

# EMBELYON

- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 

**B**EHOLD THE JUGGLER .

● HIS NAME IS MU .

HE HANGS BY THE DOOR

● TO WELCOME YOU .

HE'S ALSO GUARDIAN

● OF MY PLACE .

LOOK FOR A SMILE OR A

● FROWN ON HIS FACE .

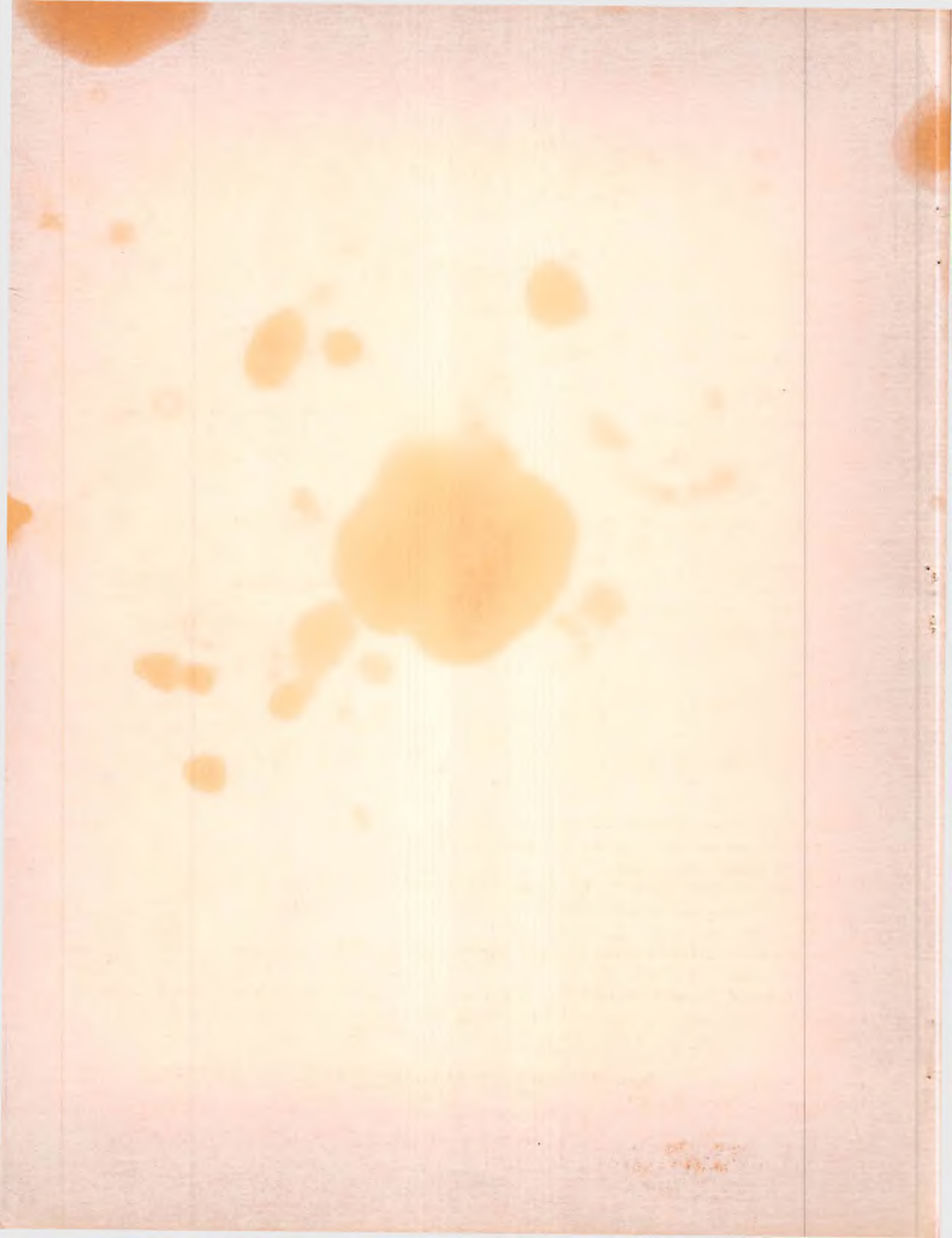
IF HIS DARK FROWN SMOOTHES

● TO A FRIENDLY GRIN .

WHOEVER YOU ARE

● ● ● I'LL LET YOU IN .





May, 1970

# Embelyon

Number 1

## Contents

### ARTICLES

Washington , D.C., - May 9  
The Persistence of Mythmaking

David Lewton 7  
Sandra Miesel 19

### COLUMNS

Left Handed Woman  
This Will Bore Hell Out of You  
Stream of Conscious

Juanita Coulson 4  
Sam Fath 21  
David M. Gorman 23

### REVIEWS

Add a Little Bit of Ego (fanzines)

David Lewton 13

### ART FEATURE

In Perspective  
An Interview with Stephen E. Fabian  
Fabian Art Folio

David Burton 8

### POETRY

Reality and Fantasy

Cy Chauvin 20

### EDITORIAL

Nag, Nag, Nag...

Lee & Jim Lavell 2

### ART CREDITS

Cover - Steve Fabian  
David Lewton-pages 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17  
David Burton-page 13  
Sandra Miesel-pages 8, 9, 19, 21, 22  
Lee Lavell-page 20  
Steve Fabian-pages 12a, 12b, 12c  
ba cover - David Burton (who also put it on stencil)

EMBELYON is edited and published at least 4 times a year on an irregular basis by Lee and Jim Lavell, 5647 Culver Street, Indianapolis, Indiana, USA, 46226. Single issues cost 35¢, subs are 3/\$1. Also available for trade, locs, et al.

Fan zines for review should be sent to David Lewton, 735 E. Kessler Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind., 46220

If you have something for the art feature contact David Burton, 5422 Kenyon Dr., Indianapolis, Indiana, 46226

*Nag, Nag, Nag.....*

Well, Jim, this is another fine mess you've gotten us into.

What do you mean, I'VE gotten us into? I had nothing to do with it.

You know it's your fault. Everything always is. It's traditional. Who was it who said, "Let's invite Burton over---it can't hurt anything."? Who was it who said, "Well, we can have the meeting at our house next time."? Who was it who said, "Let's get the old mimeo reconditioned so the kids can publish on it."? Who was it who said, "Do you want to get the \$500 electric Roneo"?

But who would have thought that such good intentions could have such disastrous consequences? The whole idea was to introduce the Daves to fanzine publishing; to give them a fannish outlet for all of their energy; to keep them off the street, rioting and pillaging. It was for them. I thought we were immune to the publishing virus. I was mistaken. You should have been stronger. You've been in fandom longer than I. You should have known you can't simply help others publish without being reinfected.

But, nevertheless, ten years gafiation down the drain; ten years of peace and quiet, of enjoying life, of clean, non-inky fingers, of not rushing to the mailbox to look for locs, ---and what have we come back to? The same thing we left, the same people, even some of the same fanzines, that were around fandom when we first entered, twenty years ago.

Well, at least that's some consolation. Things haven't changed completely. It's not like entering fandom cold. Let's see. There are the Coulsons, Dick Geis, Harry Warner, all old time publishing fans. Do you think anyone will remember US?

I hope not. Say, did you see that even Ted White is still pubbing his fanzine? Only he's changed the name to AMAZING. And speaking of Geis, here we are doing a dialogue-type editorial and printing on pink paper. Nothing like being original, eh?

Right, and like Geis, we seem to have lost our minds as far as expenses are concerned. New Roneo, new electric typewriter, new light scope. Let's hope we start getting contributions so all of this won't be for nothing. Suppose we tell people what kind of contributions we would like to get.

Ok---MONEY---All right, all right---I know that isn't what you meant. Art.

Preferably hand traceable. Half page, quarter page, smaller, odd sizes, matched sets. Also cartoons, funny ones. Articles---serious and funny. Fiction: generally humorous, and we won't run much of that. (Send your fiction to Lewton, folks.) And interesting filler items, reviews, (books, movies) and locs.

We ought to let them know a bout our publishing schedule. I wouldn't call it the most regular in the world. I can just see Heinlein or Kelly Freas submitting work and waiting months to see it in print.

Oh, come now, it's not THAT bad. We do guarantee four issues per year. It's just that, since I teach, I have more time in the summer and we can probably get more issues out then, while in the winter lots of time all I want to do is drop dead exhausted. I wish you typed better...

What are you suggesting? That we could publish more if I took lessons? I managed to get by at the newspaper, doing a daily column, with the hunt and peck system. Well---I suppose I could take lessons or be more careful. Ghod, the sacrifices I'm willing to make for fandom. If I didn't make typos, Lewton and the other Daves would think I was trying to show them up.

My ghod, look how much more we have to go to finish the page. Tell a joke, Jim.

Did you hear about the cannibal that passed h's brother on the jungle path?

All right---now tell a joke, like I asked.

Well, there were these two men floating down the Thames on a marble slab...

So much for that... Say thank you to all the nice people who have helped us.

