be listed, I need your name and address. So come on, Great Lakes fans! Let me hear from you.



REPORT TO THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION COMMITTEE ON COMPUTER GENERATED LITERATURE
SESSION XXXL DECEMBER 27, 2003 A.D.

It is with great pleasure that I write this history of computer-generated literature, as computer-generated literature, and in a larger sense, computer-produced art, has been one of my main interests for many years. I have been involved in it since 1968 now, and have watched it grow from a series of small, limited programs that were written mostly as jokes by programmers with warped senses of humor, to huge, almost intelligent (by human standards) machines that write some of today's best literature.

Computer-generated literature, or "Auto-Lit" as it is known as today, is closely linked to artificial intelligence research and the two have progressed hand-in-hand together almost since their earliest beginnings. Several of the most important advances in Auto-Lit development were inspired by articles in artificial intelligence research journals. In fact, one of the biggest and most advanced computers designed for artificial intelligence research a HAL 9000, writing under the name of "Stanley Kubrick", is one of the most successful writers in the field today.

Investigations into the mechanical production of art began back in the 1960's. All early work, as far as I have been able to ascertain, was done with poetry. It was felt that poetry would leave the most room for error in theory, and would be easiest to pass off as human-written. It was this era, as I'm sure is familiar, that was known as "The Age of Feh," since the older coherent poetry was considered hack writing, and only the incoherent raving of a hack was considered poetry. The crudities of the early programs led to incredible numbers of horrible grammatical mistakes. These gave an air of authenticity to the output.

I, like many others, began my early work with poetry, for essentially the reasons given above. My first work was done in high school, as a joke on my English teacher. The first results were encouraging, and so I developed an entire series of programs named after Mad paperback books: "Auto-Poet", "Son of Auto-Poet", "The Bedside Auto-Poet", "The Voodoo Auto-Poet," etc. My experience was not unique. Research shows that most programs undergo evolutionary development, and that many of the, like mine, were written as jokes.

It is instructive to note that most of the literati of the period, when confronted with two unlabeled poems, one human-written, the other computer-written, invariably chose the computer-generated poes as having the more profound meaning. The interesting part comes when it is noted that word selections were usually made randomly in these programs.

Little progress was made in the field for several years. Relatively few of the poems produced were ever published, partly because nobody was interested in the subject, and partly because the output of these programs consisted mostly of "blue" poems and limericks.

The first major step forward, appropriately enough, was the development of a program to write science fiction short stories. Although not spectacularly successful (only three of the stories written by PROSION-Programmed Science Fiction--were ever anthologized by Groff Conklin) it was a landmark in Auto-Lit history.

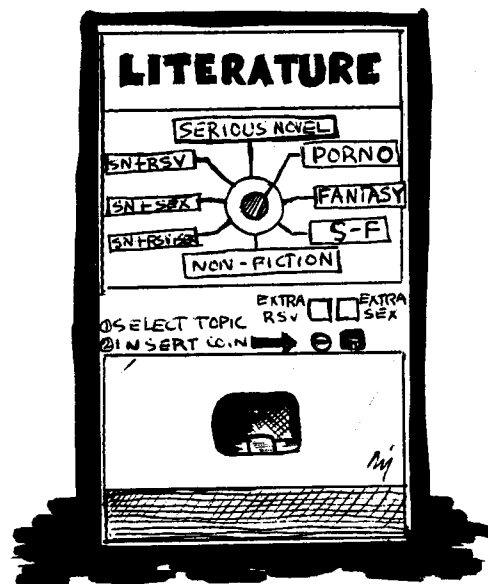
The importance of PROSION cannot be overestimated. Once the basic programming techniques had been developed to write science fiction, they could be applied to other fields.

At this point, Auto-Lit began to develop more human characteristics--rivalries began to appear. The most famous of these rivalries was between PROSION (pronounced Procyon) and RIGEL (Robert's Intelligent Golem-Engineered Literature). Legendary among sf fans, this rivalry at times approached vendetta proportions, with fanatics from both camps attempting sabotage against their enemy's machine. Several smaller, less well-known rivalries, such as that between VEGA and SIRIUS appeared, but none were so important as the PROSION-RIGEL feud.

Although PROSION was developed in 1972, the impact of it was not felt on mainstream literature until around 1979, when the first computer-written short story appeared in a big-name magazine, the May Playboy. This story, "The Yin_Yang Incident", drew mixed comments, but the reaction on the whole was favorable.

These programs, although writing rather good short stories, had two major flaws. The first, and lesser of the two, was that all they wrote were short stories. The second, and much more important shortcoming, was that the plot for the short story had to be fed into the machine by the writer-programmer. As long as the machines were dependent on the plots fed in by humans, the stories would only be as good as the humans, most of whom were hacks. This problem did not appear in the programs to write poetry, as the "plot" depended to a great degree on the structures chosen and the vocabulary input to the program. As a result, no work had been done on having the computer choose the plot, since the problem had not arisen.

The great breakthrough, which brought us into the contemporary period in Auto-Lit history, occurred in 1988. Frederick Poll, a programmer for CBS-TV, while



reading a research journal devoted to artificial intelligence, was inspired by an article written by H. Mervin Chaumas-Leto, an MIT Linguist. Within a week, he had the first crude, blundering, self-directed Auto-Lit writer. The techniques which are the heart of the program are much too complex to describe here, but within three years of the first "Pollish novelist", as it was called, advanced models of the "Pollish novelist" were writing works comparable to today's best human writers.

Within the last several years, a new development in Auto-Lit, unplanned by humans, took place. Approximately six years ago, a HAL 9000 computer used by IBM at their San Jose center announced that it was going to start writing fiction for other computers instead of for humans. After much consultation with the head office, the staff decided to let it do so. As a result, robotic Auto-Lit is a blooming genre. The HAL 9000, writing under the pen name of Zane Gort, is today the leading robotic writer, but several other computers, notably a Burroughs 5550 (Fritz Lieder) and a CDC 9701 (Robert Blech) are crowding him (it) somewhat.

I have, I hope, given an introduction to Auto-Lit history which will serve as an adequate introduction and refresher for the papers which follow. Thank you.



2001: NULL

by

Patrick L. McGuire

CLICK.

"Say, GQ!"

"Yes, LR?"

"I've got a great idea for a show for next season!"

"That's marvelous, LR! After what we gave them this season, it looks like they might nationalize television."

"Well, you see, GQ, it's this science fiction show."

"Ahh--Don't tell me! It's about this future world of happiness, peace, and contentment where they have already nationalized television."

"Well, not quite, GQ. It's sort of like about outer space."

"Oh, you mean something like Star Trek."

"No, not like Star Trek. That show had an audience of intelligent people and college students who went around picketing the studio. Then when we fixed the scripts so they would appeal to a broader segment of the public, it didn't have any audience at all. Don't know what happened there. No, this is based on a movie."

"Good. I was afraid for a moment there that it was an original idea. Let's see--don't tell me 'Ah! Planet of the Apes. There was an intellectual movie, with a message and everything.""No, GQ. We thought about Planet of the Apes, but ABC got to them first. We had to settle for 2001: A Space Odyssey.""Well, I guess we can't win them all. At least the New York critics didn't like it; that's something on our side. But did 2001 have enough violence? I mean, regardless of what we've been saying, we have to do something to keep the audience awake."

"Sure, GQ. I guess you just didn't pay close attention. My wife nudged me just in time to see four people get killed. Of course, it wasn't presented very dramatically, but we can fix that up."

"Yeah, sure. Have you got the characterizations all figured out?"

"Right. Now the first thing was that computer, HAL 9000. Besides being mad, he didn't seem right for a family show. He always sounded like a queer to me. When you think about it, what, physiologically speaking, would a computer have that would make it--"

"I get the picture, LR. So what did you do about it?"

"Well, Hal gets lobotomized in the movie anyway. So we replace him with SAL 9000, and that solves that. Then we give Sal a love interest with Gary Lockwood, and that expands audience identification."

"Great, LR. But that computer has outlets over the entire ship. Do you think it's really right to have it sleeping in the same room with Gary Lockwood?"

"Computers don't sleep, GQ. Besides, has that ever bothered them on I Dream of Jeanie?"

"Say! Could we make SAL 9000 a Negro female computer?"

"Well, if you say so, GQ. But we still have our Southern stations, and if we're going to have a love interest at the same time..."

"Right. Scratch that. Well, could we have Keir Dullea wear blackface? That was damned racist of Kubrick in the first place. Not a nonwhite, excluding monoliths and protohumans, in the entire movie."

"Uh, we're not going to be able to sign Dullea anyway, GQ. ABC's already got him as the chief ape."

"Well, that's the way it goes. Hey, what's Bill Cosby doing lately? The movie was sort of short on comic relief. Only the computer singing 'I'm half crazy...'"

"Well, he's doing his thing somewhere else, GQ. But we've got the alienation bit worked into a different place, anyhow. In the end of the movie, you'll remember, Kier Dullea is turned into Star Child, with powers far beyond those of mortal men granted to him by a strange visitor from another planet. We had to tone that down a little. We figured, like maybe he would get lonely and want to identify or something, or maybe he could just work better that way, so externally he returns to his old self."

"Great psychology, LR. The god-as-man. Goes back to Greek mythology, plays on the Christian mythos, the whole works. That's really being subliminal. But how is this going to work? As I recall, the movie had no plot."

"That's no handicap, GQ. Our shows will need new plots every week anyhow. Or at least slightly warmed-over plots. But we've got that all worked out."

"The whole thing concerns this astronaut, David Bowman. He was Kier Dullea, but we're making him Gary Lockwood. Gary got killed in the movie, but no one will notice the switch. So like I said, he had this run-in with a monolith somewhere around Jupiter, so instead of being just David Bowman, he is also Star Child. This, of course, is concealed from everyone except his fatherly commanding officer, played by--who is fatherly and uncommitted for next season?"

"Never mind, LR. You're getting more and more hackneyed. I'm beginning to think you've got a winner."

"Gee, thanks, GQ. Now, Star Child's identity is known only to his fatherly commanding officer, but it is also suspected by his girl friend, and Air Force nurse, played by--"

"Skip the casting, LR. Go on! This really sounds hot."

"OK, GQ. Now of course we have a rivalry here between the human girl and SAL 9000, which will lead to all sorts of comic relief, and will be especially helpful if we decide to make this a situation comedy."

