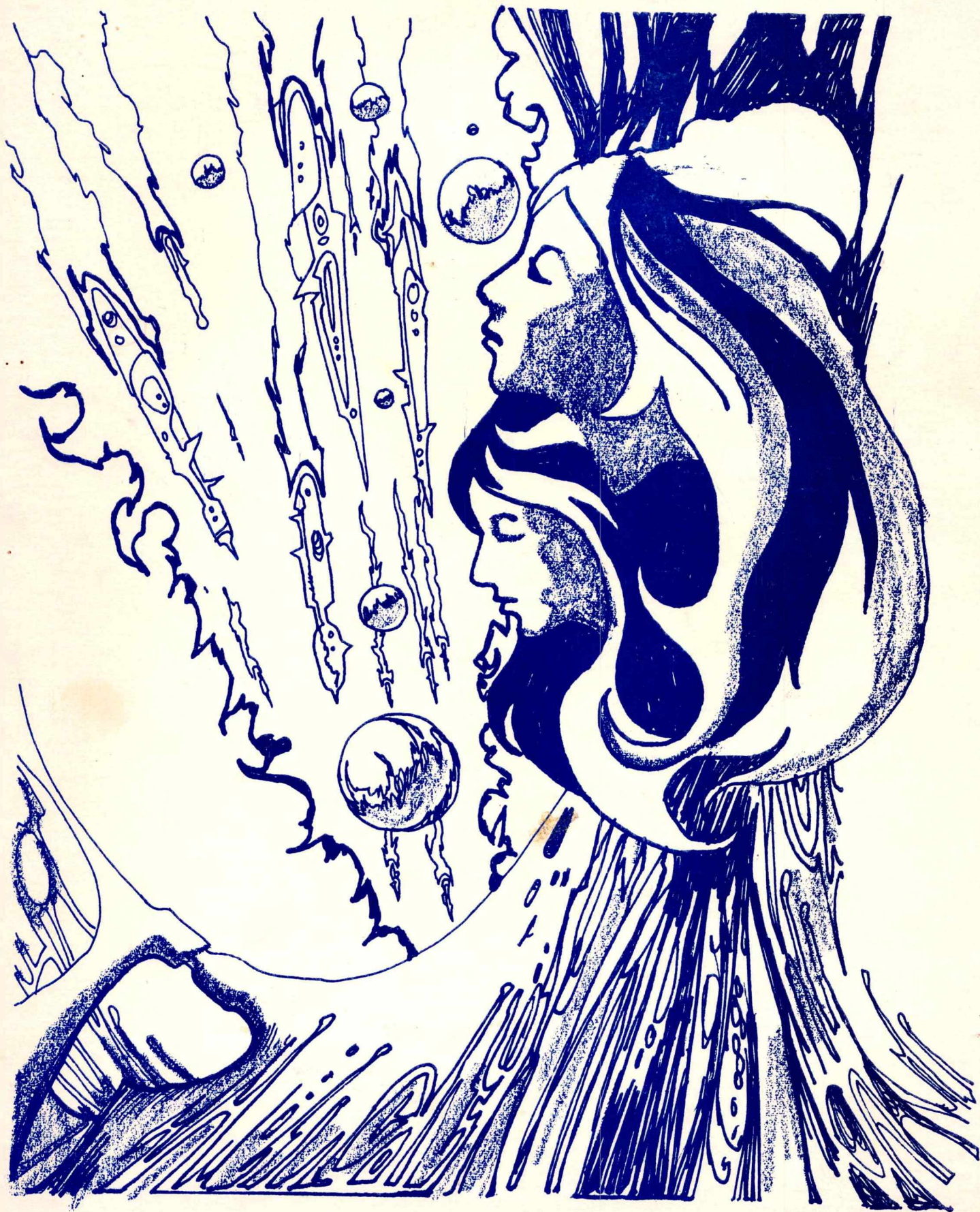


# EMBELYON 3



Aug.-Sept.-Oct.  
1970

# EMBELYON

Number  
3

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- (\* electrostencil/ \*\* offset/ all other straight.mimeo)

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Jim

Well, here I am with a can of beer in one hand staring at an unadulterated piece of paper in the typewriter and nothing to say but Lee Anne has been screaming in my ears for several days to do my half of the editorial and threatening dire things (like turning the whole thing over to me if I don't do it) so I guess that as a matter of self preservation I'd better do something. Besides, I feel a little guilty. I'm not overwhelmed with guilt but I do feel that I should do my part for the cause. Lee has just finished her part by typing 48 stencils for this issue and all that remains before publishing is our editorials, the contents page and numbering the pages.

Hopefully this issue will see the first use of color in Embelyon. At least if things go well at Rex Business Machines. Last Friday I went down town to order an extra drum for the Roneo and we should be able to pick it up tomorrow, if they remembered to put a silk screen on it. We'll probably start out with green and add extra drums as we can afford it. That is one of the joys of owning a Roneo. Color changes are really simple to make. All you have to do is move a couple of clamps and slip the old drum out and put the new one in.

But before we acquire another drum we may be in the market for another electric typer, something like an IBM Selectric. Right now the idea of being able to have a variety of type faces appeals to us, particularly in the letter col. Which reminds me that another thing we must have, in order to keep our sanity is another desk. Right now our desk reminds me of the Coulsons' when they are in the middle of writing novels and not answering letters. Letters to the left of us, stencils to the right of us, fanzines in the window sill and very little order. In fact, Sandra Miesel's article got "lost" for a while and there were several days of panic while we searched. How do you tell a contributor that you have lost their article? Do you do it jokingly: "Hey Sandra, guess what? We were running off a one shot and your article got used as a crud sheet!"; or dramatically: "Sandra! Our house just burned down. Lee tried to dash into the flames to save your article but I pulled her back. The fire was too hot."; sneakily: "Sandra my dear, your article was simply delightful. It was too good for Embelyon so we sent it to John W. Campbell. You'll be hearing from him soon." or contritely: "Here Sandra, take this whip and flay the flesh from our bones; we lost your article.". At any rate, rest easy Sandra, we did find your article.

Not too long ago, from the remote land of Morehead, Ky., where the deer and  
(continued on page 24)

NAG, NAG,

Lee

Well, that's me, out of step with the times as usual. The big hairy genzine is going out of fashion and the small personal and/or fannish zine is coming in, just as EMBELYON seems to be turning into a big hairy genzine. (Small aside -- would a big genzine on slick paper be a big bald genzine?) Actually, I had no intention of EM turning into a 50 page monster; it seems to have done it all on its own. However, now that it's here, let's see if I can rationalize it.

Actually, EM is a personalzine, in that it reflects the tastes and personality of its editors. That great bushwhacker in the sky did utter one Truth in her recent editorial: fanzine editing is a dictatorship. The fanzine editor chooses arbitrarily what he/she wants to place in the zine. Now, that can mean, in genzine editing, that the editor can go 3 ways: all out for readership; simply print what the editors like and to hell with the readers; or a compromise between the two.

EM falls in the middle category. We print what we want to print, not what we think the readers want; that's immaterial. Of course, we hope that there is enough material in each issue that at least a few things (and preferably most) will be enjoyed by each person. BUT, if there is a series that nobody (or almost nobody) likes but us -- well, it stays, anyway. The Sam Fath column seems to be a good example of that. Very few people seem to be favorably impressed with Sam. Oh well, maybe we'll educate you to his insidious sense of humor. (Incidentally, the brain contest is serious! HE MEANS IT. Deadline Sept. 30. Either interlineation or 25 words or less stating why you think someone should get the brain.)

Since we say that we print what we like, perhaps we should give you some idea what we DO like. And that's difficult to define since our tastes are quite catholic (or protestant, or non-sectarian, for that matter). Take the reviews we run. First issue we had only fanzine reviews; second issue we had 17 pages of in-depth book, magazine and fmz reviews; this issue, mini-book reviews, fanzine reviews which are about settled down to the way we like them (one long in-depth and several middling length-to-short reviews), and an article comparing two authors. Whenever we get enough in-depth reviews to make a 20,000 Fathoms section as we did in #2 we will have another one like it. Otherwise they will be treated separately. And what kind of book reviews do we like? Well, I would like to see an "in perspective" (no relation to the art interviews) type; something a little more than the ordinary "in depth" if we can get it. For instance, how does this work compare/contrast with other works in sf; how does it show the development of the author; what does it

(continued on page 24)

NAG

IN  
PERSPECTIVE



Q:  
WHY  
DO YOU  
FEEL THE  
NEED TO  
DRAW?

A: I usually say it's because I can't write; which is just back-pedaling tactics and an attempt to avoid all but superficialities. Why indeed? Firstly, it runs in the family -- aunts, grandmothers, my mom and brother... ALL draw, paint, write; genteely literary family, I suppose. I've been drawing since I could hold a pencil and I've been encouraged, which is the most important part. Encouraged and trained and given every opportunity to use my talent with enjoyment and facility. I've been very lucky, haven't I? That sort of covers the physical "why", but the emotional half of the question is much harder. Some artists make statements to the effect that "they are fury-driven", "it is inside and must be released", that in essence they simply must do what they do because there is no other method of communication open to them. While I feel unbelievably foolish and pretentious even thinking like this, the reasons are not far wrong. I draw because if I don't I start feeling like ants

AN INTERVIEW WITH

DAVE  
BURTON



are  
crawl-  
ing under  
my skin, I  
get restless,  
and begin snap-  
ping at other peo-  
ple. I simply begin  
to fall apart and draw-  
ing holds me together. Sim-  
ple solution, right; G-d's in His  
Heaven, all's right with the world.  
But only so long as I'm within grab-  
bing distance of a pen and piece of paper.  
Usually, I draw for personal pleasure, sure.  
I happen to be able to draw well and most people  
enjoy doing something at which they have facility.  
I will only try to "acheive" something if I am drawing  
an item to order. This is assuming you want to know if I  
have a message which I am trying to get across. No, I don't.  
I try to put depth and texture, to capture a certain bit of light; to  
"acheive" an effect. I don't have time to bother with a message when  
I try to draw a fore-shortened foot -- I hate feet and will avoid draw-  
ing them any way I can (I am a master at eliminating feet from illustrations).

Q: DO YOU FEEL THAT PEOPLE CAN "EXPERIMENT" AND BE SUCCESSFUL

**ALICIA AUSTIN**

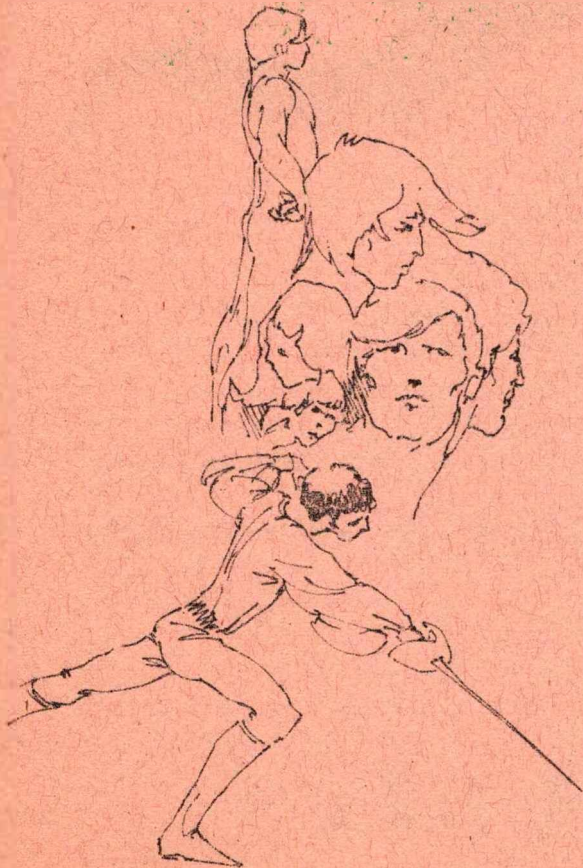
ARTISTS WITHOUT TRAINING? WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS, ARE THERE SUCH THINGS AS "NATURAL BORN ARTISTS"?

A: You would have to mean natural born talents -- the artist must be made; the talent has to be there to begin with. The artistic level I'm on now was reached by formal art training and much, much practice. This last item being the most important factor. I know I seem to lose the touch if I lay off drawing for any length of time; I'm speaking of a hiatus of several months now.

Q: WHO WOULD YOU CONSIDER YOUR BIGGEST INFLUENCE?

A: Right now I appear to be going through my Aubrey Beardsley Phase... everything is decorative and decadent as possible. Since I was a wee small babe I've had a crush on Michaelangelo, even to the extent of copying from pictures of his work till I could reproduce most of it from memory. He was a great one for tension in his figures, putting them in stop-action poses, and I find this quirk has stuck with me along with a dislike for drawing anything other than the human body. Backgrounds

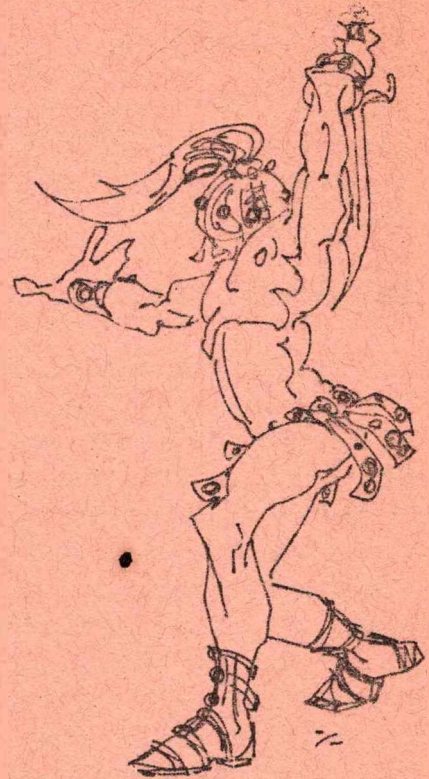
give me a pain, which I alleviate by grossly simplifying it if I can; the best way being to color it all in with large areas of lovely black. Going Beardsley for awhile has enabled me to add a bit more of a decorative interest to my work. Once started in his mold it is most difficult to shake, even when it is inappropriate. Ah well, it's pretty, which is the most damning insult one could give a piece of work according to my first art teacher; a truly strange soul she was. Other influences include Heinrich Kley, Finlay (beautiful, beautiful). Frazetta (I'll bet money that he copied Michaelangelo, too. Nobody would put such heavy emphasis on tension and powerful musculature without having done so... personal opinion of me). I also like Steranko's work, Bernini, Arthur Rackham, Jeff Jones, Artur Syzk, Roy Krenkel, Gustaf Dore, George Barr, and lots of other illustrators. To some extent all have been influences, either causing me to incorporate and adapt some technique of theirs or convincing me that my peculiarities do not



suit me for that piece of the illustrator's field.

Q: WHICH CURRENT FAN ARTISTS IMPRESS YOU?

A: I'm impressed by various aspects of numerous fan artists. Mike Gilbert knows how to use scratchboard and I can't figure it out and I envy him this talent. Rotsler can do more with two or three lines and a smirk than most can do with pages of drawings. Having seen several examples of what I suppose is his more "serious" style, I would also add that his versatility is boggling. Tim Kirk's cartoon style is devastating and his illustrating has the under-rated quality of charm. George Barr is amazing. That's the only way to describe his work because you begin to run out of superlatives. Mike Symes looks to be a comer; he's still groping around with his work, but what I've seen is very good. Fabian, well, I'm of two minds about his work. At first I didn't think I liked it because it was too stiff, too polished. I'm gradually changing my mind as he seems to be loosening up in some of the latest stuff I've seen. Possibly, I resent him, as our styles do sort of impinge upon each other. Large areas of black, precise shading, etc.. These are generalizations of course. As I think about it, it's not so much similar styles as it is technique, maybe.



Q: HOW DO YOU FEEL WHEN YOU SEE AN ILLUSTRATION OF YOURS IN PRINT?

