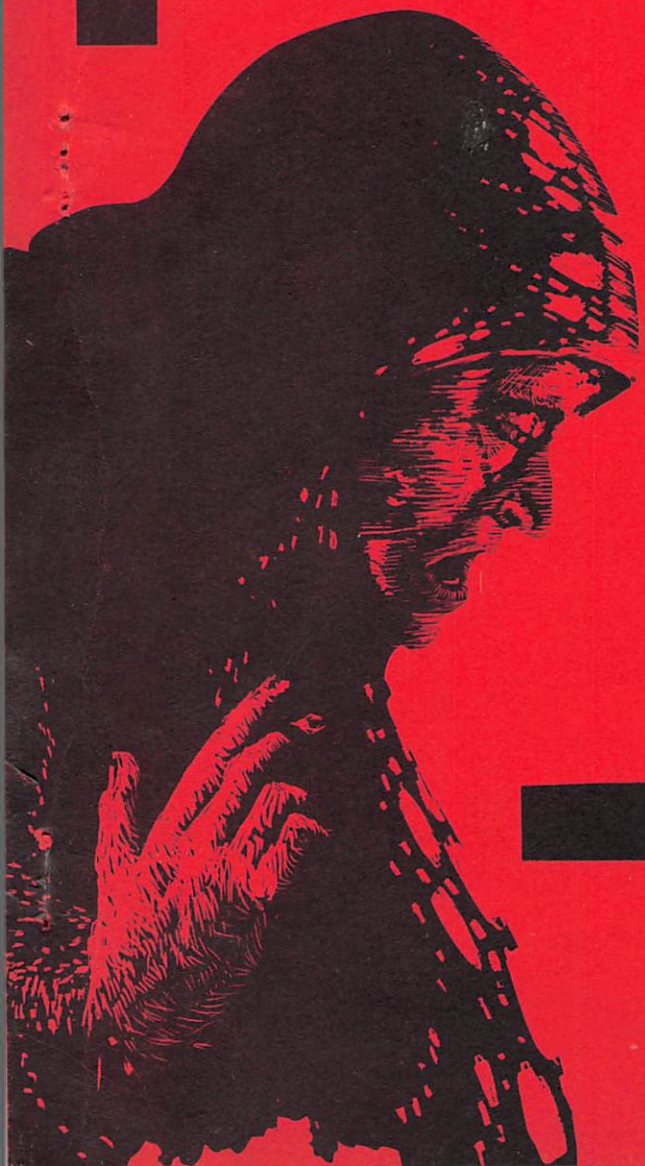


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EMBELYON 4

NOV., DEC., 1970, JAN., 1971

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- Jeff Schalles*: 33, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65
- BACOVER*: *Dave Lewton*

(* = electrostencil; ** = stencilled by the artist; *** = offset; all others traced by the editors)

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If you want Lewton to review your fanzine, folks, send him a separate copy (that is, one for him as well as one for us, not one without staples) at 735 Kessler Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46220.

Also, our many thanks to Dave Lewton for helping with the collating.

Next issue will probably be around April unless Jim learns to type faster than expected.

This is a Pboth Ppress Ppublication.

"Man wants little here below," the poet Goldsmith tells us. But try, just try to get it. Try to pay a bill from a department store without going through a jungle of advertisements and other non-sensical irrelavancies. The other day I opened an envelope from an Indianapolis department store with which Lee Anne is currently conducting a fervent romance. After 12 minutes passed in investigating the contents of the envelope, I succeeded in unearthing a bill for \$21.76.

You may well ask why it took 12 minutes to find the bill. I may tell you. Along with the bill were eleven enclosures of varying sizes. They were all beautifully written and expensively illustrated, these advertisements were; and if I were only in prison or quarantine, I could have spent an exciting hour reading them.

One pleaded with me to buy the latest moth killer. Another directed my attention to bras in heavenly tissue-skin nylon. Yet another made it quite clear

NAG, NAG.

that my life was dust and ashes without a Kool Foam airy cellular latex pillow.

A man who gets a bill wants to be able to remove it at once from its envelope and either pay it or invent some excuse for not paying it. He does not want to receive at the same time a complete inventory of the store's merchandise.

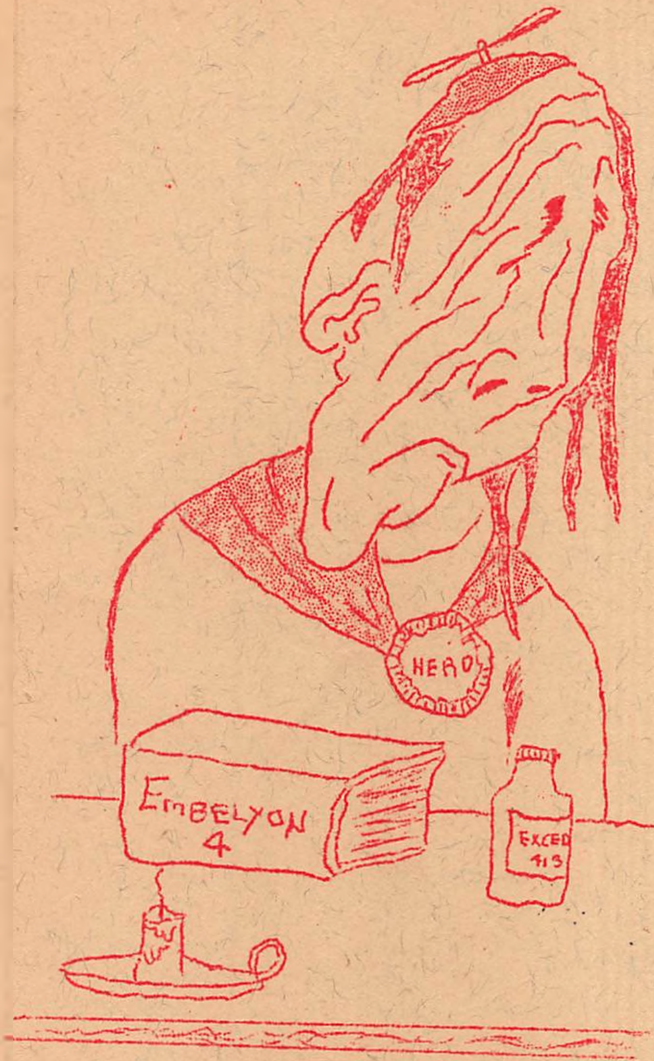
Three times out of four it is impossible to isolate the bill without the help of Lee Anne and our pet cat Gummich. By this time I am bewildered to the point of fury.

At one time a man could ask for razor blades and get them. This is becoming increasingly difficult. My favorite blades, splendid keen chaps, no longer come in easy to remove packets. Today they lie nestled in a slotted receptacle in such a manner that if you exert just the right amount of pressure on the top blade you can slide it out of the slot. The occasions when I have done this are noted in my diary.

Books used to come wrapped in a piece of paper tied up with a length of twine. In no time at all you could be reading the book. Now they arrive in cardboard iron maidens, suitable for the transportation of safes or pianos, without any visible weak point. Or they come swaddled in thick bags stapled at one end. The ingenious company that manufactures these bags cites their virtues: they are protective, time and labor saving, simple and clean. Possibly.

JIM

(continued on page 10)



Due to Sandra Miesel's two articles in previous issues, there has been considerable discussion of current trends in society today. All this sent me back to a book I read several years ago, *SEX IN HISTORY* by G. Rattray Taylor, which was published in 1954. This book, which is a survey of history as revealed by considering societies by their attitudes and customs as matrist, patrist, or in a transition stage, offers some interesting insights into the seemingly unexplainable upheaval that is going on so suddenly today. These two societies are based upon people who either modelled themselves on their fathers (patrists) or mothers (matrists). In the book, Taylor lists the general characteristics of each society. I will repeat the list giving the patrist characteristic first followed by its corresponding matrist characteristic.

LEE

1. (p) Restrictive attitude to sex/ (m) Permissive attitude to sex
2. (p) Limitation of freedom for women/ (m) Freedom for women
3. (p) Women seen as inferior, sinful/ (m) Women accorded high status
4. (p) Chastity more valued than welfare/ (m) Welfare more valued than chastity
5. (p) Politically authoritarian/ (m) Politically democratic
6. (p) Conservative: against innovation/ (m) Progressive: revolutionary
7. (p) Distrust of research, enquiry/ (m) No distrust of research
8. (p) Inhibition, fear of spontaneity/ (m) Spontaneity: exhibition
9. (p) Deep fear of homosexuality/

NAG

- (m) Deep fear of incest
10. (p) Sex differences maximized (dress)/ (m) Sex differences minimized
11. (p) Asceticism, fear of pleasure/ (m) Hedonism, pleasure welcomed
12. (p) Father-religion/ (m) Mother-religion

And there you see pin-pointed almost all the characteristics that have been coming to the forefront recently, listed in either a positive or negative manner: Women's Lib, socialistic trends, campus riots, Gay Liberation (although I haven't seen any signs of the incest fear, yet), the resentment of any and all authority, unisex; even the signs of a Mother religion with the current upsurge of mysticism, witchcraft and magic.

The list is rather frightening, not
(continued on page 10)



the andrew

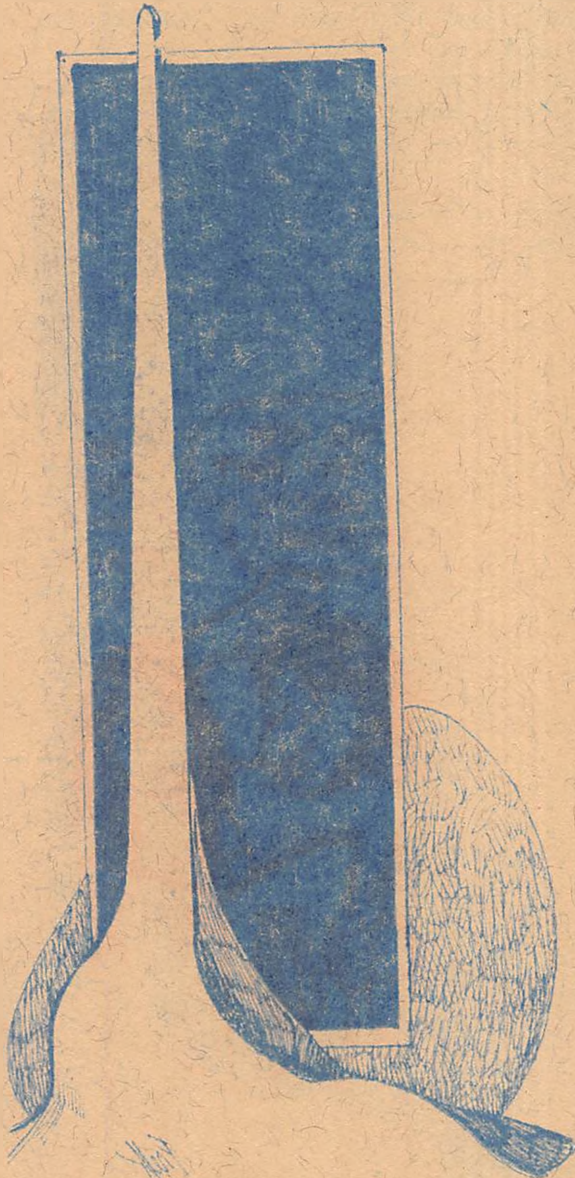
Here it is, sportsfans, the second open letter in this the fourth issue of the fanzine that asks the question: CAN any of its columnists aside from Juanita Coulson SAY anything? All thanks to Paul Walker in #3, and Leon Taylor in #2 for this line from Walker: "...Taylor scores another bullseye with his comment that December releases are 'traditionally ignored.'" "

Ohboy. Well, this should be in the December issue of Em, and you people seem to groove on this Inside stuff, so let me lay on you the

ANATOMY OF A NOVEL

by a. (j.) novelist

July 1969 : I outlined a novel about the Pastorate of the United States. Under the Pastor's ultra-repressive hierarchy (a possible overkill Fundamentalist backlash to present sexual situation in U.S.), is the superpowerful Pastorean Guard, also known as the Federal Obscenity Police, also known as the FOPs. The opening chapter shows one of their powers, as they burst in on a pair of happy lovers. He receives the instant courtroomless punishment for fornication: summary gelding via tightlaser beam. (The FOPs are currently in training, brutality fans, in LA and Chicago.) There's also an underground, the Coven. Dedicated to making the Pastorate look ridiculous -- easy, and 3 times the line appears that no religious hierarchy can afford to have a sense of humor -- and to overthrowing it. (Hero's a FOP.) The appeal of the Coven, headed by 'John Cleland', is obvious: mysticism,



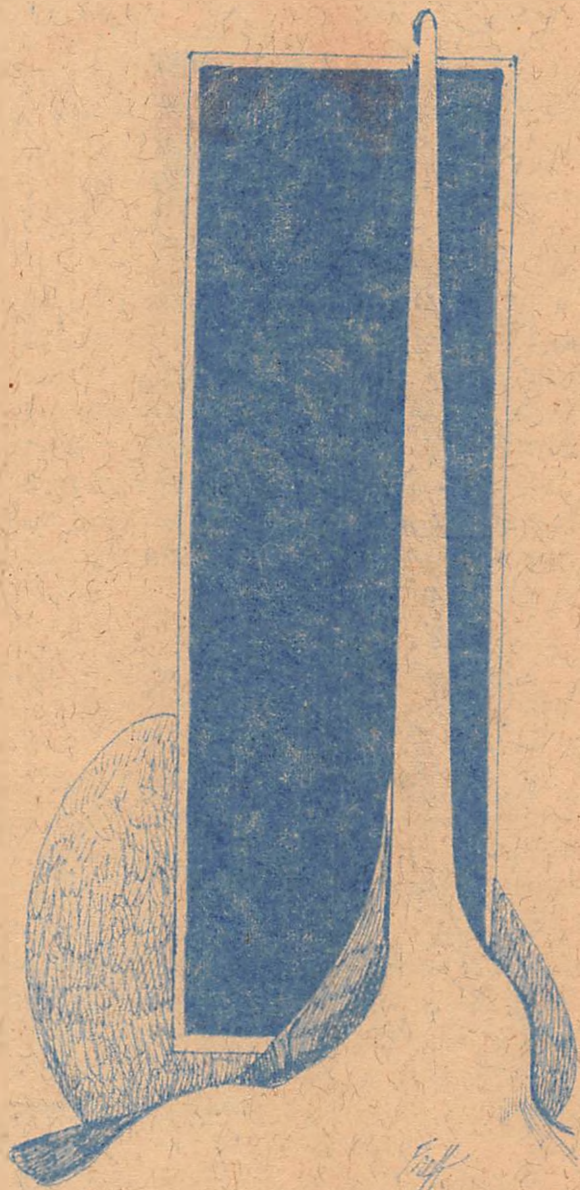
offutt letter

satanism, witchery, copulation: a feeling of delicious wickedness, license. Satanism always flourishes during repressive regimes. (Yes, I guess some will call it a somewhat sexy book. But like BJB, not, say, John Cleve's wicked stuff!)

Cleland, named after the writer of FANNY HILL, has read Ayn Rand, and people keep finding WHO IS JOHN CLELAND? signs painted up. And constantly JC intones at Coven meetings: 'Let there be license!' . Which is the title I decided upon even before the outline was finished. What else?

August 1969: Outlined LET THERE BE LICENSE (LTBL). How? the little old welfare recipient in the backrow asks. Well, usually I work from two or three singespaced (elite) pages; between a thousand and 1500 words. I have written novels from a lot less, and they probably show it. I kept getting these flashes, and I wrote the outline three times, which is most unusual. Then the book's format came: it is semi-epistulary, and --- outline #4. I had that typed double-spaced, and it came to a whopping 11 1/2 pages, pretty detailed (I deviated only twice), plus about twice that many notes, quotations, etc.; Coven stuff is authentic.

(The outline went with me to St. Louiscon, and that sweet man and beautiful artist George Barr, for whom I'd strip off even one of my Lew Magram shirts, did a cover painting for it. They were submitted together, but our plan didn't work out, and I'll bet I like Paperback Library's cover less, when it comes out.)





My ledger says I began creating on 15th September and began (Cleve's) MON-GOL! on 3rd October, meaning I finished LTBL on 28th September. (All us Britishers write dates that way.) I proofread/edited it by reading aloud to my poor Jodie, then went through it again, then handed it to secretary for subtyping. When she finished, I remember that Jodie proofread that (I was tired of it), and it was mailed 11/4/69. By that time I had finished MON-GOL! --- which sold the following month, Cleve's last submission to Brandon House --- and began VENDETTA the 11th.

I can't tell you exactly what went down with LTBL after that. I know Doubleday and Putnam saw and said no; they always have, along with PLAYBOY; those three are goals, and they say no VERY promptly. After that I've no idea; see Appendix, later. I was busy. I create. Jodie and sec'y type. Agent sells. That gives me time to turn out at least 12 novels a year and support the Mercedes-coonhound-four offuttspring (and their dentists)-two Selectrics-several liquor companies --- AND do this funzine stuff I love.

Between 11/69 and 5/70 I wrote important stuff like LoCs and fanzine articles, nonsense such as 8 novels, and sold 8 --- not the same ones. My agent always has an inventory of about 10 of mine, which may or may not be a Good Thing. See Appendix, later.

February '70: Dell bought one, written in August. Paid half advance in March, half in July. Now they tell me it MAY be out in '71. It's a crazy business.

May '70: I was making seven half-hour radio tapes, for money. (Playing Writer is fun. Also dangerous. It's possible to get so busy playing Writer you quit writing, in which case --- unless you're Truman Capote --- you may have to go to Work for a living. I play Writer very little, since I'd hate to have to go to Work. I tried that once. It interferes with my hobbies, which are writing, drinking, talking, and sexing.) I was sitting there on May 10 trying to decide what the seventh program (tapetime in 2 hours) was going to be about. Agent called from NYC: Paperback Library wants LTBL for \$_____ against 6% of cover price first 50,000 copies and 8% thereafter. Wishing it weren't too early to begin hobby #2, above, I said marvy, and guess what the radio tape was about, moneyfans.

May 17, '70: contract came: PL would publish ajo's LET THERE BE LICENSE within a year, would pay half the advance against royalties on contract signature and half later. (The other three contract pages said how, and how we could avoid tryina screw each other.) I like the slowpay clause fine. MY money in NYC is safer than in my bank here. I discipline myself, and write steadily, and have more ideas than time; I write something seven days a week, and at least 20,000 words of new fiction weekly. But I know I may get hit by a semi, or try to

machete my thumb off again. (Remind me to tell you that one. For a drink you can look at it at the next Con. Looks like something Vincent Price and Igor ran off one night while drinking elderberry sours. In the dark.) Thus I'm always delighted to have a few publishers owing me a few big ones; it's a form of security. (Strange. Cleve gets paid a LITTLE less, but far more promptly than offutt. Them big companies is slow, and uncle andy's advice to a first-saler is: DO NOT start spending that money until you have it. It may be six months.)

July 1970: Nice letter from PL. Decided my title wasn't too sf-sounding. So they'd had a Meeting and reached a Committee Decision (see ATLAS SHRUGGED and PETER PRINCIPLE on committee decisions) to retitile it ... are you ready? ... EVIL IS LIVE SPELLED BACKWARDS. (sf?) Not even Backward. Backwards.

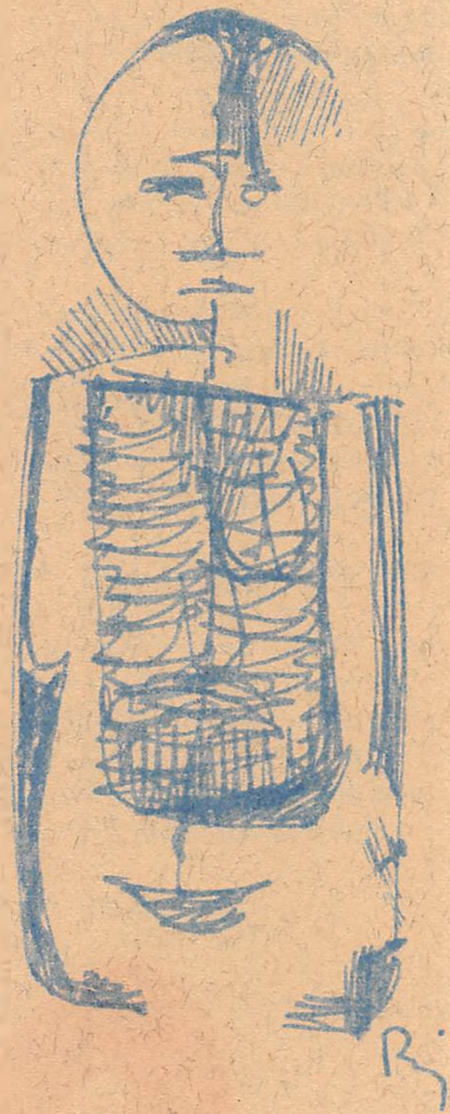
Digression: I wrote THE SADISTS, Brandon House retitled it Bruise. I wrote NERO'S MISTRESS, MY MISTRESS, Brandon retitled it NERO'S MISTRESS. I wrote THE PLAGUE and Jodie and Fred Pohl changed it to Population Implosion (they were right, too). Orpheus published my THE EDUCATION OF MARY LOU as The Seduction of Mary Lou, and THE Y FACTOR as Fruit of the Loin. Midwood changed CAPTIVE ANGEL to Swallow the Leader, and CAROLINE, POOR CAROLINE to Seed (!). But...