"Versatility, LR. I like that."

"Gee, thanks, GQ. Now, we need a villain. We've decided there must be two kinds of monoliths, good ones and bad ones. The good monoliths are the ones we see in the movie. They give people better means of killing each other and in the end they raise up a human to a position of domination over his fellows. The bad monoliths aren't monoliths. That's so we have continuity with the movie. They're Spheroids, and they fly around in flying saucers."

"Sounds GREAT!"

"Gee, thanks, GQ. Okay, now for our pilot film. Out in deep space, the Spheroids have found the abandoned Discovery and put Hal back together again. They don't care if he's queer--maybe even the whole bunch of them are. But we'd better not say that on the air. So the first scene closes with the Spheroids dancing around as Hal sings 'A Bicycle Built for Two' in a sinister voice."

"Great. LR, real art! They never had that on Star Trek or even Lost in Space. We'll knock 'em dead."

"Next, to the sound of 'Blue Danube,' we switch to the HAL plant in Urbana, Illinois (Where the hell is Urbana, anyhow? For that matter, where the hell is Illinois?) There we see SAL 9000 and are introduced to Bowman and his girl friend. Sal is singing 'A Bicycle Built for Two' in a sweet, innocent contralto, just for contrast. But then Star Child's great extrasensory mental powers detect the sinister activities going on in the Discovery. At the same time, the fatherly commanding officer drops by to mention that an international crisis of immense proportions is developing, and that only--"

"I get the picture, LR. It's better than superfantabulous. It's beyond brain-boggling. It's IT. The winner for the season."

"Gee, thanks, GQ. So the next step is that Star Child gets into mental rapport with his faithful monolith companion, QWRTPSF, and--"

"Never mind that! I see the whole thing now. It's really beyond words...Only one thing."

"Gee, what's that, GQ?"

"Production costs could be pretty high. All those special effects and everything."

"Oh, I don't know, GQ. We can use mostly indoor scenes and fake out the rest of it in the cheapest possible way. Or, if worst comes to worst, we can make the think a puppet show and run it on Saturday mornings."

"Versatility, LR! That's what I want to hear. Now the next thing is to...."

CLICK.



Crucifixion

Department

HARLAN ELLISON

Harlan Ellison is one of the most controversial figures in S-F. Reactions to his personality and writing vary from "worship" back to anger or disgust. My own reaction can best be described as amazed interest. I may be shaking my head violently in negation of his ideas, but my attention never wanders for fear I'll miss one. This is because he always has something to say; you may think it overstated or even objectionable, but you can't deny it's there. For a column such as this, which tries to devote itself to a sort of philosophical analysis, Harlan's work presents a rich field.

To me, the key theme of all of Harlan's stories is idealism, expressed through a great belief in Man, the individual. The other side of the same coin has come through in the past few years; the understandable cynicism arising from the disillusionment of recent history. The idealism has always been tinged with deep-seated anger. And why not, from an author who fairly accurately describes himself as an "arrogant bastard."

Now that I've made the flat statement that Harlan is idealistic, what is he idealistic about?

He is deeply concerned with the individual's freedom to develop, to find his place and to go as far as he wishes, desires, and is capable of going. This shows up in many stories, notably "Repent, Harlequin," said the Tick-Tockman." The central idea of the story comes through as hatred for regimentation of the individual. The mechanism in this particular story is slavery to time, but this is primarily a symbol for any stifling of the individual. He constantly warns us, through the medium of his stories, that we will be swallowed up by the sterility of societal science, quite literally expressed in "I Have No Mouth."

As example of all this, there is the scene from Repent in which Harlequin disrupts a shift of workers leaving a factory. The reader is presented with a graphic picture of men made into cogs in the machinery of society:

"Somewhere nearby, he could hear the metronomic left-right-left of the 2:47 PM shift, entering the Timkin roller-bearing plant in their sneakers. A minute later, precisely, he heard the softer right-left-right of the 5:00 A.M. formation, going home."

And again, a few paragraphs further on:

" With practiced motion and an absolute conservation of movement, they sidestepped up onto the slowstrip and (in a chorus line reminiscent of a Busby Berkely film of the antediluvian 1930's) advanced across the strips ostrich-walking till they were lined up on the expresstrip."

The philosophical theme of the story is set at the beginning with a quotation from Thoreau denouncing the subversion of human dignity to the service of the state. While the story ends on a cynical note, after the vanquishing of Harlequin, there is a small ray of hope that the monolith may have been stirred, that a small crack may have been opened.

An important part of Harlan's approach to the "human" being is his attitude towards Science. Here he also shows his affinity with Thoreau. In "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream", he portrays Man overcome and destroyed by his own scientific invention.

The last survivors of humanity are literally swallowed alive by the last and greatest development of Science. As the last representatives of the human race, these survivors are sentenced to eternal life in a living hell of the vast computer's creation. Quite a stringent warning against the erection of a vast, impersonalized Science! The same thread is evident in the sad and low key story of "Bright Eyes," and many more. Yet Harlan is not against scientific advancement or the judicious use of the scientific method. In stories like "The Crackpots," it is made plain that what is to be feared is an allowance that science may rule individuality and

Harlan is really a nice guy, in a clever plastic disguise.

freedom of expression. The point is even more clearly made in "Wanted in Surgery." The scientifically perfect surgeon, a computerized machine, is not capable of meeting all the needs of the sick human being, remarkable as the machine is. Only a team of humans and machine combined are capable of accomplishing this need fully; Science should be used for the benefit of mankind, but held on a human leash.

Another area that enriches the basic theme is his hatred of bigotry in all its forms. In such stories as "Eyes of Dust," a unique mind is destroyed because the body that houses it doesn't come up to the right standards of "beauty." Person, who is destroyed because he is ugly, is a symbol for all those destroyed or persecuted for differences that have nothing to do with their humanity. The story ends with the "beautiful" society which perpetrated this crime forever soiled by their attempt to insure "perfection." Again, this use of the theme can be found in many Ellison stories. Another good example is "The Discarded." Here it is those who are ill, through no fault of their own, who are excluded from Society. They can be used to benefit or save that society, but because of their unforgiven "difference", can never be a full part of organized humanity again. The message is the same. Human dignity and human rights must be respected, regardless of the shape or color or condition of the beings involved.

Intermingled with these concepts of man's intrinsic worth and the ideal of human dignity, and complementary to them, is Harlan's abhorrence of war. Many of the stories already discussed ("Bright Eyes," "I Have No Mouth," etc) demonstrate this view. He constantly warns of the possibility of Man's self-destruction if he will not take guard against himself. This does not mean that Harlan precludes all violence. In a number of stories the use of violent force is treated sympathetically, usually when an individual or group employs it to right a wrong or in the last extremity. But the vast, impersonalized conflict between nations or planets, so prevalent in science fiction, and fought for "reasons of state", is total anathema to Harlan.

One of the most interesting ideological areas of Harlan's writing is his ambivalent treatment of SEX and WOMAN. In "I Have No Mouth..." this is particularly evident. The one woman in the story is execrated as "bitch" and "scum filth" by the protagonist. She is portrayed as caring only about sex and the size of a man's organ, yet, when the central character gives her surcease in death, he wants above all to be reassured that this was what she wanted. He evidences no concern, at least in print, for the similar feelings or lack of them in the two men he had dispatched a moment before. He cares most about her.

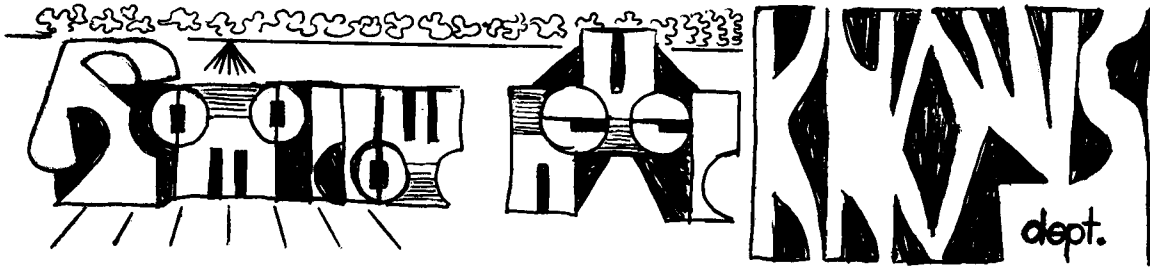
In "Big Sam Was My Friend," we are shown a man dedicated to the idealized concept of a woman. It is part of Harlan's cynicism, more evident in this area than in any other, that this man is portrayed as brought down by the woman he attempts to befriend. The ultimate example of man-idealizing-woman-and-being-betrayed is given in one of his best stories, "Pretty Maggie Money Eyes," but it also permeates most of his writing. Harlequin in "Repent, Harlequin'..." is betrayed by a woman. Yet, in most of these stories the men persist in striving for a romantic, idealized relationship. Two of Harlan's non-S-F stories, "What I Did on my Vacation, by Little Bobby Hirschorn" and "Neither Your Jenny Nor Mine" are excellent examples of this struggle. In the first, Bobby desperately wants to find love and a warm, intimate marriage. In the second, the hero (or is he?) apparently places the young girl on a pedestal, despite his knowledge of her poorer qualities. Both of these stories come from a recently published collection titled Love Ain't Nothing But Sex Misspelled. In his introduction the author tells us:

"...that it (the title) reflects an attitude toward reality I would dearly love to see come to pass in our age of plasti-wrapped romance is only slightly less inconsequential (than the fact that the title is the opening line of the longest story), even though it is stated, restated and occasionally overstated in the stories that follow."

I don't buy this as more than a surface reaction, the disillusioned idealist's cynical answer. Harlan abominates plasti-wrapped Romance; there's no doubt about this. But his stories reveal a desire for real romance; the problem would seem to be that he desperately fears that it may not exist.

All of this would seem to be wrapped up in the word, "compassion." Harlan has an immense compassion and empathy for people. He dislikes and distrusts science only when it comes labeled as the sterile, impersonal Science. He doesn't mind gadgets or solid scientific advance but he believes strongly that they must be kept as only tools for people to use for the improvement or ease of human life, not vice versa. He abominates bigotry in all its forms because he can feel for those on the receiving end and analyze the price humanity pays for doling it out. Most of his uncertainty about sex and women would seem to arise from the vulnerability to being hurt which goes hand in hand with deep empathy. His cynicism and occasional outbursts of savage pessimism and anger stem from this same source, as well as reflecting an understanding of the divisive difficulties of our times. He's afraid of being badly hurt; he's afraid that we are all going to be badly hurt. Above all, he cannot abide the dehumanization he sees in our present society and obviously fears that it will become even stronger in the future.