A: I quite enjoy seeing my work published. My reaction is usually to show it to the closest person around, saying "Look, look...I drew that. Isn't it beautiful?" I derive great personal satisfaction from my work and I like to have this amplified and returned to my ego by means of admiring individuals. I'm affected very badly by criticism. I hate it, quite frankly. But I'm pressured by the mores of our society to receive it without making a scene. The critic will usually get a murmured reply accompanied by a pained little smile, and I'll try and get out of their presence as rapidly as possible, or at least change the subject. My ego is hemopheliac, and the most inconsequential bruise is usually the hardest to heal.

Q: YOU'VE DONE A LITTLE PRO WORK IN THE SF FIELD. HOW DOES IT



## STACK UP AGAINST FAN ART?

A: I prefer fanzine to pro work (the little I've done; most of my familiarity with the workings of professional artists has come from talking to them and finding out what they're up against). It's really easy to see that faneds are far more lenient -- maybe liberal is a better word? -- with their artists. Could I have had the illustration on page 50 of Energumen printed in pro work? I quite doubt it. Although fan editorial policy varies, it generally gives the contributing illustrator a free hand. Censorship usually rests on the artist and I will personally let quality outweigh licentiousness.

## Q: GIVE US SOME BIOGRAPHICAL DATA.

A: Born in Kentucky to a brace of war transplanted Texans, raised in Germany, Texas, California, Japan, and Arkansas; first formal art training in high school in Ft. Smith, Ark. where I had one of the most creative art teachers in the world. She'd try anything once and if it worked, she'd frame it. Got an art scholarship to university, but most of what I learned I retained from my old teacher or picked up on my own. University offered the classical art (with a capital A) courses. I got a grounding in the craft and techniques but any experimentation was discouraged. I picked up growing interest in biology, which resulted in doubling my Major to Art and Zoology. I staggered through four and a half years of this (the second major extended my attendance at university to an estimated 5 1/2 years if intended to complete both). Then I quit, and took a course offered at M. D. Anderson Hospital in Houston on Cytology, this being the study of cellular material and a specialized branch of Histology. My Bio courses paid for themselves here, and having passed the exams with top grades, I took off for Canada, where I'd been offered a job. Never having been to Canada I had written several letters to various hospitals inquiring about employment and had gotten several offers. The first reply had been from Ottawa and I accepted, packed my car with childhood treasures, long underwear, three cats and drove to Ottawa from Houston. In four days. Alone. Who said the spirit of adventure is dead? I've only been back for one family visit and five conventions.



# SPINRAD: OLD WAVE NOVELIST BY TED PAULS IN MODERN GUISE

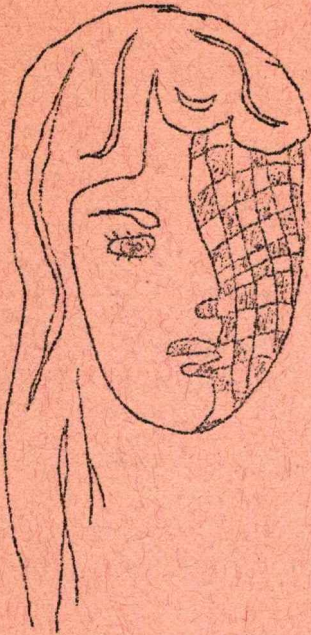
Norman Spinrad is Robert Heinlein, only five years older.

This writer, in reviewing "The Men in the Jungle" in the WSFA Journal #69, observed that notwithstanding all of their obvious superficial differences, Robert Heinlein and Norman Spinrad were very much the same kind of writer -- were, in the contemporary vernacular, writers in the same bag -- , and that a Spinrad hero is what a Heinlein hero would be if Heinlein shedded his inhibitions. This was an oversimplification, deliberately made so for dramatic effect, but apparently the serious points made in that review went largely unnoticed. This essay, which will attempt to explore those serious points in much greater depth, also contains, in its opening line, an over-simplification made for dramatic effect. Neither of the statements so identified is unjustified, however.

Actually, to assert that Heinlein has inhibitions not possessed by Spinrad, while perfectly true, is to identify something of their relative positions without penetrating to the core of the matter. The fundamental point is that, in their respective views of the Hero, Robert Heinlein and Norman Spinrad are operating in different stages of the same psychological/philosophical development. Heinlein's hero concept, perhaps due to his military orientation, is frozen at about the psychological age of puberty, when boys are just beginning to notice girls but sex is not yet a very important part of their world, and they tend to coalesce into gangs of one sort or another (a military organization or militaristic society such as Heinlein generally postulates is basically a youth gang on a vast scale; like the college fraternities which also flourished in Heinlein's era, they are an extension of the same social principles). Spinrad's orientation, on the other hand, is somewhat different, and his hero concept is frozen at a later psychological age. The essence, however, is not very different; both Heinlein and Spinrad indulge in untrammelled male adolescent fantasies.

Both Heinlein and Spinrad share in their writings a sort of social Darwinist outlook, in which the universe is divided between winners and losers, survival is the only criterion of morality and right, those who possess the power by definition possess the right, and so on. Heinlein, of course, expostulates this philosophy on a much greater scale, employing worlds and races and stellar empires, while Spinrad has thus far restricted himself to individuals. It is a distinction of quantity only: in a very real sense, Spinrad's amoral hero of "The Men in the Jungle", Bart Fraden, is Heinlein's Terran society of "Starship Trooper" and other novels; and vice versa.

The fact that Heinlein employs very little sex in his writing and Spinrad employs a great deal is, in this context, not so much a substantive distinction as merely a reflection of the differing importance of sex in the 12-year-old and 17-year-old minds. (This is not, of course, to imply that either of the gentlemen in question is retarded! I am dealing here with their subconscious Hero images, not with their general mentalities or personal lives.) It is noteworthy that when Heinlein does allow sex to rear



its head, it is frequently in the same male power bag as Spinrad's use of the element, with the female participant in an overtly subservient role (i.e., the one and only "sex scene" in "Beyond This Horizon"). In a sense, the male-female relationship barely touched upon by Heinlein becomes, when emphasized and exaggerated and written from an extreme male Hero point of view, Spinrad's. (It can also, incidentally, be written from the point of view of the female--witness, the fiction of Ayn Rand.)

Spinrad's Hero is an archetype of male power. He has yet to create a believable human character, and I suspect that when he does it will be a woman. Sara Westerfield (of "Bug Jack Barron") is, despite her one-dimensionality, the closest Spinrad has yet come to a real individual. Barron himself is merely an image, totally indistinguishable from Bart Fraden. Barron/Fraden is Spinrad's subconscious projection of what he, Spinrad, would like to be, a wet-dream Me, an id manifestation. The ultimate expression of this male power image is in sex scenes following some triumph or other by the Hero in which the female, zonked out of her

mind on the Hero's power, is superficially the active force (but actually the totally surrendering, mindless participant); and the ultimate expression of that is the fellatio thing on which Spinrad is hung up, fellatio as an act of worship. If Heinlein were to turn his hand to pornography (the imagining of which requires a suspension of belief beyond the power even of most SF fans), one suspects there would be a similar emphasis on fellatio.

But we should not over-emphasize the sexual element of Spinrad's novels. It is perhaps the prime arena of his Hero concept; but there are other aspects to that concept, and it is in these areas that it becomes clear that, whatever the stylistic mannerisms he may employ, Norman Spinrad is pre-eminently an "Old Wave" rather than a "New Wave" writer.

Spinrad, like all of the so-called "New Wave" authors, is accused of glorifying sordidness, pessimism and unhappy endings, as presumably opposed to the heroic science fiction of our youth which promulgated an optimistic, uplifting, triumphant view of mankind. Whatever the truth to this (and whatever its relevance as a critical judgment in view of the fact that a substantial proportion of great Western literature from Sophocles to Nabokov, involves the same elements), the charge tends to obscure the fact that, for all its sordidness and pessimism, Spinrad's work adheres in its own way to pulp-zine conventionalities that most "New Wave" spokesmen consider downright reactionary.

For instance, it is not precisely true that Norman Spinrad deals in unhappy endings. Unhappy they may be for some of the characters involved, but never for the hero. Spinrad's heroes, like Edmond Hamilton's or E. E. Smith's or Robert E. Howard's, must emerge triumphant, and they must do so without compromising what they are. This is so because they are, overtly and consciously, Heroes -- not peo-

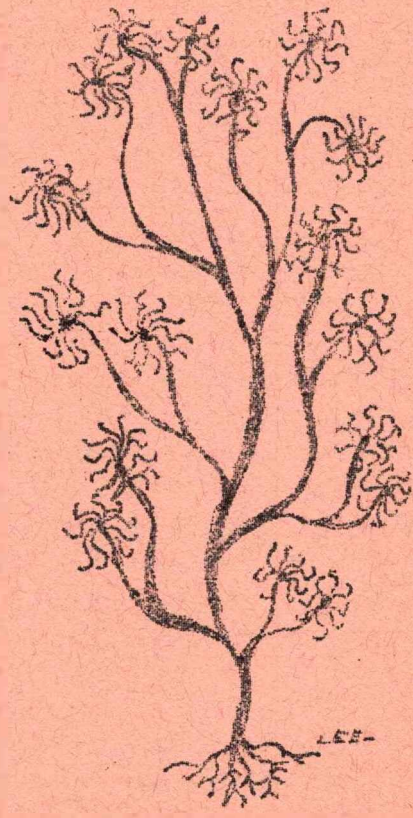
ple, not characters who happen to play a leading role in events, but Heroes, supermen, bigger-than-life projections as much as any Hero of the 1930's pulps. Of course, those Heroes, of an earlier and more naive era, were paragons of nobility and rectitude, whereas Spinrad's are exemplars of pragmatic ruthlessness. Wholly different in character, the two varieties of Hero are nonetheless products of the same literary concept. In both stories, the Good Guys prevail because it is unthinkable that the Good Guys could do other than prevail; Spinrad just has a slightly different concept of what a Good Guy is than, say, Doc Smith.

Somebody who reviewed "Bug Jack Barron" in Speculation is quoted on the first page of the paperback edition as saying the following about Spinrad's characters: "...they live. They are huge." The second statement is entirely correct; the first entirely wrong. They are huge, like Conan and the Lensman and all the other heroes of the black-versus-white adolescent fantasy. But of course they do not live. One can no more actually believe in one-dimensional Bart Fraden than in one-dimensional Conan the Barbarian. Their position as Heroes, i. e., as unrestrained, unrestricted, unaccountable projections of the authors' psyches, precludes their being human. The Greeks, those masters of life and tragedy, made their Olympian gods more real than Norman Spinrad can make his characters: Zeus is more human than Jack Barron.

For all that Spinrad is reviled by the Neanderthal nitwits for his GodlessUnAmericanFilthyFreako novels, some of the major elements in his work are so characteristically Middle America that it's pathetic. Ignore external trappings, like hip dialogue and profanity; grok the essence.

As has already been remarked, the tenet that the Hero must win, and that he must do so on his own terms (in a former day, without compromising his goodness; in Spinrad's case, without compromising his toughness and cynicism), is as dear to the heart of Norman Spinrad as to any Amazing Stories hack of the 1930's. In both of Spinrad's major novels, the Hero, near the end, undergoes a traumatic sequence which, in the hands of another writer, might serve as a personality-integrating (or, to use a somewhat hackneyed phrase, character-building) experience. But Fraden/Barron, the author's id projection, overcomes this momentary lapse into humanity and emerges the same amoral bastard that he was at the outset of the novel. He cannot, by definition, change, because if he changed, if he acquired any depth or sensitivity, he would no longer be every 17-year-old's wet-dream Hero image.

Another of the essential elements in



Spinrad's novels is probably the foremost convention of American commercial television, that bastion of middle-class mediocrity: viz., that evil (as defined by the author) must be punished and, as a corollary, that those who are punished must be shown to be evil and to deserve it. Like a second-rate TV Western, Spinrad's novels go to great lengths to make the Bad Guys sufficiently bad to justify what the Good Guys do to them. (One of the principal faults of "Bug Jack Barron", in many ways an excellent novel, incidentally, was that it failed here on its own terms: Benedict Howards simply wasn't sufficiently evil that one could be entirely on Jack Barron's side at all times.)

To summarize, then: Norman Spinrad may be a "New Wave" writer in terms of his prose style, but inasmuch as his major novels are basically vehicles for superheroes most frequently found in immature day dreams, he is as "Old Wave" as any SF writer of the past forty years. Of all the traditionalist science fiction writers, Spinrad is most nearly comparable to Robert A. Heinlein in terms of the basic psychological thrust of their important fiction, except that the two have somewhat different Hero concepts, and Heinlein gives greater scope to his attitudes (what is personal selfishness on the part of a Spinrad hero becomes the chauvinism of a galactic empire in Heinlein's hands).

To end this article with the same dramatic over-simplification with which it began (hoping that, in between, some food for thought has been provided): Norman Spinrad is Robert Heinlein, only five years older.

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*Sandra Miesel* ON BOOKS - - - - -

FIVE TO TWELVE, Edmond Cooper; Putnam. 153 pp.; \$4.50

The battle of the sexes is over and women have won. Inevitably there is a hero to rebel and just as inevitably an underground to recruit him. Yet this novel is anything but trite. Once one suspends disbelief in a few dubious scientific premises, the world of barren viragos and drone-like men takes hold. Sexual conflict has seldom been better depicted in SF. FIVE TO TWELVE is blessed with interesting characters, a well-disciplined poetic style, and pungent dialog. Like all Cooper's work this is an affirmation of frail mankind's resilience.

NIGHTWINGS, Robert Silverberg; Avon; V2303; 190 pp.; 75¢

By what magic does Silverberg infuse old SF plots with new vitality? Here the cross of Alien Conquest with Dying Earth yields an especially vigorous hybrid, a tale of redemption and renewal on the personal and planetary scales. The weary Watcher, the sensitive Flyer, the broken Prince, and the bitchy Rememberer are archtypes that seem born here for the very first time. The three magazine novellas unite smoothly into one meticulously detailed novel. Ignore the abominable cover. Relish the buoyant loveliness of NIGHTWINGS.

THE DRIFT, Lloyd Kropp; Doubleday; 263 pp.; \$4.95

Can a drab New England college professor find happiness marooned in the Sargasso Sea? This reworking of the old Sea of Lost Ships theme is clad in traditional

(cont. on page 22)


 JUANITA COULSON
   
 LEFT HANDED WOMAN

Buck has always said the reason he fell on science fiction with such glad cries when he first discovered it (at a rather advanced age well out of his teens) was its delightful unpredictability. This may not seem an accurate summation of the genre to those readers long jaded with the field and down to reading a short or novel and responding with "Ah, the old we-are-property-gimmick etc.". But moving from the fields of popular fiction then rife -- western, adventure, romance, mystery -- science fiction was indeed unpredictable.

Now the type of fiction that used to qualify as "popular" has more or less been taken over by television. Even when the scripter is trying to be original, hardened viewers can predict plot turns almost to the last nuance and, worse, recite the dialogue along with the characters.

This latter element is, to some extent, true even in the one branch of popular fiction (television) that occasionally shows flashes of that old delightful unpredictability: soap opera.

Or to be specific -- blood opera. For there is only one. And the writers of DARK SHADOWS must be the envy of all the other daily soapers struggling with their attempts to convert Popular Romances cum True Confessions into something "relevant"...campus violence, drug addiction, etc.

The DARK SHADOWS writers (nominally three: Sam Hall, Gordon Russell and Violet Welles...the last a stripper under an assumed name?) have one tremendous advantage in writing cliff hangers, nail biters, and other be-sure-to-tune-in-tomorrowisms: they can kill off characters without getting rid of the actors and actresses.

That's always been a problem with a successful series. All of the prime time adventure stuff on television -- private eyes, star trekkers, intrepid Western sorts, cops -- can be wounded, menaced, and otherwise jeopardized. But before the end of the show, good old Sam Heroic is back on his feet and as good as new. And the viewer knows he will be.