The phrase ltbl appears in that book about 20 times. It ENDS that way. The book's midpoint is marked by it. The conflict between sexual 'license' and repression is what the book's about. It was one title I KNEW no one would (be able to) change. It was integral. I called the lady. My god, she is sweet-voiced and sweet, pleasant, open to discussion, and I swear I am sightunseenly in love with her but don't ever tell Jodie, or my secret Thing: Lee Lavell. (or Jim, either.) She would sure try, and I sent a letter affirming our phone conversation (\$8.50 plus 5% salestax plus 10% of the TOTAL, tax on tax for the scummy feds; \$9.84).

The letter said I thought Let There Be License is a clever restatement of a religious book's phrase, for a book about that religion gone rampant (again); that Evil Is etc is a marvy cutesy peachykeen 23-skidoo 5th grade catchphrase (and tide is edit spelled backwards, and there's maddog, and Niven's tnucnips!). Also, if we HAD to change, it seemed to me that EVIL IS A 4-LETTER WORD is some better, and if we really want a sf title howsabout Coven of Tomorrow, and grab the Barnabas/Anton LaVey fans?

August 1970: I think that wonderful woman (I swear I'd still be stuck on her even if it were her doings) got into trouble, and maybe I got a bad rep --- although I was very nice and professional. As Jim Lavell said last time, I'm an oddball writer. Untemperamental. Grown





up. Unperturbed by Killer reviews (the 'best' I've had was in Screw. Tore Me Up!). Anyhow, digression fans, comes this regretful letter, obviously passing on a Boss-made decision: sorry. Word 'license' reminds boss of marriage and hunting, not licentiousness. a.j.o.'s EVIL IS LIVE SPELLED BACKWARDS will be out in December 1970.

DECEMBER!

Loo^t, you may hate this book. It may get nothing but bhad reviews. Damon and Harlan and Annie McCaffrey and Dick Meredith and Pope Paul may take me off their Groundhog-day card list. But...I had to write and explain. I think the novel's pretty good, and it's gonna drive the Labellers wild because it's neither Old nor New Wave, but both, and I think it MAY get a nomination or two. Could it be brung out in November '70, or held till January '71?

Sorry. Not enough inventory to juggle. (I could solve that. So buy the four s&s I was so misguided as to write.) (But... CLANSMAN OF ANDOR would probably be published as DROWS IS SWORD SPELLED BASSACKWARDS --- by werdna ttuffo.)

Well, I always sign myself Positively. I am very up on shaping my life via positive attitudes. So Pollyanna offutt wrote her the copout letter I'm adding as an appendix. It's genuine. I am sending Em the carbon from my file; maybe they can get Hensley to notarize its authenticity. Hell, he only charges 15¢, plus a dime for the Green Stamps.

So, I will have a pretty decent novel coming out about the time you read this, Christmasfans, with a bad title and a bad release date, and without George Barr's lovely cover painting, and send all your Killer reviews to Sam Fath, c/o Embelyon, for publication in the post-~~hark/hark~~ mortum werdna j. ttuffo Memorial Thing, to be brought out in his memory in conjunction with mister ttuffo's ARDOR ON AROS, which Dell will publish in December 1971, sure as hell.

[Memo to Lavells: don't send any copies to NY, ok? Just our secret, right. PL DOES like my writing. And be sure to bring Em out in December, the month everyone loses fanzines amid all the wrapping paper.]

endit

APPENDIX*

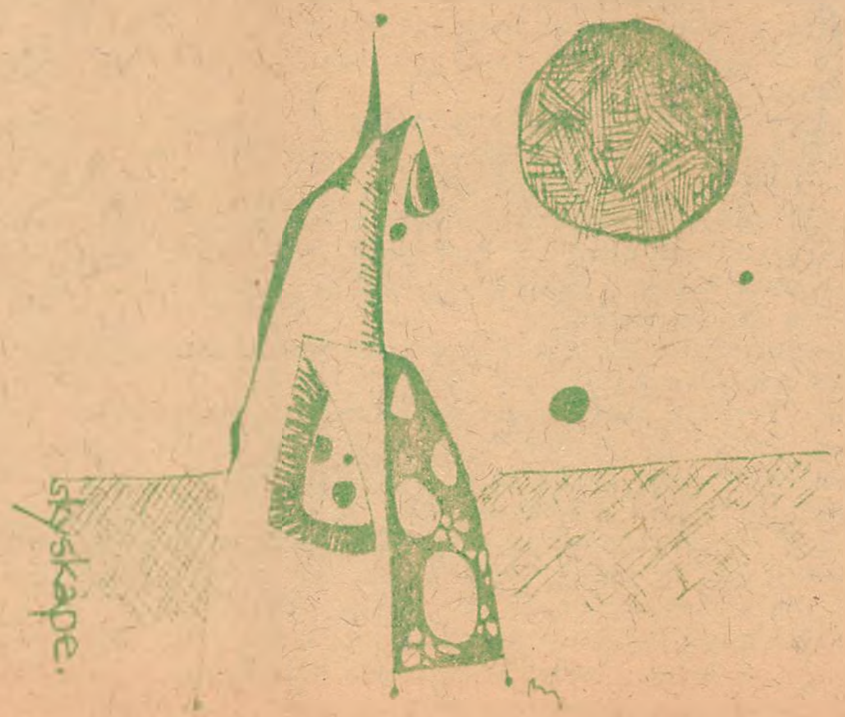
1: Lordgod, some of these publishers keep mss forever. GALAXY kept E = mc-ooOOPS! seven months, bought it cheeep, and published it two months later as ASK A SILLY QUESTION, last June. DAPPER kept Symbiote four months, then said we want it, then 3 months later said they'd pay for it Real Soon Now, and it would be in the December '70 issue. It's sf, and maybe I'll have been paid the hundred bucks by the time you read this. Ted White holds the record. He asked me for a story in February 1969; got it a week later. Kept it. Ignored three (3) queries with stamped, self-addressed envelopes (I know he could have steamed off the stamps, but what could he have done with 3 envelopes addressed to me? I don't got no fanzine). He returned it 3/1970: 13 months. Not even a note, and not those SASE's, either.

2: I figger a writer's paid for his brain, for creating, and it's d*u*m*b for him for him to use his time copytyping and selling. So I operate on a businesslike basis, a sole-proprietor novelshop, and I have employees. If anyone's interested, we can always go into my work habits at a future date. If no one is, we'll probably do it anyhow.**

3: Official copy of moneygrubbing offutt's pussycat copout letter to P.L. dated 8/7/70:

'Thanks for your letter.
 Thanks far more for trying. I appreciate it immensely. Having tangled with powers beyond my abilities to challenge successfully (that M'bongi witch-doc-tor, that dratted Egyptian priest with the funny prune-faced lackey, that oddball Transylvanian lady with the fascinating orthodontic problem), I can understand and appreciate. My positive philosophy doesn't allow me to think about it, after today.

'So that's the title.
 'So that's when



it comes out.

'So that's it.

'After all, notalutipac is capitulation spelled backward.

'There is always the comfort of foreign aphorisms; que sera, sera, and madz' al-kull (This too shall pass, Sir Richard Burton's Arabic motto), not to mention Chevrolet coupe and volksvagen. There's also 'may your name be for a blessing,' but I can't lay that on you in Yiddish. Morehead is too small to be able to afford Jews. (Actually there's only one black here, too. He washes windows during the day. Nights and weekends he growls pantherishly and makes mean faces at tourists. He makes ten a day for window-washing, fifty a night as a tourist attraction.)

'I do hope that you didn't get into any trouble and/or have to take ornery lip because you Tried.

'Friends.

'Stay well, and please be careful.

'Positively, offutt.'

*Appendix: a word meaning we know this is long, folks, and we're gonna stick all this other stuff back here in hopes you don't notice our lack of restraint.

** Or maybe give it to Sam Fath, so he'll have something to column about.

Positively the end

 NAG NAG...(continued from page 2)

But they are not openable. Sometimes you can force open the staples without much loss of blood, but should you make the slightest wrong move, you tear the bag. Outflies a bushel of ancient furry shredded paper, the perfect stand-in for mouse dirt. This distributes itself impartially over the floor, walls, and your throat and nasal passages.

Admitting without argument that I belong to that oppressed minority of males who are all thumbs, I would suggest that the real trouble lies with the fact that we can not let well enough alone. Our native ingenuity is so restless that the potentialities of change lying within the gadget begin to dominate our imaginations, drowning out any sense of that perfectly proper resistance to change lying within every human being. The man who falls in love with the gadget has fallen out of love with his own humanity.

 ...NAG (continued from page 3)

because I think that a matrism society is necessarily bad, but because a revolutionary change is always difficult to adjust to for those brought up in the old traditions. No wonder there is a generation gap -- it is a gap of more than age, but of psychology and society itself.

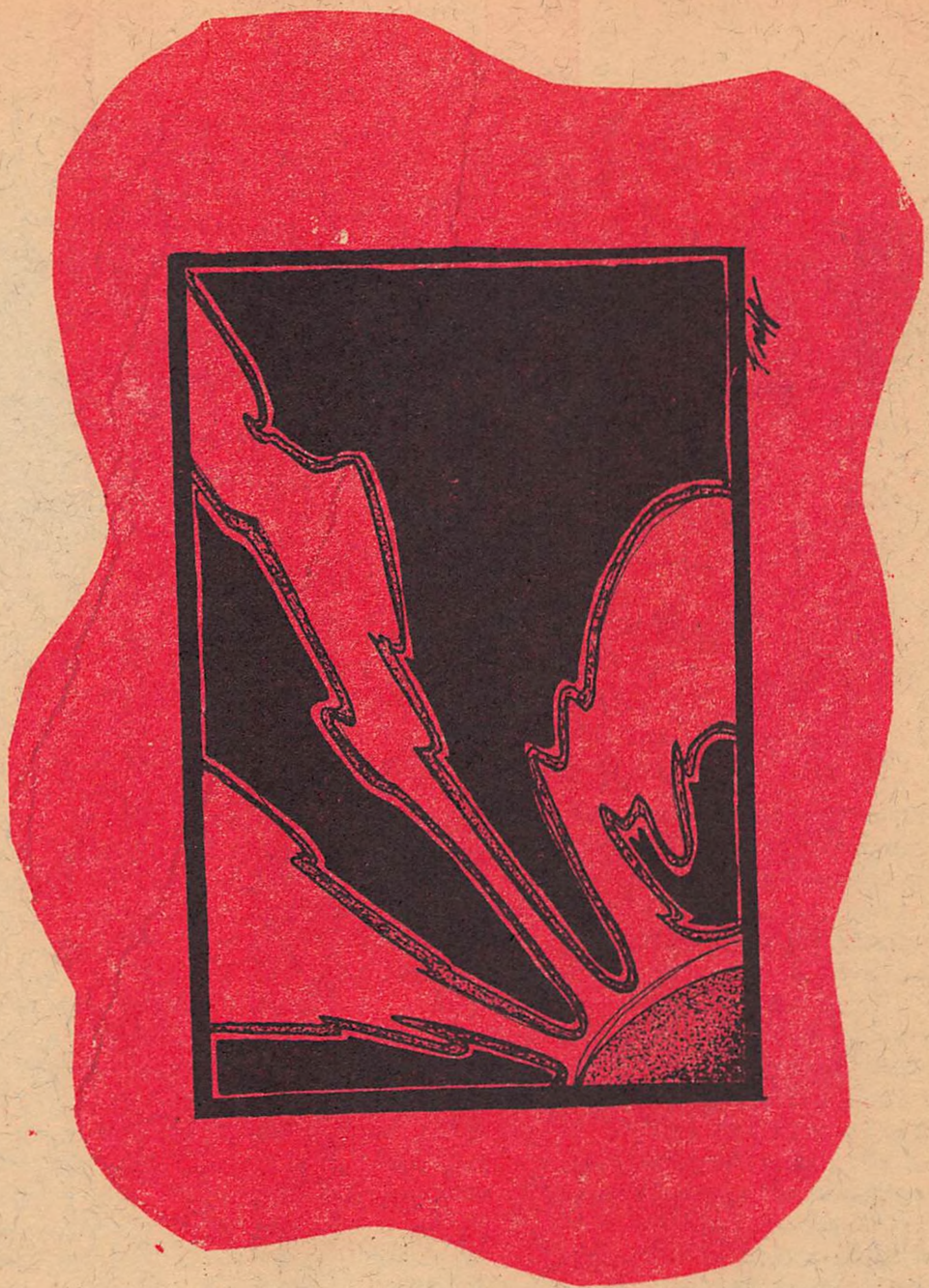
ODDS & ENDS: Gosh wow but this issue turned out to be a monstrous size...as I had suspected it would. So, as warned in the last issue, the price has gone up to 50¢. Which I don't think is too bad for 75 pages.

Otherwise, I got sort of carried away. The selectric, we had intended to get (and a good thing, too, for without elite type Pboth only knows how many pages this issue would have gone!) -- and one color drum. Instead of only one, we added 3 --

(continued on page 52)

LEFT
HANDED
WOMAN

J U A N I T A
C O U L S O N



One of the advantages attached to succeeding in selling something to a pro publisher is the right to join SFWA. (Sometimes that's a disadvantage, too; but we'll get into that another time.) Ordinarily this doesn't amount to much: getting the little "market news " bulletin --- when it comes out, which it hasn't, lately; getting the pros' letterzine and having the fun of watching all the pros behaving like feuding fans and every bit as childishly; and at cons getting to go to the pro party --- which is just as crowded and smoky and eventually populated by drunks as any other party. It also, at St LouisCon, gave one the privilege of dropping into the "SFWA Press Room". Now that doesn't seem much. After all, it's basically the N3F room with pros. But at St. LouisCon it also had the added zonker of permitting one, if in residence in the room at the right time, to get a chilled spine.

Hal Clement was there part of the time. Now quite apart from the fact that he was one of the first stf writers I really admired, he is also a scientist. He may



be put down because he isn't New Wave, but he isn't a finger-in-the-mouth old time writer, either; when he puts a detail in a story, he knows whereof he speaks and you know, given the set of physical circumstances he describes, this is the way it would be.

It is not cheering to hear Hal Clement say why we must keep on with the space program. It is not cheering because, with his words still rattling around in the back of your head and giving you nightmares, you keep reading of cutback after cutback and hearing mundane after mundane put the whole thing down. (And you should hear Clement's remarks on "The next clown who comes up to me and says 'Why don't we take all that money we're spending on space and put it into...'")

Mostly it is not cheering because what he had to say was pretty grim. It didn't deal with man's great need to

conquer space because it was there, our glorious destiny, or even a 2001 theory that Someone is out there and we have to get out and meet them. It dealt primarily with two things: people and power. And supply and demand, as it were. He stated flatly we were going to run out of the latter (and very much sooner than all the government projections would like you to believe) because not only will the former increase, but its/their demands will increase, greatly.

This is something a trifle hard to explain to the under-30 group, and almost impossible to explain to the under-20s. Our world runs on a very great deal of transferred power. Pure muscle power is becoming exceedingly rare. And anybody who tries to find a true agrarian society is going to have to reach pretty far. I mean a big agrarian society. (In the end, everything boils back down to the soil, which I also may get into some other time; but right now even in countries like China power is something to be reckoned with down on the farms, and becoming moreso constantly.)

Clement quoted a few chilling statistics, and I hope Anne McCaffrey, who had a notebook handy and was copying his facts off, will do something really grabby with them. Some people need to be grabbed.

Right now brownouts on the east coast of the US are popular themes for comedians and emcees on tv (who are going to find themselves browned out sooner or later when a really big overload comes along). But from being an increasingly frequent nuisance, failure of power is going to become critical. We simply use too much power. And the thing to remember is, at this stage of the game it is damned near impossible for us to go home again. It's popular for city governments to say save power this and that way and don't run this and that appliance. But the point is with the skyrocketing conversion of every facet of our lives to power-governed equipment, we're going to reach a state of grinding halt.

When the machine stops, it will stop all over, and not just for a few hours. We are going to be in big trouble.

And Hal Clement, who is a man who seems to like to get his facts straight, thinks the time will be a lot sooner than we think. Terrifyingly sooner.

We know what the sources of power on Earth are, and can make a fair estimate of

our reserves. (And has anybody considered the sheer callousness of a government expert who can say: "It's all right; we have enough coal, gas, and water power reserves to last three-hundred years." In other words, for all the generations coming after that three-hundred years, tough. Perhaps one of the best eye openers and re-considering machines we could have would be a medical breakthrough that could give us physical immortality; an "I'm all right, Jack" attitude to all our descendants might not seem quite so useful, then.) Clement said atomic power alone is not going to fill the gap....a gap that he believes will start appearing well before this century is out, and, fellas, it's 1970 now. In the long run, we have one strong prayer, and a pretty good one....one that will work not just for three-hundred years, but on the order of three-million, which should safely see us through our stage in evolution, assuming any of our species are still around after that long a time: solar power.

He mentioned various very complicated and engineering ways of obtaining solar power. All of them, various solar mirrors and synchronous orbits and laser transmittal and all sorts of Buck Rogers stuff, had high initial cost to achieve, and then became virtually free. And all of them required not just getting out into space, but becoming utterly familiar with it and competent in it. So we could say on such and such a date we're firing up a piece of a solar mirror and do so. (Not taking, I hope, a cue from the auto industry, which has progressed from a car that broke down almost every time one used it to a car that only breaks down now and then, but still can almost guarantee falling apart at some critical and necessary time in everyone's life.)

There's another advantage he mentioned to solar power: it's basically non-polluting once in operation. And I think that's going to become even more critically important in the next few years.

But also he says the whole thing is going to take a hell of a lot of time. We can't just suddenly find our backs up against the wall, with the lights, literally, going out all over the world, and the machinery that provides heat and medicine and survival (we're too far from the cave, now, to swing it very well, people, especially not on the scale of three billion...or six billion) slowing to a halt and burning out its brushes. It will be too late, then, to scream at those in power "Do Something."

Clement didn't think we were going to make it, and he may be right.

Unfortunately.

Not for you and me, if you're over thirty. But it's going to be nasty for those under that age.

Like I said, what might be needed to light a fire under some people with political power would be the sudden arrival of physical immortality.

Or a sudden awareness on the part of a lot of people who don't seem to grasp the problem, right now, that their children are the ones who will suffer.

And frankly, for every clown who says "What does it matter to me? I'm going to be dead before we run out of power, air, water, you-name-it," I think instant immortality should be mandatory. They deserve to inherit the world they didn't give a damn about.



...
...Juanita

Coulson

AN INTERVIEW
MIKE GILBERT

Tell us something about yourself, personally.

As of the moment I am a ripe 23, with white hair in the sideburns, sigh. I was born in Buffalo, N.Y., but have spent the balance of my life in a 150 year old house surrounded by S-F, swords, and Civil War relics, in W. Henrietta --- an over developed small town south of Rochester.