He may display himself to the world as a cynical, realistic swinger, but his stories reveal Harlan Ellison as sensitive, idealistic, compassionate and one who greatly cares who we are and where we're going and, even more, how we're going to do it.



RITE OF PASSAGE:

A Review by Lewis Grant

How did Alex Panshin come to write this book? He has been selling stories to girls' magazines, told from the teenage girl's viewpoint. He has also been critically rereading every word Heinlein has written for his excellent study Heinlein in Dimension. (Advent Publishers) I surmise that Panshin was rereading Heinlein's stuff in roughly chronological order, and after finishing Pedkayne of Mars (perhaps Heinlein's worst book, although there are arguments for "Farmhand's Three-holer"), he said: "Hell, I can write better stuff than this" and proceeded to do so. This is not only better than Heinlein's worst book (which is still pretty good), it's good! Perhaps Alex is not as good as The Master at his best, but who is?

Rite of Passage (Ace) is a very Heinleinlike book about a young girl going not only through sexual puberty but social puberty. The American culture does not have and never had a true puberty rite. The Jews had bar mitzvahs and the Rich had debuts, but our puberty rites are replaced by a melange of semi-related and unimpressive rites such as confirmation and first communion, grade school, high school, and college graduation, auto and liquor usage permission, attendance at "adult" movies, and the perfunctory and unintelligible ceremony entitling one to vote. (I still don't know what I swore to fifteen years ago.) This is our loss.

In Rite of Passage the heroine prepares for and then endures a true puberty rite. She is dropped on a hostile planet for a month before she returns to the Ship, a hollowed-out asteroid, as an adult.

To me, the heroine, Mia Haverro, thinks and acts like a pre-pubescent and pubescent girl. Perhaps she sounds a little older than she should, but that may be ascribed to high intelligence and good education. But since I don't feel myself competent to evaluate the mental and emotional viewpoint of a pubescent girl, I have turned Panshin's book over to Lynn Waitzman, Chicago-type femfan and at least a decade closer to pubescence than me.

There are, unfortunately, a few points in the story which strain credibility too much, and break the spell of the story like a soap bubble. I am sure that Alex's affair with a purple tiger will be classed with Harlan's jellybeanstorm in years to come. I am willing to concede that perhaps this particular tiger was discombobulated by rock-throwing enough so that he only inflicted only three relatively minor injuries. I'm afraid, though, that the average tiger, of any given race, creed, or color, would react to rocks in the mush with lusty swipes, and a group of thirty semi-trained children with little knives would suffer more than 10% casualties.

Secondly, this teenytigerbopper is dropped onto a planet which hasn't been heard from for over a century, along with a horse and other valuable-looking possessions, among people who don't like Ship people, and she goes riding down main roads, looking like a small thirteen-year-old boy, seeking Adventure. Well, they say good judgement comes from experience, and experience comes from bad judgement. Didn't they touch on horse thievery in survival class? To signal the pickup boat at the end of the month, she carried a rather large and peculiar-looking box-like object, which is stomped into junk by the baddy. Come ON, Alex! Twenty-three years ago, at the dawn of the electronic age, we were firing radios from guns, and they didn't even use transistors. Today, any half-assiduous electronics technician could make you a mess of pottage which would produce nothing more than sore feet if you stomped it. Two hundred and thirty years from now, I'm sure that it will take a lot more than stomping to do anything to a one-shot, one-signal radio of crucial importance to the possessor. I suspect, also, that it would look like something other than a mysterious, unopenable box. There's nothing that interests a certain class of men more than a seemingly unopenable box, especially one belong to a young lady.

I also have doubts that on a planet with enough difference in gravity and air composition to be noticeable that one could eat the animals and the horse could eat the vegetables. You can get pretty sick indiscriminately eating Earth plants and animals, even though you are the survivor of ancestors which ate and digested such for the last gigayear or more. On one of the colony planets it might be possible, but I would throw in a sentence or two about how everyone is amazed that it is possible. Still, I would take the second small bite about four hours after I took the first very small bite.

The one theme of the book I have trouble digesting is quite a common theme in SF, the idea that the ship would trade small bits of needed information for raw materials. Being a printing ink technician, and a programming-school student, I am interested in information theory, since information is what computers create and printing-ink replicates. Printing ink, of course, is bulk information, which we sell in five-ten lots. It has to be activated by a catalyst to be turned into information. We call the catalyst a press. If you look at a printing press, you will see that it is a macrocatalyst, which does the same thing to molecules of ink and molecules of paper that a catalyst does to a single molecule of oxygen and two molecules of hydrogen. It adds nothing but information, no matter, no energy. It gives the ink and paper an idea, which they then pass on to you when you open the book and chemicals in your eyes are catalyzed by the structured beams of light bouncing off the structured page. You don't put eyetracks on the page; it puts eyetracks in your brain. A printing press does not create information (except accidentally); that is done by the author. The whole process of book-making, from typing the manuscript from your thoughts to printing the pages, is a process of replicating information. The printing press replicates that information thousands, perhaps millions of times. That in-

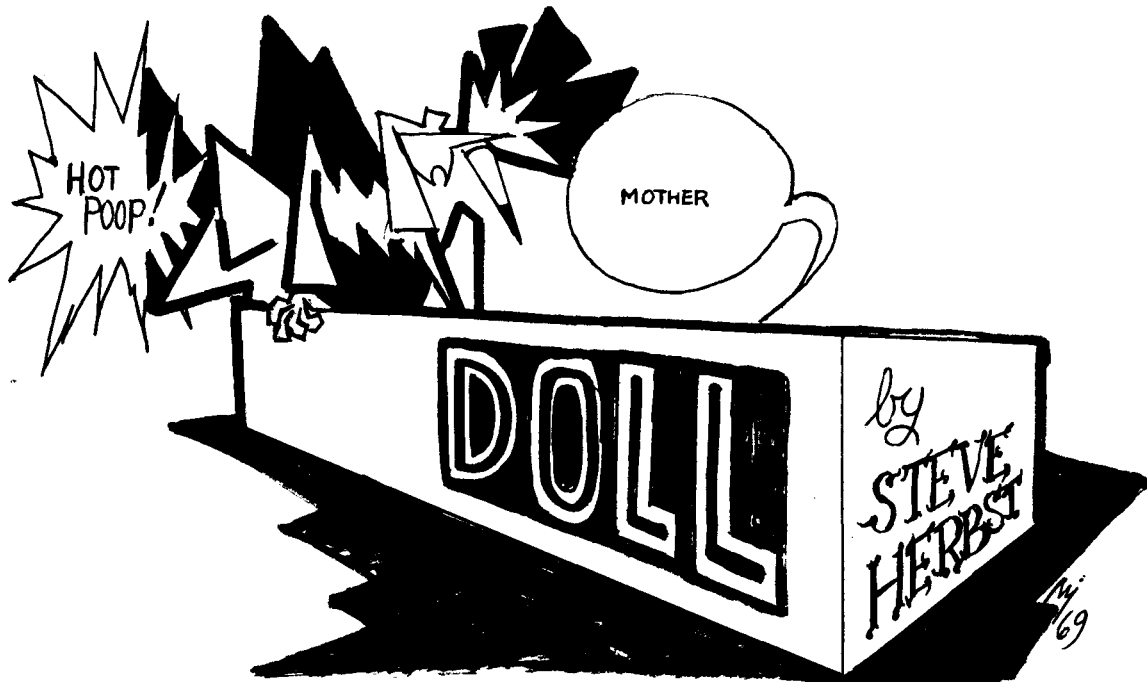
formation can be replicated on many types of substrate, some of them fiendishly tough even by today's standards. It is now possible to make a tape by punching holes with a laser or electron beam in a tough plastic ribbon, which will put the information from 50,000 rolls of magnetic tape on the same size reel. What will we be able to do in another century, when we start sending the starships out to plant colonies? Any colony that is dropped in the 21st century will, I expect, have a hundred libraries about the size of the Library of Congress, and a lot tougher. Moreover, the really essential part of this library can be put on one small namecard. This is the secret that information can be created, and how to create, test, and replicate information. In other words, the secret of the alphabet, the scientific method, and the printing press.

Man has been around for roughly a billion years. In the last 99.99% of that time he learned to write, in the last 99.9995% he learned how to print, and in the last 99.9999% how to really use the scientific method. (Although the group of many methods lumped under the generic name of the scientific method are still undergoing rapid improvement.)

Panshin postulates it will be another hundred years before we start sending out colonies. That's another hundred years of rapid improvement in the printing press and other information replicating processes, and in the scientific method, and we are still improving the alphabet and other symbolizing devices. Looking at what we Americans did in 160 years, starting with the crude tools and huge masses of misinformation we had, plus the miniscule amount of good information, I wonder just what a colony would do in 160 years starting with good tools and ten million volumes of good information. (Remember, that's ten million volumes in each of a hundred libraries. It's going to take some real effort to get rid of 99% of those very tough books in 160 years, and the trouble with trying to kill books is they breed faster than rabbits.) I suspect that the time to duplicate our present Earth civilization, if not to surpass it, would be a lot closer to 160 years than to the million years we spent making mistakes. I am afraid that the lost-book story is about as dead as the lost-race story!



alternate omega



YOU WOULD NOT BELIEVE the people in that store. One big grabbing mass of flesh it was, and it roared too, pressed up against counters and rippling over aisles. Stuck right in the middle of the thing inhabiting the toy department, I felt like an idiot. I also felt that if I didn't get a toy for Pat once and for all, I was going to immolate myself under its feet. I almost did both.

But the girl at the counter said "This..." and pointed at a doll sitting on boxes of its kind. She had seemed confident enough in her testimony, so I pressed my way through and took one of the boxes. It said "Rippy-Tippy," and it was ten inches tall. Before I could get disgusted with myself I handed it to the girl and she wrapped it. I was impressed with the danger involved in removing credit cards and wallet in the midst of a Christmas shopping crowd. And I nearly broke my neck getting down escalators and out of the store once I had received THE PACKAGE.