On DARK SHADOWS you're never sure. When the writers suddenly kill off a character it may be the real thing.

(This is done on other soaps and series occasionally, too. But there it's usually because the actor or actress is scheduled to leave for better things, or has become too expensive. Buck and I have always felt GUNSMOKE and BONANZA passed up real zonker script possibilities when they simply let Chester and Adam fade off into the sunset; there was a golden opportunity for each top-ten show to really kill off a major character and have its audience reeling. The British have the nerve to do this in their serials, but not, apparently, prime time American tv.)

But DS, since its discovery of time travel, parallel worlds and such like, has with cheerful abandon killed off its regular actors and actresses right and left, including some of its most popular ones. All this is because of one large fact:

What they have there is a repertory company.

As the writers are probably the envy of their colleagues on the other daytime serials, I imagine rival actors and actresses are likewise turning a pale shade of chartreuse. Is Nancy Barrett a very good blonde ingenue? Yes indeed. She's also had the opportunity to play, besides her symbol of utter innocence, a Cockney dance-hall tart, a fluff-headed little American Colonial who made Pamela look like Mata Hari, a shrewish dipso, and an off-her-rocker Baby-Jane sort of 45 plus dowd. Is Grayson Hall the "mature woman" character and an ultimate scene stealer? Ah yes. Also a prissy Colonial French duenna, a flea ridden trilling gypsy fortune teller complete with curses and Tarot readings, and a re-do of Judith Anderson's evil housekeeper in "Rebecca".

Two samples. Nearly everyone in the cast has a chance, sooner or later, to go completely out of character, or at the very least chew the scenery with a vengeance and thoroughness rarely seen on the cool, underplayed dramas tv prefers today. The DS cast rarely suffers in silence. The directors obviously demand outrageous ham, and get it.

The whole thing is marvelous fun, and I suspect the actors think so too. Most of the time.

When they aren't wildly searching for cue cards, that is. Day time tv seems to be script-at-the-last-minute as a rule. (This harks back to radio serials, and even to some of the first television serials, especially the science fiction ones. I don't know about CAPTAIN VIDEO and SPACE CADET, but Ed Kemmer...now of daytime soapoperas, then Commander Buzz Corry....said the actors on SPACE PATROL c. 1950 used to get their scripts about 15 minutes before air time, and when opportunity and the script allowed, pasted their dialogue sheets on the insides of their space helmets. Sort of a tv stone age cue card.) When you first see the fluffs there's a natural tendency to break up. Gradually you learn which actors can cope with almost any emergency -- props (like trees) falling over, fog that drifts from outdoor scenes across the stage into the mansion's living room (par'm me --draw- ing room -- though mostly what people draw there is weaponry), totally forgotten lines where one actor ends up in a two-sided monologue ("Do you mean to say that ...is that what you're trying to tell me...?"), and occasional, I suspect, practical jokes on the part of stage hands.

Such as the scene where Frid (Barnabas) was supposed to rage around a hospital room irately packing clothes and insisting he's leaving right now... and only belatedly realizing the prop clothes that have been provided prominently feature mostly jock straps. Or Selby (Quentin) being cued, for a cliff hanger dissolve, to hold a brandy snifter close to the lens and crush it in his bare hand; either it was very tough candy glass or transparent steel -- Selby was plainly about to burst a bicep, and this is a b\*i\*g fellow -- and all he got from the errant snifter was a squeaking creak.

And then you start realizing, despite all the many mike shadows falling across faces and occasional corners of cameras poking into what's supposed to be a scene of eeriest horror, that this show is going live on tape, and pretty frequently.

You end up not being sure whether some of the actors are just quicker studies, or whether somebody's just gotten back from a publicity tour and hasn't even seen the script for the day.

Or whether they changed it on him.

Or whether they're deciding to kill him.

Very few of the actors and actresses have ever really been killed off. They are "killed" in the character they're then assuming, disappear for long or short periods of time, and then reappear as different characters. Or sometimes as the same character.

But once in a while they seem to disappear forever.

I don't know about the actors and actresses, but it tends to give the viewer a sense of delightful unpredictability. It's hard to take the plot all that seriously, but it is possible to enjoy the show...as high camp, inspired pop art, or sheer hoke, if nothing else...and to become fond of certain of the players. And when one of them is "killed off" there is a nagging thought that maybe this time that particular performer won't be reincarnated. Makes for nervousness. Makes for unpredictability. And it keeps one's interest alive.

Which is getting harder and harder to say about a lot of forms of popular fiction, in the visual or written form.

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## *Suicide*

The Phoenix stands upon its pyre  
 Its head held high,  
 Its pride held higher.  
 The soldier stands before the gun;  
 He asks no quarter,  
 And gives none.  
 All of those who bravely died  
 For mortal causes have been fools,  
 For noble deaths are suicide,  
 And hence, the devil's tools.

*David Lewton*





# the andrew offutt letter

ALAS, POOR EMBELYON

It all started with my meeting this bunch of nice people at the poolside Cantina at the Midwestcon in Cincinnati. <sup>(1)</sup>

Since they were all from the same place and dropped all these fanzines on me, I sent them letters-of-comment. Two. Stream-of-consciousness stuff. Next thing you know I received this beautifully typed letter. It said:

Dear Mr. offutt,

You are insane.

How would you like to do a column for EMBELYON?

Hmp, I reacted, I get the impression <sup>(2)</sup> we're dealing with cause-effect and Aristotle's 'since...then' concept: 'SINCE you are insane, we want you to do a column for E.'

Not wanting to encourage such disrespect, I replied, outlining various reasons I did not want to do a column for E or anything else. I also worked at being obnoxious (it's all the rage among Pros and "Pros"), playing the big role and outlining all the things that I would and would not do and that Lee Lavell could and couldn't. And adding :

IS EMBELYON READY TO MEET ITS MAKER?

There, I thought, that'll turn her off! <sup>(3)</sup>

She answered at once. "Received your letter and agree to terms therein."

OK friends, here we go. A column for EMBELYON. offutt has a long history of perpetrating columns in fan publications. There was The Pathetic Reviewer (that's redundant!) in THE SOUTHERN FAN. TSF died. There was the big Vardis Fisher article and other things for Vic Ryan's BANE, back in the 50's. BANE died. Then an article or two for Ben Solon's NYARLATHOTEP. NYAR has been entombed. After the article for the big beautiful St. Louiscon issue of DOUBLE: BILL, D:B died. The article, over a year ago, in NIMROD. N hasn't been heard from since. Then there was CROSSROADS, the monthly fanzine. After the special St. Louiscon issue with the offutt flyer, C vanished. (To reappear again over 10

months later. Obviously it is slow to realize the fact that it is dead.) Articles for each of the first two issues of THE ESSENCE. Where's issue #3? Article last winter in David Malone's DMSFF. DMSFF hasn't been seen since. (4)

Now it's true I've been appearing with some regularity in Geis' SFR, and it ISN'T dead. But suddenly it's gotten its first bad reviews, and even great big powerful (don't-subscribe-folks) huge wowgosh Ted White's AMAZINE fanzine no longer recommends SFR. Kiss of death, obviously.

Ah, but there was TRUMPET, the Beautiful zine. When it was born, offutt worked for a living, rather than wrote, and only three or four people had heard of him. (His mother kept forgetting.) Texican Tom Reamy was one of those oddballs, and he sent TRUMPET #1 to offutt. Who thought it was beautiful, and told him so at once, and Reamy immediately said swell, why don't you do a chatty, preferably controversial column for T. So I did; the column was called A Chatty, Preferably Controversial Column and appeared in T for years. (About 10 issues.) (5)

Then along came Dallascon Bulletin (D-Con Bull, an insecticide for male cows?), and ZOTZ! No more TRUMPET.

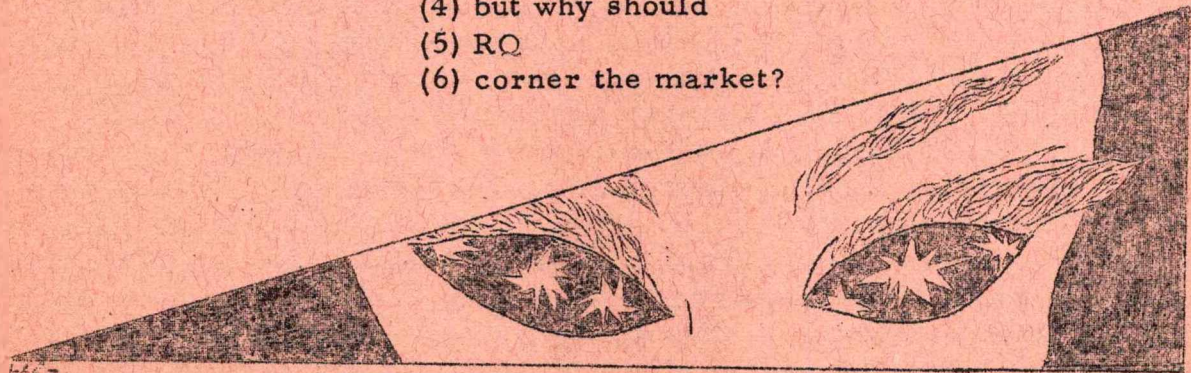
Yes, offutt has a long and gorious history as a columnist. And now Lavell wants one for this sterling journal from the Indy people, makers of autoraces and Blackberry Sours, or something. (6)

And so friends, if there were going to be any more issues of EMBELYON, there would be an offutt column, disguised as a letter because columns are sort of formal and hard to write.

But that's mere flapdoodle, because you and I know what happens to fanzines with offutt columns, don't we?

Adios, EMBELYON!

- (1) We couldn't
- (2) think of any
- (3) footnote,
- (4) but why should
- (5) RQ
- (6) corner the market?



ROBERT

# CATERING TO THE SENSITIVE AMERICAN READER

COULSON

When Ted Tubb's ALIEN DUST first appeared in a British hardcover edition in 1955, I grabbed a copy. I'd read the stories when they originally appeared in NEW WORLDS, and I wanted them in hard covers and I wasn't about to wait for some possible future US edition. (I had pretty much the same reaction to Keith Roberts' PAVANE a couple of years ago.)

So when Avalon Books finally published a hardcover US edition of ALIEN DUST, I applauded from the sidelines but I didn't buy a copy, figuring I didn't need one. I didn't realize how much I didn't need the Avalon edition until recently when Bruce picked one up at the local library. Out of curiosity, I picked it up and riffled through it to see how it compared with mine. And I began missing things.

The book starts with the first Mars expedition, in three ships. One of them, naturally, crashes on landing. The results are not enough equipment, and not enough food to last until the next rockets arrive. In the Avalon edition, the commander and the doctor are sitting around, bemoaning the fact that the yeast cultures won't produce any food until after the expedition has starved to death, and then, in a pure deus ex machina, the supply rocket arrives early, and We Are Saved. The reader might logically consider the story pure sentimental garbage.

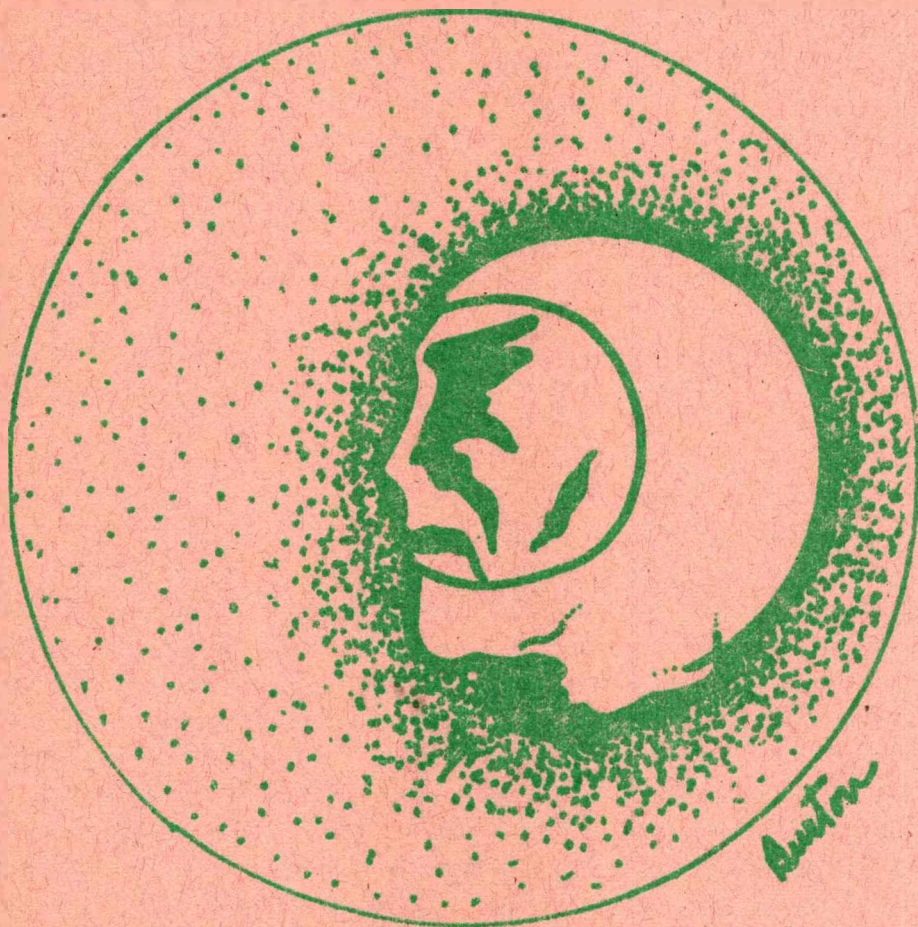
In the British edition, however, that story has two additional pages. Following the decision that starvation is inevitable, the doctor produces a soup, which he spoons into the men. The commander confirms his suspicions of this miracle by checking the graves of two earlier casualties and finding the bodies missing. And then the supply rocket arrives early. Puts somewhat of a different complexion on the story doesn't it?

The second story in the British edition concerns a rocket pilot who discovers his wife's kid brother stowed away on his ship. Lifting the extra weight off Earth has used up their extra fuel supply, so that now there isn't enough air for the extra man or fuel. Tubb makes it even harder by showing the pilot calculating that they probably can make it to Mars and land. But they can't make the return trip to Earth; either the rocket is stranded, or the next rocket must drop its cargo of supplies to carry fuel. And the 100-man colony does not have enough margin to survive. The kid goes out the airlock. Not quietly and nobly, either, but kicking and screaming until he's clubbed with a sextant and thrown out.

This story appeared at roughly the same time as Tom Godwin's "Cold Equations". For a long time I wondered why no US fans but me seemed to know anything about it. Now I know. The Avalon edition removed it completely. (However, for some reason -- sloppy proofreading, perhaps -- Avalon failed to catch a reference to the story which Tubb inserted in the next story in the series, so in the US edition that story now contains a bit of gory and quite pointless reminiscing for about a paragraph. If there's one thing I can't stand, it's sloppy censorship.)

There are other minor textual omissions. To the first women going to Mars, the recruiter says "To me you are brood mares. To the colony you will be the same." That is, in the British edition he says it. The US phrasing is much more delicate. The US edition also removes the speculation on polyandry when our heroes are debating on what to do if enough women don't volunteer. "Like hell I..." is changed to "like heck I...".

What Tubb wrote was a tough, realistic (well, realistic for the early 1950s) series of stories about the colonization of Mars. It's sentimental, in its way, but it's well handled, and the bitterness is there in good measure. What Avalon published was a maudlin space opera. If you can locate a British edition, try it. You'll have a better opinion of Tubb.



# Up Yours

THIRD IN A CONTINUING SERIES  
BY

*Sam Fath*

AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, THERE ARE OTHER PAGES YOU CAN READ (YOU CAN TAKE THIS AS A COMPLIMENT OR A HYPOTHESIS, AS YOU PLEASE).....