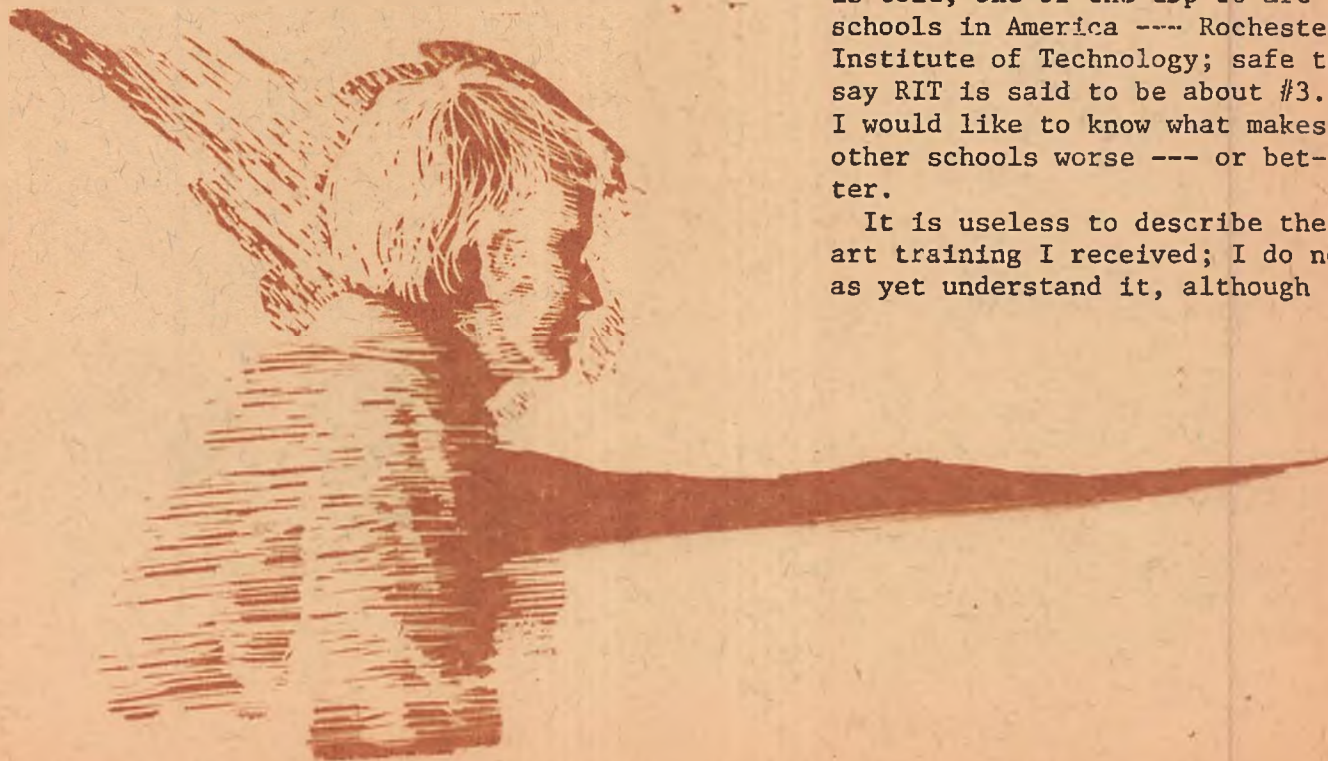
Of the schooling I've had, I say, "Ugh" --- one of my first bad memories is of a Catholic school where nuns taught us to square dance. I soon contracted rheumatic fever and was saved. In Rochester I attended a school system that was built for 500 students but all of a sudden had to contend with 15,000. As a result I had most of the first to eighth grades in half-shift sessions (7 to 12 or 1 to 5 o'clock).

High school was high school; I took art courses. Gagh!

Describe the art training you have had.

I have been graduated from, one is told, one of the top 10 art schools in America --- Rochester Institute of Technology; safe to say RIT is said to be about #3. I would like to know what makes other schools worse --- or better.

It is useless to describe the art training I received; I do not as yet understand it, although I,



WITH

along with many others, found it sadly lacking. Art training in most art schools today is designed to give the local market technicians who can do layout and paste-up work. This is perhaps because local firms give \$\$ to schools so that they can "purchase" people from the school. The ideal situation is one where someone studies under another artist and the art schools are a modern day substitution (which doesn't work). The art school today is not good for any creative artist. It tries to place one in a neat, nice hole in which to work.

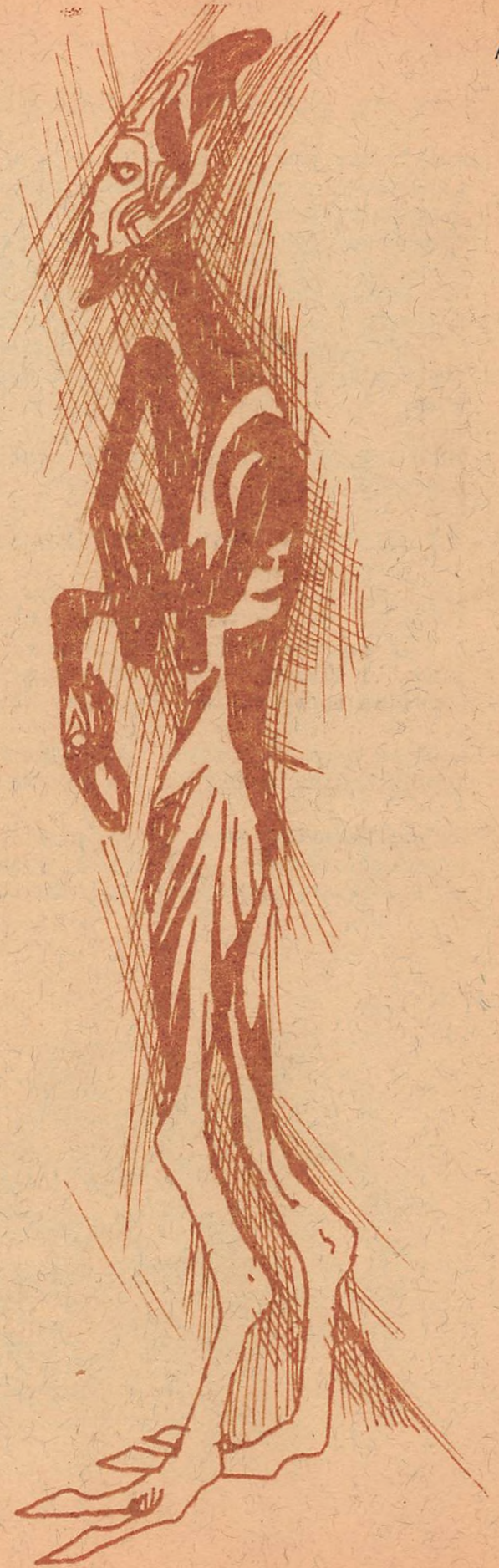
In the end, as a result of good advice, I have tried to stay away from any one's or any school's influence in my style.

How did you happen to get into S-F art?

I just drew. I did a picture of my father asleep on a couch, fishes, pirates, dinosaurs...then I saw a Willy Ley article on dinosaurs in a *Galaxy* (mid 60's) and I found S-F. Love at first sight.

IN PERSPECTIVE

LEE LAVELL



What were your major artistic influences?

People who have influenced me in art are not that many, mainly because I have always tried to stay away from other artists' work in fear of contamination (like I would perhaps copy styles or content). The people who have most influenced me are Jack Gaughan and John Schoenherr (whom I know personally and to whom I owe a huge debt of gratitude. I feel they are among the top artists in America today.); the others are Bob Peake, Paul Calle, Bob McCall, Mark English, M. Sendak; Classic: Bosh, Titian; S-F: the two already named, Emshwiller and Bok.

These men have been the most inspiring to me in style, conception and life style and it is partly due to them that I do what I do and that I am able to do what I do.

What are your preferences and dislikes in the various artistic techniques you have employed?

The only media I have difficulty with are those that are

- a. messy.
- b. employ too much time (in drying, as in oils).
- c. are behind the times --- as in printmaking (lithography).

I prefer ink and scratchboard for black & white, because I like to work with line. I like to explore what line can do and what I can do with it. I also like acrylics because with manipulation you can get any effect you desire.

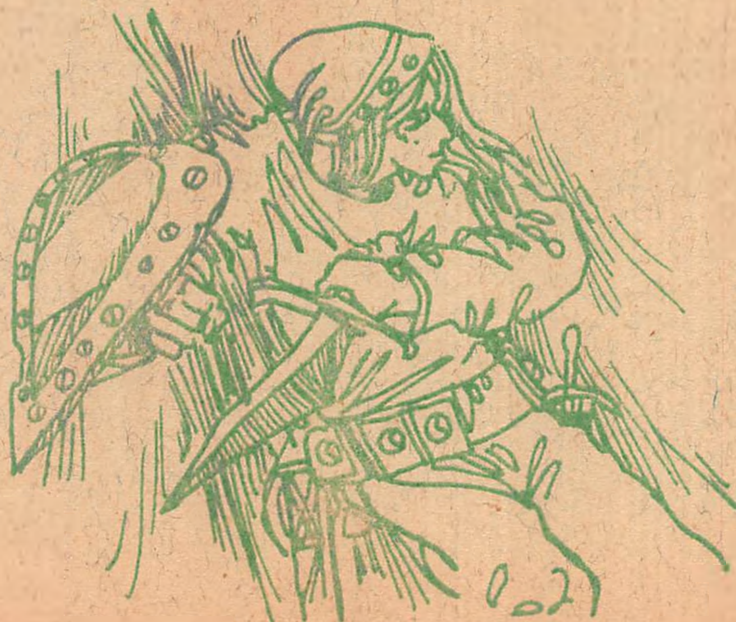
Much of your work seems to center around a consistent alien background. How did this come about and will the series eventually evolve into a complete illustrated story?

My work centers about my thought which I label as Clarke-Stapledon; i.e. rational, expected science; an explored, probable future. A. C. Clarke books such as *Profiles of the Future* contain phrases that still bring a tear to mine old eyes. I cannot

give exact references to what there was in these works that inspired me; it was the entire work and the ideas that were there. But I can give a quote or two that still thrills me.

From the article "When Earthmen and Alien Meet":

"Let us hope that we have time to cultivate these virtues. For the hour is very late and no one can guess how many strange eyes and minds are already turned upon the



planet Earth."

And from Profiles
of the Future:

"Our Galaxy is now in the brief springtime of its life --- a springtime made glorious by such brilliant blue-white stars as Vega and Sirius... Not until all these have flamed through their incandescent youth, in a few fleeting billions of years will the real history of the universe begin.

"It will be a history illuminated only by the reds and infrareds of dully glowing stars that would be almost invisible to our eyes; yet the somber hues of all-but- eternal universe may be full of color and beauty to whatever strange beings have adapted to it. They will know that before them lie, not the millions of years in which we measure the eras of geology, not the billions of years which span the past lives of the stars, but years to be literally counted in the trillions.

"They will have time enough, in those endless eons to attempt all things, and to gather all knowledge. They will not be like gods, because no gods imagined by our minds have ever possessed the powers they will command. But for all that, they may envy us, basking in the bright overflow of Creation, for we knew the universe when it was young."

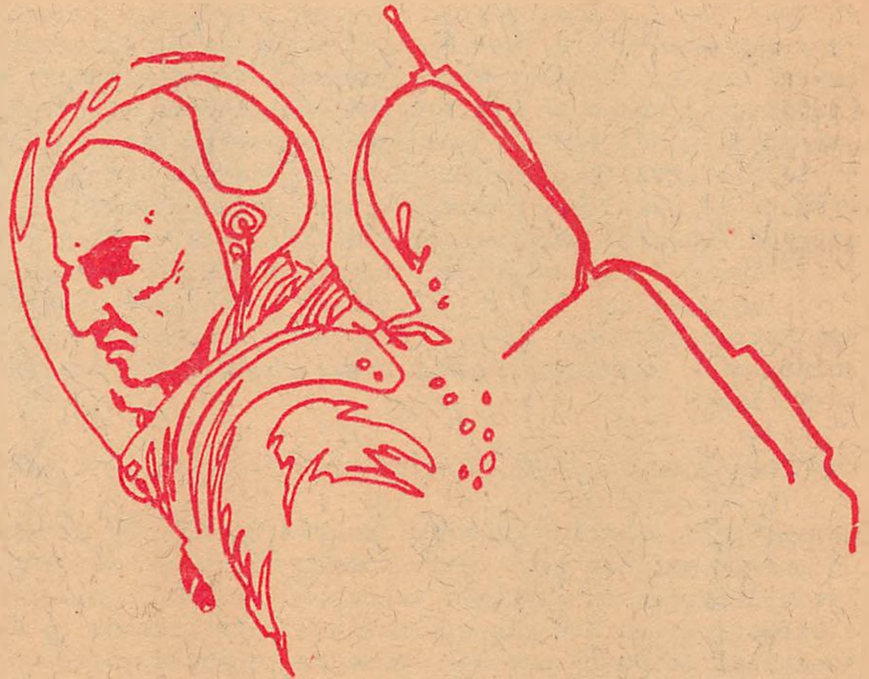
My idea of what I am trying to do grows out of such. I would like to express the "alien" if I can --- I want to do in pictures what Jack Vance can do in words. I like to explore my idea of a universe that has a high probability of existing in the real world.

I am forming a Stapledon-Cordwainer Smith-Clarke universe that I feel can happen and have a rational belief that it will. I do not know when I will finish it or how...but all I do is related to a whole product which is the total of my life's output.

Of your serious and cartoon work, which do you prefer to do?

Serious work is what I like to do. The question is really invalid because even if playing, all work any artist puts out is serious; it just involves different degrees of complexity for the emotional or intellectual impact the artist wants. Humor, as defined as a "cartoon", is a simple drawing because the situation requires a simplistic drawing to deliver its immediate impact.

I like complexity; it works with the science-sided mind I possess. Therefore I like to produce complex drawings trying to show complex emotions and ideas.



What do you think of the pro and fan artists of today?

Fan art is in a good state. My main objection to much of fan art today is its preoccupation with style, be it Art Nouveau or "classic cartoon" or creeping "underground comic" style. Without naming names I would say that many fan artists are relying on traditional forms of art for the traditional solutions of problems. I would like to see experimentation --- not Egyptian style rigidity.

Pro artists: I consider Jack Gaughan and John Schoenherr the best in the field because of what they put into their work: a sense of wonder, design and knowledge without "tricks" that most S-F artists use.

The S-F field has many fine talents who do not live up to their potential.

The two fan artists of recent advent who deserve watching and encouragement are Jim McLeod and Mike Symes. They both show adaptability and ingeniousness in their solution to problems. I may break their fingers next time I see them, and steal their ink.

Can fandom do anything to help develop better artists within its ranks?

Fan editors should encourage experimentation by artists, but it is up to the artist to do something, not just rest because he or she is competent in styling himself as a latter day Freas, Cartier, or Beardsley. The editor can suggest some theme, perhaps a situation, or ask the artist to do a statement on something that interests him. I feel that it would not help to educate fan artists on repro methods because they probably (or should) know all about them. I feel that mimeo has limits for experimentation, although one can see where someone who has a lot of time can work out the problems involved.

You have made the transition from fan to pro. Can you give any advice to other fan artists who wish to do the same? And which do you prefer, fan or pro work?

Well, Nixon got us into a recession and the art situation suffers in every field. My only advice is to get in there and fight. So what if it means the garret for a few years. I can't give advice because I can't really tell anyone any more than my personal experiences --- except for one universal fact: you must live near N.Y.C. for the reason editors like to talk to you and they sign the checks. Then, too, I cannot really be considered a pro as I have just begun to sell to the magazines.

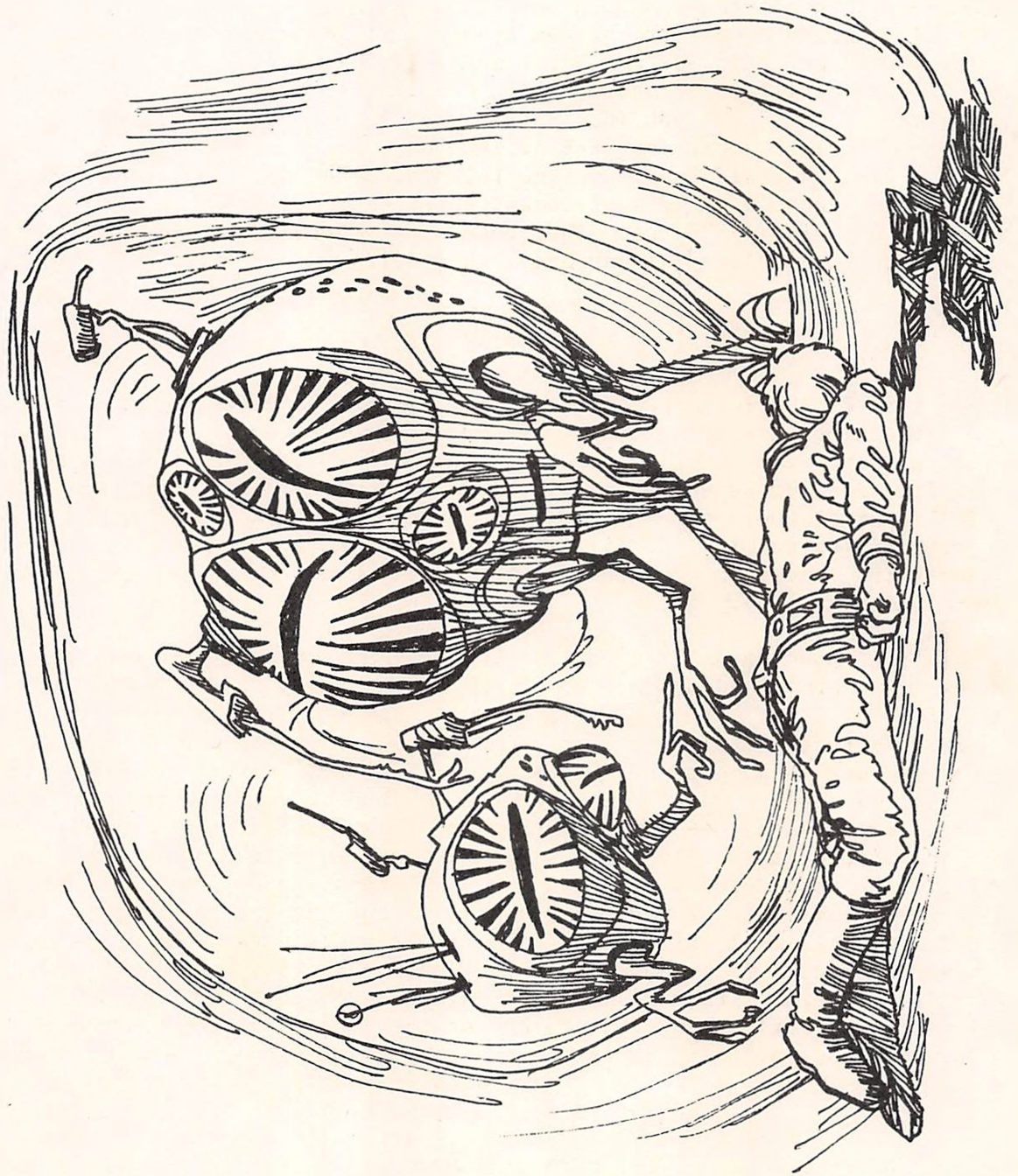
Fan art is preferable because it allows one to experiment and is not constricted. Professional art exists to help sell a product and must pass before a review board before it is accepted and must possess qualities that people other than the artist desires. Fan art is usually a pure product of the artist --- you see exactly what the artist wants you to unless the faned has been nastily busy. Professional work has natural limits imposed upon it by the industry --- enough said.

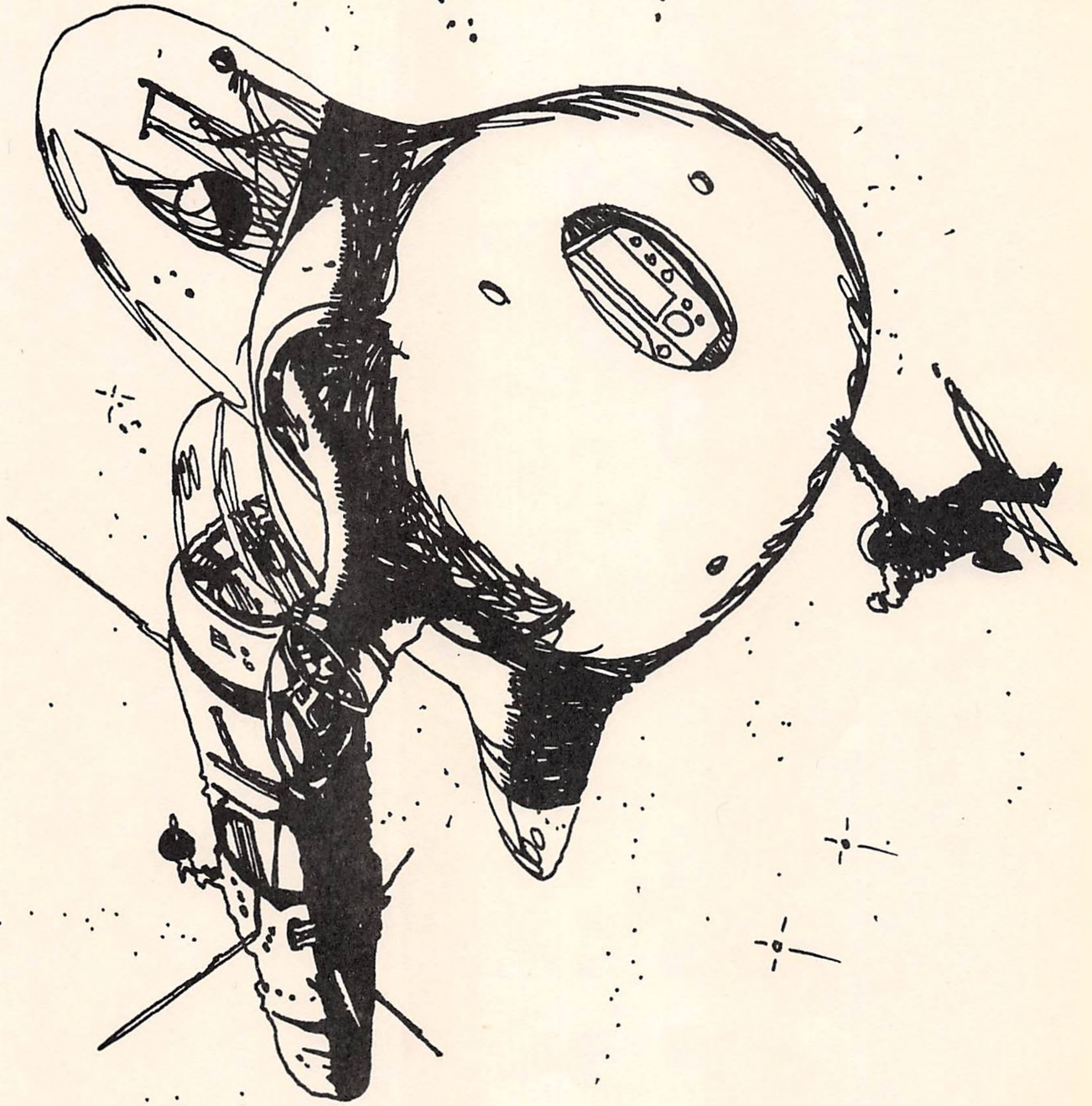
*".....silver people on the shoreline
leave us be..."*

What do you hope to achieve with your art?