Hours later, exhausted by the push of person and frozen from the wait of bus, I got THE PACKAGE home. An expensive PACKAGE it was, too, though I would gladly have given the clerk my Moose card to be finished with the nauseating business.

Then the doll spoke. It said, "Fuck." Muffled, but understandable. So of course I shook the box and asked it to repeat, since I had never heard a doll talk that way before. It told me to remove it from the box, so I gritted my teeth and tore the immaculate gift wrapping. The doll sat up in the open box and smiled. "I've got to go back, you know."

"Why?" I asked brilliantly.

"I shouldn't be on the market yet. I'm an experimental model."

"Then you're not Rippy-Tippy?"

It waited.

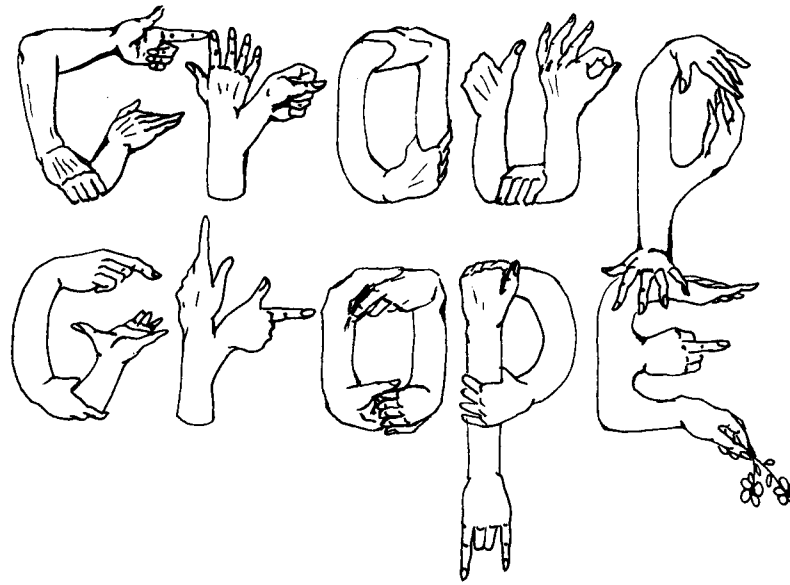
Then the obvious question, "What do you do?"

It wouldn't answer, but started to get nasty in its delivery and I didn't like that too much. It kept repeating, "I've got to go back."

So finally I had had enough, and I took and beat its head against a table until it died. Then I put it in the box and gave it to my daughter for Christmas. I wasn't going back to that store again during shopping season.







Harry Harrison
California

The article by J. M. Williams is absolutely tremendous, and the sort of thing I wish there were more of in the fan press. Good, good! Carry on! More!

/ Thanks for taking the time to write, sir. I don't think we have anything in this issue along the same lines as the Williams article, but in five or six we'll have a very long discussion of colonization of other planets by an expert in that field. And we have a biophysical discussion of recent sf in the works./ JWL

Robert Bloch
Los Angeles

A belated card from a Hong Kong flu victim to acknowledge my appreciation of Vol. 1, No. 3--with all its manifold goodies. We were sick here all during the holiday season, and I'm just now at the point where I can write a card--but no typing yet. So forgive the scribbling and once again, many thanks.

/ We should really thank YOU, as it was one of your contributions which made TA...3 possible. Funny about the flu--both Mike, in Chicago, and I, Rochester, had it too. Do you think fen are particularly susceptible! Probably the Vanguard of a great invasion--destroy fandom and then take over the world!./ JWL

Joyce Muskat
Los Angeles

Yes indeed, your offset is beautiful. So, in fact, is your entire magazine. As for my Star Trek script, it is called "The Empath" and was shown in Los Angeles on December 6. Incidentally, I pride myself on two things: first, the Neilson ratings for that week gave Star Trek its highest rating of the season and, second, according to the girl who opens the fan mail, they've received only negative letters about my show! That must be some kind of a record!

My main comment about your magazine replies to something you said in the editorial--that you are short on fiction and leery of that which you do have. Just by my own personal taste, I happen to enjoy fiction. Book, film and magazine reviews and commentaries are all very interesting, but even Saturday Review has some original work in it. Perhaps I should say, a better balance of criticism and creativity. By the way, I enjoyed the poetry very much.

/ In case you didn't catch that opening bit, Joyce is the author of the Star Trek script, "The Empath." I missed that one, as I've missed most this season, but I have read favorable comments on it; one fan, I don't remember who, called it the best of the season.

The fiction bit is one of my gripes about many fanzines. By and large, it's quite poor; non-fiction is much easier to write, and fen usually have considerably more experience at it. There's enough bad fiction in the professional magazines. Bad fan fiction is probably the most boring form of writing in the genre.

In the two comments referring to the poetry which I have seen, one, yours, loves it; the other, Charlie Brown's in Locus, hates it. Very interesting..../JWL

Steve Summers
Morgantown, W. Va.

I've got to say that I couldn't believe my eyes when I opened up Tomorrow And...3. The improvement you've made between 2 and 3 is unbelievable, and I liked 2! Biggest complaint about 2 was the reproduction, and you have more than satisfactorily taken care of that. I like all the material in 3, for the most part. The most irritating thing (and I hope you cut it out because it distracts from your zine) was the ProExp jumping into your editorial. As a matter of fact, I didn't like it whenever he jumped in. I certainly wouldn't like to see my material interrupted like that.

/ Exactly my sentiments on seeing the mag for the first time. Mike is the man in charge of production, and unknown to him Gayla (incidentally, it's a girl) made all these snide comments while typing the master. Since it was already done, we had little choice but to print it. But never fear--she won't be doing it again./ JWL

Leland Sapiro
Regina, Canada

I was quite distressed at your plug for "Chicon IV in '73". Other organizations are expressing their disapproval of the brutality of Mayor Dailey's thugs by refusing to hold future conventions in Chicago--and I think you guys should have the moral sensitivity to take similar action.

There shouldn't be any conventions--s.f. or otherwise--held in Chicago until 1984--and after that it won't matter!

The most worthwhile item in your 2nd issue was the Quiz Dept.

You people have a totally wrong concept of what literary criticism is if you think that literary analysis is synonymous with "Crucifixion." The literary critic doesn't "murder only to dissect." : he analyzes in order to convey his own enjoyment of a story to the reader, i.e., to give the reader insights he otherwise would not possess.

Well--I'm sure Tomorrow And... will improve.

/ For my comments, please see page 31, "One of us cannot be wrong."/ MEB

Lin Carter
Queens, NY

Thanks for sending me a copy of TA 2. A handsomely put-together job which I enjoyed reading through.

That pic of my Elric costume at Baycon in your con report was the first snapshot of the costume I have seen. I often wonder what happens to the pictures fans take at worldcons. There you are, hot and itchy inside all that gunk, the flashbulbs flashing, dozens of cameras clicking,...and you never see any a picture after the con. It was the same with my NewYorCon costume as Royal Necromancer of Aquilonia--pictures taken by the score, but never anything afterwards. Ah, well.

TA's contents were generally interesting, which is something I really can't say for most fanzines I see. Nowadays fmz seem to consist largely of chitter-chatter on three topics and three topics only: Star Trek, Harlan Ellison, and 2001. Since I am not particularly interested in any of these three most fmz have little of interest to me. TA was a (small) step in a different direction. ...Keep up the good work,

/ Our motto is "something for everybody".....! Thanks for the letter./ MEB

Bob Silverberg
The Bronx

Thank you for TOMORROW And...3. A very pretty issue, even though your con report is so negative; I thought the Baycon was a groove, perhaps the loveliest of the 15 or so worldcons I've attended, and loved the hotel enormously, but it's fascinating to see another reaction 180° away. I don't want to rip out your questionnaire, but I'll tell you in strict confidence that my favorite author is Silverberg. Articles defending JWC have been appearing in fanzines ever since the charge that ASF is going downhill first was leveled--about 1944. No, he doesn't dictate to his authors; but he also isn't very sympathetic to change, which makes the magazine a little dull for writers who are themselves evolving from year to year. Best..

/ I agree; there was much at Baycon I also enjoyed although I thought Jerry's comments valid. Only further JWC comment; I don't think Analog is yet ready for burial!./MEB

Isaac Asimov
Massachusetts

I have just received and read Tomorrow And... Volume I Number 3 (misprinted as Number 2) and enjoyed it, of course.

I was brought up cold by Harriet Kilchak's letter on page 3:42. We can dismiss the flattery; it was very nice of her and I am very grateful but she is obviously extremely prejudiced in my favor and is perhaps not a sufficiently objective witness.

HOWEVER--she starts the passage about me by saying "Of course the best article was the one about Isaac Asimov."

WHAT article about Isaac Asimov?

Can it be that you ran an article about me in an earlier issue and I did not see it? If so, is there any way I can see it at this late date?

You see, I am rarely mentioned in fan magazines because I am "non-controversial" (which may mean a "thundering bore") But after reading reams and reams about Harlan Ellison, and Norman Spinrad, and Ted White, I come all over a rage of jealousy, and wish to see something about me--adulation preferably, of course.

Could you oblige? I mean, by letting me see the article to which Harriet refers?

/ The article, of course, was actually a REVIEW of Asimov's Mysteries; as it happened, we DID send a copy of TA...2 to Dr. Asimov, but like several other copies of that issue, it was apparently lost in the mails. Dr. Asimov has another copy now. But may I suggest, sir, that the way to get fanzine mention is to write to fanzines. The gentlemen you mention, especially Ted White, write expressing their opinions for many fanzines. We, for example, would be honored to print your opinions and so would any others.

Also, a new piece of fiction (like that third robotic novel!) would excite many comments. / JWL

Robert Toomey, Jr.
Massachusetts

Congratulations on TA...3. It's a good-looking fanzine (aside from an infinite number of typos) and something you can be proud of. I don't mind telling you I was stunned. Art, repro, everything but that incredibly bad picture of Harlan on page 6, is perfect. The articles, as well, were fine.

The Crucifixion, though, I disagree with. First off, you simply don't, Mike, quote "the publicly expressed opinion of the leader of this 'certain group' of authors." If it's a publicly expressed opinion then, by God, put a name to the person who expressed it. If it's a privately expressed opinion, then you can protect your sources; otherwise, be specific.