Thank you all the nice people who have helped us.

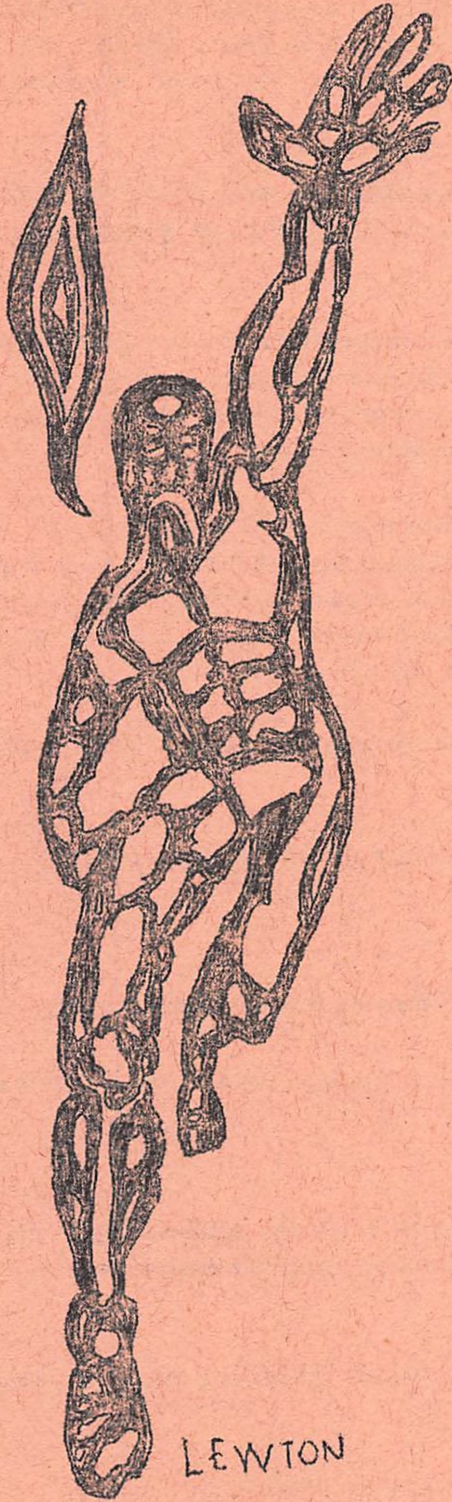
Like Coulsons, and Daves, and Sandra, and Steve Fabian, and Jerry. By the way, coming up next issue it looks like Dave Burton may be interviewing Alicia Austin. How about that!

Keep those cards and letters rolling in folks 'cause we're planning on a lettercol in the next issue. Say good night, Lee.

Good night, Lee. (I can be just as corny as you can. Nyah!)

..... Lee and Jim Lavell

## LEFT



LEWTON

One of my first considerations in writing anything---including a fan column--- is a shrinking violet fear that nobody could possibly be interested in reading it. This has been the case with me since I was eleven, and maybe younger (memory gets hazy when you push it too far). On one hand I can rather enjoy what I'm writing and feel that I'm not doing such a bad job after all; but I keep thinking that's false pride, and what seems good and true and beautiful to me is not necessarily going to seem a good thing to others.

That's why fandom is such a good starting point for would-be writers, professional or amateur. Surprising numbers of people, hiding in their private shy woodwork all over the land, write. Poetry. Little essays. Things that might be thought of as editorials, if they appeared in something the writer was editing. Even short stories. Even novels. Lots of unpublished novels floating around. BUT, the vast majority of these people only show their efforts to two classes of readers: 1) Friends and Relatives; and, 2) Vanity Press People. That is not a very good way to find out whether your writing is really worth anything. Friends and Relatives either don't want to hurt your feelings by criticizing your work, or they lack any sort of critical judgment that would enable them to spot flaws---or both. And lord knows the Vanity Press won't criticize you. Fandom is a much rougher place to start out writing, even if all you ever intend to do is amuse, comment on, or speak out against.

Fans are not Relatives, and being a

JUANITA COULSON

# HANDED WOMAN

Friend is not considered a particular barrier to expressing a frank and critical opinion. "Gee, pal, I liked what you wrote last month, but this month you really bombed. You are sick, and wrong wrong wrong." No hard feelings, understand. Sometimes. Sometimes the feelings are practically granite-like, and if egos are tender on one or both sides you have the borning of a fannish feud.

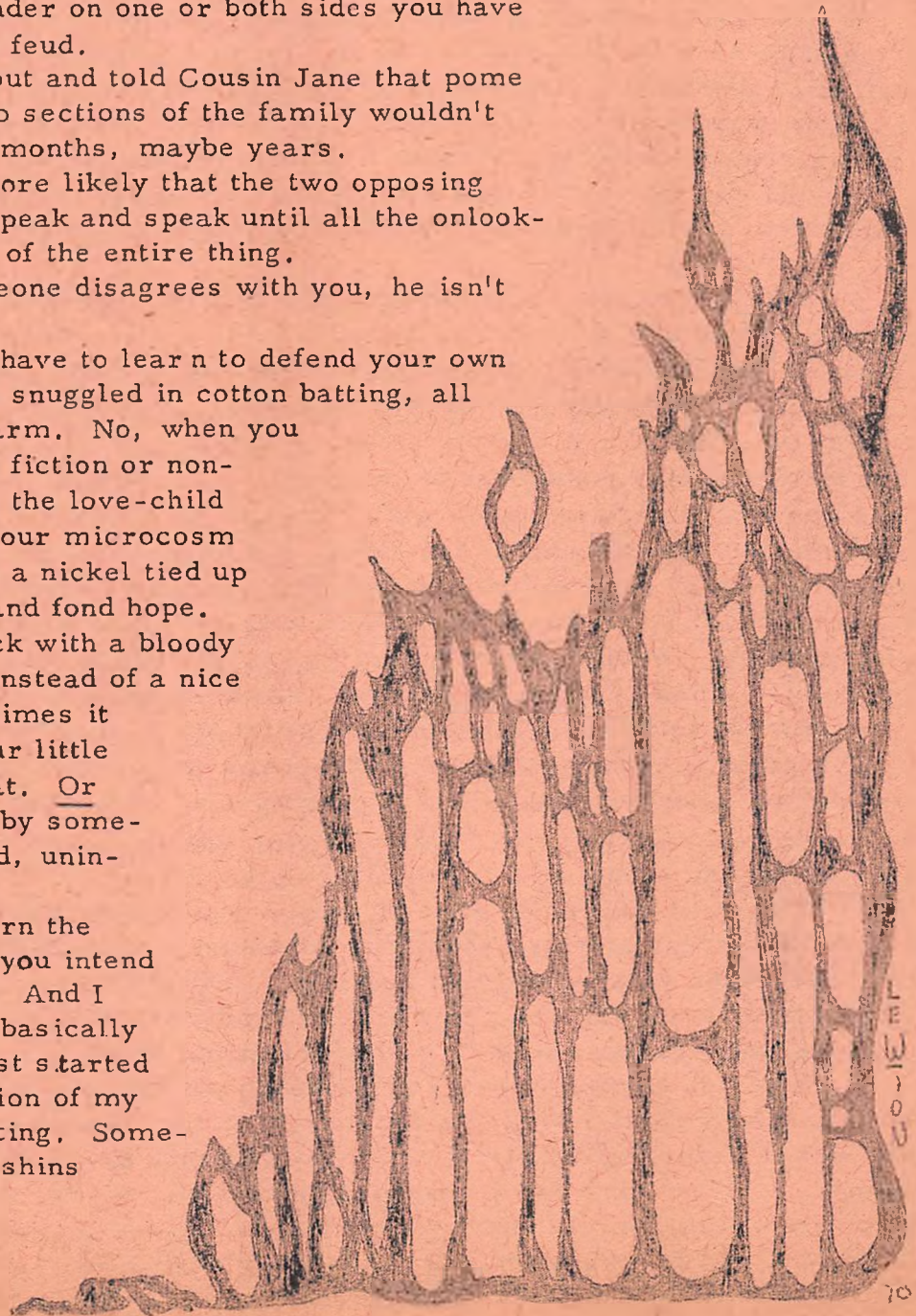
If Aunt Ethel came out and told Cousin Jane that pome she wrote stank, the two sections of the family wouldn't speak to each other for months, maybe years.

In fandom it's far more likely that the two opposing parties will speak and speak and speak until all the onlookers are thoroughly sick of the entire thing.

But at least, if someone disagrees with you, he isn't afraid to let you know.

And that means you have to learn to defend your own work. It can't lie there snuggled in cotton batting, all safe and secure from harm. No, when you publish in fandom, be it fiction or non-fiction, you are sending the love-child of your brain forth into our microcosm with a clean hanky (with a nickel tied up in one corner, maybe) and fond hope. Sometimes it comes back with a bloody nose and wearing rags instead of a nice clean shirt. And sometimes it deserves it. Maybe your little literary darling is a brat. Or maybe it was picked on by somebody who was prejudiced, uninformed, or just stupid.