I do not know. If I did it wouldn't be worth the trouble. I know what I basically want. I would like to share experiences and feelings. If you cannot feel something from my drawings then two things have happened: I have failed you; and you have failed me. I wish to communicate my ideas.

MIKE GILBERT FOLIO NEXT 4 PAGES









20,000 FATHOMS

reviews and critiques

in depth

1. SHECK MAKES THE BETTER BLADE

LEON TAYLOR

"Robert Sheckley," proclaimed Britain's leading two-bit critic, "is science fiction's premier gadfly."

Remembering that Kingsley Amis is the same gentleman who labeled Ray Bradbury as the "great corrupter of style", perhaps we shouldn't make a habit of taking his pronunciamentos to heart. But this time he's right. Robert Sheckley is --- or was --- sf's most feared thorn-in-the-side, primarily because once he decided to move in, there was no getting him out. And if *you* were a harmless hack who merely wanted to bask in the sunwarmth of an sf boom, how would you like some obnoxious thorn evicting you out of the hammock into the unexplored unknown?

Sheckley had other annoying values. Out of a long procession of amateurs playing Mommie and Daddy ("I'm an authuh' variation), Sheckley was one of a pinchful of professional wri-

ters. During the fifties he averaged a story a week and a novel every ten stories --- and they were good. All of them. Creativity on an assembly line, you might say.

Above all, Sheckley was *readable*. This is the most conspicuous factor in his writeability, for it is practically the only factor in fiction's saleability. You can be as dedicated, forward-thinking and socially concerned as you like, but if you can't be read then it's no go. And that was what comprised strikes one, two and three against the majority of sf writers then or even today; they were babes playing with shiny toys in the middle of a huge wilderness. And as fun as they were, those toys would not provide them with food, clothing, shelter or security.

I discovered Sheckley on my own terms, and it was worth it. During one of last year's summery afternoons, I

traipsed to a local bookstore to clean it out of its piddling supply of sf. After pretending to browse for a while, I stuffed 3 books under my coat (and yes, people did give me funny looks) and ran all the way home. Two of those books were forgettable enough to be forgotten; the third was Robert Sheckley's *Notions: Unlimited*. I opened that one, fully intending to read a couple pages before starting on a typically juvenile fanfic story.

I didn't do any writing that day. The sky was black when I turned the last page, and I had to rummage through the vulgar all-night drugstores for more Sheckley books. I found two more. And read them cover to cover.

But the trouble with these stories was that they were dated. Robert Sheckley as a science fiction writer officially expired about December, 1957, when the last of his weekly tales ("Hold-Out") appeared in F&SF. It wasn't that he Got Tired or Fed Up or anything; he simply became aware that there were greener pastures in Hollywood. And so to Hollywood he marched, churning out reams of TV/movie scripts and occasionally writing a novel or two. A plebian existence to us who miss his name on the pro-zine covers, but Robert must find it comforting to have a salary figure as long as his social security number.

But fear not --- Sheckley remembers his humble beginnings, and every other year or so he revives his former ghost to write a tale for the rags back home. Good ol' nostalgia, really; every hometown boy who makes good falls victim to it. But whatever the mundane intentions of the producer, the enjoyment of the consumers is in no way diminished. And that's why "Street of

Dreams, Feet of Clay" (*Galaxy* 2/68; *World's Best SF* 1969) is considered such a delectable delight.

The blurb-blurter called it "a barbed and funny look at the 'planned city' of the future", and amazingly enough the blurbee was right. But before we elaborate on that, let's turn tail and view this story from a different angle. And now, if y'all have your time machines handy, we're going to backtrack some 200 very odd years...

+++++

Believe it or not, this old world was not always threatening to buckle under the elephantine patter of not-so-little feet. In fact, the existence of the Greeks and Phoenicians was notoriously idyllic; then there was nothing unusual in roaming several thousands of miles and never even encountering a shaving of human life. The imprint this world etched on its inhabitants was indelible; to echo James Wright, ecology was a religion and the early people fashioned their life-style into a daily prayer. The altar was pure and not because it was incapable of being desecrated.

Unfortunately, this identification with nature inspired in man an unholy love for his own animal instincts. The blood-and-thunder crowd has already explored the gore-and-pillage themes with clinical thoroughness, but there was a lot of screwing done too, and most b/t writers fail to mention that. Again, man simply did what was natural and what could be more natural? - which nevertheless promptly led to large and numerous families. Later, when man got bored with life and invented Religion, the Godfathers made damn sure that 10-children broods were appropriately sanctioned with appropriate rationalizations.



I believe that the stated goal of the Hebrews was to "multiply until the children of God outnumber the stars." They came uncomfortably close.

And nobody even thought about the consequences until the advent of a shy, stutter-prone Englishman in the latter half of the 18th Century. Parson Malthus was the son of Daniel Malthus, an upper-middle class flower nut about whom, even on his death, the kindly *Gentlemen's Magazine* could only write that "he was an eccentric in the strictest sense". Parson was educated by a slew of just-as-eccentric tutors; one of them was thrown in jail for publicly hoping that France's freedom rebels would raise a little hell in Britain, too. And when he reached adulthood, Malthus showed the full moon influence of both parent and school. Just to dispel any lingering doubts about his sanity, in 1798 Malthus published a treatise that predicted Armageddon to the year.

It was called *An Essay on the Principles of Population* and it was 50,000 tortuous words long. Nobody ever sang hosannas for Malthus The Writer, I'm afraid. But its message was clear and unsweet: subsistence increased arithmetically while population increased geometrically. And there could be only one winner of that foot race, barring acts of God.

Luckily, God *did* act. Famine, pestilence, plagues and war, said Malthus,

were all heaven-sent angels to thin out the ranks of man. Blessed are even the child-murderers, for they shall save the earth.

As you can imagine, Malthus' theory met with a bit of dissent. Carlyle charged that Malthus made economics "the dismal science" and Richard Godwin --- who 5 years prior to Malthus had predicted the near-at-hand abolishment of poverty, war and disease --- complained that *Population* transformed progressives into reactionaries by the carload. The popular suspicion of the commonfolk was that Malthus was not human at all, but actually the Devil Incarnate!

For thirty years *Population* was attacked, disclaimed, villified, spat upon and never, never forgotten. Finally everybody gave up and just sat around with glazed eyes, waiting for the end to come.

But it didn't then and it hasn't yet, even though Malthus' arithmetic was impeccable. Thanx to the saving grace of a sky-high living stand-

ard, the average family club has dropped from a roster of 16 members to 4 (the logic here is simple: the more kids, the less money there is to go around. And who wants less money?). But with this reprieve comes a new danger: the angels of God are being slain by the big black devils of science. Our very scientific excellence is giving us life and killing us off at the same time. Isaac Asimov postulates that, given that every star has 10 inhabitable planets (and you can't get more generous than that), man will cram the Universe end to end by 6170 A.D.



It is on this reality that Robert Sheckley bases his story.

Now, let's extrapolate a bit further:

Assuming that the population continues to grow at substantially the same rate (and considering the pig-headedness of man, that's a pretty safe assumption) then the additional concentration will probably be in the cities. There are several reasons for this----

----First, if poverty survives, then those shackled under poverty will survive right along with it. Slums are part of the city syndrome, and you can't escape your environment without cold cash. And if you had that, then you wouldn't be poor. A bloodthirsty circle.

----Second, unless there is a discovery in communication comparable to the discovery of the wheel, 21st Century life will be restricted to the cities. In an age of increasing specialization, it takes many pieces of the puzzle to make up a whole --- and what is a city but a conglomeration of pieces? Just to make the stab hurt, it follows that the more intricate and detailed the puzzle, the more satisfying it will be. So the googols of humanity will be massed in the big cities.

----Third, man has a definite genius for war. What's more, he learns his deadly lessons very quickly. If the individual expects to outlive his maraders, then he must seek adequate protection. Which can only come from the cities.

None of this is new; in fact, it is so not-new that it probably borders on the obvious. Various kindred souls have

recognized these facts for centuries, and have hewn out of them a new specialization: urban renewal. Planned cityism hasn't reached cocktail-table conversation priority yet but believe me, it will.

And that puts it in the realm of science fiction. Robert Sheckley's science fiction, to be exact. From the title story of his recent collection, *The People Trap*:

"In the monstrous, ungovernable cities ...one found the modern equivalent of savage tribes, fearsome beasts, and dread disease. An expedition into New York or Chicago required more resourcefulness and stamina, more ingenuity, than those light-hearted jaunts to Everest or the source of the Nile..."

That is where we're headed. Sheckley places the tale in the latter half of the 21st Century, so we've still got a little time. Time to tinker with the skullstark Future. Time to doodle around with half-hearted half-measures, although a complete revamping is the only solution. We are inching into an Age of Pseudo-Hope, where inflated optimism shall dwarf the hard-core, factual fears. Experimentation, scheming, shadow stabbing --- they will abound, but

as amusing pastimes more than serious efforts. Man will be too concerned with faking the Present to worry about surviving the Future. Until, of course, the future claims its dues.

It is into this time-slot that "Street of Dreams, Feet of Clay" fits. And it may sound like black hell from my catbird seat, but it is actually a witty and bright storybreeze --- not an ill wind that blows no good. But it's grounded in the concepts that I mentioned above,



so I thought you might like to know about them.

Edward Carmody (and a worse name for a hero I cannot imagine) is lured to a planned city via a rather mediocre newspaper ad (I mean, "Come live in Bellwether, the city that cares."??). The author attributes his action to "a vagrant impulse, a pastoral fantasy or sheer perversity". Frankly, the real reason is that it's damn convenient for Sheckley. So much for the implications of that.

Anyway, Carmody gets there (and the bewildering route he takes is an interesting commentary on the complexities of this age) and finds Bellwether to be a weirdly attractive agglutination of just about every architectural design you can imagine. More important, the city has a voice --- and not figuratively. Seems that Bellwether's planners

thought that a close affinity between city and occupants was in order. And because plain ordinary cities seemed "too huge, too masterful, too soulless, too impersonal" they decided to change all that by giving Bellwether his/her/hell, I don't know own sort of larynx. As it turns out, the only problem with Bellwether's gift of gab is that he*

doesn't know when to wrap it up.

Carmody is the city's only dweller, something that he doesn't like very well. Bellwether was originally built for about 500 inhabitants (my estimate), but they all walked out. Being naturally curious, Carmody asks why.

"I don't know,' the city said. 'I really don't know. One day they simply all left. Just like that! But I'm sure they'll all be back.'

"I wonder,' Carmody said.

"I am convinced of it,' the city said. 'But putting that aside: why don't you stay here, Mr. Carmody?'

"I haven't really had the time to consider it,' Carmody said.

"How could you help but like it?' Bellwether said.

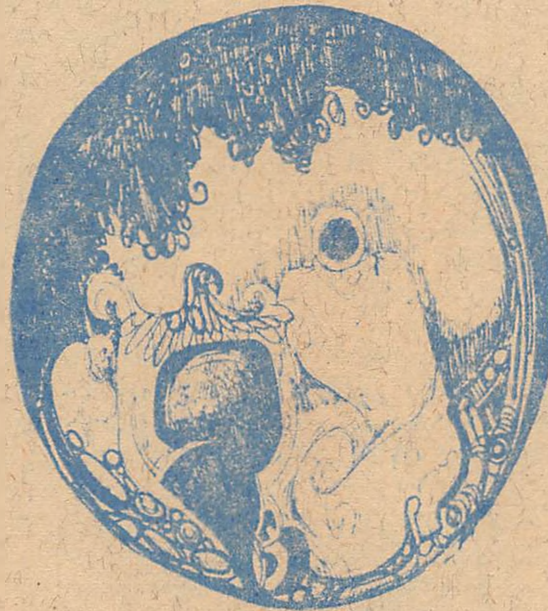
'Just think --- you would have the most modern up-to-date city in the world at your beck and call.'

"That does sound interesting,' Carmody said.

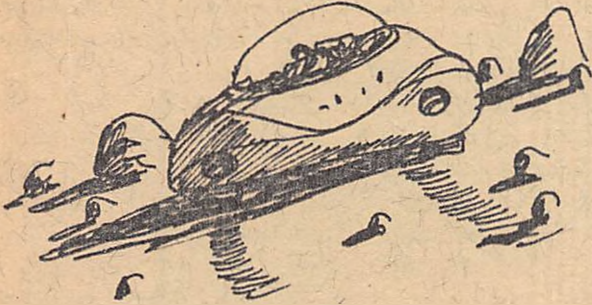
"So give it a try, how could it hurt you?' the city asked.

"All right, I think I will,' Carmody said."

And he does. At first Bellwether appears to be real live Eden, but as time marches on Carmody learns that the city has an annoying tendency to nag, made even more annoying because the city is infallibly right and really deserves to be obeyed. But Carmody can't put up with any of that and at the end of the first day he stomps out vowing never to return. Ingrateful bastard.



*As I indicated in the above, there is no way of determining what sects --- if any Bellwether subscribes to. The author was too much of a phinque to even hint and my pocketbook *Necronomicon* doesn't say a word. So for convenience's sake (and because it's grammatically correct), I'll refer to Bellwether as a 'he'. And anyway, every learned dissertation should have its own footnote.



A very short story --- about a dozen pages at the most. But Sheckley is used to conserving words and "Street" is a conservationist's delight. Once the hero, surroundings and problem are fully established --- taking a little over two pages --- Sheckley shifts to an all-dialogue narrative. And if Sheckley weren't so keen, so quippy, so impeccably believable, the whole thing would fall apart. But because he is so keen, so etc., his chances for getting away with it are quite golden and the winner's spoils are tremendous. Nothing is more readable or enjoyable than dialogue, for it's the closest thing that a reader has to not working hard. Approximately 75% of the individual's knowledge is received through dialogue. After a while you can assimilate dialogue in your sleep. Dialogue also has the luxury of being immediate, both in its color and its impact. Anybody who has read Eudora Welty's "The Petrified Man" or Alfred Bester's "They Don't Make Life Like They Used To" will know what I mean.

There lies the greater part of "Street"'s charm. The exchanges are swift and furious and the blows fly thick. Like watching a game of ping-pong, you get a crick in your neck from watching the ball so closely and a pain in your back for sitting so uptight. The true test for any dialogue is the way

that it sounds when read aloud, and "Street" would make the perfect "Twilight Zone" (as if "Twilight Zone" were still around, *sigh*).

And besides all that, Sheckley is just plain funny. In cataloguing some of the idiosyncrasies of New York:

"Noise was a continual annoyance, unstoppable and inescapable. But Carmody knew that there was no cure for this, since the ancient art of soundproofing had been lost. It was urban man's lot to listen, a captive audience, to the arguments, music and watery gurglings of his adjacent neighbors. Even this torture could be alleviated, however, by producing similar sounds of one's own.

"Going to work entailed certain dangers; but these were more apparent than real. Disadvantaged snipers continued to make their ineffectual protests from rooftops and occasionally succeeded in potting an unwary out-of-towner. But as a rule, their aim was abominable. Additionally, the general acceptance of lightweight personal armor had taken away most of their sting, and the sternly administered state forbidding the personal possession of surplus cannon had rendered them ineffectual.

"Thus no single factor can be adduced for Carmody's sudden decision to leave what was generally considered the world's most exciting megapolitan agglomeration.."

Or with Carmody's discovery that the talk of the town was not just another catch-phrase:

"'I am the voice of the city,' the voice said. 'Or to put it another way, I am the city itself, Bellwether, the actual and veritable city, speaking to you.'

"'Is that a fact?' Carmody said sardonically. 'Yes,' he answered himself, 'I suppose it is a fact. So all right, you're a city. Big deal!'"

"He turned away from the fountain and strolled across the piazza like a man who conversed with cities every day of his life, and who was slightly bored with the whole thing..."

In a field where humor is dead as a dodo, choice bits like these are appreciated. Thanx, Bob.

Characterization is pretty much whatever you get out of it...if you under-

stand the nuances of English jargon, then you'll enjoy the scintillating insights which occasionally catch the sunlight. I suspect that any foreign translation of this story would be a miserable failure, for there is no way that our language can be translated completely intact into a strange tongue, which has its own restrictions, subtleties and shadings. This points up a difficulty that we have recently discovered, which is that any non-English fan attempting to criticize an American work will be handicapped by a distorted comprehension --- a la Franz Rottensteiner and his SFR analysis of Heinlein, in case you need prodding.

A shrewd story. I've read it four times and I still enjoy its calculated thrusts. "Street" is just for fun, but it does bring up (or at least stomp on) some very serious points. And if you think I'm not going to talk each and every one of those points to a grisly death, then little do you know me!

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The basic theme of "Street" is the ethics of a machine filling man's mother image. Carmody is grubby, dull, inarticulate, etc. while Bellwether is impeccable, erudite and always, *always* right. Bellwether's advice --- even though it takes the form of nagging --- can hardly help but improve Carmody. So isn't it cricket that, just for his own good, the man becomes subservient to the machine?

First, let's take a look at Bellwether's motives.

Whaddya have to say, Bellwether?---

"My artificial consciousness personalizes me, which is very important in an age of depersonalization. It enables me to be truly responsive. It permits me to be creative in meeting the demands of my occupants. We can reason with each other, my people and I. By carrying on a continual and meaningful dialogue, we can help each other to establish a dynamic, flexible and truly viable urban environment. We can modify each other without any significant loss of individuality."

To tell you the truth, this isn't a

world I'd particularly like to visit, much less live in. Due to the sardine-packed numbers of peoplepeoplepeople, the human relations are cold and distantly disgusted. One of the important points about "Street" is one of omission; nowhere in the entire tale do we meet another human being besides the protagonist. Indeed, the feeling of this Age of Pseudo-Hope is that privacy is a religion and *laissez faire* the law of the land. An exchange of warm, enthusiastic emotions would be considered a breach in the worst taste.

But necessity is indeed the mother of invention. Man can impose all the strictures and elaborate facades he wants on his society, but he cannot deny his inner needs. Because love has been deemed a Social Sin --- and most people would rather immerse themselves in boiling oil than commit a Social Sin --- another way of satisfying man's basic wants had to be found. Programming love into a machine strikes me as ingenious.

And it's all very lucky for the author, too, for Sheckley specializes in lampooning love. *"Romance, by its very nature, must be composed of contradictory elements,"* asserts the memorable salesman in "Gray Flannel Armor", *"We have graphs to prove it."* Or his delightful "The Language of Love", which concerns an ar-



dent young man who wants to tell his fiancée *exactly* how he feels about her. After years of intensive study of the language of love, he returns to be reunited with his sweetheart...

"...She was in his arms.

"Now tell me, Jeff,' she said, 'Tell me!'

"And Toms looked at her, and felt, and sensed, searched his classifications, selected his modifiers, checked and double-checked. And after much searching, and careful selection, and absolute certainty, and allowing for his present state of mind, and not forgetting to take into account climactic conditions, phases of the Moon, wind speed and direction, Sun spots, and other phenomena which have their due effect upon love, he said:

"My dear, I am rather fond of you.'

"Jeff! Surely you can say more than that! The Language of Love---'

"The Language is damnably precise,' Toms said wretchedly. 'I'm sorry, but the phrase "I'm rather fond of you" expresses precisely what I feel.'