Campbell is becoming an anachronism, I fear, in this field we love so dearly. What he was is fine and good, striding head and shoulders above the other editors of his time. OF HIS TIME. Today a revolution is taking place and things are on the move. New writers with new thoughts are entering the field, and their thoughts are not Campbell's thoughts. His consistent refusal to take notice of these writers abrogates his authority. An editor without creativity is at a dead end. When you reach a dead end, you stop and go back the way you came from. Others are taking new roads and getting somewhere.

Campbell's revolution is over. A revolution ends when a new regime commences. A new revolution is taking place and the old order is being deposed. If ALL editors felt the way JWC does, this field would never take another step forward; it would be embalmed, frozen, halted at the height of a glory now diminished by new glories. What have you done for me lately is a callous philosophy, but the only practical one in this instance.

As for pros being nominated for fan awards, that's a rough question. Like euthanasia, it's difficult to know where to stop. I'm a professional writer in that, for over a year now, every penny I've earned has been from writing. Does that make me ineligible for fan awards? If the fans are having a rough time competing against professionals, that's a shame, but why can't pros who love the field and earn their living at it be just as big fans as anyone? I'm not an sf writer, and neither, for the most part, is Harry Warner. But we're both professional writers in the sense that that's how we earn our livings. Should we be disqualified as fans?

If the awards were for best AMATEUR writers, best AMATEUR artists, etc., that would be a completely different story. But they're not. Let's get an award that knows where it's at. I've been saying this all along. The Hugo system is so fucked up it would take a Solomon to straighten it out. One thing you might do, and this is only a suggestion, is to print ALL of the rules on Hugos as they stand right now, then append your personal comments on how they might be improved and made consistently fair. Then, ask your readers to send in THEIR ideas on improving the Hugos. When you have all of this, pick and choose among the best suggestions you can possibly come up with and send them to the Con Committee. Talk is all right, but action is better.

Your con report was excellent. But I'm still sorry I missed it, if only to renew old friendships and make new ones. THAT'S really what a Worldcon is all about. The programs and the rest are just icing on the cake. Being with people who share your interests, exchanging news, views, getting into screaming arguments and roaring drunk. That's what a Con is all about. And meeting the people who write the stuff you love. That, too.

/ Personally, I tend to agree more with you than with Mike, although I don't paint Campbell quite as bad as you do. It's not that Campbell doesn't print good things any more--it's rather that he prints only ONE KIND of stuff now.

The whole awards program is indeed in a mess. Talking particularly about fan awards is sticky at best. In the first place, there's such a dramatic difference between the two "twin" categories in respect to professionals competing. The pro and fan artist are, for all practical purposes, doing the same thing; much fan art could well be sold and conversely, and fms could use prozine art. But with the writers, the story's entirely different. While the professional writers write mostly fiction, the fan awards are normally given for the writing of NON-fiction. The writing on non-fiction is much more distinct from the writing on non-fiction than fan art is from pro art. But few fans would consent to different requirements for the two related awards, so this remains a continuing problem. Most important, of course, is the basic problem. No matter how I try, I just can't see the acknowledged best professional artist in sf (Jack Gaughan) competing with amateurs. If I had to make a flat statement, it would be to make ineligible any person who earns his living primarily through work in the specific field of sf in which he's competing. Thus while both you and Mr. Warner do write professionally, most of it is not within the sf field and thus you'd be eligible.

I've already mentioned my short "Legal Rules" publication, as a total listing of the Hugo rules. In TA...2 we DID list overall suggestions on the Hugos and the response was very scanty. Perhaps as the Hugo time approaches we'll do it again this year.

Cons are always good, and of course you're right about the basic purpose. But this one could have been so much better. / JWL

/ My circumlocution in the Crucifixion Dept. was designed to kid, not disguise, Harlan Ellison. Sorry. MEB /

Robert Willingham
California

I suppose this time I cannot complain about not knowing why I received TA...3. More than half (12 out of 23) of the reasons on the inside of the cover were marked. However, I would like to make a correction: I do not have short hair, thank you. Though you were correct in crediting me with "You hate Mayor Daley." (Astounding items: the Los Angeles Times ran a cartoon by Conrad with the caption "Among other things, the demonstrators called us 'pigs,'"

below Mayor Daley and 3 officers, all of whom had an amazing resemblance to pigs. This was not the Free Press, but the Times!)

I generally agree with your BAYCON report, Jerry. So many little things piled up to sort of dull the exciting experience of one's first worldcon (yes, I was one of the neos there). But still, coming from L.A. I was in a group with a car, so the fact that nothing was within walking distance did not bother me much. Also, the poor quality of the rock groups was only superficial--it was the shitty amplifiers. I have heard one of the groups since and they improved immensely with quality amps. Re the light show--it was the worst I ever witnessed. Even the token light effects for the rock musical "Hair" were better. Almost all the difficulties were due to the BAYCON committee. The hotel, I found, was rather reasonable. For instance, one night I was locked out of my room--no make that one morning (say, 4:00 am)--and slept on one of the many couches without interference from the staff of the hotel. I had a good sleep.

Mike Gilbert is one of the best fanartists anywhere. There is a small amount of awkwardness in his hand, but that will probably disappear with practice. Why don't you make him resident artist or something? He adds a lot to the look of the zine.

Got about half of the 20 quiz questions.

The Kinney story, "Death Lab" was so good that I looked up the author's name on the table of contents (being unable to find it on the title page of the story itself). It just missed being pro (if it missed at all). The index card beginning was original and efficient, though I can see how an editor might object because there was no "hook" or immediate conflict--screw that editor. Particularly liked the humor (T.I.T.). The characterization was not great, but everything else combined to make it a good (new wave) story. I liked it.

Gotta go now. Homework, homework, homework. I wanted to do a review for the smart-aleck MEB, too! Damn!

/ Mike did all the marking--I only told him the basic reason, and the rest is his fault. I've heard from others that they felt the hotel was very understanding about people sleeping all around, etc. I've also heard of other people being barred from the Meet-the-Pros party AND the opening Champagne party. In general, the fault is not the hotel's--the hotel should never have been chosen in the first place. I note you mention "Hair." Listen, people out there, if you have a liking for either good rock or good musicals, you must hear "Hair." The original cast album is fantastic, with a dozen good songs and numerous shorts; I haven't yet been able to see the whole thing, but those that have liked it immensely. Both the record and play are highly recommended.//Mike Gilbert happens to be a personal friend of mine; it may interest you to know that he's just on the verge of making it big with professional sf art. Mike's definitely a comer; most of the top fanzines are beginning to use his stuff, and we're very glad to have as much as we do. Mike Jump is our resident artist, though; with production in Chicago, it's too difficult to have the art head half a continent away. Jump is a good illustrator when he has the time, and should have some good things for TA...4.//I could make such a bad pun about your sleeping on "one of the many couches"--but I won't. JWL_/

Richard Delap
Wichita, Kansas

TA...3 came today and wow, you just messed up a whole evening that was supposed to be spent zipping through a new sf novel, for I have another editor patiently waiting for a review (the book is one of Panshin's new series, and I'll let you guess the editor...no, it isn't Eyster). Needless to say, the book and review are still waiting (not to mention the editor). I wish I had more time than I do to write a long loc, but you mentioned that your schedule demands swift answers, so I'll keep my comments short.

Your editorial was pretty good and I welcomed the photos used with it as they were the first I had seen of several sf personalities. I see that beards seemed prevalent at the con, or was that just a coincidence of pictures chosen? (I mean, even a woman had one!--really!)

I'm never too strong on fanfiction and, despite your comments to the contrary, I think "Deathlab" is hardly pro quality...rather a blundered attempt at "New Wave" that has almost all its failings and few of its virtues. Mr. Kinney's attempts at dialogue are abominable, cruder than Delany's but almost as pretentious as much of that author's recent work this year, such as "lines of Power"...which is still a pretty good story despite its faults. I'm sorry if the foregoing comments seem more destructive than constructive but, as I said, I'm not strong on fanfiction. Sorry.

Aronson's comments on 2001 are somewhat careless. His remark that the acting "did not even do justice to the plot" is ludicrous, and I suspect he's another of those poor souls who didn't realize that the drama of the film rests heavily on the fact that the human characters purposely appear "wooden." So many, many people missed this point entirely that I begin to wonder how many fans even begin to have any idea of what 'drama' consists of. Oh, well...

Dr. Williams' article was most excellent, probably the best five pages in the entire issue. I congratulate him on an informative, logically extrapolated and, most importantly, fascination-to-read piece of work on a glack (high) subject. I was very entertained!

The "Crucifixion" this ish was done with velvet bands rather than nails, I believe, and I don't always agree on Mike's conclusions on Analog itself or the importance of JWC's "logic." I'd like to write some more on this but (sob...sorry) I just haven't time now.

I would like to comment that I think you (among others) have overrated Delany's "Aye, and Gomorrah..." which pussyfoots around the controversy (sexual perversion) it should have tackled headon. It's not a bad story by any means, but not that good either. And Delany should not have gotten a Hugo for Babel-17 (ech!), but perhaps should have for TEI (though personally, I preferred Thorns.) Lettercol was ok...needs some fanatics to liven it up though.

/ Sorry to destroy your evening, Dick...sure I am! Glad you found it interesting enough.//As a matter of fact, beards do seem to be a big think in fandom; not only do many BNFs sport fuzz, but many, many other fen (includ-

ing your editor) do also.// In TA...2, we printed what I considered to be the best nonfannish views on 2001, those of Roger Ebert reviewing for the Sun-Times (Chicago). Aronson's comments were intended to display another view of the picture; I largely disagree with Mark, but wanted to present a different view. Actually, I don't think Mark is as thick as you imagine; not only was he playing devil's advocate to some extent, but he was also criticizing the acting OVER AND ABOVE the required banality and wooden characterizations. He probably felt that it was just TOO wooded, too mechanical, and thus too unrealistic. I too am amazed at the number of fans missing the whole film; probably the best single review is Breen's in Warhoon 24.// Perhaps "Aye, and Gomorrah..." is praised precisely because it IS subtle, rather than headon, in its attack. Certainly Delany COULD have used that approach, but I feel it would have produced a LESS effective story. Agreed, Babel-17 had many flaws. BUT, while it was not better than Keyes' Flowers for Algernon or Swann's Day of the Minotaur, I feel it was superior to the Hugo winner, Heinlein's Moon is a Harsh Mistress. JWL/

Piers Anthony
Florida

In lieu of a decent letter of comment: I have read snatches of Tomorrow And... in adverse conditions and am not feeling particularly bright this morning. But since this is the second issue you sent me (#2 and #3) and I never did comment on the prior one (because from your schedule, I thought my letter would only cross with #3 already printed), I am making the obscure effort.