Contrary to my usual practice, I'm beginning this before the deadline for its submission. Consequently, you have every right to expect that it will be a little more carefully done, or comprehensible, or something. Hah!

In an earlier column, I promised not to respond to critical LOC's. I am, obviously, not to be trusted. I haven't read any of them, but Lee was good enough to summarize those received to date. It seems that most readers ignored the column entirely. Good. One liked it. Probably has no taste in any other respect, either. Several were very upset about it. Right on; I am told that my writing is considered by many to be worthless. Of course it is! If it was worth anything, I'd be selling it, not giving it away to fanzines, even those as excellent as Embelyon. People don't seem to like my criticism of fan art, either. Read the comment just above, and see whether it fits here, too. (Clue: it does)

And to all of you who don't read closely enough to figure out how the name is spelled, it's FATH, not FAITH.

In a rare moment of mellowness, I am prepared to share with you one of my favorite poems. It is, of course, stolen, and I'd give credit if my memory was as sharp as my tongue:

I saw a stick of butter  
Lying fallen in the gutter.  
It was sadly soft and dead,  
So I covered it with bread.

Many people seem to feel that the contest touted in Embelyon 2 is not for real. It is, and SOMEBODY out there is going to get the damned brain whether he wants it or not. You might just as well enter the contest, because if you don't, I'm going to draw lots at random, and I'm not going to bother with the dry ice. Because of the lack of enthusiastic response, however, I've added another gimmick. If you really don't want it, and/or can't think of a worthwhile interlineation, you may submit the name of someone to whom you'd like it sent, giving your reasons in twenty-five words or less. If I don't get any takers on that one, maybe I'll just send all of you a little piece of the thing. Hell, I have no idea what I'll do. You won't like it, though.

Next issue, I promise to tell you more about the fantastic adventures of Stere the Wonder Carp. Won't that be fun?

Every once in a while, somebody feels compelled to mouth off about Harlan

Ellison. God knows he doesn't need an apologist, since he is perfectly capable of shredding those who insist on putting their deliquia (There! I've found a place to use it.) in print, but I need words, and there seems to be an outbreak of Ellisonomania currently. Harlan (It's OK -- I don't like first-name dropping, but I did know him in his (our) youth, and Mr. Ellison doesn't seem quite right in the circumstances) IS talented, he IS funny, and about 85% of the time, his slams hit the target dead center. Maybe 95%. True, his talent is not for writing fiction, but he has a lot of years left, I hope, and he might be able to patch up the defects in his story-telling. And even so, he hasn't sunk so low that he has to resort to fanzines to get published. There -- that's probably the last time you're going to get anything so unqualifiedly complimentary in this column.

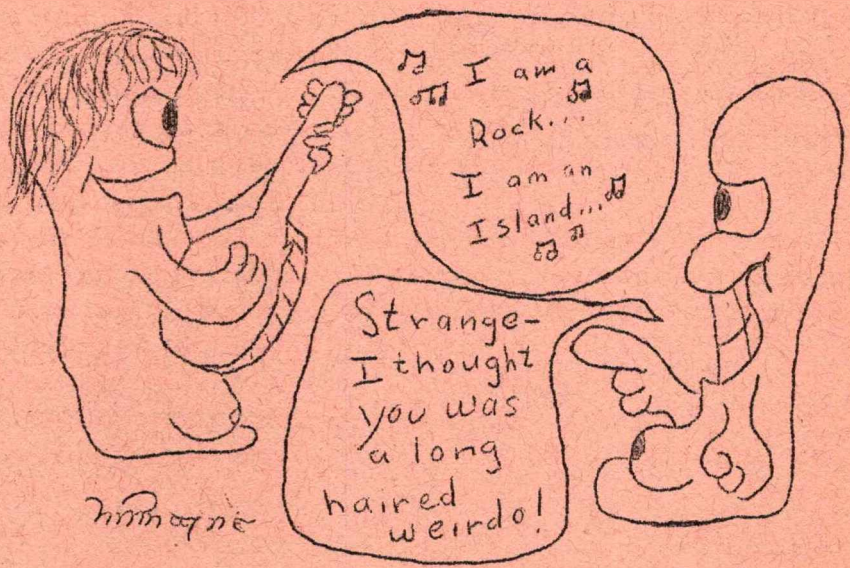
Surely, by now, the Midwescon has been commented on at length by many others. Since my opinion is the one which counts, I suppose I should live up to my responsibility. I must admit that my views are a bit limited because, except for Worldcons, I never attend any others, since

- 1) I don't get invited
- 2) I get better offers just before I'm about to leave town
- 3) I forget which weekend for which con
- 4) They're too small
- 5) They're too far away
- 6) Nobody gives a damn anyway

This was the best one yet, as are almost all of them. Perhaps it was the Talk to Tucker sign, or the Indiana room party, or the general prettiness of the Carrousel. It sure as hell wasn't the banquet. The food was meager and the cooks obviously received their training at Dachau, and the waitresses made it clear that there were at least six or seven places they'd rather be. Even Tucker couldn't pull this one out of the fire. Next year, PLEASE, huh? Saturday noon, the Carrousel served me one of the best lunches I've ever had, so I know it wasn't lack of ability. They just didn't give a damn. How about paying them after the meal?

I promised that I wouldn't say anything nice about anyone else but, as I've already said, I lie a good bit. Somewhere in this issue is a LOC from somebody who lives in Drawer P. Huzzah! If he'll tell me what his pen names are, I'll buy all his stuff. We love dirty books.

If anybody comes to Indianapolis (God knows why, but it is on the Interstate system now) and likes that sort of thing, we now have a rock house which seems to be onto its job. It's called Middle



Earth, and so far has featured several good semi-local groups, the Mothers, an almost adequate air conditioning system, a fantastic amplifier outfit, and a carpet that sits 2500 or so very comfortably. Admission is reasonable, and it's altogether a GOOD THING. Leave your stuff at home -- the air conditioner isn't that good, and we'd sort of like to have the house kept open. Indianapolis isn't really tight at the moment, but why spoil a nice situation?

Indianapolis also now has its first black fan. He's not as big as Elliot Shorter, but he's still growing. So, apparently, are we. Does anybody know where we can find a Chicano? Come on, we know you're out there. I mean it -- come.

Looking back over the last few pages, I note that I've been saying nice things all over the place. Won't somebody please take the trouble to offend hell out of me? If you'll just name a subject, I'll be happy to tell you, in nauseating detail, exactly why you don't know a damned thing about it, and neyer will, and I'd even be willing to cast aspersions on your ancestry if you like. Just goad me -- that's all I ask. In an emergency, I can always slam our vast (half-vast?) horde of Daves, but I don't think inbreeding is healthy. Look what happened to the Jukes, after all. Or to me, if you want to get personal (Oh, go on).

Berth control in the Pullman car? (Stolen)

A tip for those travelling through Pennsylvania. The fine for speeding on the Turnpike is \$15.00. Period. The speed limit is 65, and it doesn't matter whether you get caught doing 80 or 180. \$15.00, and that's it. Also, no lectures, not "Better watch it from now on, Boy.", no sign of Piggishness at all. They must pay a living wage to their gendarmerie. Anyway, if you're going to speed, you might just as well find out what your bus will do flat out. It costs more at Bonneville, and you have to travel so much farther. (This information was furnished by one of the PT's Good Guys, and it might be well to check it out before putting it to the test. You never know.)

It's time to go out and turn on the electric cow. Unless I suffer an attack of irregularity, I'll be back next time with another load.

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SANDRA MIESEL ON BOOKS (cont. from page 12)

dream fantasy trappings but the question of the Drift's reality is irrelevant. The plot is simply a device to compare intuitive/artistic and cerebral/mechanical cultures, and comment on the role of the individual in each. This first novel begins rather woodenly and occasionally strikes poses fraught with Allegorical Import but renders the genuinely psychedelic Drift society with considerable imagination.

UP THE LINE, Robert Silverberg; Ballantine; 345-01680; 250 pp; 75¢

This is a comedy of trans-temporal tourism and a guide who beds his Byzantine (great)<sup>n</sup>-grandmother. Silverberg takes the genre by its extremities and ties it in - cunning knots, spoofing classics like The Guardians of Time along the way. Under the froth are a few barbs of contemporary comment. The historical descriptions are quite authentic---now I know how Constantine Copronymous earned his unfortunate soubriquet. UP THE LINE's pervasive eroticism isn't offensive -- just slightly anaphrodisiac. The market for time travel stories will be depressed for months to come.

(cont. on page 30)

# THE PERSISTENCE OF MYTHMAKING, REVISITED

SANDRA M  
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In reply to Dave Gorman's remarks on "The Persistence of Mythmaking": it was such a short article to be so misconstrued. (What is this they tell us about the Electronic Age, that reading skills have declined?) Nowhere did I blame current mythmaking on the underground press and pop culture. I cited them as symptoms. If any blame is to be assigned it should be to the superrational demythologizers who caused the process in the first place and to any opinion-makers who exploited it for private purposes. I said mythmaking is a basic and irrepressible human characteristic and if it is suppressed in one area of life it will come out in another. Now my personal preference is for those older myths, which I regard as nobler than the creations of modern media. (ex: the Lincoln mythos is worthier than the Kennedy) Moreover my temperament and scholastic background make the Dionysiac scene quite distasteful. While reason may not be the sum of human existence, I hate to see it trampled on.

What makes Dave think that Romanticism is the special preserve of the young and their counter-culture? All groups share the craze for prophecies, rumors, ESP, occultism -- Jeanne Dixon's audience isn't hippies! He should watch suburban matrons in the supermarket checkout lines, with their perfectly groomed heads bent over a copy of THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER. And moving through society it's only the accidents of the new Romanticism that change, not the substance.

Science doesn't, can't explain anything. Science is only codified observation which is valid in so far as it "works". (There is a genuine aestheticism in science, but that's irrelevant to this discussion.) Explanations are the proper business of philosophy and theology. How can I rigorously prove the existence of a world outside my own consciousness? I can't (although Duns Scotus said one could also prove the existence of God from that starting point). But I'm nevertheless confident that the method -- if not the material -- of science will be valid as long as man is man.

What we do need, and need urgently is better understanding of the mythmaking faculty. Myths can be useful and enjoyable but they can also be exceedingly dangerous.

My original brief essay only referred to dangerous or obnoxious modern myths but of course this isn't the whole picture. For example PEANUTS is a happy mythos. It's existed for about twenty years and has as broad an appeal as anything in our society. PEANUTS' claim to the status of a real myth -- a pattern in which people believe -- is demonstrated by the divergent interpretations it has received. THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO PEANUTS saw the strip as a Christian allegory with Snoopy as Christ. Yet last year the Italian Communist Party published a violent denunciation of the strip as the embodiment of all the evils of capitalism. Charles Schulz must be puzzled.

And finally a true anecdote to illustrate just how deeply this mythmaking tenden-



cy penetrates into the grassroots. This was proudly related by some middle-aged friends who are thoroughly conservative in politics and religion. Some friends of theirs asked an elderly nun for her prayers and she advised them: "Pray to President Kennedy, he'll help you." Now I can't stop thinking of November 22 as the Feast of St. JFK, but I'm appalled, I tell you. Appalled.

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 NAG, NAG (JIM LAVELL) continued from page 2

antelope ply, we received this rawther strange letter of comment from the mind of andrew j. offutt. We had forced a copy of the second issue on him while he sat bemused by the blackberry sours Lee was drinking at the poolside at the Midwestcon, and, southern gentleman that he was, he repl ied in a few days time. It was a funny letter, stream of consciousness type, and Lee and I decided we liked this strange twisted mind, so we did a bad thing. Lee wrote offutt and asked him if he would like to do a bit for our fanzine. Bear in mind that offutt is an oddball among sf writers, one of the few who actually writes for a living. Right now he has stories coming up in Harlan's A-DV, in Orbit, novels coming from DELL and Paperback Library, plus over 20 pseudonymous novels. (Everyone knows about those.) So we really didn't hope to get more than a "sorry, too busy" letter from him, but he went and surprised us and a few days later we received what we hope will be the first installment of the andrew offutt letter (on page 16). Andy says that if EMBELYON can withstand the initial impact, he is open for comments from readers on what they would like to see discussed.

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 NAG (LEE LAVELL) continued from page 3

reflect of the development of the sf/fantasy field? Any or all of these things. That is, someway of treating the work as something other than an isolated piece, complete unto itself. And how about articles? Even harder to define. Fannish -- yes. Outrageous humor -- yes. Informative -- yes. Chatty -- yes. Offbeat -- yes. Erudite -- yes, if it's interestingly written. Controversy or sensationalism for their own sakes -- no. We do not necessarily have to agree with the opinions expressed so long as we find the article interesting to us. Art? I generally tend toward the clean lined, simplistic drawing, but that doesn't mean I don't like any other kind. I like things with a sense of design in them or a feeling of motion. (My favorite artists are Kelly Freas and Hannes Bok, if that gives you any ideas.) Also cartoons, all kinds except smutty ones. So that's my taste. Then there's Jim's. His generally jibes with mine, but if it doesn't and he likes it, it goes in. This is his zine, too. So, if you think that you have something we might like, send it to us. We'll let you know. And we hope that you like most of what we like; at least enough to make it worth while to get EM.

You will notice the date on this issue is Aug.-Sept-Oct. School starts soon and I won't have as much time to work on EM for a while. We'll try to get the next issue out in early November, but I don't want to put out a sloppy issue because I'm pressed for time. Letters are still coming in on #2 so some of these will be printed in #4 along with comment on #3. Coming in the near future: Mike Gilbert has volunteered an interview and has sent in some fine drawings (one of which you see on the cover this time).

## DORR'S HOROSCOPE

6 June 1970

"GENERAL TENDENCIES: You are now able to work out any emotional or romantic problems you may have with more than usual ease, especially if you build up the ego of your mate, or a loved one. You get rich returns in affection..."

Unfortunately, the Girl who went to ShangriLa left town for the summer the evening before. Even less fortunately, she left in the company of the guy she likes better than me. None of which has anything much to do with the column at hand, but it isn't helping my sex life any.

Anyhow, the astute reader may have guessed, it is now time for

**WARLOCK 2**

(or, you might say it all began on the 4th this month) a column of programming, patriotism and the pursuit of happiness, by

**James Suhrer Dorr**

GUERRILLA THEATRE, Act 6:  
Dorr Makes It in the Media

Those at the last ISFA meeting will remember that I like parades. So, as might be expected, on the afternoon of 4th July I put on my cowboy clothes, clipped on the peace medals, and wandered down to Third Street. It was pure coincidence, mind you, that I happened to be standing right next to the reviewing stand; naturally I didn't refuse



the flag a little boy handed me; and I supposed it just neighborliness when the H-T photog snapped my picture.

BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT THE FRONT PAGE!!!!???

Yep. There on upper right-hand page one of Sunday's Bloomington-Bedford Herald-Times, angled just so the peace buttons don't quite show, captioned "PATRIOTIC", "This picture reflects the theme of 'Honor America Day' on the 4th of July Saturday as citizens across the land joined in paying tribute to the 194th birthday of the United States. Holding the flag as he watches the 4th of July parade in Bloomington is Jim Dorr....", am I. The silly season is definately upon us, ladies and gentlemen: in the past month we have experienced (in'more or less chronological order) the Brown County Lion<sup>(1)</sup>, the Nashville Nudes<sup>(2)</sup>, a genuine Man Bites Dog headline<sup>(3)</sup>...and now this.

{Actually I'm rather delighted by it all. Fern the Barmaid, who new refers to me as "Bloomington's Own Patriot", gives me respect; successful political rival Frank McCloskey has ruefully muttered "why didn't they do that before the election?"; and, best of all, Congressman Myers only made page 10.)

But back to the mundane...