"Oh, Jeff!'

"Yes,' he mumbled.

"Oh damn you, Jeff!'"

But there is a difference between murmuring sweet nothings into a lassie's ear and scrupulously checking the vitamins in your loved one's cereal; and it's the difference between romantic and ma-

ternal love. In case you were wondering, it's on the latter that Sheckley bases "Streets".

OK. So we have this society which for some supremely illogical (short definition: human) reason declares natural maternal love out-of-bounds and rationalizes mankind's need for it by punching it into a computer. But is it the same thing? And if not, how deviant are the effects?

And somewhere mixed up in all of this is the moral right of the creator to obey his creation. But we'll pretend that this line of thought can be separated from our already badly tangled ball of string, and we'll consider it later.

Love: Mechanical Style the same as love born of blood and loins? I don't know why not. One is a product of Mother Nature, who instills motherly emotions in all potential participants. Now "motherly emotion" is assumed to be by anybody's definition "illogical" --- but is it really? Isn't its every action first considered in the light of whether or not its probable effects will be beneficial to the loved one? This process of categorizing actions by their projected results --- which takes place either in the conscious or subconscious --- is the very heart of logic. Compare this to the machine, which is programmed by humans to use the very same standards. Is there an irreconcilable difference between the two? No -- only the creators differ.

That unraveled very nicely. But untying the final knot leads us smack into the most confused tangle of all. Can the creation be greater than the creator? And does the creator have a moral obligation to remain supreme --- *no matter whether his is in actuality or not?*

It is one thing to use a machine as a handy tool in solving mathematical and logistical problems. It is quite another to acknowledge a machine's superior understanding of the art of life and deliberately become its disciple.

It would be easy to say that the problem has no final answer, that it is unsolvable and we should therefore

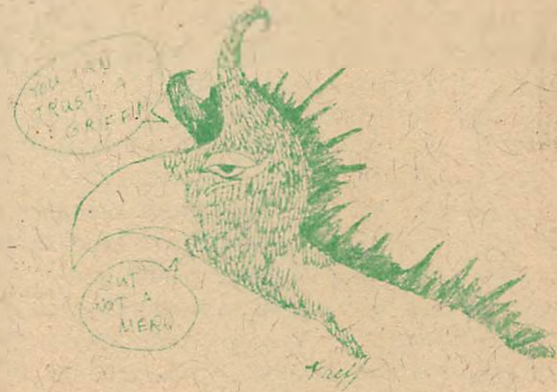


ignore it. Or to point out how effortlessly this Gordonian knot could be destroyed with one swift slash of the sword --- that is, by saying that as long as obeying a machine improves the lot of man then the morality of it really doesn't matter. And because the easy answers are nearly always the correct ones, these have a thumb in the pie and should be considered in the final solution. But even so, the answer is beyond, far beyond...

The theory used to be that it was logically impossible for a creation to be greater than its creator, for the former is in actuality a reflection of *selected parts* of the latter, and therefore the creator possessed his creation's attributes plus others and so was greater. But this will no longer serve as a hiding bush, for the truth is that a creation can develop from his given attributes other qualities that his creator may not possess. An example of this is evolution, where two parents may create a product which is greater than both of them (some sharp reader is surely crying "Cheating!" since this is an example of *unconscious* creation. However, since man is so close to discovering the secret of the genes (which would make this conscious creation) and the discovery would have no bearing upon the effects (a fancy way of saying that the creation is still capable of being one up on his creator) then I think this instance valid. And the bloody hell with what *you* think.).

So let's assume that Bellwether is greater than Carmody, whom we shall symbolize as Bellwether's creator. And let's further assume that Bellwether's motherly concern is for real and his motives for improving Carmody are therefore valid. Now --- does Carmody the Creator have a moral obligation to *ignore* whatever suggestions his creation has for improving his life-style?

I know that while most of the readers have given up and gone back home, you faithful few have uncomplainingly followed my tortuous, incoherent path just get to this point. And just to drive you all up the walls, I'm going to cop out: the answer to this final question depends on you.



("For Gawd's sakes, Taylor! Have mercy!")

Sorry, but I mean it. The only universality about all moral, political and religious issues is that they boil down to one question: What Is Man? And because it embraces all of reality, the answer is wholly subjective.

If you believe that man is the immortal, goldenly conquering Force Of Light in this universe, then you won't accept the premise of man learning life from a machine. You will contend that man, being purely good (with contemporary violence and company only a mudlike sheen that will eventually dry and flake away) and ultimately supreme, has the right to trial-and-error without any non-man object gumming up the works by interfering with First-Hand Experience. You will probably also be atheistic, but that's another article.

But if you believe that man has ineradicable evil qualities, that he is therefore hopelessly flawed and cannot ever hope to achieve godhood, then you will find that the submission of man to machine may be the only road up. Machines are already wholly good (or "perfect") in their limits, and therefore they have a clear right to improve man, who is imperfect. And you are likely a Christian

Churchgoer (which is very curious, because Christianity's base tenet is that man is wholly good --- that is, Christianity is identical to the first group which prefers *atheism*. This mis-casting of roles explains the fakeness and confusion of the modern organized church --- but dammit, I thought I said all this was *another* article!).

That's the two extremes; so what about the middle? Well, I'm willing to bet that if you examine your own definition of man, you'll see that it lies on one of those two far poles. Western thinking is based on the Aristotilian concept of "a/not a" (or in this particular case, man is either basically good or he isn't) which doesn't recognize

shadings. It's an antique view of reality and explains why we aren't the artists of life that the Orientals are. Our Eastern brothers, of course, do recognize shadings.

We started out chatting about gadflies, and we ended up embracing the whole universe of man. Mismatching forces, but that's roughly the scope that goes into *any* story. Completists will never survive in this field; there is simply no way that you can catalogue *every* factor in any given fictional work. But merely suggesting at the shape startles the mind into starfresh clarity, like shattering glass.

And that's what communication is all about.

2

BOOKS

THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN
Wilson Tucker
Ace 94200, 75¢

...Ted Pauls

It is admittedly a slim basis upon which to found a far-reaching conclusion, but I think this Ace Special indicates something rather important about the current state of speculative fiction. Not too long ago, if an author of the SF Establishment (and Tucker qualifies to the extent that such a thing exists) wrote a story in which the central science fiction device was a time machine, he would have employed it to project his heroes into either a well-known historical drama or a fabulous far-future adventure. And, too, a good deal of wordage would have been devoted to the paradoxes of time travel. It is different today, and the difference is to be applauded loudly. *The Year of the Quiet Sun* passes lightly over the technology of the time machine and the time travel paradox gimmicks that were once standard fare in such novels, and the future into which it carries its characters is the

one just beyond this morning's ugly newspaper headlines.

Dr. Brian Chaney, an archaeologist, sociologist and extrapolative statistician ("futurist"), is approached by a young lady who is a research supervisor for the Bureau of Standards and offered the chance to participate in a survey of the near future. Chaney, who is loafing on a Florida beach in cynical bitterness after having published a highly controversial book proving that the Book of Revelations was a reworking of an older piece of *midrash* (Hebrew fairy tale created for entertainment), reluctantly accepts the assignment. He travels to a government installation near Joliet to work with the research supervisor, Kathryn van Hise, with whom he quickly falls in love, and the two other members of the field team, Lt. Com. Arthur Saltus, an expert photographer (who is also interested in Kathryn), and Maj. William Moresby, an Air Force intelligence expert with a photographic memory.

When the Time Displacement Vehicle is ready for its first real field test, the President, a weak, vacillating man

named Meeks (the name is not one of Tucker's more brilliant touches), sends them two years into the future, chiefly to discover whether he is to be re-elected. They find that Meeks will indeed be elected to another term, carrying all but three of the fifty-one states (the fifty-first is presumably Puerto Rico, though it is never specified), but they also find the United States beginning to disintegrate, with racial civil war erupting in Chicago and resulting in a wall through the city, an attempted coup by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and a continually expanding Southeast Asian war. Chaney also discovers that Kathryn will marry Arthur Saltus.

Following the field test, the team embarks with considerably more trepidation on the actual survey. Each of the field men goes "up" to a different date. Moresby chooses July 4, 1999, and emerges into a world in which Chicago has been wiped out by a Chinese hydrogen bomb and well-armed black guerillas are attacking the perimeter of the TDV installation. He joins in the defense after taping a brief commentary on conditions at the installation and is killed by a mortar shell. Saltus travels up to his birthday, November 23, 2000, is grievously wounded in a fight with three guerillas apparently surviving on the installation's food stores, and barely manages to return to the time machine and escapes back to the time from which he came. Chaney steps out of the Time Displacement Vehicle an indeterminate but reasonably short number of years after 2009, to find himself in a world following the total collapse of civilization as we know it. He meets the two children of Saltus and Kathryn, both several years older than himself, and they take him to their mother, now an old woman (Saltus is dead). From her he learns that because the nuclear power plant needed to generate the tremendous power for the TDV is no longer operable, he is trapped in that era. And on that note the novel ends.

The Year of the Quiet Sun is, on the whole, a resounding success. The writing achieves a very high degree of competence, and particularly over the second

half of the novel there are scenes memorable in their taut vividness --- Moresby's arrival and death in 1999, Saltus's struggle to return to the TDV, and the last four chapters intact. The characterization of all four of the major characters is excellent. The symbolism of the novel, revolving around a prophetic piece of *midrash* which Chaney translated and entitled the *Eschatos*, is kept unobtrusive, as it



should be. Tucker's extrapolation of the near future is quite terrifying in its reality.

One further thing must be said about *The Year of the Quiet Sun*. The lead character, Dr. Brian Chaney, is black. Tucker has been criticized by several reviewers for merely hinting at this and not making it explicit until the final few pages. I believe he was sufficiently explicit that most readers will be aware of Chaney's race long before it is revealed on page 235. On the fifth page of text, Chaney asks Kathryn, who is trying to recruit him for the project, "Does the Bu-

reau know I also chase women? Of all colors?" The last three words would have made no sense had Chaney not been black; it's been decades since any writer would have put those words in the mouth of a Caucasian male.

By all means purchase *The Year of the Quiet Sun*. It continues the enviable standard of Ace Specials.



THE ISLAND OF THE MIGHTY

Evangeline Walton
Ballantine 01959-8
365 pages; 95¢

DERYNI RISING

Katherine Kurtz
Ballantine 01981
271 pages; 95¢

...Sandra Miesel

Light up the torches, friends, it's Celtic Twilight time! Inspired by the

success of the Prydain series, Lin Carter offers two more adaptations of Welsh mythology, both with striking covers by Pepper. Alas, neither author has Lloyd Alexander's superb artistry.

The Island of the Mighty is a reprint of *The Virgin and the Swine*, originally published in 1936. *Deryni Rising* is the first volume of an original new trilogy. They apply their common store of material in quite different ways.

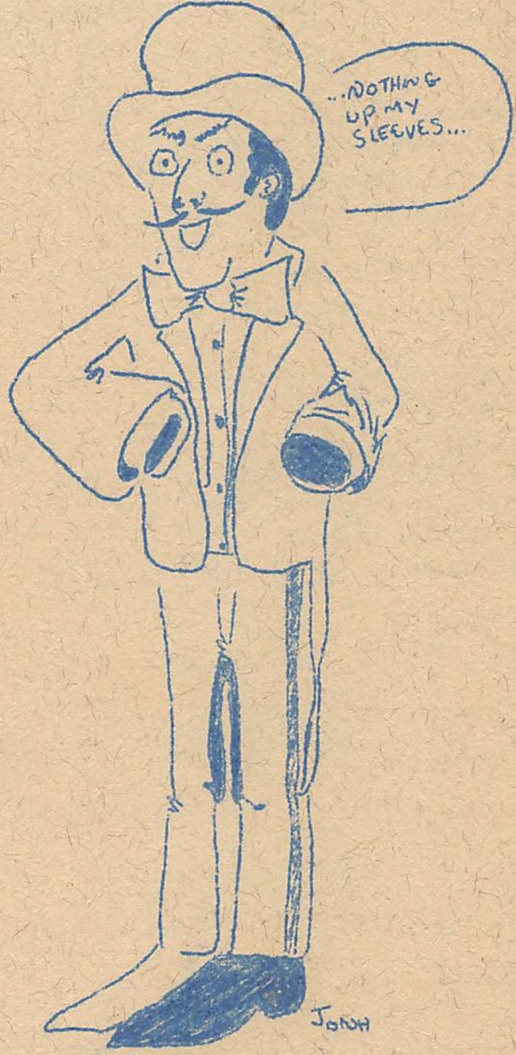
Miss Walton retells the Fourth Branch of the Mabinogi as though it were a legend of actual prehistoric events. She adheres closely to the plotline of her source even to reproducing bits of dialog from the *Mabinogion*. What excellences *Island of the Mighty* possesses are principally due to the fascination of its love tragedies. Warrior-magician Gwydion loves his sister Arianrhod but when he tricks her into bearing him a son, her love turns to implacable hate. She curses their child Llew Llaw Gyffes who in turn is bloodily betrayed by his wife. (This myth also provides the background for Alan Garner's *Owl Service*.) Characterizations are repetitious --- had Gwydion "purred" once more, one would have been tempted to offer him some catnip.

Although some episodes are exceptionally well-described (the animals transformations and the destruction of Arianrhod's castle) the author's own additions to the action are very few. However she does invent motivations for the traditional action based on conflicting theories of sex. The pre-Celtic people of Gwynedd do not connect intercourse with reproduction while their enemies the Celts of Dyved do. Personal clashes are presented as outgrowths of rivalry between matrilineal and patrilineal societies. There is no attempt to situate the conflict within a true historical context --- or even a believable false one as in Avram Davidson's *Phoenix and the Mirror*. A bland, all-purpose medieval setting is used. Despite lengthy discussions of "Druidic" philosophy there is no feeling of a Welsh cultural atmosphere as there is in Andre Norton's *Witchworld* series. Neither is the physical environment made vivid as in

Thomas Burnett Swann's books. Worst of all, *Island of the Mighty* shows its age. Fantasy techniques are different now. Readers spoiled by the authentic splendors of Mary Renault and Rosemary Sutcliffe will be impatient with Miss Walton's constant authorial intrusions. She does *not* let the reader become immersed in her subcreation but keeps breaking the spell with allusions to the modern world such as a disparaging mention of radio during an explanation of Gwynedd psychic powers. The mythic subject is so intrinsically interesting it is a pity it was not edited into more attractive form.

There has been no passage of time to excuse *Deryni Rising*. Its flaws are the opposite of the first novel's. Here the background is colorful and authentic --- Miss Kurtz holds a master's degree in medieval history --- but the foreground is oppressively dull. The author has created a tidy parallel world in which the area corresponding to the British Isles is called the Eleven Kingdoms, complete with autocephalous Christian Church and local religious controversy. One of the few issues on which the Kingdoms agree is their fear of the Deryni, a "quasi-mortal race of sorcerers" who had once enslaved all the humans of the area. The few surviving Deryni are harassed and the practice of magic is supposed to be strictly forbidden although the kings of Gwynedd rule with its aid. The novel follows the efforts of young Prince Kelson to acquire these indispensable powers before the Deryni sorceress who killed his father can kill him and usurp his throne. The initiatory scenario is perhaps the most basic of all fantasy plots, but *Deryni Rising* has one of its dullest dramatizations. The hero attains his goal only by fits and starts and the convenient intervention of a *sanctus ex machina*. Minor scenes, like the account of a Royal Council meeting, are convincing but major ones, especially the climactic duel between Kelson and the sorceress are painfully flat. Moreover the novel has an unusually claustrophobic quality. After the opening chapter there is but one

fleeting scene outside the capital of Gwynedd and nearly 250 pages of action occur in less than two days. Lovingly described costumes do not compensate for undescribed vistas. *Deryni Rising* is about magic yet has less literary magic in it than even such a trivial sword and



sorcery adventure as *The Sword of Morningstar*. The second and third installments of this trilogy may be better but the first was a chore to finish.

Save your pennies. Reread Alexander and Norton. You may now douse the torches.

ORBIT # 6
 edited by Damon Knight
 Putnam, \$4.95
 Berkley, 75¢
 245 pages

...Cy Chauvin

In SFR # 39, Damon Knight mentioned that he was trying to avoid sticking to any one "type" of story in his *Orbit* anthologies --- "You can have rigid restrictions on quality, or rigid restrictions on content, but not both." Nonetheless, a type of story *has* seemed to emerge with *Orbit* # 6 --- not in the stories' "content" (We have humorous sf to surreal fantasy to outright "mainstream" fiction), but more in the way the stories are *treated*; all seem to emphasize mood, tone, and the feeling of the story, rather than plot, characterization, etc.

A few stories out of this collection might be deemed "above average", and I would call Kate Wilhelm's "The Chosen" one of them. It's a striking story, with concrete, poetic imagery --- at times it almost seems that you can reach out and touch some of the backgrounds

she presents. On the surface, the story is about a scientific expedition that is exploring a time-track devoid of animal life, with only endless miles of still, silent forests and fields... But like an iceberg, nine-tenths of the *real* story is concealed beneath the surface. Another good, but very different story is R.A. Lafferty's "Entire and Perfect Chrysolite". Tongue-in-cheek, like almost all of Lafferty's stories, this one seems more humorous than most, with little seriousness intended. Lots of fun, but those who are looking for a "hidden, inner meaning" will be disappointed. In contrast to "Chrysolite", Thomas M. Disch's "The Asian Shore" is a very heavy, introspective story, a beautiful "mainstream" piece that investigates the mind of a lonely man during his stay in Istanbul, Turkey. I suppose you could argue that "The Asian Shore" is science fiction in the sense that the "science" of psychology, perhaps, is used in it; but either way, the result is impossible to distinguish from general fiction. This story heralds the advent of Thomas M. Disch as an important writer of general fiction --- one hopes that he'll continue to write sf occasionally. "The

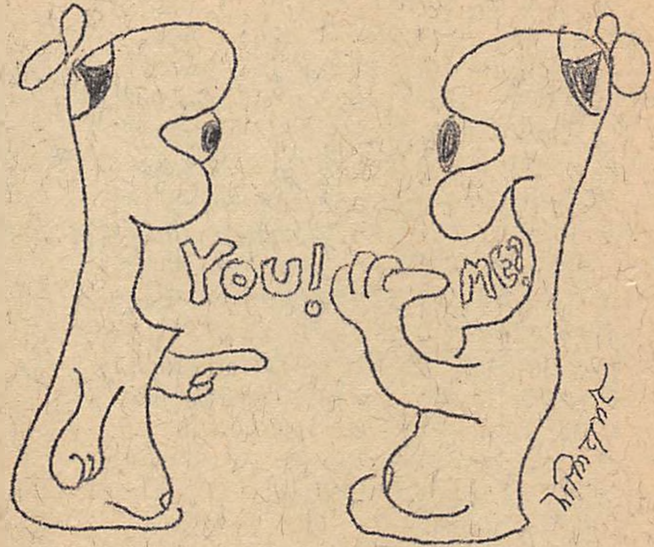
End", by Ursula K. LeGuin is similar to Disch's story in mood, but a subtle shift in emphasis and background make it also a fantasy --- matter-a-fact, the setting seems to be a small village right out of her outstanding fantasy novel, *A Wizard of Earthsea*. It's quite an enchanting little story, with some beautiful imagery, and concerns a man, a woman, and a small child left waiting in a lonely village while "the end" approaches.

Most of the other stories in this volume are fairly average. Robin Scott's "Maybe Jean-Baptiste Pierre Antoine Monet Chevalier de Lamarck Was a Little Bit Right" has a few crudities in it (*ahem*, the title), but it is still of high quality. It's another "after-the-world-is-destroyed" story, but in this one the author focuses in on the minds of the three sur-

WHAT'S BILL ROTSLER GOT
 THAT I HAVEN'T, BESIDES
 TALENT?



vivors (two men and a woman), who have some pretty weird mental hang-ups! (Weird people are more interesting to take apart, which is why "new wave" writers always seem to pick on them, folks. Besides --- everybody has a bit of the abnormal in them; that's what makes people different.) Scott shifts the viewpoint of the story (which is a little weak) from person to person --- this is interesting, but at times he does it a little too rapidly, and you find yourself wondering "whose mind" you're peering out at the world in... "Fame", by Jean Cox, is a very touching, human story. The first man to cross interstellar space will be famous, right? Jean has a trick up her sleeve, certainly, but the story is interesting in itself... "How the Whip Came Back", by Gene Wolfe, is about the reinstatement of slavery in civilized society --- supposedly. The story has a sly sort of humor running through it, and while mildly enjoyable, doesn't seem to really go anywhere. Carol Emshwiller is in good form with "Debut", a strange little story about a "blind" girl who discovers her destiny. Like all Carol's stories, "Debut" has that offbeat, delicate sort of style which may be at times difficult to follow but is always interesting and enhancing to her stories. "Where No Sun Shines", by Gardner R. Dozois, is another "after-the-disaster" story. This one concentrates on a particular incident, which it presents in a horrifying and mysterious fashion --- although the story has hardly any point to it, and ends up exactly where it started. Still --- it's not bad reading. "Second Inquisition", by Joanna Russ, is an odd, hybrid type story, with some excellent characterization; however, the story isn't really much of a unified whole, and lots of it is needlessly confusing. It's set in the 1920's, and the story is centered around a female alien boarder; but the basic power of the story is contained in its tone and *feeling* more than anything else. It really isn't a bad story, but I found myself bored with



it at times --- no plot!