It's important to learn the difference, and fast, if you intend to survive around here. And I speak as one who has a basically fragile ego. When I first started out, I had no great opinion of my work, but I enjoyed writing. Sometimes I got my literary shins



kicked. My initial reaction was that my work stunk, and that my critics ate babies for breakfast----but that they were probably right.

However, I was lucky enough, over the years, to get countering opinions, and from people I had come to respect. They told me I was improving, or that I really had something good there, and, eventually, why didn't I try to sell that?

I had to face it: I was a very wishy washy person. I tended to get mildly hurt inwardly, but not hit back. I don't like conflict. I didn't and don't like seeing fans flailing away at each other with words, trying to see who can cut the deepest. But fandom taught me one thing: to make use of criticism---if it was valid.

Learning to write in fandom is good practice. Very few professional rejection slips have the fire and fervor of a fannish putdown, a bad review in a fanzine. If you can learn to take a noisy, clinically detailed and scalpel-sharp comment on your work from another fan, you find those "Sorry, but this manuscript does not meet our requirements at this time." slips from editors a bit easier to take.

(Of course, sometimes you get wordy rejection slips from pros, too. But not too often. And they usually lack the gut-language finesse you get from a fellow fan.)

Making the step from fan writing to pro writing is both easy and difficult. Your readership shrinks drastically, to say the least, and you no longer have those reassuring letters from subscribers who've always liked your work and tell you so. Usually, you're suddenly dealing with just one person at a time. And you're going in, nine times out of ten, without a rep. (Fandom can be a help with that, though. In our field surprising numbers of the professional editors and first readers of magazines and publishing houses also read fanzines; and if they're familiar with your name and works from the fan press, you'll probably get a quicker and fairer reading than some little old lady in Dubuque who keeps sending articles on raising flowers to F&SF.) But you have one advantage over most beginning writers: you've been practicing. Professional writers are always being backed into corners by envious relatives and casual acquaintances who demand they divulge the "secret" of selling what one writes. Well, the first thing you have to do is WRITE. None of this "I'm going to write something realsoonnow when I have the time". Make time. Very few beginning writers starve in garrets now. They hold down a steady job and write in their spare time. Late at night. On weekends. When they could be loafing or out joy riding or otherwise taking it easy.

That is if you really want to write. Large numbers of writers could tell you absolute horror stories about their adventures in getting something accepted, putting it through vast numbers of revisions, arguing with editors who want to gut what's already been written, and when it's finally in print being yelled at by the publishing house because it isn't selling a million copies a month.

If you do want to write, sift through your fannish criticism. Sometimes those who disagree with what you say may have a valid point. They have counterparts in the readership that (you hope) will someday be reading your short stories and novels. If you can't reach that opinion as a fan writer, maybe your techniques need subtle alteration. Learn how to convince them---or at least make them think twice before putting you down. And then you can gradually progress to an important axiom handed me by Marion Zimmer Bradley: "Only take advice from the guy who signs the checks."



There's also artistic integrity. Maybe next time I'll talk about how to make a marvelous hamburger stew out of artistic integrity, which you can eat while you're waiting to be appreciated.

Not really. The trick is to combine both. If you've got something worthwhile to say and say it well, eventually some editor should discover the fact. And your tenure in fannish publishing will make it easier for you to take the lumps and rejections that naturally occur before you find that Paragon of Judgment---The Editor Who Buys Your Stuff.

In the meantime, it helps if you don't bruise easily.

---

## WASHINGTON, D.C. - MAY 9

*David Lewton*

The day after I returned from Washington D.C. , Lee Lavell told me that I was going to immediately write a three fourth page article on my experiences in Washington. I may have sat down in front of cars and faced minimal tear-gassing, but I do not have the guts to refuse Lee Lavell when she wants an article. I do not want to make this a political harrangue as I know that a million raving fuggheads shall blame Lee for my own political views. I may have condemnaed Lee already by mentioning Washington---folks, if you get irate, write your poison-pen letters to me. Anyway, I am not going to talk about politics; I am going to talk about people. The people that I am going to talk about are very special. These people are medics.

I have never seen any articles or even any mentions of medics in the straight (and underground) presses. This makes me wonder. Up until Saturday I wasn't really aware of them, either. In November, I knew that they existed---but they were merely guys in white jackets seeing that nothing went wrong. I learned better.

I learned when I was in an area that had been "pepper-gassed" and saw the medics---right in the front with the rest of us. The vans and cars with the red cross taped onto them parked a few blocks down the way---with more medics---ready for what might happen. The medics were everywhere. They were there in the streets, treating gassed kids; they were there in the park treating people who had collapsed from heat prostration; they were where it counted. They treated anyone who needed it--be he fish or foul, demonstrator or gawking straight. They were all of the noble sentiments that the movement tends to have about itself. They were for real.

I don't know of any other way to state my admiration and respect for these medics. To me they epitomized all that was worth-while and human. For all of the mention of the Army medic, these souls have never been mentioned. Maybe it's enough to put some kid's head back together. Whatever, they should be mentioned somewhere. Even if it is in a science fiction oriented fanzine.

## AN INTERVIEW WITH



This is the first installment of a continuing art column, which will deal with both the pro and fan art world. Interviews, reviews, and discussions of artwork will be featured here. Any artist interested in being interviewed by me should write care of this magazine.

... David Burton

Q: HOW DID YOU GET INTO FAN ART, AND WHAT KIND OF TRAINING HAVE YOU HAD?

S.F.: A few years ago I decided to take some positive action with the fact that I love to draw. As a kid I was always drawing airplanes, sports scenes, and what-nots, but as the years went by I found myself married, a father of two children, and an engineer specializing in aircraft instrumentation. (Somewhere along the way I started to read science fiction.) Now and then I would still doodle with pencil and paper. But my interest in drawing increased and I decided to go beyond the doodle stage and make a serious attempt at learning to draw well, as a hobby. Since I didn't know anything technically about art, I bought some books at the local Vermont bookshop and started to find out. A little later I thought about jumping into fandom with contributions of artwork, combining my interest in art and SF. After some practice work, I did, with Cory Seidman's TWILIGHT ZINE. I am now thinking of enrolling in the evening art sessions at the nearby Middlebury College. Other than that I have had no formal art training.

# STEPHEN E. FABIAN

Q: WHAT DO YOU BASICALLY STRIVE FOR IN YOUR ILLOS?

S.F.: Obviously I'm still working on the basic art principles and simply learning to draw. I have, tacked on the wall over my drafting table, a list of drawing terms with short explanations. When I started out to do this thing seriously, the list of terms was very short, so I could concentrate on a couple of principles at a time with each drawing. As time goes by I add slowly to the list of elements and the amount of principles on which I will concentrate in a given drawing. Subject matter has been a secondary factor although I do try to make the illo interesting and appropriate to fandom, or SF. I do not strive for (in my artwork) any goal except drawing excellence, based on the technical elements I am studying; craftsmanship. Originality, creativity, will have to come naturally to my work as I go along, and to tell you the truth, I am rather interested myself in just what I will be able to do as the years go by. There's so darn much to learn though.....

Q: HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT ART IN GENERAL? I MEAN, WHAT IS YOUR PHILOSOPHY?

S.F.: In twenty-five words or less? You know that artistically speaking I'm still a child. But since you ask, I have the feeling that most people have the wrong idea about art, including most of the artists whose work I see, in fandom. (If not "wrong" then most certainly an



David  
Burton

extremely narrow viewpoint.) Art goes far beyond the simple idea of a funny cartoon, or a nice looking cover illo, or a clever doodle. Or grotesque distortions, or impressionistic visual patterns, etc. etc. It bugs me to read any attempts to pinpoint or fence in ART with narrow definitions. It seems to boil down to people who don't appreciate craftsmanship and whose strength lies in the grotesque or impressionistic area, trying to tell us that art is what THEY are doing and not what the others are doing. On the opposite side we have the Realistics who can't understand the "art" of the so-called impressionists and consider it all, or most of it, just plain pretentious junk. So what is art? My feelings about it start with this quote from the book CREATIVE ILLUSTRATION by Andrew Loomis:

"Illustration is life as you perceive and interpret it. That is your heritage as an artist and is the quality which will be most sought after in your work."

Now, I don't see any fences there, or dividing lines. Add to this the following: Every human being during his lifetime "performs", and the quality of that performance is the result of environmental influence combined with inherent talent, personal desire, and aquired knowledge. But every human being is also an "audience" molded by the same imperfect hands. There is room for improvement in both the performers (artists) and the audience (critics), ALWAYS. So what is art? It must be the total picture within the frame that includes the artist, the performance, and the audience (viewer or critic, etc.). The total communication turned on by the performance. Consider then, when you look at the next piece of artwork and attempt to "judge" it, that you must also assess your part of the "total picture".