I've been blocking this out Friday night at the office -- a bad night. The big machines are sick -- and may be so all weekend. A little machine, an IBM 1130, has been up -- with teenieboppers crawling all over it -- until about a half hour ago when somebody overloaded its power circuit and blew the fuse. Meanwhile I've got a printer's deadline to meet Tuesday morning -- also a cold.

One bright spot, though, is that Oklahoma Fats sent me an article for this month...written in the true Oklahoma Fats style. Seems he's worked up some new systems cards, some of which we've needed for a long time, such as

### "3 PROBALL

"This card connects the user with the bookmaking function of the 3400/3600 and allows him to bet on professional sports."

Another very useful card -- all are supposed to be compatible with the 6600 -- is the 9 SCREWFIL<sup>(4)</sup> which allows the harried user to retaliate against incompetently written library routines.

Speaking of professionalism, I am forced to make the following announcement. As an, as it were, employee of EMBELYON I feel it only fair that I withdraw from Sam Fath's interlineation contest. While I have offered an entry, I must insist that it not be considered for the prize.<sup>(5)</sup>

Getting on through with the purpose of this article, though, which is the education of the masses, I do



... To be a properly  
faannish Wizard,  
One must first  
Be aware of the  
fact that he  
must first of  
All learn to talk  
in long, drawn  
out sentences  
So as to fool them.

have two articles which, despite the fact that they date back to the last growing season, I think are still relevant.

SCIENCE MARCHES

ON # 5: Declaration  
"KIMBERWORTH, England (UPI) -- Sandy Tomlinson, 50, won a bet and confounded friends at his local tavern when he grew a square tomato.

"I thought it could be done by letting a young tomato grow into a plastic mold', Tomlinson said while collecting on the bet.

"The idea proved very successful. Now I am planning to grow more square tomatoes."

We now advance in time precisely 34 days...

SCIENCE MARCHES ON # 6: Escalation

"MORISTON-CLOSE, England (UPI) -- Ray Durham grew a triangular tomato. He molded it by growing the tomato with a plastic box around it.

"There's no stopping me now', said Durham, 46. 'I'm going to have a shot at heart-shaped tomatoes.'"

New developments will be reported in future editions.

GUERRILLA THEATRE, Act 7: Dorr Makes It in the Media -- Again

All I had done, really, was go to the Union to buy a pack of 7¢ gum. Little did I know that lurking in ambush outside was Pat Miller, the Courier-Tribune "Question Girl" (replacing, while on assignment<sup>(6)</sup>, publisher's daughter Pat Tarzian who made local history recently by bugging citizens with "Would you rate your life as GP, R, or X?"<sup>(7)</sup>), and her trusty photographer. The question (the feature hasn't appeared in the paper yet and, frankly, I'd just as soon it never does): Can you trust people over 30?

I forget what I answered.  
Peace.



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footnotes

(1) In actuality either a Brahma bull or a clipped collie dog, according to the police.  
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(2) You see this kid came running into the Brown County Sheriff's office yelling "There's a couple of naked hippies in front of the IGA!" One was arrested, but may never be prosecuted for reasons too complicated to go into here.

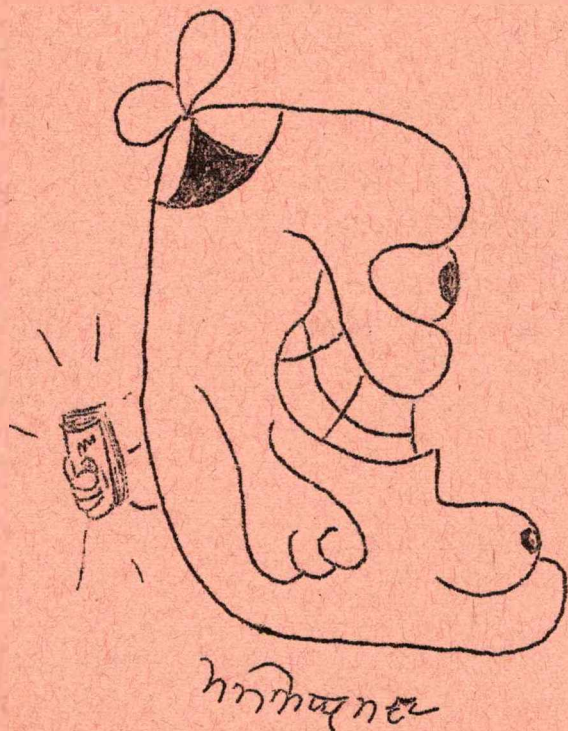
-----  
 (3) Actual wording: "Dog Bites Man's Ear, Man Bites Dog's Ear". The man was placed on probation for 12 months for "conduct likely to lead to a breach of the peace"; the dog was not charged.

-----  
 (4) Bowdlerized to <sup>7</sup> DAMNFILE for the purposes of University publication.

-----  
 (5) An analogue, which I shall not go into, has come up recently in city politics. Just to be on the safe side, I'd better keep impeccably honest.

-----  
 (6) I.e., on a tax-deductable vacation.

-----  
 (7) R, in the initial sense (i.e. dirty but with redeeming social value), if you really want to know. Other answers of the sort "Why don't you come to my apartment and judge for yourself?" also come to mind.



So the  
 God damn  
 - Zine Folded  
 what d'ya  
 want,  
 Blood?

# Stream of Conscious

David M. Gorman

The trip to Ohio seemed quick while Burton and Lewton did their best to screw up my rabbit-grinning ego. I wondered how the Midwestcon fen would react to the three Daves: Burton who is shy but sometimes rude in print and puts out the best fanzine from Indianapolis, Microcosm. Then there is Lewton who was dead set on having a confrontation with Charlie Brown, puts out the very pretentious Infinitum, and is the new "Don't Push Me" kid who is searching for any kind of fannish power. And, of course, I am a David also, shy and haunted with dreams for a science fiction zine that satisfies my lusts for serious discussion. I may be the least memorable of the three Daves, but I do possess the most creative literary talent.

(Talk about Good Shit!)

As that Mother----- Fate would have her way, the very first person we would run into at the Motel would be none other than Larry Propp, the William Kunstler of the Illinois Militant. A good guy who likes to jump on my experimental fiction and Dave Burton's frequentness of publications. Me and Lewton and Larry bobbed over to the service station to observe his sick car. And Ohio is not the place to be sick (or Left) ((or hungry)) unless you're a rich mother-----.

After leaving the lawman, Burton and I went to rent a room at the North Plaza. Very cruddy rooms. Then to the hospitality section where I spent two bucks for registration and Burton blew six for the banquet.

Juanita and Bruce Coulson came over to say hello and joke about rain stained identification badges (you know, the ones that said: Hello you schmucks, my name is \_\_\_\_\_, want a copy of my terrific fanzine?). At which point I turned around and about ran over Charlie Brown who was trying to hand me the latest issue of Locus, and turned out to be a pleasant fellow...didn't he Burton?

(Onward to the parking lot!)

Not much happened Saturday afternoon until later when Burton and I started selling, trading, and giving away the ISFA packets. (Three---count 'em---three brand new editions of Indianapolis fanzines, Embelyon, Microcosm, and Infinitum, plus three---that's right---three fillers concerning Indy fan projects. And if you give your hot and sticky quarter to me now and join the "Write-In-Gorman-For-Taff" movement, I'll throw in the current issue of Chants of Madness, too!)

\*\*\*WOW\*\*\*

One interesting fella I met was an admirer of Jim Dorr's Random Bits (Indiana University's computer newsletter). We rapped on technology, fandom, politics, and the convention itself. You're a good guy.....(Please fill in your name since I misplaced it already.)

That night, all the Naptown people went to the Banquet for SIX (count 'em) dollars apiece. I stayed in the Lavell's room and watched the Guess Who perform

"American Woman" on the Ray Stevens Show.

\*\*\*HEAVY\*\*\*

After the show I wandered to the banquet room just in time to eat Dave Burton's leftovers, get served coffee by Jerry Hunter ("just because he puts out that terrible Chants of Madness is no reason to let the man starve..."), and even got free desert from the waitress. Don't feel disturbed anymore friends; I made up for your six dollars lost. (Now if I could get some free medical attention for my stomach!)

The speech by Wilson (Talk to) Tucker was a delight. Ted White reminds me of a Buck Coulson who is sensitive to public opinion. And Sir Andrew Offutt is a very fine person, even if he does come from Kentucky, too. A fine evening marred by one event.

Dave Lewton the ham and sacred cow slayer got his confrontation. But Charlie Brown and Locus refused to shed any blood by taking the whole incident with good humor. My God, that Lewton is a pretentious nut.

(And then the ISFA party came about...)

In all modesty (since I had nothing to do with it), our club's party was the best one at the con on Saturday night. My gosh, we had the Coulsons-Tucker-Hensley-Offutts-Lavells-Daves, and dozens more. It was the biggest and most active party and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. But there is no truth to the rumor that Indianapolis is going to bid for a convention. It is true that if we are drafted for such a con we will all gafiate immediately.

(Concerning events which I forgot to comment on:)

• Andy Offutt was the first pro writer I met at the convention (I already knew the Coulsons) and we spent an enjoyable half hour or so around the pool talking about everything from fanzines to ERB followers, plus life styles in our midwest and southern homes. A very friendly and intelligent crap, the old boy is.

Also was introduced to John Berry (Egoboo) who is a good guy and resembles Burton in facial looks and general fan publishing attitudes.

OH! I also ran into Jim and Lee Lavell who put out the magazine which you all are reading now. Did you all know that one of the very first persons Lee met at a convention was none other than Harlan Ellison? And that Jim was kicked out of the National Guard for sleep walking and putting flowers in his own gun? What do you mean, "Yes, we know all that stuff", huh?

Anyway, it was my first convention and I enjoyed it. Hope you are all in good health and the weather ain't too warm. Best wishes.

=====

SANDRA MIESEL ON BOOKS (cont. from page 22)

JIREL OF JOIRY, C.L. Moore; Paperback Library; 63-166, 175 pp; 60¢

In this collection of stories from WEIRD TALES, Jirel the indomitable medieval warrior girl meets adventure in a haunted castle, two parallel universes, and Hell itself. Jirel might have been cliché in other hands but Miss Moore's wonderfully sensuous and inventive imagination makes her exploits triumphs of the genre. The last selection is the best: "Hellsgarde", a shuddering tale of blood, shadows, and psychic vampirism. Bored with the recent crop of ticky-tack sword 'n sorcery? Try the original robust marvels.

ADD A LITTLE BIT OF EGO....  
*fanzine reviews* by *David Lewton*

GRANFALLOON #9 (Linda E. Bushyager, 5620 Darlington Road, Pittsburgh, PA 15217, 60¢)

"If you wish to study a granfalloon  
 Just remove the skin of a toy balloon."

A quote from Bokonon, taken from  
 CAT'S CRADLE by Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

People seem to be shocked when they see advertisements for "religions" in various underground newspapers that are obviously imitations of the religion found in Robert Heinlein's STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. After all, it was just a book, a piece of fiction, not something to base your life style on. Well, it seems that right in fandom there has been a fanzine that has supported many of the Bokonistic views expressed in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s book CAT'S CRADLE. GRANFALLOON is that fanzine. It embodies the Bokonistic idea of doing very little and speaking a great deal about it. It is the epitome of the big lie that Bokonism was. Even in a small detail like layout, it's editor (Linda Bushyager) makes the zine toe the religious line. Because the layout is "Busy, busy, busy." Linda seems to make a point of talking about what she seems to have the least knowledge of, making her own pseudo-rules. She makes sure that she contradicts herself at least once an issue, and promises much in the way of great contents. Linda gets names to contribute, but the contributions, as if in a satire of fanzine editors who worship names and not deeds, are generally second-rate.

Ceremony was part of the Bokonist way of life (the heel communion for instance) and this issue of GRANFALLOON celebrates the 40th anniversary of fanzines. Considering that most who have made their voices heard, currently say that the fanzine (materially) is in the worst shape it has ever been in, this celebration is a slap in the face to those who consider fanzines bigger and better than ever. In fact, the entire issue simply has to be a gigantic put on.

Linda's lampoon this issue, takes a marvelous poke at critics and reviewers of all kinds, as she gives her list of ways to make a "good" fanzine. The good rules are generally ignored, and only the truly asinine ideas are followed, to (of course) ruinous ends. Linda mentions good reproduction as a criterion for a good fanzine. Well, the reproduction found in GRANFALLOON is obviously only clean. Most illos look underinked (pages 1, 2, 5, 10, 11, 16, 19, 33, 35, 38, 40, 41) or perhaps it is not the inking that is at fault, but the electronic stencilling, which Linda, in her role as the sercon fan insists on, that leaves the illustrations with cases of the dreaded white rubella. Also, lines would not be appreciably widened on drawings (as Dave Burton informed me the lines on his illustration on page 35 definitely were) -- but then again, this can be attributed to the faults of poor electro-sten-



cilling. However, poor electro-stencilling, and possibly under-inking, kill the chances of GRANFALLOON's claiming reasonably good to excellent repro. Were this a first attempt, it would be good repro.

Although Linda religiously obeys a rule that hurts the fanzine reproduction, she ignores her admonition "IT IS BETTER TO HAVE A SMALL GOOD ISSUE THAN A HUGE MESS." (capitalizaion was Linda's). GRANFALLOON (counting covers and art folios) is 57 pages long. This wouldn't be bad if more than ten pages of it were of more than a superficial passing interest. The finest jab at a pro-worshiping, serconfannishness was made with the lines "How do you get well-written articles? Ask people. Write a letter to that pro, he won't bite." (Underlining was mine) -- way to go Linda!

Linda's other contradictions include praising fanzines for good layout and listing it as a rule for a good fanzine while having glaring layout errors throughout the issue. (See pages 8, 10, 11, 19, 23, 28, 29, 38, and whatever else. Dave Burton tells me that his page 35 illustration (besides being poorly reproduced) was placed upside-down; that is not good layout practice by any stretch of the imagination -- ah how she shows up these pretentious folk who speak only of art and layout when



talking about fanzines...) Not only this, but she satirizes all the petty failings of a faned. Like telling fandom in her lettercol that she did not like Dan Osterman's artwork and kept on rejecting same (No one could do that to anyone, not for serious; she must have thought it up in cahoots with Dan. No faned is THAT tasteless and callous), or printing part of a letter to her that was not a letter to GRANFALLOON and was probably dnq'd. (At least, I'm pretty sure that the first paragraph of my letter on page 37 was on the side of the

paper that was written for Linda's benefit, and I thought that I had put the letters dnq on that side...) This is a wonderful comment on the way many faneds feel that they are above the unwritten code of honor that exists in some small parts of fandom. Yes, Linda shows fandom the real picture of the faned who does little and gives you the feeling that she/he/ is doing fandom a favor by putting out her/his/ fanzine. Linda is a genius, and I feel should be eligible (due to her terrific satires on such matters) for an award for best fan writer. Her approach to satire is unique and surprising. Definitely Bokonian at any rate. The only things that get in her way result from a certain heavy handedness as evidenced by calling Mike Gilbert's two column article an art column (the urge to add an s is irresistible) and titling her obvious abomination a "klutzy production". Perhaps Linda will polish her style a little more and be eligible for 1971.

All in all, GRANFALLOON is the funniest thing I've seen in a long time, and should always be good for a laugh.

## TABLESPOONS

OUTWORLDS IV (Bill and Joan Bowers, P.O.Box 87, Barberton, Ohio 44203 --  
3 for \$1.00)

The most beautiful fanzine published currently. The art and graphics are second to none. The contents are the most blandly uninviting to be found. I feel an extreme guilt that I cannot get interested enough to WANT to read them. When I do, I feel as if I am fulfilling an obligation. One would have thought by now, in such a stage of development that Bowers would have gotten over fan fiction; he hasn't. I foresee a future of ghodoffel manuscripts coming to him daily, poor man. At any rate, his fiction does not inspire me about the content. The singularity of content found among the letters reaches a new height of banality. Bill's editorial, however, is most amusing. It reveals Bill as an idealistic, slightly naive person who still believes in Santa Claus. At least, that is who he must expect to bring those manuscripts that he is not willing to beg for. Sure, Buck and Juanita Coulson do not solicit manuscripts; they have been publishing a popular fanzine for eighteen years. Also, both editors are tremendous writers and had friends that could be pressed into service. I love the beautiful illustrations, and think kindly of Bill Mallardi, wherever he is.