A few rather short stories in this volume "just didn't make it" for some reason or another; one of the worst of these is Avram Davidson's "Goslin Day", which is supposedly a humor story. It's sort of funny the way Avram uses a Jewish accent so well, but other than that the story is simply yeech! "Sunburst", by Roderick Thorp, while not horribly bad, is rather minor and in a sense, "gimmick-ish". Thorp doesn't use a mechanical "gimmick", but the people/town he portrays is used in gimmick-type fashion; as a result, the story seems unbelievable and the people in it unreal. Compared to Kate Wilhelm's other story in this volume, "A Cold Dark Night With Snow" seems very poor indeed. The piece reads as if several story threads were chopped up and stuck together --- her story doesn't really add up to a concrete whole. While the style and technique used in the story *are* interesting, they do not enhance its enjoyability --- they simply make the story harder to follow. Gene Wolfe's "Rememberance to Come" is about a college professor of the future who encounters a strange figure in black during one of his class sessions. The story, while smoothly written, makes rather dull reading and doesn't materialize into anything worthwhile. It's hard to condemn James Sallis' "The Creation of

Bennie Goodman" --- the language used in the story is simply incredible. Every unnecessary word has been ruthlessly edited out, and the result is a style similar to that used in free verse poetry. The imagery used in the story is also excellent --- for instance: "*We sit listening for several minutes to corks pop off bottle after bottle around us, like children pulling fingers out of puffed cheeks... more corks, soda bottles cascade into glasses, cubes of ice pop up like fishheads, and the bubbles resemble their eyes.*" Sallis doesn't use poetic words, but

rather uses the words poetically --- and that's a big difference, friends. But unfortunately, a story is not made up of poetic images alone, and this story falls down elsewhere. It's about (would you believe?) a guy offering his foot to a woman "as a token of his affection." The story ends up being incomprehensible, and thus, unenjoyable.

Most of the stories in *Orbit #6* depend on mood and "feel" for their power; and unless you are an addict, reading this book in small doses will make you appreciate it more.

3 ADD A LITTLE BIT OF EGO

fanzine reviews -- david lewton

Warhoon #27
 Richard Bergeron
 11 East 68th St., NYC, NY, 10021
 Available for contributions, locs, or trade. 60¢ if inspiration fails you.
 Loc is preferred medium of payment.

The first copy of WARHOON I saw (#26) impressed the hell out of me. It was a fleeting glance, and I didn't have time to read it (much to my regret). Time went on, and by the time that news of a new issue of WARHOON filtered down to my ivory garret, I had become suspicious of things that were visually impressive. I thought that perhaps WARHOON might not be as good as our lord Terry had said, and perhaps my memory of it was as good as the memory of one impressed with repro (currently going for four cents on the open market).

After all of this soul searching and wondering, I got ahold of WARHOON #27.

And the second copy of WARHOON I saw impressed the hell out of me. Here I thought that I had become a hardened

veteran of fanzine reading. A man who could sneeze at repro (Dammit man, let me *read* the thing, then I'll decide if it's any good!). There I was, open-mouthed, thumbing through WARHOON for minutes on end before even thinking of starting to read it. I steadied myself, feeling perhaps that there was the possibility of WARHOON being like the proverbial dumb blonde.

After reading WARHOON, I am as impressed with its contents as I am with its reproduction.

Where is my justification, all you GRANFALLOON fans?

Besides being excellently printed, the entirety of WARHOON is literate, tasteful, entertaining, and in all cases, first rate. The material is by Alva Rogers, Bob Shaw, Terry Carr, Harry Warner, and Dick Bergeron himself. All have articles that speak well of them as writers. Each article (including the editorial) is well-thought-out, well conceived, and executed only as each man could execute it. There is no feeling that these writers were badgered by

Bergeron so badly that they simply sent something that they had gotten out on first draft some time ago, and would have thrown away...there is no effect that goes along the order of "Gee, if certain facts that only this guy knew weren't there, why this could have been written by *anyone*."

Terry Carr's article is the only one that has spots that could have been done over or left out, and as a whole, the piece still manages to remain head and shoulders over the majority of fanzine articles, and stands out as fairly well done Carr.

Bergeron's illustrations are all fine (as is Alva Rogers') and the layout for them is tremendous. The entire fanzine emanates high-quality.

What floors me is that this issue was a "practice" issue for Bergeron, that he could get into *better* form for the next issue of WARHOON, a 266 page issue that consists of "everything Walt Willis has written under the title 'The Harp That Once Or Twice' including a few extras tossed in such as 'The Harp Stateside', 'The Harp in England (I)' and 'The Harp in England (II)'".

Terry Carr states that fanzine fandom is in a foul state. He could be right, too. But, if things like WARHOON continue, perhaps with just a *little* more frequency, more good new fanzine titles will be popping up.

+ + + + + + + + + +

Styx #1

Joe Krolik

490 Cordova St., Winnipeg 9, Canada

Andris Taskans

456 Locksley Bay, Winnipeg 15, Manitoba
Canada

\$1.25

STYX number one is an impressive first issue. Really. It is the type

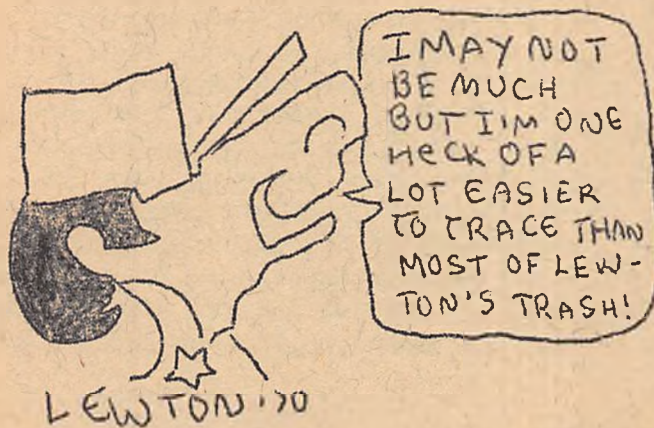
of thing that one would want to leave on one's coffee table and say "That's only the first issue, too". STYX is in with ENERGUMEN and other fanzines in this classification. Fanzines that are instantly visually impressive.

However, I just couldn't get interested in the contents whatsoever. STYX supposedly represents Winnipeg fandom "a nasty dead hybrid" (that was from the editorial) of EC comics and stfdom. Well, being both interested in EC comics and sciencefictional things, I still couldn't get interested in the contents. One of



the primary reasons for this is that some of the contents were in the fan fiction category, and, after nearly being buried alive in miserable manuscripts, well, suffice it to say that I am somewhat gun shy at the moment. You may like the fiction.

Other than the fiction there is an



article concerning a favorite author of mine, Olaf Stapelton, but, like the fiction, it arouses nothing but a deep-seated disinterest. Perhaps I just couldn't get into it because of its first line: "Dover Books has done a signal service for all serious-minded, science fiction and fantasy fans...". I'm sorry, but that first line stayed with me throughout the entire review. There is also a lengthy review of Ballard's "Deep End". Here I can honestly say that it was the subject matter that got to me. Four good pages for Ballard... oh well.

Other than the stories and the two articles, there were three things that I suppose could be classified as "visual presentations", if you will pardon my pomposity, for lack of a better term. First, there is a full-page, black and white reproduction of a Frank Frazetta Buck Rogers cover of *Famous Funnies* #212. I enjoyed seeing it as I have a meager comics collection and no intention of going into permanent debt to get a better one. For the same reason I liked the supplement that came with the issue. In the supplement, 37 covers from various EC comics are reprinted in black and white and (except for one) in miniature. The value of either item to someone not interested in EC comics, or to someone owning a large (extensive is a nicer, better sounding word, but large

sounds grubby --- cackle!) EC comics collection would also be negligible. Not having attended the St LouisCon in '69 I also appreciated the third visual presentation (or whatever they were) which consisted of three pages of captioned photos taken at the con. I do not know if any of the photos have been previously printed elsewhere.

Layout-wise, STYX isn't nearly as impressive a second time through as it seems during the initial thumbing through. I will place it at average. The artwork ranges from some abysmal small illustrations, to some uninspired (and ditto'd, which is strange as the rest of the zine is not) comic book swipes, to a competently executed back cover, to a good cover.

I am not going to rate this fanzine for two reasons. The first reason has never stopped me previously, but the second reason should explain why I am taking exception and making the first reason valid ~~to someone with a disabled mind~~. If you like mysteries, continue.

At any rate, I am simply not a connoisseur of the combination genre, coffee table fanzine, and simply cannot appreciate this fanzine properly.

The reason that I hesitate to give this fanzine a low rating because, frankly, it bored me, is that both of its editors have gone into the hole producing this venture and have already given up plans for future publishing unless they get some cash... I will say that the zine reflects a certain degree of talent and skill involved in its creation. If you *are* interested in stf and EC and serious constructive book reviews, I would suggest that you get this, as if you do not get it on my advice (and if you are the type that would even consider my, or anyone else's advice in the first place you probably would like STYX) you may hate yourself, and me, for years to come about missing it.

t6sps.

Mount to the Stars #2
Hod Publications, UTA Box 797, Arlington,
Texas, 76010---\$1.50

Well, I'll say this about *this* coffee table fanzine; it didn't bore me. Disgusted describes the reaction more aptly. The combination of hokey mysticism, utter pretension (One character telling you what left-wing politics are. Now this is a pretty neat trick considering that not all left-wingers are exactly straight on that matter. Somebody else also blithely informs you that the standard rules of good writing should be ignored when reading the works of a certain occult writer, because it is the very badness which dates it so horribly that makes it good writing. Humbug.), and pure shit (alright, those of you with tenderer sensibilities, close your eyes and repeat after me: "I did not see that word, I saw *manure*, *MANURE!* Halleluia! I saw manure!" Hoo boy are you sick.). If you doubt the last shaft from my bow of witticism (ugh) let me quote a piece of "poetry" from the issue: "Tammuz of pinkrose lips and nipples, and proud pulsing penis,". There are ten pages of that alone. Leon, you have won the argument.

On the good side, MTTs is flawlessly printed photo-offset. There is also some above average artwork shining through the crud. The layout is below average, as indeed, in its entirety, is the complete fanzine. This reviewer's opinion?

*For inhabitants
of mental hospitals
only.*

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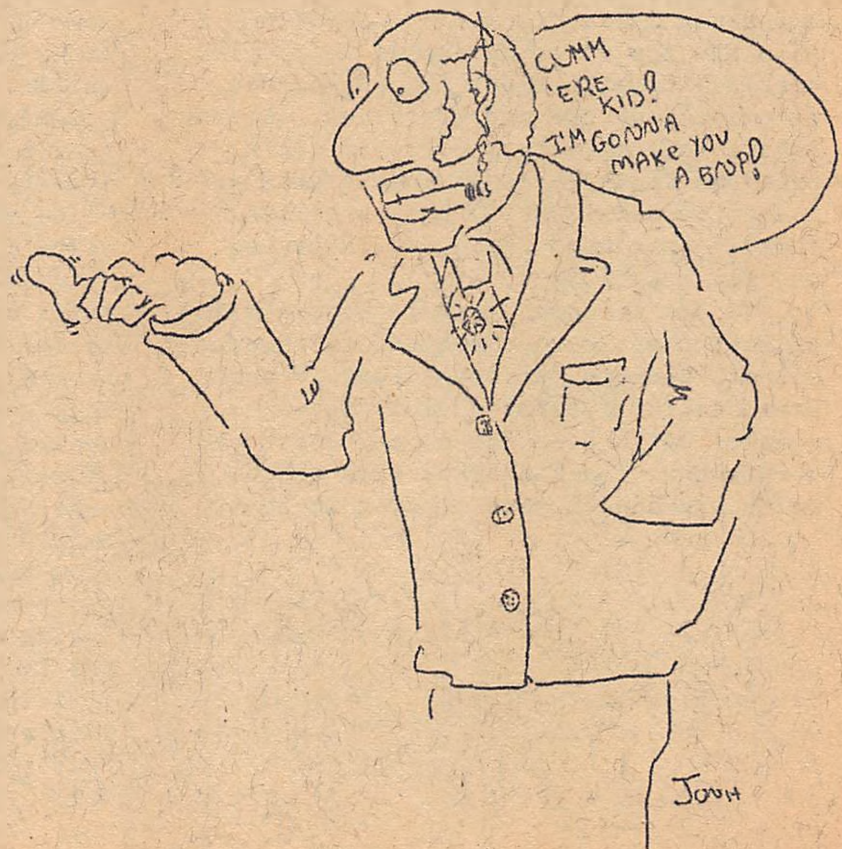
+ +

*Interplanetary Corn Chips #4
James E. McLeod & Dale A.
Goble, Jr.
7909 Glen Tree Dr., Citrus
Heights, CA 95610
40¢ or a label from a Coors
Beer Bottle (no fooling)*

I like the name of this

fanzine; it intrigues and amuses me at the same time. Very original and creative; the type of name to make my eyes stop when scanning a review section and say, "Mighod, a fanzine named INTERPLANETARY CORN CHIPS, now there's a name to sit up and take notice about!". I would then do something obnoxious like calling up my friends and telling them about the existence of a fanzine named INTERPLANETARY CORN CHIPS. The name is memorable. This is fortunate as basically the fanzine is not.

No real editorial style or personality strikes me whatsoever. The items are all (artwork, articles, layout and repro) just about average. As a matter of fact, if I wanted to show someone an average fanzine, this would probably be what I would show whoever wanted to see an average fanzine. I think that McLeod has the talent along with Goble to make



this a fanzine that will make people sit up and take notice. At any rate, they have got a great start with the title.

Give them time.

tsp.

Conglomeration #4

Brad Balfour, 5129 Newfield, Cincinnati, OH, 45237

30¢ for this annish

CONGLOMERATION reads, looks, and feels like an embryo GRANFALLOON. Whether you would consider it a "promising fanzine" or a "boring piece of garbage" depends entirely on your outlook.

It's up to you, Buddy.

Insect Hunt

Well, seeing as how most fanzines are going in for fannish good-fellowship and the like, my insect hunt column will have to shift its purpose in life (In case you are wondering what the hell I am gibbering about, the first, previous installment of Insect Hunt appeared in EMBELYON #1, that sterling fanzine, produced and directed by Lee and Jim Lavell.).

I don't really have to look for inspiration as to what subject to choose, either, because, it seems that my innocuous little fanzine reviews have sparked off a holy war to end unethical reviewing. The leader of this children's crusade is none other than Boy-



Wonder Mike Glucksolm, another person whom it seems I have overestimated.

Mike seems to think that I don't define my standards, that I tend to give people whom I like an edge, and worse yet, that I gave his and one of his favorite faned's fanzines poor reviews while still having the gall to give a friend's first effort some encouragement. I plead guilty on all counts. I am without a doubt, one of the most biased, unreasonable, and unreliable (unless you happen to know me and my prejudices fairly well) fanzine reviewers in modern fanzine reviewing. I am not above rating a cartoon that made me laugh higher than an overdrawn, overworked, ornate drawing that bored the hell out of me. And that same principle applies to articles, and, fanzines.

If Mike thinks that I am an immoral reviewer, he should reconsider; I am an amoral fanzine reviewer. My journalism is yellower than my teeth, and it is true that I occasionally cackle as I write some of the nastier of my reviews. I am not constructive in the slightest, except, in rare occasions, when, in true to form unpredictability, I decide to be honest (a less than annual affair) to anyone but myself. Because basically, that is who I write my reviews for. That's right, I write my reviews for myself. I enjoy writing fanzine reviews. Lee sees fit to print them, and some people have actually seemed to read them. This is cake with frosting. I do something that I like doing, and then get the egoboo of seeing it appear in a first-rate fanzine like EMBELYON (and if you doubt EMBELYON's goodness Mike, don't bother discussing fanzines with me, 'cause, as Lee would say, "You just ain't got no taste.") --- and, every now and then, my black heart palpitating obscenely, someone will see fit to mention my little missives.

Who was it that was griping that he wasn't getting enough free fanzines as "pay" for his fanzine review column? Hell, getting printed and recognized is pay; the rest is added bonus.

The day I find myself writing reviews as a "public service" for the good of fandom, fanzines, faneds or Bela Lugo-

si's memory, I'll stop. No, I can't promise you that for Christmas, Mike, but if you are really a good little boy, and say your prayers to Pboth, I'll never review ENERGUMEN again.

Before I go, I will mention something that has been bothering the hell out of me. That is the contention that several misguided types have acquired that my reviews are in fact, positive or negative advertisements for fanzines. Anyone that would take my (or any other reviewer's) word as to what to "buy" (yeesh) is in the same classification with the scuttlefish who listen to idiotic movie reviewers and theater critics as to what plays and movies to

attend. I am most certainly not a paragon of knowledge and wisdom as to what makes a good fanzine or a talented person. Neither, for that matter, is any other reviewer. My reviews are written in a spirit of fun. Fun for myself, the readers, and lastly, the unfortunate faneds who are "victimized". Actually, most of my in-depth reviews are written for people who have either seen the issue in question, or a preceding issue. This issue's is not. If it was I would be being predictable. And you know how people carry on about predictable souls. At any rate, I remain until the next installment of Insect Hunt, unpredictably yours.....*Dave Lewton*

END 20,000 FATHOMS

FISH STORY BY KEN BUDKA

The prettiest she-fish in the whole aquarium was Bess Porgy. Young John Haddock's gills fluttered with suppressed poisson every time she and her chubby friend Mazie Anglefish slithered down the pike. To kipper in comfort was his consuming obsession.

Trouble loomed, however, when the two girls worked out a sister act and opened at the Globe under the management of Salmon & Schuster. An interested member of the audience was Rufus Goldfish, who sat in the second roe (he was slightly hard of herring) and viewed the performance with a sardinic smile. "Confidentially," he told a grouper friends later, "the girls' act smelt, but they're pretty cute tricks. I found the one who was barracudda."

John Haddock's sole shriveled at these words, "Only an act of cod will keep my Bess out of his clutches," he muttered shadly. Mazie Anglefish tried to rally him. "Don't be blue," she counseled, "You are no common weakfish. You are a Haddock. Remember Dorothy Vernon of Haddock Hall. Get in there and put that bass sailfish old flounder t'rout!"

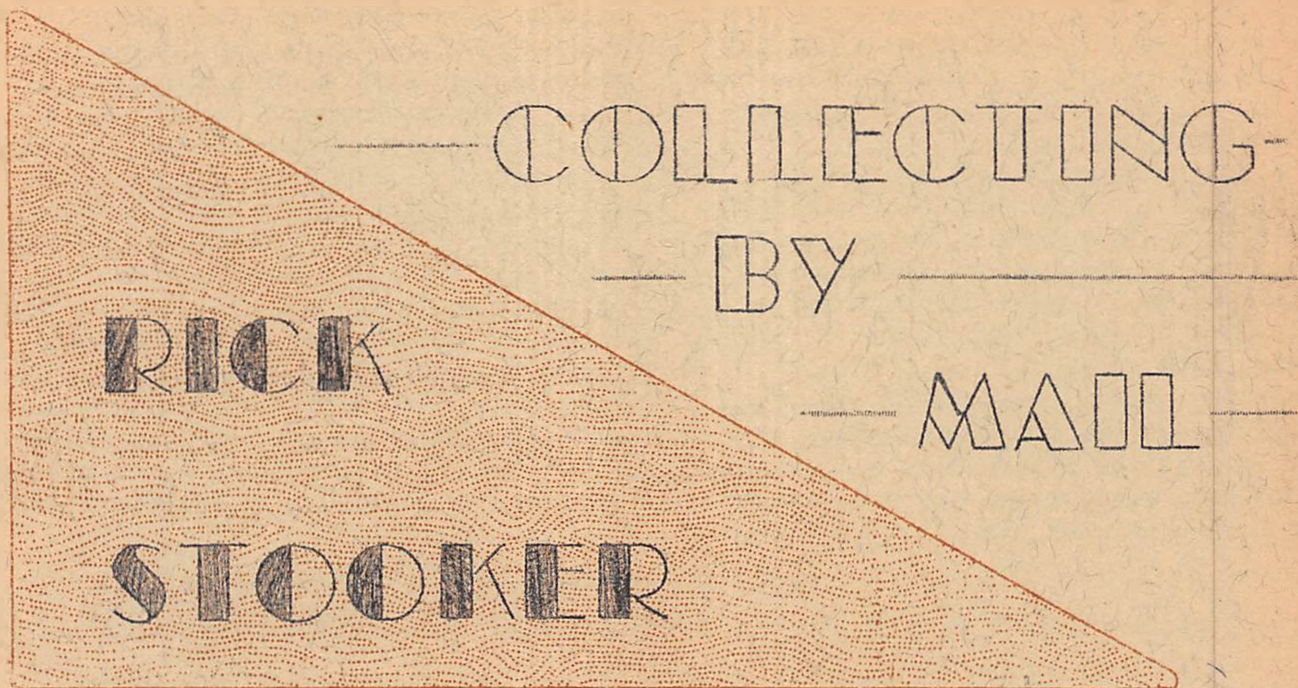
John squared what passes for shoulders in a fish. "Thanks, Mazie," he spluttered. "By gum and bivalve, I'll get out of this pickerel yet. If that shrimp expects to mackerel have me to reckon with!"