So... art is Rotsler's funny people, Kirk's cute creatures, Gilbert's thin long men, Bower's guided lines, Reich's shockers, and so it goes, and NONE get left out. And, sometimes we laugh at the funny people and sometimes we don't; and sometimes we're impressed by the thin long men and the shockers and sometimes we're not. But ALWAYS we are one third responsible for the reaction. Those are my initial ideas about it.

Q: HOW ARE YOU AFFECTED BY ART CRITIQUES AND REVIEWS?

S.F.: Usually I'm depressed by the reviews. I see very little constructive criticism and intelligent perception. I see mostly personal opinion based on ignorance. Tony Lewis is "turned off" by the work of Kelly Freas. Mike Gilbert's mother seems to be the "proof of the pudding" in his reviews. Some abstract mumbling in other columns. I'd like to see some "plain talk" reviews that make sense; it's not that difficult a task. It just takes somebody who KNOWS. I don't really think most of the present critics know what the hell they're talking about. As an amateur artist I have taken the opinion that I would do well to ignore them, not all, but most.

Q: HOW ARE YOU AFFECTED BY CRITICISM OR YOUR OWN WORK?

S.F.: Naturally, I care what people think of my illustrations, and I'm a simple enough soul to be encouraged by compliments and discouraged by condemnation.

Let me give you an example of a recent discouragement. Dick Geis sent the following piece to me in the ego-boo sheets he makes up out of the letters he receives. It's from a female fan artist and she writes: "Fabian's work is personally uninteresting after the first glance because it is damn near lifeless. It is pretty, but that is no compliment. However there is a saving value in that it is also imaginative, detailed, and demonstrates a good grasp of anatomy, perspective and other skills of the craft. But, his style has no lasting entertaining value or interest." It seems all my hard work to achieve those skills she acknowledges are for naught. She has given me the "thumbs down". She pats my back and tells me how "nice" it all is then proceeds to insert the sword of abstract personal opinion. For awhile I was sad. But the next piece on the ego-boo sheet said how lifelike and powerful my so-and-so illos are, and my spirits were lifted. See how simple I am?

Q: IN GENERAL, WHAT IS YOUR IMPRESSION OF FAN ART TODAY, AND WHERE DO YOU THINK IT IS HEADED?

S.F.: From what I see and read in the fanzines today, I am amazed at the exaggeration and superlatives applied to fan art. I think there is a tendency to get carried away, what with the Hugos, and the self elected critics who are either "pushing" for this artist or that artist. But I recognize the fun of it all, and its part of the game. I don't expect to see any "great" artwork in fandom. I DO see some talented humorists the likes of Rotsler and Kirk. My general impression, though, is that too many fan artists are trying too hard to be imaginative and creative without first learning how to draw. We never really get to see what images they conjure up in their minds because of this lack of ability to transfer the picture from the mind to the paper. It takes a lot of work and most seem satisfied to merely doodle. I find it odd that anyone can draw a circle, put in some dots for eyes, a half moon for a mouth, a balloon on top of it with words: "Rotsler for Taff", send it to a fanzine, and thereafter be labeled an "artist". Where is fan art headed? I didn't even know it was moving.

Q: FOR A WHILE NOW, A GROUP OF FANS HAVE BEEN CLAMORING FOR MORE DISCUSSION ABOUT ART IN THE FANZINES, WHILE OTHERS CLAIM THAT TOO MUCH NEED BE KNOWN ABOUT ART TECHNICALLY FOR THE LAYMAN TO SENSIBLY TALK ABOUT AND DISCUSS IT. HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT IT?

S.F.: Well, the need to know the language IS essential if we are to achieve a worthwhile level of enjoyable and informative discussions. But it is precisely in the learning of this language that the enjoyment for non-artists and potential artists exists. The study of art is rewarding to you even if you never intend to draw a single line. The "language" is made up of words we all know. What is needed is their clarification and relation to specific artwork in simple terms. Harry Warner recently brought up a possibility for starting these discussions when he said he was just as interested in knowing how the illo was conceived, and why, or some aspect about it, as he was in just viewing an isolated drawing. I think it would

be a good idea if the fan artist would tell us a little something about their illos. It would also give the critics a better chance at a fair evaluation when reviewing artwork.

Q: WHO WOULD YOU CONSIDER YOUR MAJOR INFLUENCE?

S.F.: HANNES BOK. I wish I could have known him as a friend. I envy those that did.

Q: I'VE NOTICED THAT YOU HAVE THREE OR FOUR DIFFERENT STYLES EVOLVING AT THE SAME TIME. WHAT'S THE PURPOSE BEHIND THAT?

S.F.: Remember, I'm an art student, and not likely to have developed a distinctive style so soon. But, I tend to think of style as a two sided coin. I believe too many artists imprison themselves in their styles and thereby limit their scope. I think this is true of Kirk and Gilbert and Rotsler. I'mnot knocking their work, but I am saying there is a continual sameness about it. In a recent zine Kirk drew another of his famous cute aliens, with the balloon asking something about aren't we tired of seeing them. Well, to tell you the truth, I am. Because that's all I see of him. I'm sure I wouldn't feel this way if he did other things. (I may be off base here because I don't get many zines, about ten, and if he has indeed done other things, this comment deserves rebuttal) Anyway, without rambling on, I'll say that style can hurt an artist as well as help him, and it's too early for me to worry about it in my own work.

Q: WHAT IS YOUR REACTION TO SEEING YOUR ARTWORK PUBLISHED?

S.F.: I'm flattered that someone thinks my illos are good enough to decorate their fanzine. It's encouraging.

Q: WHAT ARE YOUR ARTISTIC GOALS FOR THE FUTURE?

S.F.: Continue to learn and perhaps some day do some magazine illustration, etc. in the pro ranks. However, it is basically a hobby with me.

Q: ANY FINAL COMMENTS?

S.F.: Yes. I'd like to shut up and listen to what the other artists have to say about art, and fandom, and---whatever. So I think I will.

STEVE FABIAN FOLIO NEXT 3 PAGES

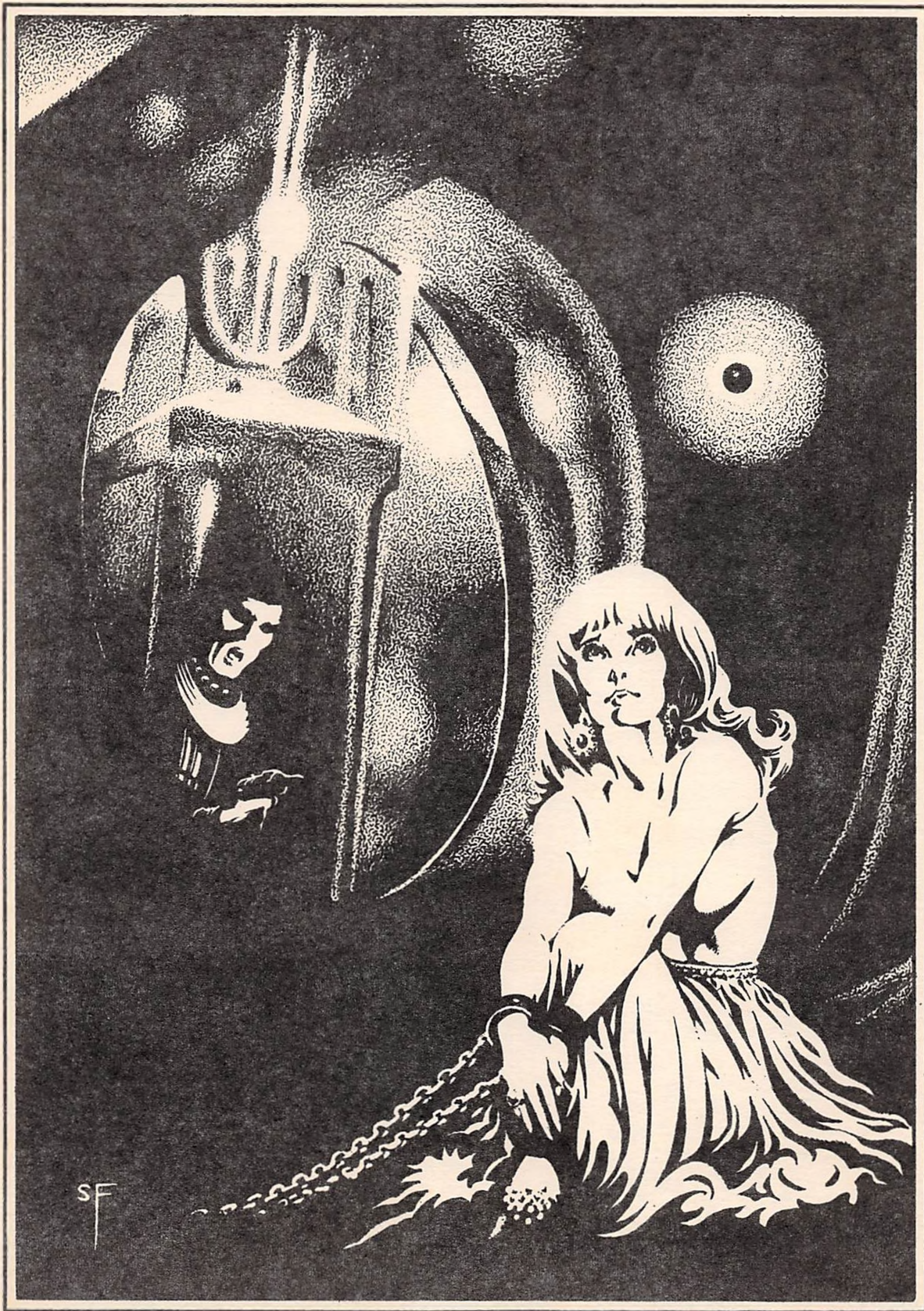














# ADD A LITTLE BIT OF EGO

*fanzine reviews*  
by

David

Burt

Gotthard

Lewton

!