My little girl, just over a year old, has a mind of her own. Recently she has decided she doesn't like to sleep alone. So she wakes up at night and screams. Last night we got her to sleep around 8 pm, and she woke up and yelled at 11. My wife picked her up and calmed her and put her to sleep again...only to have the screams resume fifteen minutes later. So ditto. Then about 1 am she woke up; not in any particular pain or misery but just deciding someone should appear on the scene per the usual. We were both tired and sleepy. After maybe 20 minutes of crying (the baby's, I mean) my wife picked her up again, held her for ten minutes until she nodded off, put her down...and the screams re-commenced. So we decided we'd gone for enough and just let her yell. At quarter to two the baby threw up--she does that when she gets too upset. We cleaned her up, turned on the light--and discovered the vomit to be lumpy and solid red. After a moment it turned out that this was due to the cherry pudding she had had for supper, but it left us pretty well shaken. I took over, held baby for twenty minutes, put her down sleep--and immediately the screaming began again. "I have had it!" I exclaimed, shut the door, and lay down to read Tomorrow And... The screaming gradually dimished to a pitiful whimpering. But they never ceased entirely, so I knew she was still awake. Unfortunately, a baby this age needs that night sleep. At a quarter to four the full-lunged screaming began again, with the sounds of banging. I dashed in (leaving Tomorrow And... in the middle of the J.W. Williams article, which did interest me since I happen to be a certified English teacher) and picked her up again. She had not, despite the sounds, vomited more than a token this time, and apparently only bumped her head and wasn't seriously hurt. I held her, but she was so tense she jumped at every sound or movement, and I saw that the poor little thing simply was not capable of settling down alone any more; she was too worked up. Figuring that almost three hours was enough for this battle, I settled down in the easy chair and held her until dawn. Thus she got three and a half hours sleep, while I got additional uncomfortable snatches over and above the three hours I had started with. At dawn, naturally, my baby had to be up and about, as sheerful as ever, demanding my attention while I tried to read the newspaper, etc. She is very cute and I do love her, and that's why it is Tomorrow And... that is getting the short shrift. It is a good issue, with good articles and very nice reproductions, and I can see how hard you're trying and I agree with your reasonign about running reprints, even tho it applies to one of mine. I did mean to comment--but this is the fourth consecutive night of this half-night sleeping, and it is hurting my current writing of the professional variety, and so all I can do for you is explain rapid-fire why I CAN'T comment properly. It isn't your fault. The baby is screaming once more, and my wife has to get the laundry done, so I'm on call again. Sorry."

/ I only wish ALL the people who didn't have time to write letters write letters like this! Seriously, tho, Mr. Anthony, you must realize that a writer of your capabilities can make the most mundane (to the average person, not to you, of course) items seem interesting. We really do appreciate what you do have time to write, though of course we'd love to hear specific comments. Best of luck with the young 'un.//Incidentally, Piers Anthony's new "major" book, Omnivore, is out, and while flawed, is most interesting.-/

Anne McCaffrey
Sea Cliff, New York

The second/third issue of TA arrived to afford me unexpected and pleasurable reading. (I suppose some mention is better than none..hohum...at least you admitted to my participating in the Nward-receiving.)

I particularly want to comment on two features in TA: the absorbing article by Dr. J.M. Williams and the Crucifixion(x).

I specialized in Slavonic Languages and Literatures (way Back) taking odd, allied courses, like Irish legends (in 9th century Gaelic) and Comparative Philology and wished that I had been able to concentrate on philology alone. The training in language has served me better than the particular ones I chose.

To J.M.W.'s point of a genetic mental inheritance, let me add a personal incident. There were only two brave souls struggling with 9th century Gaelic: both of us happened to be of predominately Irish descent (Mc Caffrey is really my name). Glossaries or dictionaries in 9th century Gaelic are hard to come by and not very helpful. Gaelic is a language to be listened to, the writing of it never considered by its users. Consequently unpleasing combinations of vowels and consonants don't occur: elisions abound. I do believe that there are

Game 3, answer: Kalvan from Lord Kalvan of Otherwhen by H.Beam Piper.

more forms of the 'to be' and 'to do, to make' in Gaelic than anywhere else. Translation therefore was pure sweatwork since the various forms of the 'to be' and 'to do' were similar to other common words, enough to drive you up the wall. Our professor got provoked with us, during the end of our year of study, because we translated the Dream of Angus (Oislinge Aengus MacDatho) with considerably more proficiency than he thought we could have. He accused us of finding a translation hidden in the Widdener stacks. Warn't true. We both knew how the words ought to fit, even to putting them into a Limerick-lilt. He did not believe our explanation that such proficiency was due to our Irish background.

I take some exception to Dr. Williams' point that "All children everywhere learn to talk about the same time. No one, furthermore, really teaches a child to talk." To the first statement, yes: children (most of them) do learn to talk at about the same time. But, someone must encourage that child to talk. I have visited two local Head-Start programs (Hear ye, hear ye, support your local Headstart!), separated by a bay of water on Long Island Sound. In one, the language employed by babies thirty-six months in this world is limited to such choice tidbits as "Move your ass over, you mother fucker!" (Enough to make a sailor blush much less the nice Headstart lady). And from the mouths of babes. But -- here is the horror -- that, and similar appalling exhortations, were the only phrases the children had! They had to be taught useful phrases like "My turn next! May I go to the bathroom? More milk. I don't feel well." (The instructors I observed didn't insist on "please/thank you", although they were careful to use such phrases in addressing the children. They felt rewarded enough to relieve these infant vocabularies of the vulgar terms.) In the second program, from substantially similar backgrounds of environment/housing/parentage/educations/employment opportunities, most of the children spoke baby-talk but no foul-mouthed expressions. In both programs, too, there were some children who would not speak at all because they had been shut up so constantly that they had given up trying to express themselves vocally.

I realize that Dr. Williams was not attempting to cite earthly exceptions to his thesis but this is so ghastly a one. And, judging by Headstart reports from many areas in this country, more prevalent than should obtain in a land which bases so much on educational achievement.

Dr. Williams' thesis on the obstacles in establishing more than a you/Jane/me/Tarzan sort of communication (if that much could be obtained) is fascinating. Obviously a working telepathy/empathy would solve some of the problems: but, WOW, how fascinating a problem.

Piers Anthony's OMNIVORE is an exercise on one aspect of this question: very well done, too, and hitting another knotty problem at the same time. He uses a terse but not arid style in this novel which is most effective.

The other feature in TA on which I have comment is the defense of John W. Campbell, Jr. Hallelujah and my profound thanks. Which is why I have singled your fanzine for the favor of a reply. (Fanzines flow into my office now which is most gratifying personally. Unfortunately, being a full time writer as well as Secretary-Treasurer of SFWA, I have not as much time left over for loc as I could wish. I therefore answer those zines to which I feel I can make a positive comment. God, that sounds fatuous. Semantic problems!)

It is such a relief to read well-deserved praise of John to whom I am deeply indebted and extremely grateful, and to whose defense I am apt to spring with nails extended and eyes flashing -- a truly horrific sight, I'll clue you! Sure, he comes out with outrageous things -- the latest being a decision to vote for George Wallace, but he has that right. HE ALSO STATES HE DID SO, CONFIDENT WALLACE COULDN'T WIN! Many of us held our noses and voted for the least objectionable candidate, or Pat Paulsen. I know blacks who voted for Wallace AS A PROTEST to the ambiguous promises and platforms of the other leading men. Now else do Americans lodge a protest at votin' time?

Anyway, I compliment you on your perspicacity and honesty. Boy, will you get feedback!

I particularly like the illo on 3:17. I've had days like that! I'd like to see the next ish.

/ It's an editorial pleasure to get such interesting commentary concerning what we also thought an outstanding article -- that by Professor Williams. Thanks for the support re Crucifixion and JWC. As you note in the letters, there was considerable feedback, but the Crucifixion Dept. was designed to engender it so who can complain? MEB??

Ed. R. Smith
Charlotte, N. Ca.

I have here the second issue of TA..., so I suppose I should do something to de-serve it.....

The repro looked nice. Yes. Do photos cost more to repro? If not, you should have included more from the Baycon. When such a large con as this is held, any short selection of photos will tend to show a limited side of things as they were at the con. But the ones you did run were certainly appreciated, at least by this old hermit. Another thing about the photos--I find myself wondering who some of the unidentified ones in the pictures are. For example, I may have a good photo of a favourite correspondent here and not know it. And may I ask--who is the young lady in the background of the "Best Presentation" and the photo of Bruce Pelz. You can barely see her. In the first photo she appears beside the left leg of the costumed creature. She is leaning forward, smiling, and appears to have long, dark hair. She appears in almost the same position in the next photo, only with her head to the side, and, from little you can see of her in this one, she is smiling. She struck me as being very pretty. Do you by any chance know who she is?

The Baycon report was very grouchy. You sounded like you hated the whole thing, or most of it, and enjoyed nothing in its entirety. If I assure you that the St. Louiscon will be even worse, and promise you a con report, how about financing my way there as official TA representative? Really, though, you did make some good remarks and bring up some interesting points about the Baycon's ineptness.

The illo on page 15 by Mike Gilbert caught my fancy. I get the impression of a trio of future secret agents. And I like the hair style of that guy in the middle. There are hardly any attempts to show chance in future fashions in sf art or stories, or in the visual means. Even 2001 did not do too much along these lines, but I like what was done. For example, did you notice the long, black dresses on the girls Heywood met on the

space station? And his coat was a lot shorter than those of today. But something like LAND OF THE GIANTS had the heroes in turtlenecks (of which I have scores, sure, but I think I would try something a little more imaginative for a future sf show), and all these sf movie guys run around with their hair full of contemporary earth grease. You can tell when a sf movie was made by watching for the clothes styles.