EXASPERATION

DYNACENCE #1 (Mike Juergens, 257 Florence Street, Hammond, Indiana 46324 --  
available for contribution, trade, printed or in-depth loc, or 35¢; Randy  
Johns Ass. Editor)

A first attempt and an impressive and entertaining one at that. One of the few fanzines that really shows promise. The material varies from Book Reviews, an Sf comic strip by Jim Wisnewski (whose cover for the issue is alone worth whatever you pay for the zine -- a fantastic new fanartist whom I expect to see many good things from), editor-written fanzine reviews, poetry (Mike Juergens is one of the best poets currently in fandom. He tends to show up his other poetic contributors. Let us hope he never becomes self-conscious about this and has more poetry by others at the expense of his own.), and fiction by Juergens and Gloria Patcek. Randy Johns has done a terrific job on his first attempt at mimeography and I am certain that he shall make DYNACENCE one of the better reproed zines in a few issues. All in all, an excellent first attempt by both Mike Juergens and Randy Johns -- but please, if you can, send money; Mike was screwed pretty badly by an unscrupulous printer for Jim Wisnewski's front cover. A zine to watch; hell, a zine to buy!

TWAS EVER THUS #1 (Jonh Ingham, 21157 Kingscrest Drive, Saugus, California  
91350, 25¢ or the regular)

A truly phenomenal first attempt. The mimeography is legible, the layout is interesting, and the contents are all quite fine. Two of the items are reprints from the Los Angeles Free Press. The other original articles in no way take a back

seat in the way of quality to the two professional items. The artwork is above-average, but there are a great many electro-stencilled photographs. This tends to make one not notice the artwork as many of the photos (most) are larger than the illustrations. The result is tremendous considering that the editor has not really ever published before, and hence, is basically still feeling his way around. More than being a readable, enjoyable, and legible first issue (an accomplishment right there), TWAS EVER THUS is truly experimental. It is a combination of fan-nish publishing practices and views from that "new communication" everyone has heard so much about recently. The two jell. Ingham still has a good deal to learn, but he has already licked the essentials; what is left is a matter of so much polish.

FOR SERCON & SILLY ALIKE

## TEASPOONS

NOUS #5 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55417 -- 25¢ per issue)

A more than legible ditto-zine (I didn't look frantically for the places to fill in the answers) that sports two excellent items: Kay Anderson's belated (by an editorial delay) blast to PLANET OF THE APES, and Jim Shumacher's tremendous bacover. The rest of the material (editorial, filk-song, Middle English Purity Contest, and lettercol) is all readable and enjoyable. At last, a fanzine that concentrates on quality instead of size!

GOOD ENOUGH PARD

EGOBOO 11 (John D. Berry, Mayfield House, Stanford, Calif., 94305 and Ted White, 339 49th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11220; available for letters, fanzines in trade (to both editors) or \$1.00 cash per issue)

This is the most readable fanzine in fandom. It is well-edited, nicely mimeographed, and the contents are the best to be found in any fanzine publishing currently. This issue features 5 pages of Bill Rotsler. No, only two cartoons; this is Baleful Bill's WRITING. Rotsler takes over like an artistic Sam Fath let loose in California. The rest of the issue's contents are not to be given faint damns like "fine" either. John Berry, Ted White and numerous fascinating correspondants fill the rest of the issue the way certain curvy females fill tight dresses. Tightly packed with all sorts of goodies. EGOBOO is THE zine to get -- PRONTO

FANTASTIC FANNISH FUN

NOPE #10 (Jay Kinney, 607 Wellner Road, Naperville, Illinois 60540 -- 25¢ or the regular)

One of the best reproed, best written, most interesting, and downright great fanzines published. The articles (written by Jay Kinney, Ray Nelson, and John Berry) are terrific, as are the comic strips by Kinney and Dave Herring (a Dave to Remember). The spirit duplication is better than most mimeographed material, and is evidence showing Jay Kinney's tremendous talent in the fields of art and layout. A short and interesting lettercol rounds out the issue nicely. How a tremendous zine like this doesn't even get mentioned and how crud like LOCUS gets on the Hugo ballot is a sad commentary on our times. ECSTACY

METANOIA #5 (Greg Shaw, 64 Taylor Drive, Fairfax, California 94930 -- sent to whomever the editor decides to send it to, contributions and trades accepted, subscriptions are a no-no)

A fine personalzine that is easily read from start to finish in one sitting. Greg is a fine writer who knows how to make people feel comfortable. The letters are relaxed and intelligent (if you can't picture them, think about what an exact opposite of the BaB lettercol would read like). James Wright's column concerning ecology this issue is excellent in the REAL meaning of the word. It is well-written, conceived, and thought-out. Above average in any event. Far above the current average. There is nothing to be added to it, and not anything that can be taken from it gracefully. When will people learn that this is what excellence is all about?

EXCELLENT

SCHAMOOB 7 (Frank Johnson, 3836 Washington Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45229 -- 25¢)

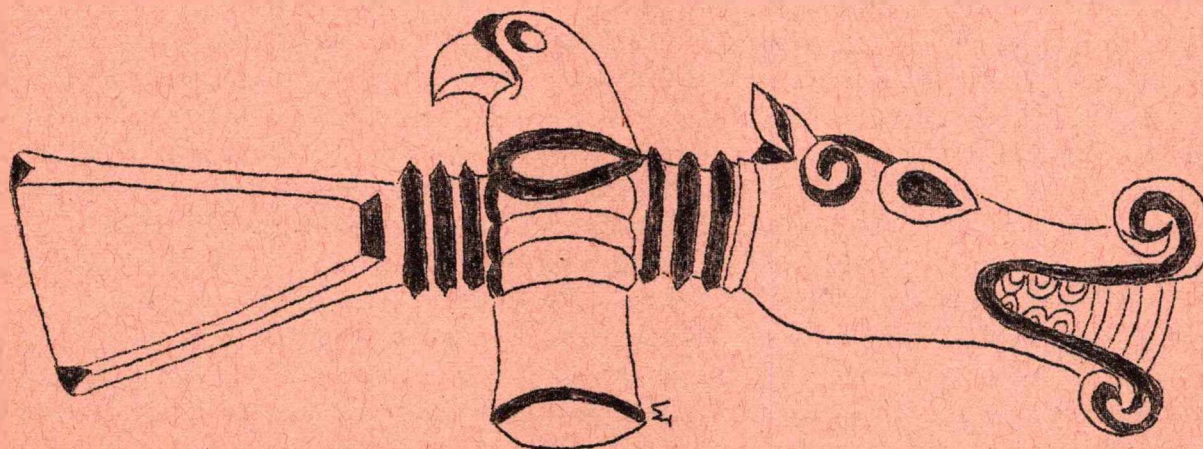
Frank Johnson may very well be his own best writer. His excellent editorial and his Coulson-like fanzine reviews (6 pages of fanzine reviews -- that's over 1/4 the zine, Frank!) make the issue well-worth getting alone. Other fine features include an in-depth book review by Leon Taylor and some fascinating artwork by Brad Balfour. No article is BAD, and all are readable. The repro is not really to my liking, but it is generally readable (with the exception of the last two lines on page 15). I think that Johnson uses some rather expensive methods to achieve his end, but if he masters these methods the money will be well spent.

FANNISH FUN

NEVER EAT A FANZINE #1 (Jonh Ingham--same address as for TWAS EVER THUS for which it is technically a supplement although Ingham has expressed the desire to have it taken as a separate zine)

A four page personalzine that proves that Ingham can do anything he decides to do. Well written and decently reproed, it holds interest and introduces you to Ingham far better than the editorial in TWAS EVER THUS does.

QUITE FINE



# INTERLETTERSJECTIONS

ANDREW OFFUTT, DRAWER P, 316 EAST MAIN STREET, MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY 40351

So when I said no I don't buy fanzines, one of them said oh give him a package, and the nearest one handed me a plastic package containing lots of rough, colored paper with printing and pictures and things on them. So I went around and sat down in the last wicker chair at the cabana table they were all lolling around, drinking black for godsake berry sours. Right behind me was the Carrousel swimming pool, right in front of me was the thin girl in the wetlook bikini asking if anybody wanted anything (I forewent that one) and right beside me was this doll who could not be overlooked but unfortunately neither could her man, who wore a patch over his eye or had a scar on his cheek or something; I forget. But it was distinctive as all hell and he later offered to pierce MINE too, for pete's sake.

So we all told the thin girl in the wetlook bikini (it was red and she was very brown and had this very tiny bellybutton that looked as though it had been drawn on her by Vergil Partch) that we didn't want anything, except this one guy who wanted beer out of the middle tap not the left and not the right and she seemed bored and above it all and unwilling to smile even when we said cute things because she was in a hurry to go back and sit with the two very brown bodies (male). So I didn't order anything. (When she grows up she is going to join the Brown Panthers and drink Brownberry Sweets. They shrink up you lip and you can sneer without even trying.)

So they introduced themselves (Lavell, Lavell, Lavell, and several other names, all different) and said they were from Indianapolis and it's the fanniest damned place you ever. I sort of opened one of the things in the plastic wrapper (I'll bet they got them from Adult Book Stores and steamed off the scotch tape). I took out Embelyon 2, which had the prettiest cover and a picture of the manager of the Chase Park Plaza on the back and really marvy illustrations by David Lewton for a Michael Juergens, ah, story. The first thing I saw after that was that it was pretty and neat-looking inside, and had a column by David Gorman with a brilliant title. Then there were some reviews, and I spotted one by David Burton (I think the others were named David, too, except for Jerry and Abdul). I remember which one he was, because when I said "Gor!" he thought I was referring to his review of two of Ballantine's once-a-year-at-Christmas "John Norman" books about Gor. He jumped up so fast I forgot to end the sentence: "blimey". So I told him to keep an eye on the fourth one; it's all about Jenghis Kahn disguised as a Gorean.

(What astonishes me about the Gor books, and about the reviews I've read of them, is that Norman has one big piece of knowledge/understanding/schtick, but no one mentions it. Norman seems to have read Havelock Ellis. Norman understands the position of a woman in a barbarian society, which is like lower than a snake's

ass, and he revels in showing that status. Norman's characters, heroes, and villains alike, would pull pierced-ear earrings. Or tie weights to them. If the earrings were on women, I mean. What this amounts to is that Norman's s&s is about the most adult s&s what am, except for those wild "Jeffrey Lord" -- another pen-name -- books from McFadden.)

Anyhow that's how I met all these nice calm-seeming people from Indianapolis, and got Embelyon, and it was fun and interesting and I'm glad I stopped over.

I understand they had a party later, (was it in 622?) but I remember the pool-side meeting better because that was just before 6 PM, and up till then I'd been drinking coffee. (Out of the middle pot).

Thanks, nice people from ... where was it again?

Michael Juergens is putting you and Marilyn May on. That really is how it happened, except that Arthur had been drinking pokeberry sours and the Black Knight worked for Procter & Gamble.

ROBERT COULSON, ROUTE 3, HARTFORD CITY, INDIANA 47348

on EM 1

Fabian is dead right about the lack of art knowledge in fandom. Some of the actual fan artists have a knowledge of art, but the average fan doesn't. I don't; I'm one of the "I know what I like" school. (So I don't, generally, comment on art, except to say "I like Finlay" or "I don't like Bode". That's a problem for fan artists; they would like to get the same sort of egoboo that fan writers do, and they fail to get it because too few fans know what to say.) I could, I suppose, spend some time and learn something about art -- except that I'd sooner spend my time in learning more about writing.

I'm afraid Sandra Miesel is right; a new Romantic Age is daw ning. She didn't say how she felt about it; I'm appalled. (However you spell it, that's what I am.) I have corresponded with more than one otherwise intelligent person who believes, quite literally, in magic. A new religion is pushing up into the sun, and I'm basically an atheist.

on EM 2

Gorman first. I fully agree that "the underground press and the new rock recordings and the cultural heroes and the new morality are simply the children's alternatives to the establishment media". Precisely; that's what I object to. Now, I realize that very few humans are individuals; humans are herd animals, like sheep (to which they are often compared) or baboons (to which they are probably the most closely related). I realize this, and I put up with it - but I don't like it. I dislike the idea that a teen-ager, disillusioned with the group activities of his parents, can find no solution but to join another group, whose activities are different but no better.

Actually, however, there is no real "new morality". The older generation was hypocritical about sex, objecting to mentions of it while they pursued it in what they considered privacy. The hypocrisy of the younger generation centers around violence; waving peace signs while vandalizing buildings is merely the most obvious proof of this. But the only change is in what is talked about. In actual fact, the younger generation is precisely as sexually oriented and violent as the older one; no more and no less. Morality remains precisely the same; hypocrisy has moved

to a new area, but is present to the same degree. A Romantic Age provides no fewer problems for the individual than the present one, and quite probably provides more.

"When six-guns set the etiquette,  
And men were free to pick a fight -  
They didn't readily forget  
A patient, proper, and polite  
Observance of amenities  
And manners in communities  
Of death and dynamite."

Romantic ages go with weapons. Courtly manners and romantic love don't spring up of themselves; they are enforced, one way or another.

Ah, yes. Sam Fath strikes a true note. "I know what you all are." Say it again, Sam. I say it and nobody pays any attention.

I always seem to be picking on Gorman, don't I? Well, that's because he writes about things I'm interested in.

KEN BUDKA, 4916 E. 86TH STREET, GARFIELD HEIGHTS, OHIO 44125

on EM 1

Sam Faith managed to complete a page and a half without actually saying anything, but even though he didn't say anything, it ended much too soon. See if you can get some more stuff from Faith, I really enjoyed his column.

on EM 2

Damned if I Can Remember What This Column By Sam Fath Is Called was, at best, incoherent. Why you would publish this kind of garbage is beyond me. Again, there was no point reached in this article; it started nowhere, and ended in the same place. If Mr. Fath couldn't think of anything to write, why oh why did he send this crap in?

//--I suggest that when you write locs, you keep a carbon copy for reference.--lee--//

HARRY WARNER, JR. , 423 SUMMIT AVENUE, HAGERSTOWN, MD. 21740

Embelyon is a beautiful thing to look at and a time-saving thing to read, considering how long it takes to conquer the contents of most of today's heavyweight fanzines.

//--Yes, but look what's happened!--lee--//

The front cover helped to make your first issue give the reader a jolt as he pulled it from the envelope, and whoever worked out the cover layout is to be congratulated on remembering that there is no law requiring front cover art to have the same proportions as a sheet of mimeograph paper viewed with the short side up plus enough room at the top for lettering.

//--Fabian designed the whole thing.--lee--//

The white space is ample to remove any suggestion of crowding, despite all the different things you got onto this front cover. The illustration itself is one of Steve Fabian's finest. I was bothered a trifle at first by the apparent contradiction between the way the juggler is

lighted and the appearance of highlights on the wrong side of the balls. Then I remembered that this is a fantastic illustration and for all I know the spheres may have an interior illumination or light from off to the right may be absorbed by the juggler's body and clothing for reasons best known to this fantasy world. I liked the cover very much, in any event.