BEABOHEMA # 8, Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper Street, Quakertown, Pa. 18951,  
60¢ or the regular

BeaBohema #8 is the best issue of BaB I have seen thus far. Lunney should be depressed more often -- he puts out a better zine. Tremendously shortened (only 58 pages) everyone seems willing to make their points once and be done with it. With this issue you get just as much mashing without getting bogged down with it. And don't think that there is any lack of mashing. Piers Anthony mashes Al Snider in (one page!) a nicely handled column. J.J. Pierce coherently (Gee!) destroys Justin St. John. Paul Hazlett puts down British sf (he's still obnoxious but he's getting better at it). Leo Kelly bemoans the current catatonic state of COVEN 13 in a short column that holds interest well. Dean Koontz tries not to get involved. And in the lettercol Harry Harrison threatens to sue Ted White. (How many times have you been sued now, Ted?) The book reviews are always good. (With Ted Pauls floating around in there, how can you go wrong?) The entire issue is well worth reading in one sitting (I usually try to read all fanzines in one sitting ---and with the old BaB it wasn't too easy.). The lettercol was interesting, as always---and Frank's editorial was "frank" (sorry about that) and to the point.



The art and layout have improved tremendously. I always wondered how Frank could manage what he did manage with an art editor living in California---but, that's beside the point. Lunney and McLeod have grown a great deal with this fanzine ---and BaB, in its small (er) way has grown, too. If you don't already get it---do. Unless Lunney becomes cheerful again this zine looks like it's

gonna go places (to the breakfast table, in bed, near the bathtub...). So send something to Lunney and BeaBohema.

\*

\*

\*

PEGASUS # 6, Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, Texas 77566, the regular

PEGASUS is a literate ditto zine. I honestly don't know what else to say about it. The ditto is readable (at least the copy I got was---Dave Gorman thinks otherwise concerning his). The artwork is bland---but not bad. The contents are readable but not exciting. The best article is a reprinted column by Buck Coulson (which I hope will become a regular non-reprint feature) concerning the Raymond Publications of the fifties. PEGASUS is a bibliophile's fanzine. It is filled with pages of text telling you what sf-fantasy books were released in various months. The two features are on defunct publishers (Raymond Magazines and Badger Books---the one on Badger didn't hold my attention nearly as well as Buck's column). To complete the issue there are book reviews, STRANGE fanzine reviews, letters, and a lonely, personal type editorial by Joanne. Not being as much of a bibliophile as I once thought myself to be, PEGASUS struck me as a rather bland magazine---nothing bad---but nothing exceptional enough to rave about. The "literary crypts" are funny---but not uproariously so. I honestly don't know what to make of PEGASUS as I have been told by people who I generally consider sane that this issue is an improvement over the others. Not having seen others I cannot judge. I do hope that if there has been an improvement that Joanne will not be happy to sit on her laurels with a nice inoffensive fanzine and will instead choose to keep on improving. If you have no other fanzines to read, PEGASUS is a bland little zine---I doubt it would offend anyone.

\*

\*

\*

YANDRO # 196, Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348, 40¢, 4/\$1.50

Seeing as how YANDRO is older than I am, it shall be with a certain amount of reverence that I review it. Before I begin, if you don't already get it---subscribe immediately and read my insipid comments later. If you have quit and have not quit fandom, re-subscribe instantly and never miss re-subbing again! One might guess that I think a great deal of YANDRO from my opening comments. One would

also be correct. Because as important as a fanzine can be, YANDRO is important. It is more important than all of the SCIENCE FICTION REVIEWS and LOCUSES put together to the beginning and continuing fan. YANDRO is a fannish doctrine as valuable to a constant reaffirmation that fandom is what it is (whatever THAT is), as it is in introducing the neo to fandom. Many fans' work first shows up in YANDRO (Liz Fishman, currently) and many stay with YANDRO, too (Dave Locke). The current issue is one of the best examples of the old and new---hot and cold policy that makes YANDRO. Joe Hensley and Liz Fishman have columns; there are eight pages of the most valuable fanzine reviews in fandom (say what you wish about me, Charlie Brown ). The Fishman article is hilarious (as are her letters) and the Hensley item holds interest well. (His idea about people who drink good booze is reminiscent of my step-father's. The two should meet someday over a bottle.) The layout has personality. Once you've seen a YANDRO layout you'll never mistake it for anything else. And while the art is often merely fair (if they'll print my stuff, my respect for their taste goes down a few points), it is always excellently traced and well placed. The two editorials are consistantly great, and this issue's are better than ever. The lettercol is always interesting and Buck's comments after many of the letters keep it lively. Perhaps there is no need to say this as most of fandom already knows it. I just recalled that most of the people who get this will get YANDRO as well. But this review was for those who are thinking of not renewing their subscriptions or who might send for BaB first. YANDRO has done a great deal for me in my miniscule development as a fan and I imagine that if asked, there would be many likewise statements coming from others. Need I say more?

\*

\*

\*

ILLINOIS-INDIANA POTATO SALAD CONVENTION, one shot, free, sent to whomever Burton, Propp and Blyly feel like sending it.

Near the middle of the now almost-forgotten PoSaCon (Potato Salad Convention) held in Jim and Lee Lavell's basement, study, and backyard, Dave Burton said, "Let's make a one-shot." All of us replied to this insanity, "OK, Burton, go ahead. YOU make a one-shot!" Burton disappeared and was found in the basement putting the title on stencil. Realizing that this muschuguna was actually going to do this nonsense, we all gave in. I was set to work asking questions (question, actually: "What is your comment on this whatever-it-is?", ... Jim Lavell: "I want to cry."). Larry Propp, Don Blyly, Jim Lavell, and Dave Burton took turns making typos. Sandra Miesel made one of her award winning (hear that, Ed?) platypus cartoons which Jim Lavell typed over. Jim Dorr looked vastly amused and I bothered everyone with my Kodak. Perhaps the only thing of note is the announcement that Illicon's name has been changed to

THANKS FOR THE  
JOB OFFER MR. NIXON,  
BUT I DON'T KNOW  
ANYTHING ABOUT  
LAW...



PeCon. Supposedly this was in response to people's thinking that Illicon sounded "sick". PeCon, on the other hand, is totally acceptable (?). Actually it sounds quite lewd. Envision an entire con assemblage urinating on the guest-of-honor... Unfortunately the PoSaCon was a small success (as first annual potato salad conventions go, it was the best I've ever attended). But the combination of Propp and Blyly looking fresh as only con committee members look before the DISASTER can, and Lee clucking that the Midwestcon had such humble beginnings (did Tucker take potato salad home with him in 1949?) has given Dave Burton a mild case of con-fever. Oh, all he wants is a little regional...GAAH! I plead with assembled fandom to help talk this poor lost lamb out of this monstrous deed. Indiana has a history of non-con-giving that must be upheld! Think of the tradition! Also think of Lee Lavell being "conned" into pubbing con progress reports, of Jim going to hotels on weekends, of Gorman gafiating again, and of your humble servant, Dave Lewton, crying a lot. Back to the zine. Published on dried potato salad (lee, inexpectation of tons of people, made 400 pounds of potato salad; you too can have some of this classic mess for a self-addressed, stamped envelope), it is a triumph of mimeo. To sum up, I shall quote Larry Propp. "Naptown---burp."

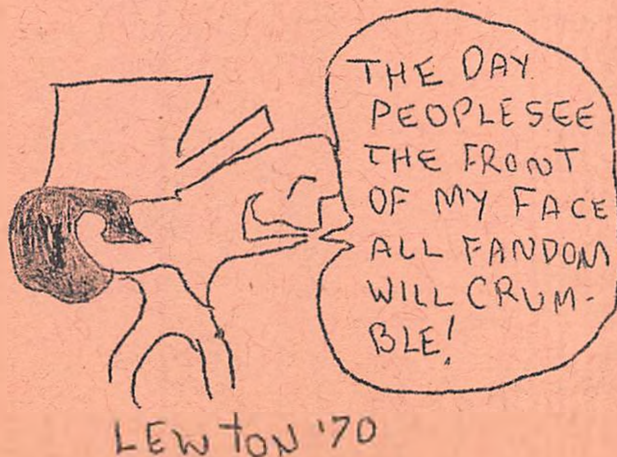
\*

\*

\*

## INSECT HUNT

INSECT HUNT is a sub-department of my fanzine reviews which may or may not appear each issue. It will appear whenever something (an article in a fanzine) gets under my skin, and I feel that it requires an in-depth review all by itself. Generally the things that get reviewed in INSECT HUNT will be things that irritated me to the point of taking a page or two to look at them. Being one given to tirades, I imagine that there will be times when I take a little too much out on the article. Hence, the title, INSECT HUNT, taken from the proverb about "shooting an ant down with a howitzer". Perhaps the day will come when we all participate in our own Insect Hunts.