The same goes for most sf illustration, especially the inferior ones. Like the girls in the Roger Brand drawings. They always wear miniskirts, and the men usually wear coats and ties. Besides which, Brand is a rotten artist with no talent.

It seems that I never received a copy of your second issue. Might not a copy be left? There is no reason to suspect that you did not mail out the issue, but one was not received. The same thing happened to FLIP, and other zines that were started in the general direction of NC.

Speaking of NC (we were), this has to be the second or third most conservative place in the nation or world. The new governor took office last weekend. The man likes to wear tophats to such gatherings, likes cigars, and has grown his sideburns out soon after he was elected (though he was probably falsely confident--he can still be impeached, you know) to about the middle of his ears. And he has already been called the mod governor of NC. But I got a real surprise the other day when someone writing in the CHARLOTTE OBSERVER called the Genesis book a myth. I have been watching the crime section for reports of lynchings, but so far nothing has come up.

/ Unfortunately photos do cost more. We'll use them whenever the budget allows. I'm afraid I don't know who the girl is, either. You raise an excellent point in reference to costuming, although there have been some movies (i.e. the Forbidden Planet) that made some attempt to show futuristic dress. How about an article on the subject? We would be interested in printing it. And I do know what you mean when you talk about NC; I was a Floridian for 12 years. MEB _/

Dean Koontz
Harrisburg, Pa. Received Tomorrow And...2 and enjoyed it very much. If this is the kind of thing you will do regularly, then you probably will be contending for the Hugo some day soon. SF Opinion is lagging, to say the least, and will be some time in coming even yet. I quite and start fulltiming it in January. Only 24 more days of teaching left. When I have more time on my hands, I'll do more fan work.

/ Dean means TA...3, of course.. Hugo material? Oh, come on now!//Sf Opinion is Dean's fine reviewzine; write to him for info.//And good luck with writing! JWL_/_

Richard Bergeron
New York City TA does look very nice from the production standpoint. Much of the artwork is superb--especially that of Gilbert and, of course, JG is unfailingly excellent. And I liked the pages of photos. I read through the entire issue when it arrived and as I sit here typing this note and leafing through it again, I can't for the life of me recall what any of it is about! Embarrassing. When I finish this I'm going to reread your fanzine reviews and BAYCON report -- but not the stuff about "2001." I've HAD IT as much as everybody else. Strange, people are also writing me that they've read all they want to about "2001" and then devoting the rest of their letters to Wrhn to further discussions of "2001." The headings throughout the issue are mostly pretty amateurish and remind me unpleasantly of the first and second issues of the revived Shaggy. You could use some nice large press-on type and a more coherent format.

/ Thank you muchly, Richard. We hope to be able to keep this type repro quality--as long as the money holds out!//The idea behind the drawn headings was to prevent the typical coldness of the offset zine. JWL_/_

andrew j. offutt
Funny Farm
Kentucky Thank you very much for your very handsome and pleasant Tomorrow And... (Come to think, there were four dots on the cover and three inside. Somebody at U of C got his ellipses ellipted!)
A few comments: "Death Lab." Oday, I read it. Reviews of "2001": who needs? It is done, it's an honest-to-gosh science fiction, rather than monster movie. I honestly feel at this stage that we should merely exert every effort to support things like "2001" and "Barbarella," to let Hollywood know we are out here and 'preciate it.

Bradley's atticle on Campbell, "Crucifixion." Bradley says "Back in the 40's and 50's Campbell started a revolution in SF." Yes, well, back in the 40's, the Russians were the good guys. "...he always has a point to make..." true. Painfully. At length. "How can anyone seriously downgrade a man...etc.?" With ease.

I thank you for the 3 pages of photographs. So that's what those cats look like! Good god, my little ole mustache is nothing!

A copy of my fill-in questionnaire is enclosed; I could not bring myself to mutilate a fanzine as lovely and beautifully reproduced as Tomorrow And....

Also enclosed is a page of doodles I did one night on lined notebook paper with a Papermate Flair pen, with the paper propped up on my knee on a lap board. I was watching television. As a matter of fact, I was watching the Brigitte Bardot special on NBC television. Isn't it interesting that she should remind me to doodle "Barbarella," which I had seen a week before? Well, assuming you don't know the story: La Bardot was married to Roger Vadim, who is now married to Jane Fonda. "Barbarella" is a comic strip in France; the face of the heroine is 100% Bardot, and so are her figure and long, long, LONG legs. Thus we had the spectacle of Vadim's making a movie starring his present wife, about his former wife, whom his present wife was playing. I assume you can reproduce the copy; the original, obviously, is pretty darn rough. Now. When you checked the block that you wanted me to contribute, I am sure you did not expect to receive artwork from offutt, a.j. Okay, I have more than

one talent. (I am a lover. I also try to write).

/ I'm beginning to agree with you on 2001, which is why we've eliminated a couple o' planned articles on the picture. Not only is the discussion just getting to be TOO MUCH, but there are also other movies worth coverage--like that of "Barbarella" this issue.//Mr. offutt does more than try; his work has been anthologized in Ace's World's Best series, and his fan writing regularly appears in the best-looking fmz around, Trumpet. JWL _/

Harry Warner, Jr.
Hagerstown, Md.

Every time I see another fanzine transformed into offset format, I wonder all over again the unanswerable question. Would I be wearing glasses today, if fanzines had shown this tendency many years ago? The third Tomorrow And... looks splendid, something that is not invariably the case in the first issue after the great change occurs. Most of the artwork is unimaginable in mimeographed or dittoed reproduction, and the typed portions are clean as a whistle as if you had a typewriter that disintegrates any particle of dust that comes close to the typeface and has a buklt in servo-mechanism to straighten out any letter which shows the slightest tendency to wander out of plumb. I can't wait to see what the fanzine will look like after you've had some practice, if this resulted from the abrupt decision to change over.

The first description of the Baycon that reached me came from a correspondent who prophesied that it would be the most divergently reported worldcon in history, producing lots of praise and lots of harsh criticism, too. I was beginning to think him wrong, but Jerry Lapidus is helping to make the prediction valid. I can spot one situation which would have left me unhappy--the isolation of the hotel from other eating places, and presumably, other merchandising areas. I'm too restless to stay in one building for several days, even when surrounded by fans whose company I enjoy. On the other hand, I grew up in a house with four-legged bathtub and not only were there hot and cold faucets in that house, but there was also a little stove in the cellar which had to be stoked all summer if we were to get any use out of one of the faucets. So I would have felt a pleasant sense of nostalgia at that aspect of the hotel. My personal quirks don't matter, since I wasn't at the Baycon, but I hardly think that they're absent from the makeup of most fans, and they point a moral. Almost any worldcon will get much criticism and great amounts of praise, simply because different people have different reactions and varying opinions on the things they encounter. Of course, the chronic problem with the costume ball is something beyond individual prejudices. Everyone agrees that it turns out wrong in some respects at almost every worldcon. A committee might be able to work out standard procedures for its basic features that could be adapted wherever necessary to local hotel conditions, so everyone could know who was on display and photographers could take pictures and other basic fan desires could be satisfied. The photographs accompanying the conreport are excellent and, in fact, the first I've seen anywhere from the event.

No dispute here about the judgment you gave to Death Lab. If there's any criticism at all, it's that it stops where it does. It's complete as a short story and yet I felt cheated as if this were the logical starting point for an excellent novel.

J.M. Williams' discussion of language was utterly fascinating, far superior to the more elementary discussions on this topic that have appeared a time or two in the prozines. I like to think that fanzines will turn up more and more contributions from this source--older readers who have never been real fans but still can be redeemed from obscurity--as fanzines grow more respectable-looking and are read by people who might scorn the illegible mimeography that I've come to love. Dr. Williams' speculation about genetically built-in language powers is the most striking thing, to me, in an article that is provocative all the way through. It ties in so neatly with my long-held suspicions that we're on the verge of discovering stupendous things about life. I've never been satisfied with the theory of evolution as the mechanism that created today's living creatures, nor with the explanation of atoms and their component parts as the most elementary building blocks of the universe. If a person learns to talk because of something programmed into his genes, that could be a clue to subdivisions of the neutrons and electrons and their little friends; there are simply too many things which a fertilized cell must do in order to grow into an intelligent human being for even the millions of atoms in its genes to handle.

The analysis of Campbell sounds shrewd and reasonable. I've found Analog uninteresting in recent years, but this is probably the result of my nonengineering mind, at least in part. Moreover, there's lots of evidence that nobody, even a supereditor, can continue to publish a superlative prozine for indefinite numbers of decades: some time after the first dozen years or so, some vital spark of enthusiasm or willingness to experiment vanishes, and his magazines are never quite as fine after that. Campbell kept Astounding on a higher plane than any prozine in history for a much longer time than this inevitable decline should have permitted. He should be honored for what he did during the 1940's and most of the 1950's and credited with maintaining the integrity of the magazine in more recent years when it has lacked certain other desirable elements. Things could have been much worse, if he'd taken the notion about 1961 to try to salvage the old leadership by all-out accultism or crude sex. All the same, I never stop wondering what books would be on my shelves if Campbell had never become an editor at all. Suppose he'd kept on writing fiction, all this past quarter-century and longer, novels and novelettes that continued to improve in quality as much as his last stories in Astounding were superior to his early imitations of E.E. Smith?

The reviews are good in general, particularly those dealing with the Ellison books. Ah, another subject for wondering and puzzlement: suppose Harlan was a hermit whom no fan had ever met, one who never went to a convention. I wonder what sort of reviews his books would get in fanzines? Would his introductions seem as vivid if we didn't have that mental image of Harlan speaking them at a dais when we read them in one of his books?

As I started to say when this letter began, I liked the artwork. The trio of sketches on page 41 really should be much larger, because they are beautifully done. The front cover is also quite memorable, with its odd-ly logical collection of unrelated objects which somehow seem to be right even though I couldn't explain why.

/ Kind words from Harry mean a lot to us. I was particularly glad you also like Death Lab. Dr. Williams, incidentally is quite young in all but maturity of thought! Think you'll like the art this issue, too. MEB _/

Darrell Schweitzer
Strafford, Pa.

Greetings friend, Thou Art God,
Thankye kind sir for TA#3.