Suiting the action to the words, he knocked his rival off his perch so effishly that poor Mr. Goldfish whaled for the carps -- and a sturgeon to get the bones out of his mouth.

"I did it on porpoise," cried the exultant John Haddock, clasping Bess, who looked prettier than Marlin Dietrich, to his slippery chest.

It was all such a shark to Mr. Goldfish that he's been eel to this very day. The Haddocks had a tarpon time of it ever after.

FINNY



COLLECTING
BY
MAIL

RICK
STOOKER

This article is meant as a guide to all you poor souls who buy sf material by mail. If you are a neofan --- stop right now, go to a dark corner and repeat one hundred times, "I will not become a collector. I will not become a collector..." Then skip this article. For your own peace of mind you had better follow my advice.

A Collector is a mythic beast with few joys in life. At nights he pours over copies of ancient sf prozines. He nev er reads them (he knows the stories are terrible); but he thinks it's fun to look for well known names in the lettercol.

His lungs become contiminated from mouldy dust, and his eyes are strained by the dim light in book shops.

Mailtime is an agony of great expectations. Will any of the ten shipments he has on order come? Why is the mailman two hours late? When nothing comes but a card from Aunt Sue, he spirals into a depression that doesn't lift until the next mailtime cycle. On those all-too-rare days that he actually does get a large brown package no holy man in trance could have a greater or shorter lived ecstasy. He fondly fondles (what alliteration!) his new gotten treasures, then desparately tries to find room on his crowded shelves to put them, and starts to make out a new order...

If a collector has the misfortune to have a large income, his condition gets *really* serious and he may become a "gasp* Completist.

Abandon all hope ye who pass this way...

Quit now while you can. But if you *can't*, welcome to the club.

The first step is to look in the classified ads of almost any prozine. Send away for all the *free* lists available. Never pay for any lists. You'll find enough material you want on the free lists.

On to individual dealers.

Stephen's Book Service, 67 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003, has available almost all of the newer hc and pbs published, for their cover prices. Shipments are fast, which is always a plus. Good for getting what your newstand or bookstore misses.

Gerry de la Ree, 7 Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River, N.J. 07458, deals more in secondhand items. Some books are sold for less than their cover price and others for more. Gerry also carries a wide variety of pulp and digest sf zines. Shipment time

is also very fast.

Watch out for the *Werewolf Bookshop*. I've been told I could pay only 1¢ a book. Plus 20¢, packing and shipping, per book, and 35¢ insurance and tax per book, of course. Like a fool, once I did and was told all my orders had been sold. But my money was returned, at least.

Dan Cole, 818 - 7th Ave., N.E., Calgary 61, Alberta, Canada, has a wide range of items, is honest, and has an average delivery time.

The Galaxy Book Service, which is advertised at the back of IF and GALAXY, has had an order of mine for two or three months. So far, no book.

Sometimes you may want to order from the publishers. You'd be wise to stay away from ACE and BALLANTINE.

Ace frequently lists out-of-print books in their ads and even if you order a book in print you'll wait at least two months.

About three months ago I ordered four pbs from *Ballantine* and still haven't received them. I've written a letter but methinks my money is lost.

Lancer is safe and delivery time is excellent. No more than the stated minimum three weeks. Maybe less.

Arkham House specializes in "weird" books. All are worth buying and waiting for; but the waiting time is wonderfully short. Of course, they bypass the US Post Office --- and you know how fast demons and geni can be.

There you have it; my guide to sf dealers. When I've recommended a dealer it's thanks for good service he has given to me. Some of the ones I've given a "thumbs down" to may be nice to some people...I don't know. But they've screwed me and they can screw you.

BRIDGE GAME by Jim Lavell

<i>Lee:</i>	One diamond.	<i>Jerry:</i>	Because Dave is too stupid to get them.
<i>Jerry:</i>	Hmm. One spade.	<i>Jim:</i>	Four spades!!
<i>Jim:</i>	One heart.	<i>Lee:</i>	You dummy. They bid spades. It's THEIR suit!
<i>Lee:</i>	You can't bid one heart. Jerry bid one spade.	<i>Jerry:</i>	(triumphantly) Ho Ho! I double four spades!
<i>Jim:</i>	Oh. What did you bid, baby?	<i>Lee:</i>	It's not your bid.
<i>Lee:</i>	One diamond!	<i>Jerry:</i>	Well, Dave will double it.
<i>Jim:</i>	Ok, I'll bid two diamonds.	<i>Lewton:</i>	No! I bid five spades!
<i>Lee:</i>	Dumb dumb. Why don't you declare your strength before you support me?	<i>Jerry:</i>	Why?? Just tell me WHY??
<i>Jim:</i>	I AM declaring my strength.	<i>Lewton:</i>	Set fire to your head!
<i>Jerry:</i>	Come on, let's play bridge.	<i>Lee:</i>	(nastily) Double!
<i>Lewton:</i>	Let me see now. Two diamonds, he said. Three eee-uh clubs.	<i>Jerry:</i>	Six clubs.
<i>Jerry:</i>	Didn't you hear my bid, Dave?	<i>Jim:</i>	Six no trump!
<i>Lewton:</i>	I know what I'm doing. Three clubs!	<i>Lee:</i>	(shreiking) Six WHAT?
<i>Jim:</i>	Four diamonds.	<i>Jerry:</i>	He said it -- he said it! Double six no trump.
<i>Lee:</i>	It happens to be my turn to bid, dear. I double.	<i>Lewton:</i>	Seven clubs!
<i>Jerry:</i>	Three spades. We have forty below, David. That means we need sixty for game.	<i>Jim:</i>	Eight no trump!!
<i>Lee:</i>	Why don't you just come right out and use signals, Jerry?	<i>Lewton:</i>	Nine clubs!!!
		<i>Jim:</i>	Ten no trump!!!!
		<i>Lewton:</i>	Eleven clubs!!!!!
		<i>Lee & Jerry:</i>	(hysterically) Hahahahahaha-hahahaha....
		<i>Lee:</i>	How about a game of gin, Jerry?

GUERRILLA THEATRE, ACT 8: DORR BUYS A NEWSPAPER

Well... it seems there's a new Sweet Little Old Grey Haired Granny Lady operating the IMU newsstand. So when I gave her \$1.03 for a 78¢ purchase (1 Herald-Telephone, 2 packs Winstons, assorted taxes) she seemed a little flustered and the following dialogue emerged:

ME: I try to get rid of pennies when I can. They wear holes in my pockets.

SLOGHGL (voice dropping to a conspiratorial level): I like pennies. They're good for parking meters.

ME (voice also lowered): Um...yes. I understand that ring tabs from beer cans work well, too.

Parking meters. That's what's big in Bloomington these days. Parking meters and public nudity. As for parking meters, it seems the mayor has a scheme to pay for some municipality improvements by putting in meters in the downtown residential area. As is usual with such schemes, it was unveiled during the summer to help avoid the possibility of student revolt. So it goes.

In the meantime, the town residents in the affected area, mostly lower-middle-class and many elderly, have revolted. God bless the taxpayers. The scheme may also be held up by the fact that the mayor and city controller have recently been handed five indictments for such things as malconduct in office and, um, unorthodox appropriation and accounting techniques; but you can read all about that in my column in ISFA NEWS (1). YIPPIE!

As for nudity....well, by now you're pretty well hooked on reading

WARLOCK 2

a column of computing, concupiscence, and current events by

JAMES SUHRER DORR

which brings to you, at no extra charge, such exciting features as

COLOR MY BIG GIANT COMPUTER GREY

Control Data's super maxi-machine, the 7600, probably the biggest and fastest computer in the world (2), features walnut panelling on the main frame. We didn't get one. The CDC 6600 we did get, however, despite its relatively drab grey casing, is still some seven times the machine our old 3600 was, which takes the edge off the disappointment to some extent. A giant in its own right, it was delivered Saturday, 5 September, and in the weeks since, despite the occasional

faux pas such as trying out the cooling system only to discover that a leak in the water cycle was flooding the machine room, we've been undergoing the interesting ordeal of getting the thing to work. In other words, we've been spending much of our time playing baseball, chess (3), lunar landing simulator (4), and generally messing around. It's not quite the same as when we used to shoot crap with our little IBM 1130, which would keep sending back encouraging messages like "LUCKY YOU. YOU MATCHED YOUR POINT. I OWE YOU A DOLLAR." But it's fun.

ELECTION NEWS: FLASH #1

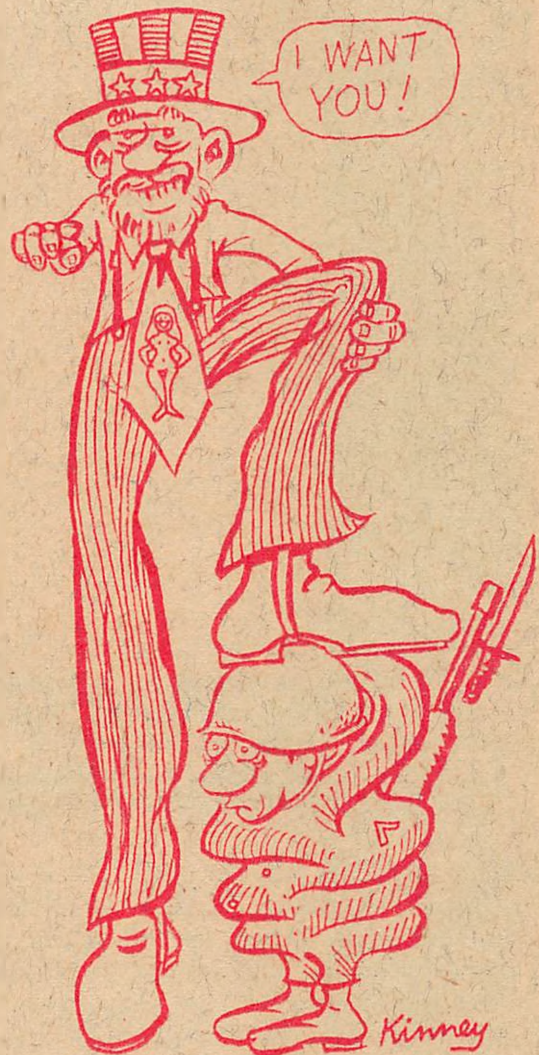
The following result comes from Ceylon, via Tel Aviv's HAOLAM HAZEH, via ATLAS, as a report of the hard fought campaign against former Prime Minister Senanayake in which a Buddhist monk made the following speech:

"Senanayake is the greatest enemy of Buddhism ever. May lightning from heaven strike me if what I say is not the pure truth."

Twenty-four hours later the speaker's platform, now empty, was struck by a bolt of lightning with sufficient force to split its supporting beams. Within hours thousands of Buddhist residents had come to the site of the miracle; poets composed lyrics appropriate to the occasion --- it was one of the few times in history that God explicitly expressed a political preference.

ATLAS adds, however, that "as usual an endorsement from a powerful figure didn't have much effect." Senanayake lost.

God is, of course, on *our* side as I've been repeatedly assured by many a late night radio preacher. And we have many other friends as attested by the following UPI release, contributed by Mike Ward, of WINNIE fame, concerning preparations for Karl Wallenda's death defying high wire act over Tallulah Gorge, Georgia, last summer --- the longest and highest tightwalk ever attempted.





"Wallenda plans to stand on his head during the walk in honor of U.S. fighting men in Vietnam.

"It makes me very proud to do that," said the German-born Wallenda.

The summer, of course, will also be remembered for the opening of PINKSVILLE, a musical based on the Song My massacre, on the road in Massachusetts. The interesting thing is, though, that the play opened on my birthday.

It has been my custom in these columns to criticise IBM from time to time --- whether it needs it or not. I deviate this month in offering IBM my sincere congratulations in settling out of court suits brought against it by Data Processing Financial and General, Applied Data Research, and Programmatic. Good going, IBM. Glad to have you back on the side of Law and Order. Now, if you can settle up with Control Data and the U.S. Justice Dept...

SCIENCE MARCHES ON #7: UNIDENTIFIED OBJECTS

"Swettenham, England (UPI) --

"Public House owner Don Winkle was told in court his plan to build a steak and chips bar onto his pub could interfere with signals from outer space.

"Winkle's pub is three miles from the giant radio telescope at Jodrell Bank, often used to track U.S. space shots. Officials at the telescope center complained the electrical equipment in Winkle's proposed eating place would influence or obliterate signals from outer space."

GUERRILLA THEATRE ACT 9: DORR TALKS WITH A LAWYER

"Yep," he said, "I knew Ed [Whitcomb] back when he was practicing law in Seymour and I really think he was a pretty good country lawyer. Of course I may have just downgraded my profession by saying that..."

For those not in the know, good ol' Ed Whitcomb is our esteemed governor. As with any figure of heroic proportions, many are the legends which have grown up around him. Some say, for instance, that he was actually born with a silver foot in his mouth. Others deny this, saying that his foot wouldn't even begin to fit in his mouth. Nevertheless, he must be credited with having done what no previous Indiana governor has been able to accomplish --- alienating everyone in the state, regardless of party, creed, or faction. You have to hand it to him. That's real democracy.

And what has the gentleman done now? Well, let's let Bob Hammel, Sports Editor of the Bloomington Daily Herald-Telephone tell it like it is. The column, dated Friday, 2 Oct., is headed

A FRIEND IN NEED

"Governor Edgar Whitcomb, speaking to the National Society of State Legis-

lators Thursday, called Indiana and Purdue 'two of the poorest football teams in the United States. I just calculated that they had more than 100 points scored against them last Saturday.' which isn't bad calculating in only five days.

Perhaps now it would be only fair to poll the native Hoosiers on the Purdue and IU squads on how they rate their Governor: Great, good, fair or poor.

It should be mentioned, though, that Mr. Whitcomb has received some national standing as a football expert stemming from his last year's bet of a pig ⁽⁵⁾, which he claimed was symbolic of the state of Indiana, against a \$100 Stetson and a pair of spurs put up by the governor of Texas on the Texas-Notre Dame game. Perhaps more symbolic of the state of Indiana, at least under the present administration, is the fact that Whitcomb lost.

But why, many out-of-state people ask me ⁽⁶⁾, do you waste your time living in a backwater state like Indiana? Why not go where things are happening? Ha! If they only knew.

My friends, Indiana contains a city, called Roselawn, which is not without some fame. It is right here at Roselawn, at the Naked City nudist colony, that the annual Miss Nude America contest is held. And, I quickly add in pride, this year's winner, Marty Kuiper of Valparaiso, is a native Hoosier. Miss Kuiper's comment upon winning the crown:

"It was kind of an interesting day. It's not the easiest thing in the world to walk out completely nude before 3,000 people."

So there.

Peace.

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

footnotes

- (1) How's that for a sneak cross-reference? Also for pressuring Dave (whichever one it is this time) to be sure to publish the thing. I should mention, also, that in my opinion the mayor is relatively honest --- he may have fouled up but I think he did so in good faith.

- (2) There may be one or two IBM men who would question that statement, but their ideology is unsound.

- (3) Using the CHESS 3.0 package with which Northwestern's CDC 6400 recently beat three IBM 360's and won the First United States Computer Championship in New York.

- (4) One really begins to appreciate the skill of our astronauts after one has crashed four or five times.

- (5) The pig, a Berkshire hog, was named Arnold.

- (6) Most recently, my mother.



Up Yours

Time for Another Column by

Sam Fath

I'm told that several of you commented favorably on my last column. I can't really understand why, but there is obviously an unhealthy situation in the making, and one which needs to be corrected before adoration sets in. Unfortunately, I've spent much of the recent past feeling sorry for myself, and this saps the vitality I need to be really obnoxious. The thought that there are still many of you who either despise me or are smugly indifferent invigorates me, and I feel a second wind arising in me. Just where and how this wind will escape I don't know yet, but the thought should occasion numerous sophomoric speculations among the less original of my readers.

The winner of the Great Disgusting Decaying Brain contest is Harry Warner, Jr. Among all the entries, he was the only. As soon as the weather grows a little cooler, I'll send it along. For those of you who missed out (and I've got a list, so don't try being coy), the Great Heart in a Crystal Ball contest will be held about this time next year. It's a real conversation piece, so be readying you entries. (Sample conversation: "What's that?" "A Great Heart in a Crystal Ball." "Oh.")

For those who are politically inclined, it should be of interest to know that Indiana takes a back seat to no state in the quality of pompous asses it sends to Congress. The Honorable William G. Bray (yep, that's the name) amuses himself by sending his people questionnaires asking "In this admittedly troubled and unsettled time for the world and for our country, does your basic belief in the American Republic, its institutions and our way of life remain firm and steadfast?" And, on finding out that 98% answered Yes (2% said No, and 2% didn't reply, making a very Grand Total), he concluded "The Union stands as she should, rock-bottomed, iron-bound and copper-sheathed. Thank you, neighbor. All is well!" With all due respect to Jim Dorr and his admittedly hilarious local political foofraw, that just can't be topped. Even Spiro Agnew wouldn't have that much gall.

Some of you have figured out that Sam Fath is really Jim Lavell. Congratulations on your perspicacity! You're dead wrong. Why don't you do something worthwhile, instead of wasting your time trying to give me another name? It's entirely possible, you know, that I'm Sam Fath. There are odder names --- Hector Hugh Munro, Graf Zeppelin, Ypsilanti and Billy Batson, to name a few. Anyway, if you have nothing better to do, keep trying. It won't help to research, since the name doesn't derive from anything. Besides, considering the miserable failure of most of EMBELYON's readers to locate the source of so obvious a name as this zine's, it would have to be pasted on the cover of the telephone directory before many of you would catch on. Hint: the fact that the initials are SF has no significance at all --- I just noticed it myself.

As I write, Hallow'een approaches. This year, I'm going to vary my usual routine.

To each of the little bastards who comes knocking at my door, I'm going to give an apple. This year, though, I'll simply tape a razor blade on the outside, still wrapped, and let the kid's parents do the dirty work. I'm tired of being a good Samaritan. Mom and Dad are the ones who will benefit, so let them do the intestinal butchery.

This year's United Fund campaign in Indianapolis is over, and I'm pleased to report that it fell more than one million dollars short of its goal. It shows what the people can do when they unite in behalf of a worthy cause. If we can prevent just one miserable little cripple from growing up to become a burden on society, then it will all have been worth while. Until next year, there isn't anything really significant to do, but we can still carry on the work in small ways --- grabbing a box of Girl Scout cookies and stomping on it, or tearing up our old sheets so that the Gray Ladies can't make bandages, for example. Right on. I must say that I'm grateful for the opportunity to write this column. It gives me a convenient outlet for my more tender feelings toward humanity, so that I won't be burdened, in my daily activities with the urges toward kindness and humanity which plague even the most reasonable of men in moments of weakness. Thank you, neighbor. All is well.

Since you've come this far, don't give up now. I'm leading up to the end of this issue's column. Not from any sense of mercy, you understand --- my muse, who is a pimply, tubercular thing at the best of times, is giving me even less inspiration than usual this month. This being the fourth issue of EMBELYON (if I get this over to Lee & Jim's before the absolute deadline) it seems appropriate to assure you that the column will appear again next time, just in case you've been undecided as to whether to renew your subscription. Hopefully, it will be a Christmas issue, and there'll be simply no end of lovely things for me to wax wroth about. If the American Legion ever saw my files on angels and Santa Claus, they'd never bother to think twice about Oh! Calcutta.

May you all find relief and surcease.