It is the exceptional three page article that ruins an entire issue of a fanzine that I normally look forward to. "Harlan Ellison Turns Tail" in MOEBIUS TRIP # 4 is such an article.

This impotent, but obnoxious gesture is badly written, poorly researched, and sadly out of date. By comparison, the wildest rantings of JJ Pierce look quite restrained and coherent.

In this abomination, Ellison is labled rude ("classical crybaby"), self-loving (his move at the St. Louis con was attributed to his being "over-drunk with narcissistic fantasies"), disloyal ("His friends...").



know that Harlan is quite capable of bowling them over, trampling on them, stabbing them in the back, and so on...he has...so little regard for the feelings of others..." and (of course) childish ("a rapacious bully boy"). He is accused of everything from cowardice and advocating censorship (in big, black underlined letters) in the fan press, to running for the SFWA presidency "for the specific purpose of wreaking vengeance upon stffdom". At the end of this vitriolic verse, Ellison is "awarded" the "Whole Ass" award, a shoddy imitation of the "Fugghead of the Year" award.



It took me two sittings to read this muddle of misinformation and damning prose. After the first one and a half pages I had to take a breather. I was torn between being angry at the misinformation, and being revolted by the abysmal writing.

As I had understood it, there had been no tail turning involved in Ellison's departure from fandom. The impression I had was that Ellison felt sickened by what he felt was an overly piggish attitude on the part of many fans. In SFR # 35 Glen Cook said that basically Ellison was doing the writing school and friends a favor by sticking his neck out. This seems to present an entirely different picture of Ellison altogether, and show that the article is based entirely on a breach of etiquette. Apparently the writer of it has never made a mistake in his manner of protocol. Whatever, it seems like pretty lean meat to feed such a tremendous hatred.

Ellison is also accused of "publicly run[ning] off the mouth about fandom". If he has I've seen no evidences of it. His public writings have been about television and (once) about sf movies. Besides, he was a fan for a long time, and like Dick Gregory said, "I come from the South; I can talk about it any way I want to." Maybe I am "glossing this over", and maybe I don't care what the mundane public thinks of sf fandom at the moment, either.

As far as Ellison's candidacy for the SFWA presidency, I feel he's qualified. He is a professional writer who actually makes his living writing. That, it seems to me, should be his qualifications, not whether or not he is a fan. I also doubt that if he (or any other officer) did anything really antisocial, that the other members (a good many of them fans) would allow him to get away with it. To my knowledge, the SFWA government is not a dictatorship.

All in all, "Harlan Ellison Turns Tail" is off base on all counts. It is a stab in the back with a popsicle stick. It seems to me that there was plenty of time to attack Ellison while he was still in fandom and that this writer was waiting until he felt safe.

The entire thing could easily be retitled "MOEBIUS TRIP Sticks a Timid Tongue at the Retreating Shadow of Harlan Ellison". I do hope that, henceforth, Ed Connor (whom I believed up to now above such utter horseshit) shall refrain from using his otherwise decent fanzine as an oracle.

MOEBIUS TRIP # 4, Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Illinois, 61604, 35¢ or the regular.

## TEASPOONS (being the mini-reviews)

WINNIE # 45 (Mike Ward--Box 41, Menlo Park, CA 94025---6/\$1 or the regular)

Looking at this issue of WINNIE, I wonder why people constantly rate LOCUS higher. LOCUS is not nearly as well organized or as informative. The only possible reason is that LOCUS does carry news from a larger area. I honestly consider calling this the "West-coast LOCUS" an insult as Ward puts out a much more readable, coherent newsletter. My only grotch is that there isn't as much artwork in it now that it has gone the beautiful offset that it has gone. The artwork was always interesting and helped the zine. If you do not already get WINNIE, do so---pronto.

PLEASURE

LOCUS # 51 (Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10457, 10/\$2)

LOCUS is worth getting, just for the pleasure it gives in seeing the errors Charlie Brown will make concerning your little corner of fandom. Considering how little news has come from Indianapolis, he has managed to make many rib-tickling mistakes ~~in the~~ past few months. I imagine that he must make a good many mistakes about other pockets of fandom, much to the delight and glee of the fen of the area. Other than that, LOCUS is somewhat interesting for the information (it could be misinformation, but I haven't ever checked) concerning professional matters. LOCUS offers bland artwork, a layout of material coming from all directions bound to coggle the most stalwart newsreader, and some nice mimeography by Elliot Shorter. The zine should be as good as the mimeo. SLAP-STICK

MICROCOSM # 5 (Dave Burton, 5422 Kenyon Dr., Indianapolis, Ind. 46226, 20¢)

This is, without a doubt, one of the most frightening fanzines being published today. Frightening due to its tremendous growth. Each issue looks like a different fanzine---a tremendously BETTER fanzine from the last one. No issues have been bad. The improvement of each one over the last has always been tremendous. And the speed with which these improvements have been coming is miraculous---monthly, bi-weekly at times. Get this fanzine---get is fast. At the rate it is growing it may eat Chicago soon.

FRAZZLING

YANDRO # 197 (see previous review)

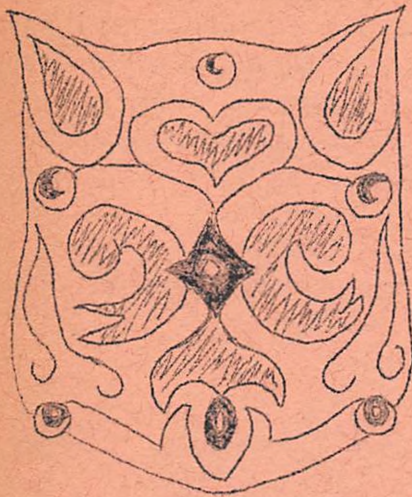
I cannot say anything about YANDRO that I haven't said in the way of praise already. So here I will offer a little damnation. First, this issue does not have any fanzine reviews. This is temporary but rankling. Secondly, a few of the illos are facing the wrong direction (after INFINITUM 3, I shouldn't say anything about layout---but...)---That's all for damnation. To criticize this zine one must nit-pick. . . (Even if I did make an ass of myself in the lettercol a few issues ago, only to have this pointed out---quite reasonably---by the Thompsons---oh, well, I stuck my neck out stupidly) . . . ah well, get it for the cat-drawing on the contents page!

ENJOYMENT

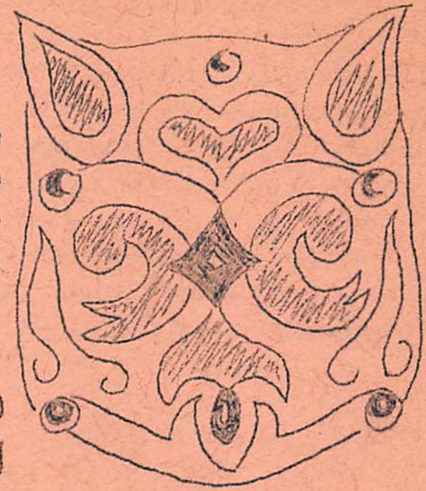
---

(advertisement)

David Burton, 5422 Kenyon Dr., Indianapolis, Ind. 46226 wants copies of GALAXY containing Bester's THE STARS MY DESTINATION, and the original pb of the same.



# THE PERSISTENCE OF MYTHMAKING



SANDRA

MIESEL

Myth is the sole and spontaneous  
image of life itself...

-- Heinrich Zimmer

Traditional religious and cultural myths have been the prey of demythologizers since the Age of Reason. Incalculable intellectual energy has been expended, yet the efforts of the Apollonians have been in vain. Demythologizing has all too often meant the substitution of new myths for old---as in revisionist histories or shifts in propaganda lines. The human craving for myth is insatiable; men simply cannot do without it.