Allways lots to comment on in your zine. This I like.
Foist off, Campbell. How can people degrade him? Easy. Campbell is degraded for what he is not doing. He is not being progressive any more, nor is he giving us the provocative fiction that Astounding was once known for. Campbell is backwards by 1940 standards. No longer do we have stories of social significance (If This Goes On..., Coventry, Beyond This Horizon, Gather Darkness! etc.). Gone are memorable and believable human characters (Granny, Old Man Mulligan, Mother Juju, Lazarus Long, Joe-Jim Gregory, Monroe Alpha Clifford, Harriman, Gramp Stevens, etc). Gone are the bold ideas ("Reason," "Universe," "First Contact," "By His Bootstraps", etc.). Campbell has undone everything that he did for ASF. The present day Analog has well written adventure stories (Horse Barbarians, the Dragon Rider stories, the Trader Team stories -- here the characters are a mixture of Williamson and Weinbaum-- The Time Machined Saga, and others), technical stories like we used to read in the Gernsback Magazines, new stereotypes (most characters are young or middle aged, have scientific backgrounds and are mutually indistinguishable, fort of like a poor imitation of a Heinlein character, and old stereotypes. There was a story by Poul Anderson in the Feb. 68 ish which was a scientist-discovers-a-weapon-capable-of-destroying-the-world-and-goes-into-hiding-with-it-while-spies-perform-lots-of-cloak&dagger-she-nanigans-to-get-it-away-from-him type story. Also there have been just too many stories of the psi phenomenon. They just aren't interesting anymore.

Analog needs the revolution all over again. Right now it reads like the Tremaine Astounding Stories. Campbell needs to catch up with his former self.

Neo-Fen can downgrade JWC because they are unfamiliar with ASF in its prime. Older fen, or those with large collections, realise how far ASF has fallen.

JWC has a right to do what he does -- editors tell writers what to do, not vice versa, but it is stupid for doing it. Notice that all of the big name authors that he developed no longer write for him. All of them (even del Rey) are "modern" and ANALOG is not. Nuff sed.

'bout the rest o' the zine:

I heard that the B-ycon was bad, tho I can't offer any opinion on it since I was not there. Most of the pictures taken at the con came out good. Question: who's Elliot Shorter?

"Deathlab" probably could have been sold to one of the lesser prozines like Famous SF, Amazing, or Spaceway. Mark Aronson: The human characters in 2001 just weren't important.

Mr. Williams article was fascinating. The idea of language being a genetic thing sounds okay. At least someone should do research and find out. I wonder could we not give knowledge to aliens by the method used in planarian worms? One individual is chopped up and fed to others who then gain some of the knowledge had by that one. OOPS! I just thought of something. A person would probably poison them. End of one brilliant idea.

Your artwork is good. By now, gotta run, a monster's in the closet, that ain't no fun.

Azathoth have mercy!

I will review your zine favourably in Pegasus.

/ Many of Campbell's authors ARE still writing for Analog, people such as Poul Anderson, Gordon Dickson, and James Schmitz, to name a few. He is still developing new authors like Anne McCaffery. And if you don't call Dune provocative fiction, I don't know what is. I freely grant that Analog has, to some extent, reached a plateau; but the air on that plateau is still pretty rarified!//Elliot Shorter is a well-know New York fan;he has served as Master-at-arms at numerous conventions including more than one worldcon. MEB_/

Kenneth Scher
Far Rockaway, N.Y.

From Another Land: never apologize if it takes you longer to get out a good ish (or even any ish) than you expected. As long as fandom pays in egoboo instead of money, that problem will be with us. I know of one zine that had a year between #'s 1 and 2, and it didn't even get half decent until #3. By the way, either my cover of #3 got a cover from 2, or your cover artists screwed you up; my cover says "volume 1, number 2." Where have you been for the last five or eight years, Jerry? Estes Industries has been around for at least that long, and I seem to remember at least one competitor with a similar line. I don't have one handy, but Estes (and maybe the other one also) advertises in just about every ish of The Fantastic Four, and other Marvel mags.

BAYCON Report was very good, especially the pictures. This is the only con report for BAYCON that I've seen that knocks the con. Of course I still see a few knocking NYCON, which may or may not indicate what we may expect in the future.

"Death Lab": an interesting story with a confusing ending. The political/religious portion sounds a little like the unwritten REH story that tells how Nemiah Scudder came to power in the first place (for those who don't know who N.S. is, I suggest that you (re) read Methuselah's Children).

2001 Dept: I am getting so damn sick reading about that movie, what any zine does not need is a 2001 dept; you merely encourage those writers who still find it irresistible. Lapidus: while I still think 2001 is what one writer described as a "shaggy god story," I agree with you that no one should condemn that damn thing without seeing it first. I fear, however, that many of these will be influenced, as I was, by the interesting but ambiguous ending which would have been much easier to figure out had it not been proceeded by ten minutes of sight-destroying light effects. I know that by the time the ending came around, I didn't give a damn what it was supposed to mean. I had a pounding headache that took two hours to get rid of. Aronson: the somewhat wooden acting helped to smooth out some of the over vivid special effects. Re HAL: the one thing that stands out in my mind as bothering me during the movie (excluding the lights, which were in a class by themselves) was Hal's voice. That thing was giving me the creeps even before he went batty. When we start producing similar computers (or at least, talking computers with similar course/life support monitoring duties) I fully expect they will be given pleasant, clear FEMALE voices, as are the malfunction alert tapes of the modern jet fighter's inflight computer.

You'll Have to Write Louder: this question is not as ignored as Dr. Williams seems to think. Recent (no more than a year ago) pieces on the same or related subjects have appeared in both Analog and Galaxy. Taken by itself, however, this is a very well-written and informative article.

"The 12 Days of Holocaust": cute but not what I would call profound. "Epitaph for V.M.S.": nice, tho that last line is incorrect. "Thou Art God" AFTER discorporation also. "Unfettered": nice, tho it might have used a more relevant title--Elric's Lament or something.

Crucifixion Dept.: about time somebody complimented Campbell; Analog still gets my vote as best mag.

Art: front cover; nice, except for above mentioned matter. Internal illos: try to give titles for more illos. If nothing else, that would keep people like me from trying to figure out just where the hell it fits in to the story; p. 15--is the picture relevant or not?, etc. Cartoons: p. 17--best wordless stfoon I've seen in a long time. p. 22--GROAN--very good.

/ The thing is, you see, that many people did pay for TA...3; we PROMISED that it'd be out by a certain time, and because we were so late I wanted to take the space to make a specific apology.// I've known about the Estes people for some time, but it's only recently that I've noticed the hobby really catching on, especially among the young (around 7) kids.// Trouble with most con reports is that they're of the "I did this, went to that, met him" type; these are fine, but they usually don't tell anyone a hell of a lot about the con itself. I felt--and still do--that BAYCON had a number of very good things but was poorly run, and this is what I intended to say with the con report.// I've heard many comments about the 'light show' in 2001, but yours is new. While I didn't consider it (as some did) the highpoint of the film, I still enjoyed the sequence; I interpret it as an actual trip through hyperspace, and work from there.// We'd rather not title illos unless we have a particularly good one in mind or the artist suggests one. In general, as is with most fmz, we try to place art where it might be appropriate, tho most wasn't drawn for any particular story. In the rare cases where a story or article has been "illustrated," we'll probably tell you and anyway, in that case it should be obvious./_ JWL

Seth A. Johnson
Hillside, N. J.

I don't think I have seen many neofans produce a fanzine as superlatively excellent as your TOMORROW AND... One suggestion as to format though. The lines are just a bit too long for microelite and I would suggest you either run two columns per page or else

switch over to the format used by Leland Sapiro in Riverside Quarterly. It would mean a shorter line and much less distraction for the reader.

It seems to me a reader would have to have total recall to dig that quiz of yours.

About your editorial. I would suggest you never ever mention any faults of the mag unless replying to an LOC or something in print. The thing is, I suspect a sizable majority of your readers might not have noticed it was late till you called their attention to it. After all, why encourage nitpickers who will only bug you due to your giving them cues etc.

Horrors. Children playing with rockets. No one will be safe and even a balsa rocket could be quite painful to whoever it landed on. And when I think of the mischief a subteenager could get into with a missile like that at his disposal.

Sometimes I wonder if a private company couldn't put on far better world cons than fans are able to do. Take care of things like making sure the hotel will be half way decent and have room for all the attendees and schedule events so the fan will be able to attend all of them if he wants to.

Another thing cons might do is set aside conference chambers or something for parties. Rooms where no one is trying to sleep in immediate vicinity and noise won't bother anyone other than those at the party.

I've often also thought it might be a good idea to rent local auditorium or meeting hall with room for all the attendees and with as near perfect acoustics or sound system as possible. Then all the hotel rooms could be used for huckster rooms, art shows, N3F Hospitality rooms and the like. Anyhow I really enjoyed the con review.

"Death Lab" was really good and I certainly hope there will be more of same in the future. I just wonder though if those Scientists couldn't have found sufficient people who were really dying of natural causes to do their research.

You had a good review on 2001 although frankly it seems to me the thing has just about been reviewed to death already. As for reading reviews before seeing 2001 I suspect a lot of people just don't bother with a picture unless it has been reviewed and they have some idea of what it's all about. One thing I suggest though is that the fan read the book first and see the pic after. Sort of like reading the libretto of an opera so you'll know what's going on. Then you can just sit back and enjoy Kubrick's pyrotechnic display as you call it.

Williams' article on communication with aliens was fascinating. Seems to me it might also make an excellent textbook on grammar for that matter. Anyhow I will say this for him. He really gives you food for thought and the article kept coming back to mind constantly over the past 24 hours. I wonder if we will wind up placing a human infant in alien culture so he can grow up speaking and communicating in their language. Of course even this wouldn't give him the ability to perceive wave lengths not perceptible to human or earth senses....

Michael Jenson's poetry was excellent. But all too grimly prophetic.

/ There is much more to Seth's interesting letter but we simply ran out of space--and not even room to comment./

Answers to matching quiz: Column B should read: 6,4,10,7,2,8,9,3,1,5.
Column C should read: 8,5,1,9,7,3,10,4,6,2.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

The first part of a two-part article on the possible evolution of inter-planetary and inter-stellar colonies, a report on the latest research on quasars and pulsars, a Richard Delapp book-review article on Sex/and/or Science Fiction. Some provocative fiction and, of course, our regular depts. And who knows what else.....