The editorial makes an odd comparison with the famous Geis editorials. It doesn't seem normal somehow that two separate and distinct persons should be conducting a dialog in fandom when we've been so accustomed to a single person achieving the same conversation by resorting to his alter ego or subconscious or whatever it is that answers back when Geis editorializes. I'm glad you came back when you did, because a few more years of gafiation might have thrown you into a really changed fandom, assuming that you'd returned to fanac around 1975. I suspect that the next few years will shake up fandom enormously for all sorts of reasons -- developments in the national youth situation and its effects on fandom, the gradual usurpation by office copiers of the place now held in fandom by mimeographs and ditto machines, a breakup in the present kind of major conventions to get them out of cities and hotels,

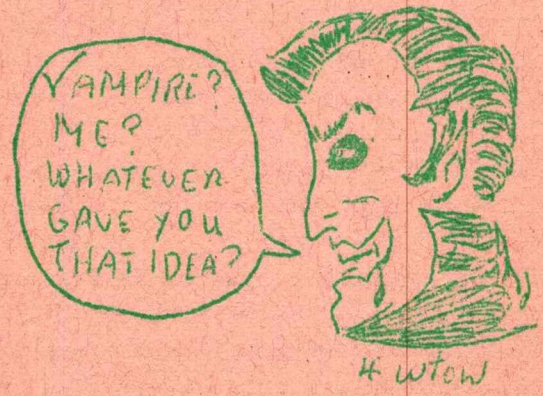
//--But then where would they go? Most large motels are in cities. Resorts are usually hideously crowded and expensive in the summer when most cons are held. What else is left? A sf Woodstock in the middle of a cornfield? --lee--//

maybe a minor disaster if Dr. Wertham's investigation of fandom produces an exceptionally inaccurate and widely publicized monograph on that topic.

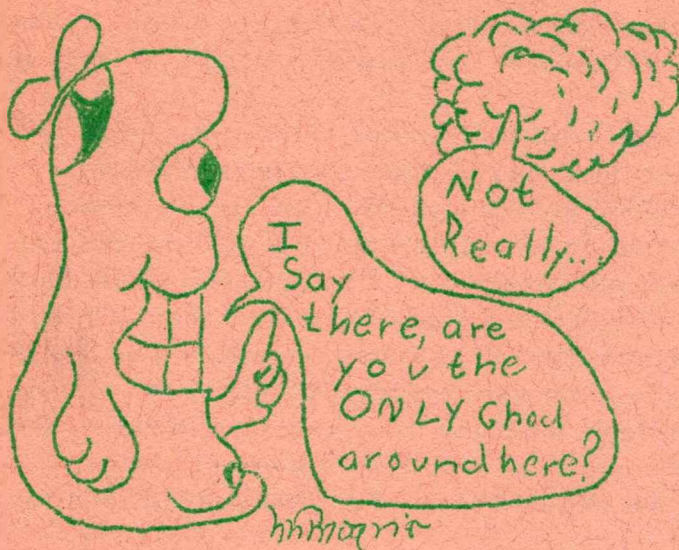
Juanita Coulson wrote many words of truth in her column. But I wish that she'd gone into one other aspect of the topic of fans turning into pros. Too many fans with pro ambitions seem uninterested in what kind of pros they'll become. They just want the egoboo and income that results from being pros. As a result some very talented fans have turned into quite mediocre pros, because they've taken the quick and easy way to selling, that of imitating celebrated writers' styles and aiming at the markets that buy the greatest quantity of wordage. I can think of two or three former fans who might be winning Hugos regularly instead of grinding out unobtrusive minimum-rate novels, if they'd used their innate ability to create greater quality at the expense of quantity.

//--How true! People keep telling me how good Bob Silverberg's stuff has gotten, but I simply can't bring myself to read them due to the prejudice I developed during his H-A-C-K days.--lee--//

Fabian has become a real person, thanks to the pages dealing with him in Embelyon, after having existed in my mind for many months as a mythical creature with no real existence except as a source for magically appearing fine fanzine drawings. His belief that he







still has things to learn about art is staggering and refreshing. I continue to feel guilty every time I read an artist's complaints about how fanzines don't provide the right kind of comment on their creations, because I probably use in my annual loc wordage twenty words about words for every word I direct toward art. But as I've said repeatedly, I am limited artistically to admiration and indifference when I see pictures. I don't get angry at bad pictures as some artists do; they just don't stir me to any kind of reaction and certainly not to writing about them. When I find good pictures in fanzines I try to remember to say ap-

propriate things about them. But I don't feel competent to do the good kind of art criticism about those good pictures, and I refuse to resort to the jargon of fake art lovers with all the meaningless references to sweep and integral vision and so on. To prevent myself from sounding too much like someone out of a Sinclair Lewis novel, I don't risk too many comments of a specific nature on even the art I like very much, like most of Fabian's drawings. For instance, my critical reaction to the Fabian folio in this issue is so bourgeois and stupid that I hate to put it on paper. It is, simply and flatly, that I wish the two smaller pictures had been printed nearly in full-page size. That says something about my favorable reaction to them and perhaps reminds me that I really should have my glasses changed, but it's not an intelligent kind of art criticism.

I'm not sure that Sandra Miesel isn't confusing mythmaking with the big lie technique. Wasn't it Huey Long who said that people will believe a whopping big lie more readily than the smaller lies? Maybe "our nonrational faculties striving to express the inexpressible" should be altered to something about our desire to find simple answers to hopelessly complex questions, which the big lies seem to provide. It's tempting to have faith that your fatherland's problems are caused by impurities having contaminated its Aryan blood, instead of spending a lifetime trying to deduce the real reasons for the political and social ills.

JEFF COCHRAN 424 KIOLSTA, PLACENTIA, CA 92670

The cover was very nice. Fabian is a good artist, and will probably come off with a Hugo eventually. Frankly, I would like to see the GALAXY-IF-WOT mags start using such people as Barr and Kirk and Fabian, and drop Mike Gilbert. The illos he had in WoT were horrible.

In total, there are only two things in the whole issue that I must take exception with. The statements of Sam Fath and Steve Fabian on whither fan art? Fabian says that he didn't even know it was moving. Sure, Sturgeon's law applies to fan

art, and perhaps more -- but, damn, what about the people like Austin and Barr? George can produce shading with a bic pen that looks like a photograph from three feet away....that isn't ability?

MIKE GLICKSOHN 35 WILLARD ST., OTTAWA 1, ONTARIO

I'm impressed by your repro and layout -- it makes for a very attractive fanzine. However, I'm personally unimpressed by the artwork in this issue. My own tastes run to slightly more professional execution and I find the majority of the output of your Daves somewhat crude. Perhaps this is merely the inherent limitation of hand stencilled art though. (Burton's cover reminds me of a George Barr pose-- could it be a fannish "steal" or is it mere coincidence?)

//-That's strange. Burton

thought of it being more Kirk-like.--lee--//

Contents in this issue vary in quality enormously. Your editorial (and its accompanying illo) is quite the least memorable, most forgettable thing I've seen in all the fanzines I've received this week, but Juanita Coulson's article is extremely enjoyable -- even if she is re-iterating a well-known truth, she is doing it well and with style -- and "Warlock" is highly enjoyable and shows great promise. The reviews ... well, we'll get to those later, and the fiction -- "abysmal" seems to sum it up. But onward!

The question of conscious and/or subconscious symbolism is an old one and I think most people agree that, in viewing any work of art, the individual experience of the responder will automatically color his reaction and allow him to see things the creator never intended. This, of course, does not invalidate the interpretation as long as it is realized that it is an individual one and not necessarily valid in any broader context. And, equally naturally, there are times when hunting for "meaning" can lead to quite humorously incorrect results. A case in point came up during the recent "Paul McCartney is dead" thing when, among a welter of clues, it was claimed that in the interior photo for Sgt. Pepper, Paul is wearing a badge with the letters OPD which, according to the pundits, stood for "Officially Pronounced Dead". Those of us who knew the badge read OPP and was an official Ontario Provincial Police badge Paul had obtained on his visit to Toronto couldn't help but smile at that one.

Sam Fath at least has the integrity to admit he's wasting space and time. Now if he'll just carry the realization to its logical conclusion...

Good for James Dorr! He writes one of the few humorous columns around and does so with considerable innovation. I hope he'll be a regular feature with Embel-yon. His column is somewhat reminiscent of Brunner's "Stand on Zanzibar" and hence of Dos Passos. I'm eager to see what other departments he'll weave into his tapestry.

Leon Taylor seems to go overboard on "Ancient, My Enemy" but this boils down to personal preference and I'm afraid I'm too far away from the story to attempt a detailed rebuttal. I'll just say that personally I found the Ancient Enemy routine an entirely contrived device invented by Dickson the Hack in order to hang a rather heavy-handed morality play on. The story wasn't all that well-written and the background seemed inconsistent. However, if Leon's idea of one of the world's great stories is "Somerset Dreams", we're obviously never going to see

eye to eye as far as fiction goes.

I haven't read any of the books reviewed so I'll pass these up. (A comment on the difficulties in distribution though; I'm dying to get Zothique but can't find it yet. And Dave's already read it. Damn! Still, I got "The Ship Who Sang" in Boston in March and it still hasn't gotten up here.) But for Dave Lewton's fanzine reviews I have a word or two. I've recently pondered the use of the in-depth fanzine review and come to the conclusion that it has little use after all. Evidently it's aimed at the fanned and exactly the same effects could better be obtained by a loc. Few fans are interested in reading two pages of someone else's opinions on some other person's fanzine. (I say this from experience. Going from the first to the second issue of my fanzine, I was forced by time and space considerations to drop my own in-depth review section, The Zinephobic Eye. Of the 200 people on my mailing list, one saw fit to comment on this. It was then I started to question their significance.)

//--Starting this issue the fmz reviews will be held down to one in depth and a series of shorter reviews. It's odd -- fans seem either to love the long review or despise it. No in betweens.--lee--//

But at least Dave and I agree that if you're going to do such reviews, a mere listing of contents and "I liked this" "I didn't like that" is insufficient. At least, apparently we agree on that. Dave puts me down, albeit mildly, for reviewing by merely stating opinion then reviews my zine by listing each article and stating that he didn't like it. Where are your own new vistas, Dave! Of course, he's entitled to his opinion, but it does seem to me that his review of Energumen 2 is somewhat contradictory, and it appears that his negative reaction is in the minority. Some points: I broke into articles three times in that issue, and twice because that was the nature of the article. This is hardly an "odious habit". No-one said the Ballard thing was a parody.

//-Pastiche would  
have been a better word.--lee--//

Susan didn't attempt to define sf or poetry. Kumquat May is an actual account. That's faanish, Dave, and there's a revival of faanish fandom.

SANDRA MIESEL 8744 N. PENNSYLVANIA, INDIANAPOLIS, IND. 46240

Of the two issues, I most liked the Fabian interview and Juanita's columns. The second of them, on the problems of interpreting art recalls Damon Knight's disconcerting analysis of "Common Time" by James Blish (in IN SEARCH OF WONDER). He found all sorts of elaborate sexual symbolism in the story which Blish denied consciously intending. Relativity of interpretation is an insoluble problem. All one can try to do is seek the author's intended meaning and then present alternative personal reactions, trying not to confuse the two.

A gently mean suggestion: The four local fanzines should not review each other (unless a complete outsider writes the review). There is the danger of cronyism.

//--Yes, this bothers me, too. But, on the other hand, is it fair to exclude local fanzines just because they happen to be local? Will the editors have to move away before they can be reviewed in Ego?--lee--//

PAUL WALKER, 128 MONTGOMERY ST., BLOOMFIELD, N.J. 07003

Leon Taylor's review of Gordon R. Dickson's "Ancient, My Enemy" deserved a "rah." ("Rah, Leon.") I had the story on my list of Hugo nominees for another fanzine, but I was supposed to nominate only one. I managed to get away with two: Koontz's "Muse" and Dick's "Electric Ant", neither of which achieved the final ballot. But Dickson's novella is one of the best. It has all the virtues Mr. Taylor claims for it.

It is, perhaps, unwise to say an author's work is beneath him, yet I can't escape that feeling where Dickson is concerned. His ideas are solid, providing potential for much more than he cares to deliver. The talent and ability are there. There is none of the phony ego, or prima donna stylizing standing in the way. Still, he writes story after story with a casualness that never does them justice.

Mr. Taylor scores another bullseye with his comment that December releases are "traditionally ignored". R.A. Lafferty's *FOURTH MANSIONS*, which I received a week after I submitted my nominations, is the best novel of 1969. To defend my opinion would require ten times the space and time I have available, so I'll just say that Lafferty's novel, while it is not for everyone -- for those it is aimed for -- is a rhetorical roller coaster ride; savage, funny, and hypnotic. Incredibly complicated and hopelessly obscure, but the mystic joy it excites is worth as many trips as a reader can take.

From the sublime to the proverbial ridiculous, there is David Burton's toleration of John Norman's Gor series. I don't like to be offensive with anyone I don't know, but Burton's review is light-years better than Norman's books. Why they were ever published is a mystery to me. Ughaweful!!

To proceed: Poor SFR. Nobody loves it.

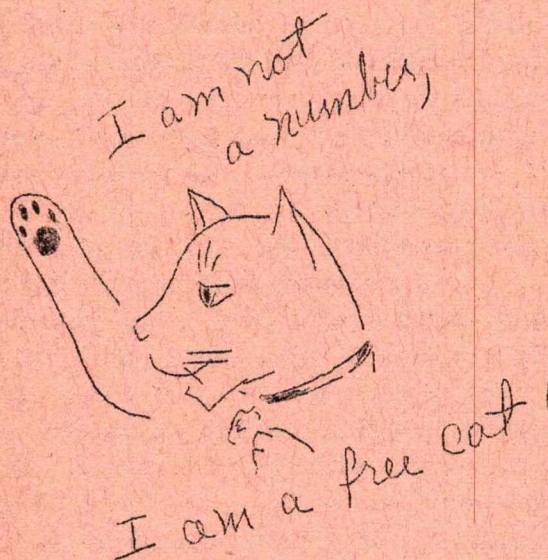
In the July *AMAZING*, John Berry says it is over the hill. In each issue, it seems this fan or that is cancelling his subscription. Now, Lewton (who writes the only interesting fanzine review column I've yet read) describes it as "stagnating" and "dying", a "terminal case".

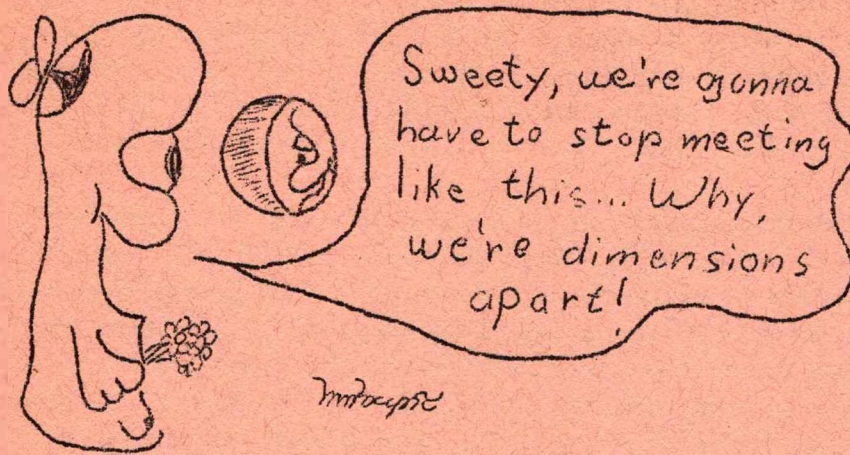
Well, perhaps it is so.

The circulation dropped to 1100 last issue and is sinking fast.

With every new issue, fifty to hundred fools hurl themselves into oblivion, little knowing their nickles and dimes are doomed. And Geis, poor...shattered... Geis...the shell of a man that was...his rags billowing in the cold winds that blow through the holes in the walls of the humble shack he calls home -- little does he know the end is near.

We should form a committee. Collect old clothes and canned goods.





Still, it was nice while it lasted. Each issue, as bad as it might be that particular month, contained at least one juicy tidbit you just couldn't get nowhere else. At times, it was an orgy of self-destruction. At other times, an oracle of apocalyptic peachpits.