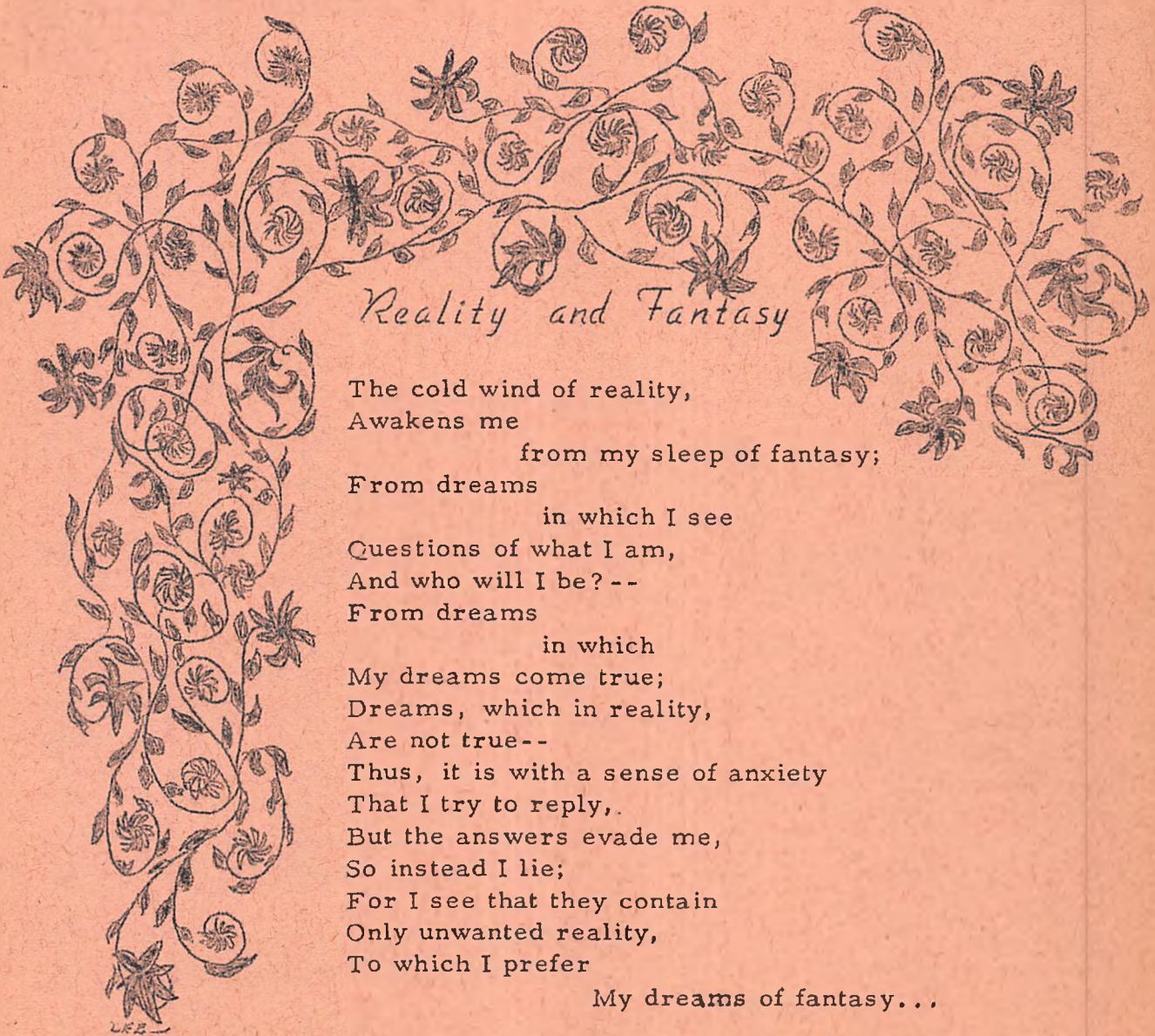
If myth is suppressed in the nobler spheres of life it emerges in the vulgar ones. The apotheoses of contemporary celebrities are unparalleled in number and intensity, thanks to mass media. Where once the Lincoln mythos grew alone, the Kennedy mythos now spreads its burgeoning branches. Still, no matter how carefully nurtured, this seed could never have flourished unless it suited the public's real or imagined needs. The potency of the Kennedy mythos is recognized by SF writers: Silverberg's "The Day All the Myths Went Home", Malzberg's "Piper, Piper" and "By Right of Succession", Delany's NOVA, and Ballard's "The Assassination of John F. Kennedy...".

Mythification can be fatal. Superimposing the "Kennedy curse" and the "Presidents' curse" would almost surely doom Edward Kennedy if he were elected President in 1980.

Popular mythmaking can substitute for clear thinking and informed judgment. How curious that now, when communications are better than ever before, fancies are willfully preferred to facts. Why indeed did so many people want to believe the Paul McCartney death hoax? Why are the absurdest rumors of the underground press readily accepted by its readers?

The answers lie in the extreme contemporary sensitivity to myth. The most significant forces in the twentieth century have been mythologies: Marxism, Nazism, Maoism, and the assorted myths of blood and language. International pop culture is replete with myths. The current occult craze touches every American magazine rack. All these movements---evil or innocuous---are the irrepressible voices of our nonrational faculties striving to express the inexpressible. They all share the conviction that pure rationality is inadequate to deal with our universe.

Today unreason is in the ascendant. Bold young Dionysus invades the cities anew and his "fabulous, formless darkness" surges across the world. Another Romantic Age is dawning.



## Reality and Fantasy

The cold wind of reality,  
Awakens me

from my sleep of fantasy;

From dreams

in which I see

Questions of what I am,

And who will I be? --

From dreams

in which

My dreams come true;

Dreams, which in reality,

Are not true--

Thus, it is with a sense of anxiety

That I try to reply,

But the answers evade me,

So instead I lie;

For I see that they contain

Only unwanted reality,

To which I prefer

My dreams of fantasy...

Cy Chauvin

SAM FATH

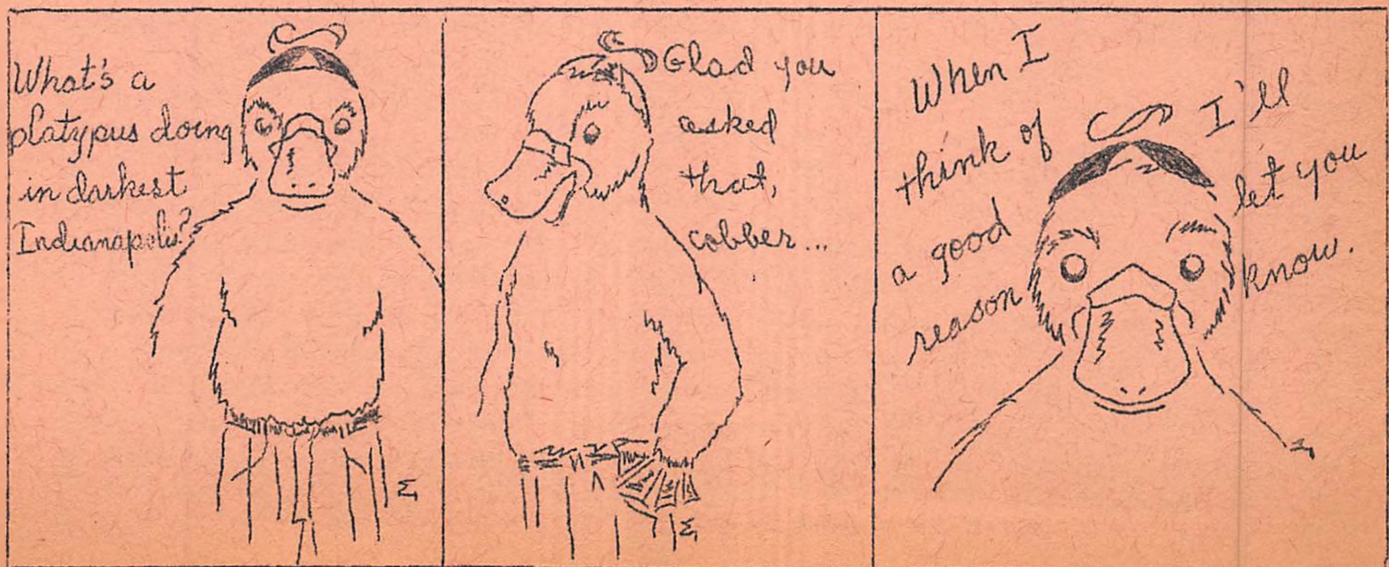
This Will  
Bore Hell  
Out Of You



When Lee Anne asked me did I want to write something for Isfanews (I think--- maybe it was one of the many other fanzines the Lavells are publishing), I said yes, but I had grave reservations (at the Forest Lawn Hilton). I haven't laid my soul bare before fandom for at least X years (no, that does not mean 10). Then I read the last issue of Isfanews, and Microcosms 1-2-3, and I saw that while the artwork has definitely deteriorated since I was active, the crud count hasn't gone down -- or up -- at all. So, having overcome the fear that anything I might write will have a negative effect on the literary level of the Pboth Press output, I begin. Since the ISFA meeting is only an hour away, I'll probably have a few smart-ass comments on it, and on the much-publicized pool party/picnic following, somewhere toward the end. The whole thing will be predominantly polemical, because this is the easiest thing to do when Thalia, Calliope and Melpomene are all on vacation at the same time. Quit nodding your heads in agreement, I know what you're really doing, and you can damned well sleep some other time. I think I'll begin with local fanzine reviews (OK, so I already did, back up there). Isfanews (it probably has a number, but Lewton isn't telling, so I won't belabor it) is a nice chatty little zine, in the great tradition of such illustrious forerunners as the Up-Against-The-Wall-Street Journal and the United Fund Progress Report. ((Late News Flash! This thing is being written for Embelyon, the new Lavell/Pboth fanzine whose name you noticed on the front of the zine this appears in, I hope.)) Well, since this has nothing to do with Isfanews or Microcosm, I won't review them, after all. Up yours, Daves. I also understand that I'll be competing with Juanita Coulson for the attention of the few who have bothered to read this far. Please