//--Try saying that ten times quickly.--lee--//

The superb covers. The hilarious

Kirk and Gilbert. The reviews -- consistently, deliciously asinine, lambs to the slaughter conducted in bad taste in the letter col, with Dick Geis, the sarcastic referee. But always true in a peculiar, fragmented way. About people who care, whose whole lives are wrapped up in something (to excess, no doubt), nervous, irritable, brilliant, witty, and ideologically desperate characters shooting it out in mimeo. Farewell to them!

I will remember its intelligence, as well. Not a profound or scholarly intelligence, but a vital one that concerned itself with what SF is, a living entity, not a relic on a dusty shelf. And when you are concerned with the business of living, you speak of it passionately. SFR, as intolerable as it might seem from column to column, letter to letter, in any one issue, was always charged with immediacy. Its most offensive edition made compulsive reading, even if, in the end, you threw it across the room with a "Die, Geis! Die!" -- still it raised your blood pressure, lowered your inhibitions, and directed your attention to the typewriter where you were tempted to tell those "IDIOTS" a thing or two. And, for as long as it lasted -- SFR was very much alive.

//--Lewton says, "Gee (sniff), that's beautiful. --//

But I don't want to give the impression I favor the continued publication of SFR. Its moribund condition makes it a public health hazard. I am merely being sentimental.

I'd like to compliment Juanita Coulson on her lively column. I'm curious to know how Pasternak compares with Dostoyevsky. I see the relation, but not the comparison. Anyway, an interesting piece.

And my compliments to Sam Fath. If he ever writes a column, I'd like to read it.

And to Michael Juergens for his story.

MARILYN MAY, 3601 N. PENNSYLVANIA, INDIANAPOLIS, IND. 46205

One thing I was disappointed in was that there was no fiction. I expected it to contain mostly stories, poems, etc. Lee has explained to me why she thinks fic-

tion probably won't find its way into her magazine but I can't really agree with her. I think if there are as many science fiction writers around as supposedly there are, fanzines would be an excellent breaking in or training ground for the discovery of new and fresh talent.

//--Lewton, want to reply to her, giving your experiences with running a fiction fanzine? --lee--//

In my humble opinion the editorial was too informal -- unless everyone who reads the magazine knows the editors personally.

I thoroughly enjoyed the interview with Steve Fabian and thought the center section of his art was absolutely fantastic.

The article I could relate to the best was "Washington DC - May 9" by Dave Lewton. I know it has nothing to do with science fiction but I felt like it really said something important about a group of people who really give a damn.

MARK BARCLAY, 1310 W. HOOD, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60626

By far the highlight of issue 1 was Stephen Fabian, both his art and the interview with him. Reading through the interview, I got the impression that it was conducted by mail, which is a rotten way to do such things. (I realize that you are limited by such mundanities as long distances and such, but still...there are cons and things; interviews conducted in person are much better than otherwise.)

//--Yeah,

but look at how many cons there are and the person you want to interview may not be at the one you are attending. --lee--//

As to the female fan artist's comment (that Fabian is technically competent -- anatomy, perspective and such -- but that his work is lifeless): everything of his that I have seen, I have enjoyed, to some degree or another; it is always well done, from a technical standpoint, and for that reason will always be good. But, if a piece of art is lifeless, if it cannot do something to the person looking at it, if it cannot move him in some way, then it won't be appreciated as much. In the first two illos in the folio, it is true, somewhat, particularly the first one. The people and the -- pterodactyl ? -- are stiff and frozen; they aren't alive. For a piece of art to be really Great Art, it has to have some sense of motion to give to the viewer. If Stephen Fabian could achieve this effect, his art would be even better than it now is. And a person doesn't really need to know any technical terms to criticize artwork; all that is needed is a reasonable command of the English language. (Does anyone notice that most people who don't want to say anything about fan art outside of something like "It was good; I liked it." are willing to spew forth pages and pages of fiction and other kinds of written work?) Stephen Fabian is a fine artist; I see from LOCUS that he was just Hugo-nominated. He deserves it.

It is a frequently stated fact that most sf fans don't care about art; most (or maybe some) editors use it with the idea that -- what the hell, it makes the layout look nice; I might as well use it. Then you go and say that you want art, preferably hand traceable. This pretty much bears out the theory that most people don't like art. How can you print really Great Art when you are hand-stencilling it? Even with artists whose main ability is idea rather than true artistic content (cartoonists, mainly, like Rotsler, Berry, et cetera), something is lost in the transi-

tion. Just think what damage would be wrought on some one like a Stephen Fabian, or a Barr or a Bok or a Finlay or a Jones (Jeff or Eddie) or... the list goes on and on. You simply cannot produce Great Art -- hand-tracing it onto a stencil. E-stencilling at least, preferably offset. (Which brings up the problem of money ...)

//--Yes -- money. I offset folios, covers and other things that involve techniques that can't be handled on an ordinary stencil for various technical reasons, or which I wish to set off from the rest of the magazine for some reason. As for E-stencil -- well, something that can't be done on ordinary stencil, such as large areas of solid black, which would cause the stencil to fall apart under the stress of running it on the machine, or something in which the original has too much very fine detail or can't be seen properly through a light-scope, will be electrostencilled. BUT, E-stencil has a tendency to distort -- especially to broaden lines considerably, which I dislike intensely. --lee-/--Poor off set can butcher a good piece of art. Take a look at what happened to Fabian's art in the final issue of Double Bill. The printer screened art that didn't need it and the result was a muddy looking piece of art that did not look like the original which had crisp blacks and whites.--jim--//

MIKE KRING, P.O. BOX 626, SABINAL, TEXAS 78881

I especially enjoyed the art feature by David Burton. Steve Fabian is a fabulous artist (if I could draw half as good as him I'd be happy) and it's surprising to see he's a self-taught artist. And the folio was interesting, but it seemed to be a trifle small.

I hate to throw a damp rag on your zine, but most of the columns and articles were, to my mind, much too short. If you don't want to expand your zine, why don't you cut down on the number of articles and/or columns and let the writers stretch out? Just when the columns were getting interesting they seemed to be abruptly ended. (Juanita Coulson's and the art feature were the only ones which didn't seem to end abruptly.) A page and a quarter just isn't too much to work with.

//-- I do not -- repeat--do not limit the length of my columnists! They said all they had to say and stopped, which is better than saying the same thing over and over and over like some recent columnists.--lee--//

MIKE GILBERT, 5711 W. HENRIETTA RD., WEST HENRIETTA, N.Y. 14586

On the Fabian article... This is by far the best article on art that I've seen on S-F art.

This is the sort of article that I would have liked to have written.

I do have a few questions to ask: What do you mean by a "...plain talk review"? By "...someone who knows."; knows what? What should we know? I can run to a dozen books in my house and plunk down in front of a drawing and bring forth comments to the effect "...the main mass of the drawing draws the attention away from the center but this was done by the Japanese and is effective within a valid construction as the artist is attempting to communicate with the audience." Now, this is criticism that Steve seems to be asking for but I'd wish he'd make it plain.

I only wish that the interview could have continued for more pages as it was short and I would have like more of Steve's opinions.

JERRY R. MCHONE, P.O. BOX 17287, CHARLOTTE, N.C. 28211

Great thanx for the copy of Embelyon #2, I thoroughly enjoyed it. (Especially the King Arthur story, as I am presently on a Round Table kick anyhow. Just went through two of Howard Pyle's "juvenile" books, a modern-idiom edition of Morte D'Arthur, and am re-reading Twain's Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. The "Black Knight" story was hilarious.)

Whence cometh the name EMBELYON? A combination of somebody's initials? A slight (and strangely-motivated) perversion of EMBLEM? -- The name sounds kinda Arthurian itself -- there came a knight from Embelyon, etc. -- Or is it just some new "fannish" thing I am unaware of? (You'd be amazed at the long list of things of which I'm unaware.)

//--The name comes from a land mentioned in Jack Vance's The Dying Earth -- one of my favorite books.--lee--//

W. G. BLISS, 422 WILMOT, CHILLIGOTHE, ILL. 61523

Juanita Coulson states the situation on writing well. Gads, selling to editors is a problem. It's not too hard to see most of them are out of touch with the readers. Wonder wot idiot decided sf/fantasy has to have hokey covers on pbs. Most readers I know are frustrated at all the crud being sold. Incidentally I showed Harlan Ellison's pb of his column, THE GLASS TEAT to a lot of people and they dug it. I watch people shopping in the pb store at the sf section -- their attitude is obvious -- they are looking for a hint of something interesting in all of the dreke. Oh, there's a lot of good reprint stuff, but the good stuff stays in the memory well. Any publisher that has something worth a hoot to offer should have it made. There's no magic formula or mystique (that jazz is moron thinking), only one qualification has to be met with literature -- IS IT INTERESTING? I have hatched a fiendish plan for making literature popular outside of commercial publishing. Publish a giveaway edition. Send it to two or three thousand places including public libraries and fandoms. Of course it would have to be good enough stuff to create a demand on its own power. There's always a catch to good things.

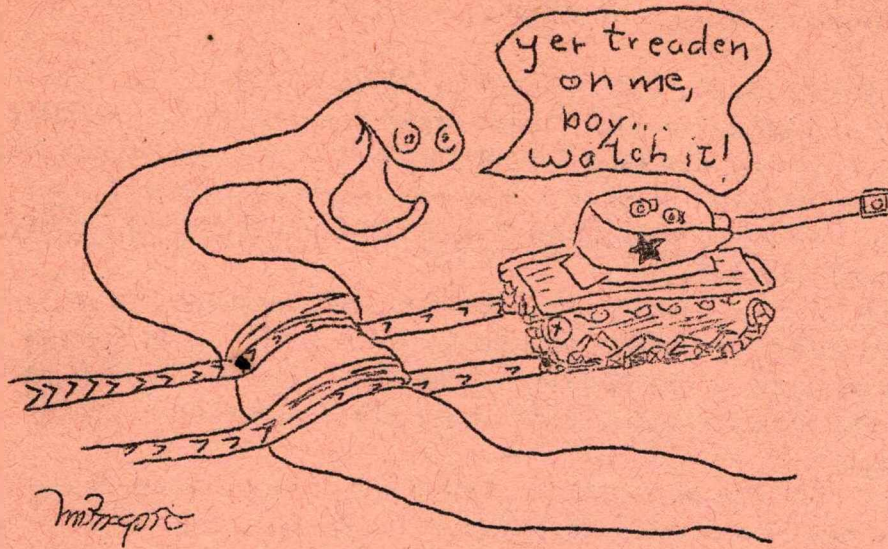
What snags most writers is clarity of expression. It is essential if you are writing for a large audience. Faulkner is beautiful in some of his books, but I know of millions of readers who no doubt would not wade through a page long paragraph for a point continued on the next page. No matter how good a work is, if the majority of the readers fail to tune in, it is kaput.

Myths arise either from ignorance or rationalization, or yarn spinning. Myths also substitute for unpleasant facts. One Myth (at least it has a possibility of finally being true) is that TECHNOCRACY will solve all of the world's



What's wrong  
with my Romulan  
disguise?





problems. Yup. Technocracy is still alive and pubs an OO. That myth covers up the fact that we need a new planet and fast transportation, that would apply to only a fraction of the people and they still would need new planets. Oh, one can bet that humanity will never do much about what kind of people humanity is, and since that is the root

of all the other problems, doom in the future unfortunately is no myth. Doom can take the form of a life that is not worth a hoot for the individual. Myths of superiority are popular. A megalomaniac knows for sure he is superior -- he has his own private myth. In the scientific world myth tends to sit in for fact (especially when the fact is an unknown). The section in any physics book on electromagnetic radiation is myth. Since I know what space characteristic is, I know about electromagnetic radiation. Does anybody else? Of course the perpetually interesting kind of myth is the epic tales. In religion myths of creators answer the question of origin of everything. When the need to know is great enough, myth serves as a stop-gap answer. Sandra Miesel says, "Today unreason is in the ascendent." In part that is the widening gulf of the information/knowing gap. Actually the way the world is going informationwise, one does need to be a hyper intelligent genius. Otherwise one is stuck with a lot of second best thinking, and that is usually oversimplification clean down to one label for anything no matter how complex. There's an old axiom, "The more you know, the better the the chances of being better off are." Also one definition of genius is knowing how to obtain useful information, even if it is not available. Consider, how moribound we all would be if we were suddenly stuck with just the current total body of information forever. Or, more in contrast the total information available in 1800. A steady supply of new basic information is necessary and has always been available (fortunately). Judging by the rate that it appears, very few people are practicing the art. The new requires the very best of thinking. There's a plot for a sf yarn -- what if all the unknown geniuses who whomp up the new just for the fun of it all go out on strike? (Being a creative genius usually doesn't pay very well -- they are paid on mundane pay scales or just stolen from -- or their stuff falls into public domain because they aren't interested in exploitation -- and it's a sure bet more falls into obscurity for that reason.)

RUTH BERMAN, 5620 EDGEWATER BLVD, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. 55417

Much of what Juanita says in "Left Handed Woman" astonishes me. You mean there are really people in the world who know enough about publishing to know that

there are such things as Vanity Presses -- and don't know that Vanity Presses are good for nothing? Well, obviously there must be, or Vanity Presses wouldn't stay in business. They can serve a function (basically -- if the writer has something to say that isn't worth saying and the money and vanity to want it said anyway), but the vast majority of works should be published either for love (in a hobby group like fandom -- and there are lots and lots of other-fandom-type fanzines) or for money. (Preferably both.) I'm also surprised that she says that fans cut up each other's writing. My experience is that fans tromp on each other for the ideas they hold, but that there is very little criticism of the writing, per se. In the case of my own fanzines, nearly all criticism has been rather kindly (of the "That's good, but you can do better" type at its most critical), with the exception of a few reviews that were obviously prejudiced for outside reasons (at least, they seemed so to my obviously prejudiced eye). The printed rejection slip isn't so flamboyant as those few, but it hurts a lot more, because it comes from someone who is obviously not acting under personal prejudice. My own defense against the hurt is to keep careful file cards on what has been submitted where until the action of keeping careful files and submitting one piece to as many markets as possible becomes a game in itself.

One of the fanzine reviews puzzles me a good deal -- "I do hope that Joanne will not be happy to sit on her laurels with a nice inoffensive fanzine" -- the implication seems to be that a really good fanzine will be offensive?

//--Some fanzine editors seem to think so, judging from last year's crop.--lee--//

JEFF SCHALLES, 173 MCCLELLAN DR., PITTSBURGH, PA. 15236

I saw an article the other day putting the S&G myth out for the garbage collection. In it, the guy said that NOTHING they have put out since "I Am A Rock" has been any good. He also put a special emphasis on the fact the Simon really doesn't MEAN to say anything when he writes -- it just comes out that way. Now Juanita Coulson comes out and uses a bit from the Cavett show to back this up, and I say: WRONG. Maybe at times he really does this, writes words that seem to have no meaning and letting the listener create his own, but there are just too many songs with real meanings, too many with a basis on reality, for this to be true in all cases. Take "Save the Life of My Child" -- those aren't just words strung together for the heck of it. Someone put a lot of thought into it, and that someone was Paul Simon. That remark on the Cavett show -- didn't you ever hear of modesty?

CY CHAUVIN, 17829 PETERS, ROSEVILLE, MICHIGAN

Dave, I noticed your 'over hostility on the subject' of poetry in that one review, but let me just say that since there is such a thing readily recognisable as poetry, and a thing readily recognisable as prose, there must be some boundaries to it; some sort of definition -- even though, like sf, we haven't found one that's acceptable to everyone yet!

NED BROOKS, 813 PAUL STREET, NEWPORT NEWS, VA. 23605

I don't believe in Sam Fath -- wonder if he will notice any effect? Maybe he's the platypus... The column is funny though.