don't compare us. I'm not a pro. I'm not even a very skilled amateur. I just find it hard to say no when Lee asks me, in her uncompromisingly diffident manner, would I please write something for her fanzine, and IT HAD BETTER BE READY BY PUBLICATION TIME! Since the subject of this, the first, column seems to be This Column and nothing much more, I'd like to know what you, the reader (you may consider that as flattery or sarcasm, as you choose), would like to see definitively discussed in future columns. Gun Legislation has been run into the ground already, and Sex will be in there whenever I'm in That mood, anyway, but anything else is a legitimate topic. You may contact me through any medium you choose---letter, telephone, Isfanews, Jeanne Dixon---but I ramble. It occurs to me that far too few people have any idea who Sam Fath is. Far too few, in fact, care. This will serve to show you how a topic which, at first glance, looks like a real live one can peter out into nothing almost immediately. Well, Mother loves me. I love Mother, too. I feel there's a story there, somewhere, if I could just get it together. A Warning to Rock Fans: Unscrupulous persons would have you spend six bucks on 'Unfinished Music No. 2: Life with the Lions' with J. Lennon and Y. Ono. These persons are, collectively, Apple Records, and Genesis<sup>(1)</sup> will tell you all (more than, actually) you need to know about apples. Featured are such cuts as 'Two Minutes Silence' (which is just that) and 'Baby's Heartbeat' (which is 5 minutes of that, and will make you appreciate the preceding cut). McCartney's solo album is not a con---why must Lennon try to stick it in us? If the end of this column seems abrupt, you must understand that the last page of what I write is customarily lost anyway, so it really doesn't make any difference anyway, unless this is an exception and it actually gets printed, in which case it still doesn't matter, since it's my column, and I'll write it any way I please, unless Lee Anne doesn't like it this way, and decides to exercise her editorial prerogatives and change it to suit herself, and if she does, it really does matter, because I don't want my writing all hacked up, but what do I care, anyway, considering the level of my audience, but strangely enough, I do, so that's why I decided to make the end less abrupt and substitute a tedious monologue on why I really didn't care in place of the choppy ending I started to do a hundred or so words back.

-----  
 (1) The Bible, Pboth Press, Indianapolis, 1611. Genesis III, pp. 6-7



# Stream of Conscious

Sunday is the planet's day of rest. Some people go to church and communicate with Lord. A majority just go to church. I am writing this column for Lee while Sandy Black fixes dinner. We haven't had much of a reunion yet since she just got in after the ISFA meeting last night. We were both exhausted. But that didn't stop us from climbing out of bed at ten thirty to watch Spiderman and listen to the new Delany & Bonnie album with Eric Clapton. I am trying to get my writing obligations out of the way so I can go job hunting later this week. Probably mean a haircut and shave, but isn't that what communication is all about, anyway?

The comic scene is like such: superheroes are in bad shape, selling wise, but they still have their share of good runs --- AQUAMAN, SPIDERMAN, FANTASTIC FOUR, the Superman-Batman family, etc. DC is going through a creative widening of the spectrum, getting Jack Kirby from Marvel, and producing an adult comic magazine: GREEN LANTERN/GREEN ARROW. Please keep an eye on this title. It is about what is happening in America. The bigotry, hate, people taking orders from the haves while brooding over an empty soul. God knows that the typical superhero is as irrelevant as superballs to the new generation.

On television they presented us again with another faggot (the last one was either Batman or the Mission Impossible Force) in the form of Then Came Bronson. It's about this guy bugging out from the establishment seeking America and the simple things of life such as country music and gaying it up with old men. The show does have nice broads, though. Surprised they canceled it. I'm damn mad that they're thinking about taking Dick Cavett off the air. They finally found someone who isn't a silly gossip and lets the guests talk about what they want. And I have yet to hear bad rock music on his show. Write ABC and tell them you're glad the Smothers Brothers are coming back on, but demand that Cavett remains. Or we have to take them up against the wall!

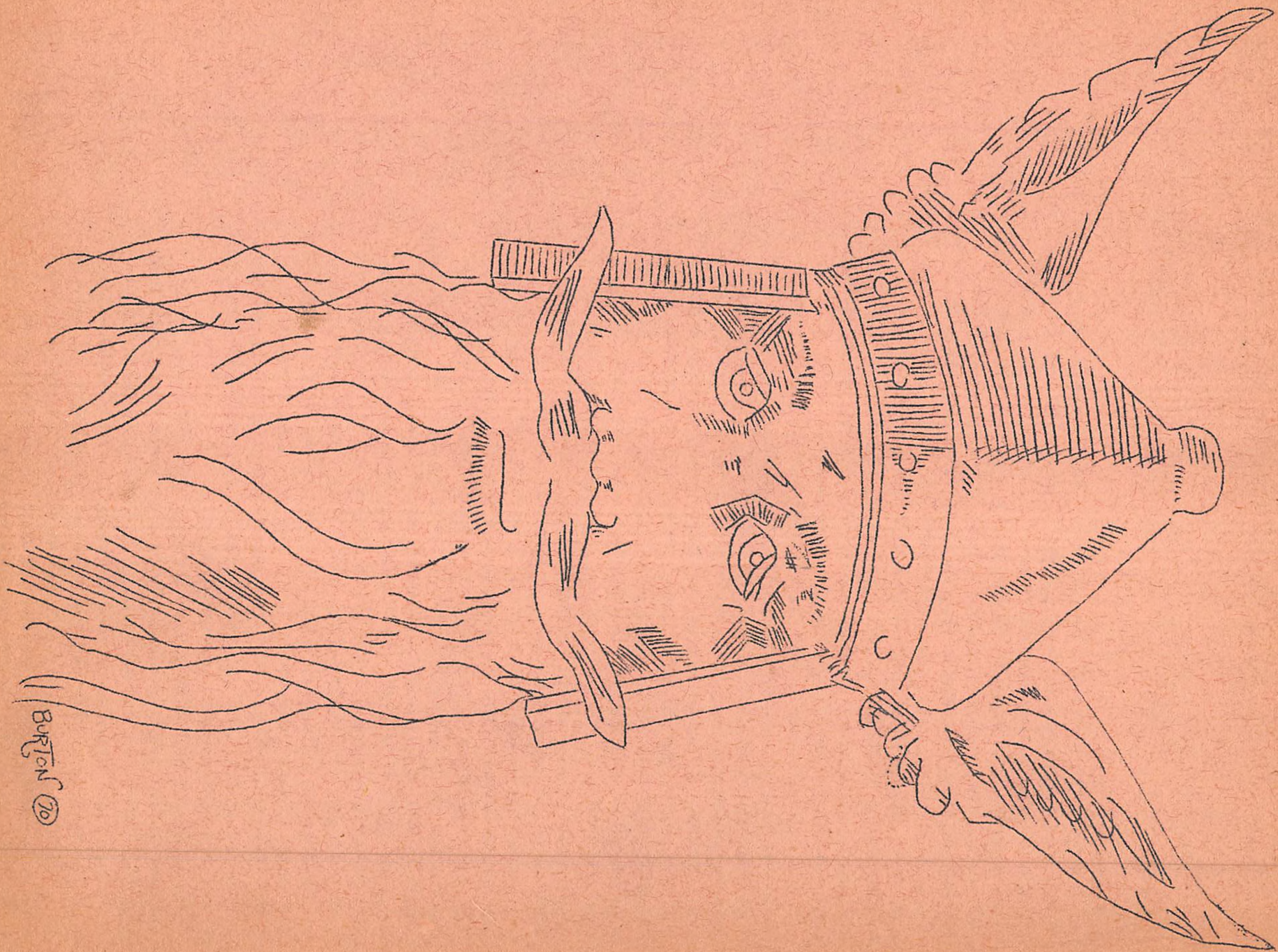
OTHER NEWS: Those feet sticking out of the car on the cover of Delany and Bonnie On Tour were none other than Bob Dylan's. Don't ask me why though. / I have been made editor of my college's newspaper but have about given up since they have turned down every request I made concerning the format and material. / Harlan Ellison had an article on about every science fiction or horror film made in the fourth issue of Show magazine. Also got his picture printed.

D  
A  
V  
I  
D

M

G  
O  
R  
M  
A  
N





BURTON ©