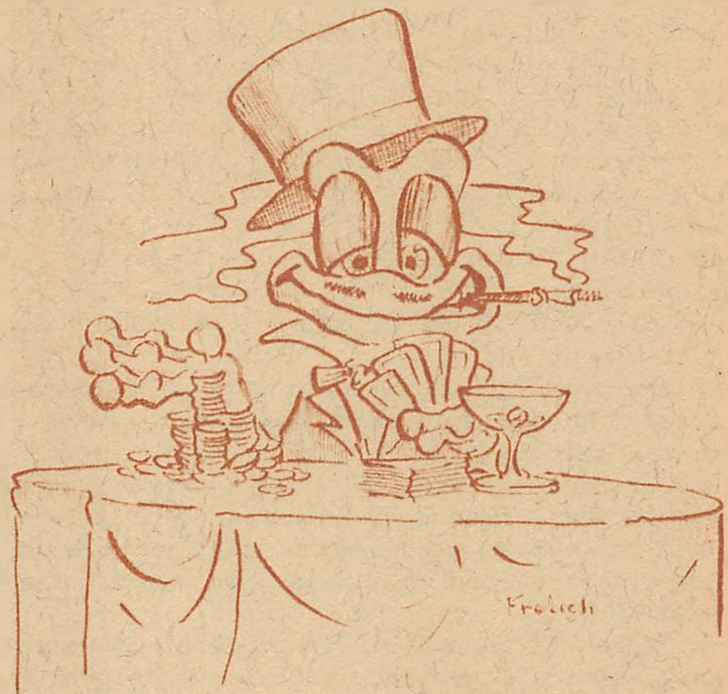
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WINNING ENTRY IN THE GREAT DIS-
GUSTING DECAYING BRAIN CONTEST

"I have never come across any adult nor adolescent who had outgrown comic-book reading who would ever dream of keeping any of these 'books' for any sentimental or other reason."

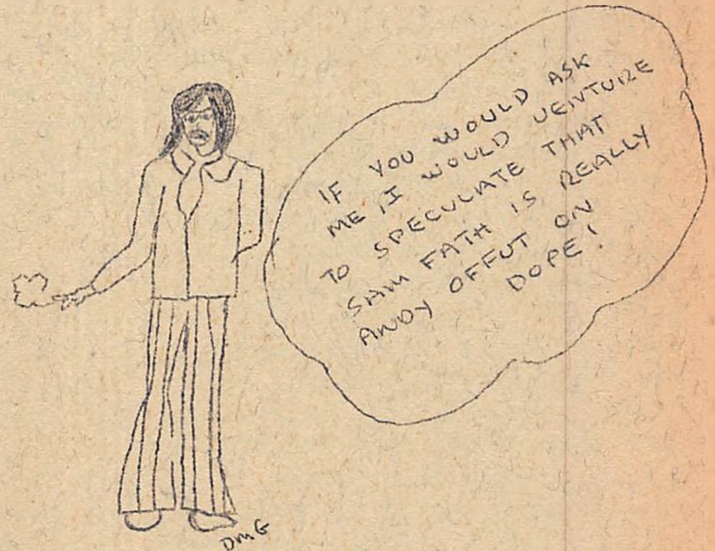
...from Wertham's
"Seduction of the
Innocent", page 89

submitted by Harry Warner, Jr.



AND NOW FOLKS, FROM
SAM HELL, TEXAS IN 2001....

DAVE GORMAN'S
STREAM OF
CONSCIOUS



"You fellows do tend to make me dizzy what with your folding and resurrecting and changing titles and all like that. Gee, you mean you can't stick with the same zine and title for seventeen years? Fake fan! This new generation. Fickle, that's what it is. Give me time to catch up my head."

-----Juanita Coulson
21 August 1970

START THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION WITHOUT ME The above quotation was written to Chants of Madness concerning the title change and the proposed new style. I don't even want to know what Juanita thinks now since Chants is finally folded, at least as the official organ of ISFA. And just when I was starting to get reader response, too....Fickle ain't the word, folks!

But I'm not the only one who undergoes changes every six weeks...take a look at the hectic pace and transformation brother Burton and Microcosm has been through the last half year...and rumors are that another of his projects is about to get taxed for his new city-rock and roll magazine. That's worse than fickle...that snorts of permissiveness!

Like Burton and I were planning to put out a personal fanzine with us just rapping about our everyday experiences...and that folded before I even got any stencils!

You know I think what the problem is? Our generation is so used to changes, whether they be good or bad, that we feel that situations must be remolded every time we get something established. Established? Establishment! Is that what we are afraid of? Becoming part of an Establishment...even a cultural one such as fandom or rock or new wave?

My own personal feeling is that putting out a fanzine is a hobby and nothing

more. I don't want an obligation to produce something every two months...especially when reader response is bad or I have to work to get contributions.

How come Lee Lavell gets art and manuscripts so damn easy?

*"One, two, three, four,
We're gonna homp a little more,
Homp to the left,
Homp to the right,
Homp baby, homp baby,
Homp all night!"*

-----Perry Adams
(from his celebrated address given on
National Homp Day 1970...sponsored
by radio station WIFE)

THE TIDE IS OUT At least for the time being for SF WAVES, my sercon-new wave fanzine. The response hasn't been all that good. (Yet, people whose opinions I really value, such as Barry Malzberg and Franz Rottensteiner and Cy Chauvin said they enjoyed it and offered words of advice and encouragement...and I guess that was enough reward for my efforts..right on?). But the contributions are few, and although these are excellent, do not warrent a second issue of WAVES at this time. Besides, every time I see Weston's SPECULATION and Gillespie's SF COMMENTARY, I say "What else can be done in the way of criticism?"

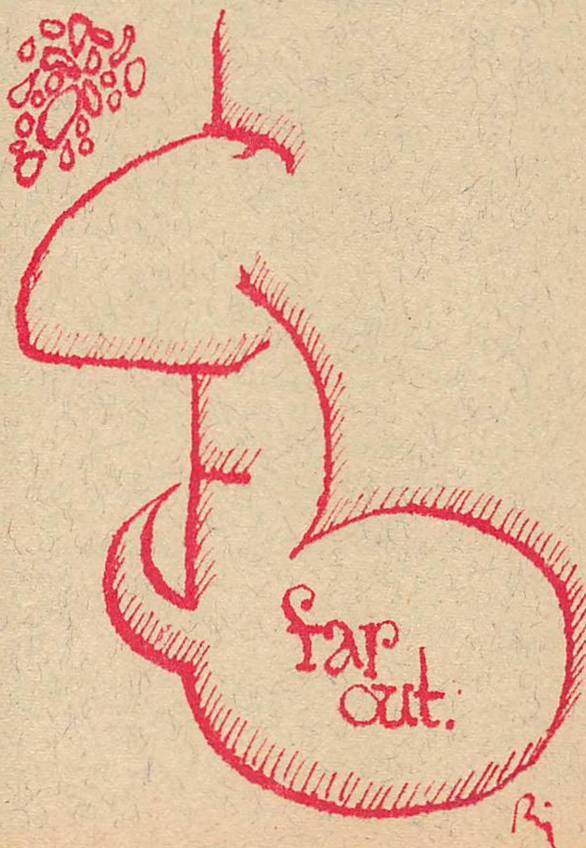
But the truth is that America has very few good reviewers or critics. Ted Pauls and Earl Evers and some of the professionals are just fine. But where is our John Foyster/Bruce Gillespie/Franz Rottensteiner/M. John Harrison??? It seems that Damon Knight and Judy Merrill left the criticism field without any American apprentices.

Is Leon Taylor our brightest hope?

And I have another dream. A serious discussion fanzine with a circulation of thirty or so. Everybody on the mailing list contributes by either article or letter of comment. No subscriptions or no reviews allowed. A place for thirty people to develop their skills at criticism and reviewing. Tackling all the subjects in the science fiction/fantasy field. And maybe at the end of the year putting out the best pieces for general fan publication. Sounds kind of nice, right on?

Maybe we can form a Naptown Mafia for critics and reviewers.

Let me know what you think... and maybe that second issue of



WAVES will appear sooner than you think.

"Fuck this SFR-BEABOHEMA sercon crap.
Fannishness shall reign yet."

-----Jay Kinney
(METANOIA number six)

GIVE PEACE A CHANCE

Another Holy War is developing and the sides are even more uneven than the new wave-second foundation tragedy.

I mean, if Jay Kinney and John Berry and Ted White and Greg Shaw and Dave Burton and Arnie Katz and others want to reject science fiction and talk relative to it (the subject that brought most of them into fandom), that is fine with me. If they want to spend their time raising money bringing Bob Shaw to the '71 Convention, that's fine, too. But if they want a Holy War, then they really picked the wrong group to agitate.

John Berry doesn't like SF REVIEW anymore. He's entitled to such an opinion. But his attack in AMAZING makes him sound like he resents Geis and all other big circulation publishers because they do have a big following and collect Hugos and are always recommended. Berry and other fannish people seemed pissed off because SFR and other sercon fanzines are not "amateurish" enough.

Well, let's face facts, boys and girls. Some people don't like to write their first and only draft onto stencil. They don't want their writings to put people like me to sleep. I admire SFR and other such journals because of the effort put into them...and the occasional excellent articles they present about science fiction.

If this were six or eight months ago, Dave Burton would be in here helping me rack these shit-heads over the coals. But his interest now lies in rock and fannish chatter. And I respect his tastes and the product he calls MICROCOSM. But even I get angry when he refuses to publish anything about science fiction in his fanzine... how does he know that everybody is turned off by such talk? Yet, I have enough faith that he won't join a holy war.

Guess I'd better cool off. I don't want to open a second front in these pages. It's just that I enjoy SPECULATION and SF COMMENTARY much better than FOCAL POINT or EGOBOO. I always looked forward to NEW WORLDS while AMAZING and FANTASTIC are always



YES, SPIRO,
WE ARE SENDING
YOU TO NAPTOWN
TO RAISE FUNDS
FOR THE 'GORMAW-
FOZ-TAFF' MOVEMENT!

put aside till later. I guess you would have to classify me in the "sercon crap" crowd.

And if a fan-nish fandom rises, without the name calling and shit slinging that is beginning to take place, then it shall rise.

But the tides will come in again.



"It's like John Phillips (formerly of the Mama's + Papa's) said on the Dick Cavett Show.

'You can't riot without the police.'

"He's a friend of ours. So's James Simon Kunen, author of the original book (called The Strawberry Statement, naturally) that the movie is supposedly based on. It's the most with it account of American radicalism available today. I'd rather have Kunen than any of the Chicago Seven to read. Why? Well, Kunen has a beautiful gift of understatement. Unlike Hoffman or Seale he calmly dissects the fallacies and hypocrisies of the Establishment. He doesn't say:

'I'm gonna shoot my way into the Senate, take the head of Pig McCellan, and shoot my way back out!'

Rather, he much more subtly gives the power structure its lumps:

'What sort of man gets busted at Columbia? I don't know. I got busted at Columbia and I, for one, strongly support trees (and, in a larger sense, forests), flowers, mountains and hills, also valleys, the ocean...'

A Reactionary Rightist can fault the first statement easily. Of course, the second just doesn't fit his mod of a 'dirty hippie pervert' or 'long-time commie traitor.' Brother Kunen is therefore worth ten-times an Abbie or Newton to the Movement. He is anti-Establishment without being violent and overemotional about it."

-----DAVID WM. HULVEY
20 August 1970

THE CELEBRATION OF DEATH

First of all, Dave, you must remember that the Black Panthers and other militant-socialist groups are not talking to Reactionary Rightist or even the intellectual white man. They are talking to the poor black people of the ghettos and the college student who has lost his individualism. And that means using words like "motherfucker" and "pigs" and "guns", because these are things that excite the potential recruits of the New Left.

No, I can't fault the American Viet Cong for their speech or even some of their

destructive acts. I don't approve of bombing buildings because there is the chance of hurting innocent people. And it isn't the buildings that are evil. You rip out the war machines and racist people in these buildings...and you could turn them into hospitals and schools.

But what offends me about the New Left is that they have no regard for their own life or safety. They talk about the importance of one human life, and then throw theirs away in senseless police confrontations. They claim that they are always ready for death because it will take deaths to bring this final revolution for the Socialist Man. But who says it is to be the final event? Remember the war to end all wars?

But there is hope. Huey Newton claims that the Black Panther Party is going to change from a revolution of the gun to a revolution of the law book. And that just may work. Lord knows how many more Panther 13/Chicago 8 trials this country can take before it falls apart.

Whatever happened to the CELEBRATION OF LIFE?

.....
...NAG (continued from page 10)

I kept seeing things in different colors and giving way to temptation. Oh well, we didn't really want a new car this year -- and I do need to go on a diet.

Anyway, this is my play-around and experiment issue. I hope everything works out well but since I've never tried anything like this before, I won't know until I start running off the pages. But it's fun thinking about it, anyhow.

By the way, folks, we can always use more art. ALWAYS. I thought I had accumulated a tremendous backlog; but then, we're using around sixty illos this time and that sort of reduced the inventory in a hurry! Also, any articles or reviews, etc.

The lettercol got cut short this time (20 pages is cut short???), partly because of space and partly because Jim mislaid some of the letters. (Don't listen to him when he tries to tell you I did it. He lies -- LIES!)

Finally, a note on Em's lateness this time (why am I apologizing?-- that's why we list our schedule as irregular). Most of it is due to the sheer size of Em. I am a slow typist and although electric typewriters have speeded me up they haven't done so that much. And Jim is a very slow hunt and peck typist (which is even worse than my slow touch typing) so he isn't very much help (like none) on that end of the production line. And the printing side should be much slower since some of the pages will have to be run through the machine three or more times to get the color I want. The Christmas season is upon us at this writing, and although I expect to have EM ready to go before Christmas, I hesitate to put it in the mails until afterwards, due to the chances of it disappearing into the maw of the post office forever. And, great news, as this is being written, a rail strike is immanent with the chance of an embargo being placed on all but First Class Mail that is to go more than 300 miles. Why does this always happen to me? (Anyone who says I'm getting paranoid is picking on me.)

.....

IN VIOLET

*Where is the youth of yesteryear?
Did I take him downtown and buy him a beer?*

*Where is my box of ribbons and rice?
I only used it once or twice.*

*Where is my box of dirty old boots?
I need some now to put on my foots.*

*Where is my box of fuzz?
It isn't here now-but it wuz.*

....Jerry Hunter

.....

Again Modest Proposals

JIM LAVELL

No one really knows exactly how much havoc fanzines have created in our little fannish microcosm. Fans must publish them to be recognized as Big Name Fans; fans must write long analytical letters of criticism to remain on mailing lists; many fans are forced to engage in fund raising campaigns in order to build garages to house proliferating collections. Is it any wonder that there is so much interest in reducing the number of fanzines by burning them? --- on a selective basis, of course.

The art of fanzine burning is indeed a charming old custom, hallowed by antiquity. It has been practiced for years by Conservatives, liberals, Fascists, Communists, atheists, rival editors, mothers, fathers, and drunken sex starved librarians. As it is with everything of importance since the invention of the cloak and shroud, its beginnings are cloaked in mystery and shrouded in secrecy. Many scholars believe that the first instance of fanzine burning occurred in the Middle Ages when a monk was trying to illuminate a parchment one-shot. All agree, however, that burning was almost non-existent during the period when they were made of stone. With the coming of papyrus, fanzine burning entered a new era and made a long stride forward.

One of the most famous literary references to fanzine burning occurs in Shakespeare. In *THE TEMPEST* (Act III, scene ii), Caliban gives the following helpful advice to fellow conspirators when they are plotting against Prospero:

*Why, as I told thee 'tis custom with him
I'th' afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his zines; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his zines; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn his zines.*

Since our heritage is so ancient and we have practiced it so continuously, it might appear strange that there should be need at this time for instructions regarding methods required in destruction by fire. The need, nevertheless, is not only real but urgent. Many who are currently occupied in fanzine burning are not, of themselves, readers or owners of the magazines and are unable to effectively deal with the destruction of these unfamiliar objects. For those able to read, these instructions will be found helpful.

Presumably the fire has been brought to an extremely high temperature. If it has not, it is not advisable to burn a fanzine whole. The initial step is to remove the binding, which is the outer part and has little printing on it. If, in the case of *TRUMPET* or *OUTWORLDS*, the binding should be of buckram or leather, it

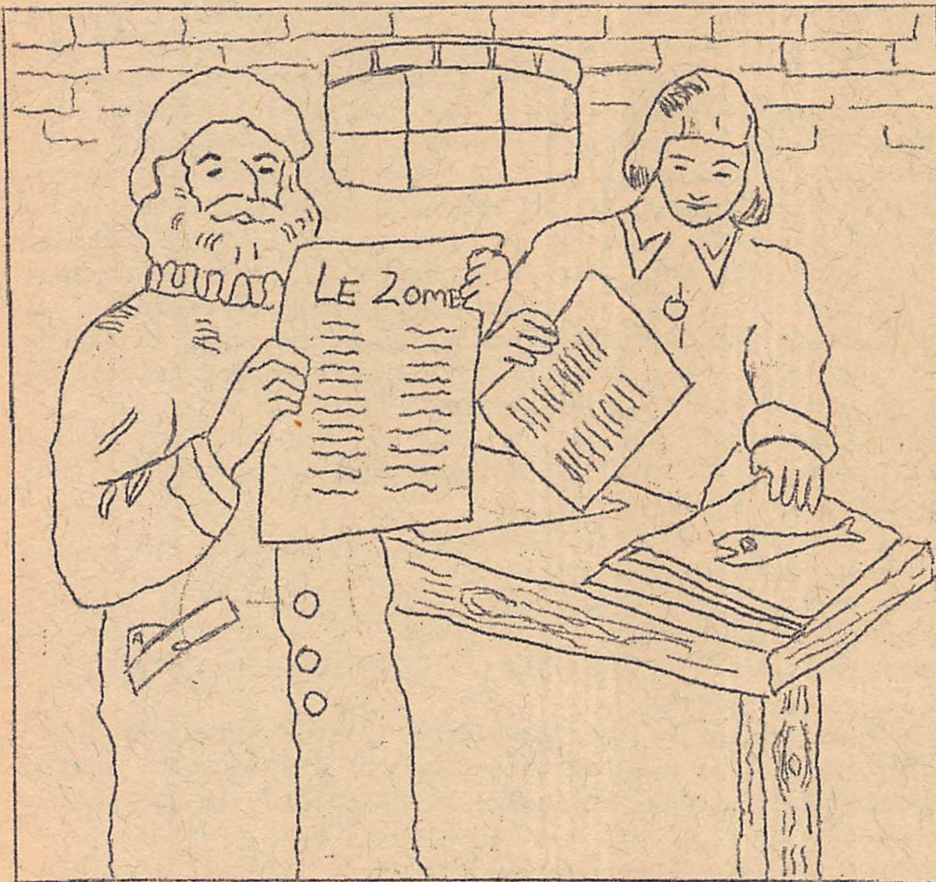
may be necessary to pour petrol over it to increase its flamability. Following this initial step the inner pages may be removed, a few at a time. If, like GRANFALLOON, the pages have been cunningly stitched together instead of stapled, this will be a laborious process but well worth the energy expended. Large fanzines such as BaB burn with exasperating slowness and require the expenditure of positively enormous quantities of petrol. Contrariwise, five or ten page zines such as THE WIT AND WISDOM OF JOHN W. CAMPBELL will burn quite rapidly. An additional dividend may be accrued by the simple expedient of removing the pages one at a time. Each page will burn rather quickly this way, giving off a pretty flame and leaving almost no ash.

Now we arrive at a point that may be left to the preference of the budding burner; that of selecting the site of the conflagration. Some experienced burners have reported that many pleasant effects may be garnered by judicious selection of the site. YANDRO, for example, burns quite cheerily in the fireplace on a cold winter night. The soft glow of its embers provides a suitable end to a night of fan-nish merrymaking.

For cooking and especially barbecuing CONGLOMERATION is of convenient size but has serious drawbacks. It gives an unsteady heat and leaves clinkers. In an emergency it would suffice. EMBELYON, however, when put to the torch imparts a not to be desired flavor to the meal being prepared.

With the advent of mimeography and offset printing, fanzine burning has lagged

disasterously behind the publication rate. Numerous suggestions have been advanced from all sides, especially the Right and the Left, about how to close the Fanzine Gap. The destruction of the individual magazine is, when viewed objectively, simply not feasible for the simple fact that hundreds of copies may be printed whilst only a few copies are being destroyed. One modest proposal being considered in some militant quarters is to burn the post offices and thus prevent the distribution of the offending articles. Still another suggestion is to burn the printing supply houses and thus insure that the publishers' supplies will be cut off.



When Friar Tuck sent copies of his fanzine into safekeeping during the French Inquisition, he was later able to trace some to a dealer in fish who used them to wrap his wares. This was the first appearance of the wrap zine...

Because of space limitations, there is little opportunity to

to discuss in detail the relative merits of the proposals. The burning of individual fanzines contains the element of sport and offers the participant the chance to be creative in his destruction.

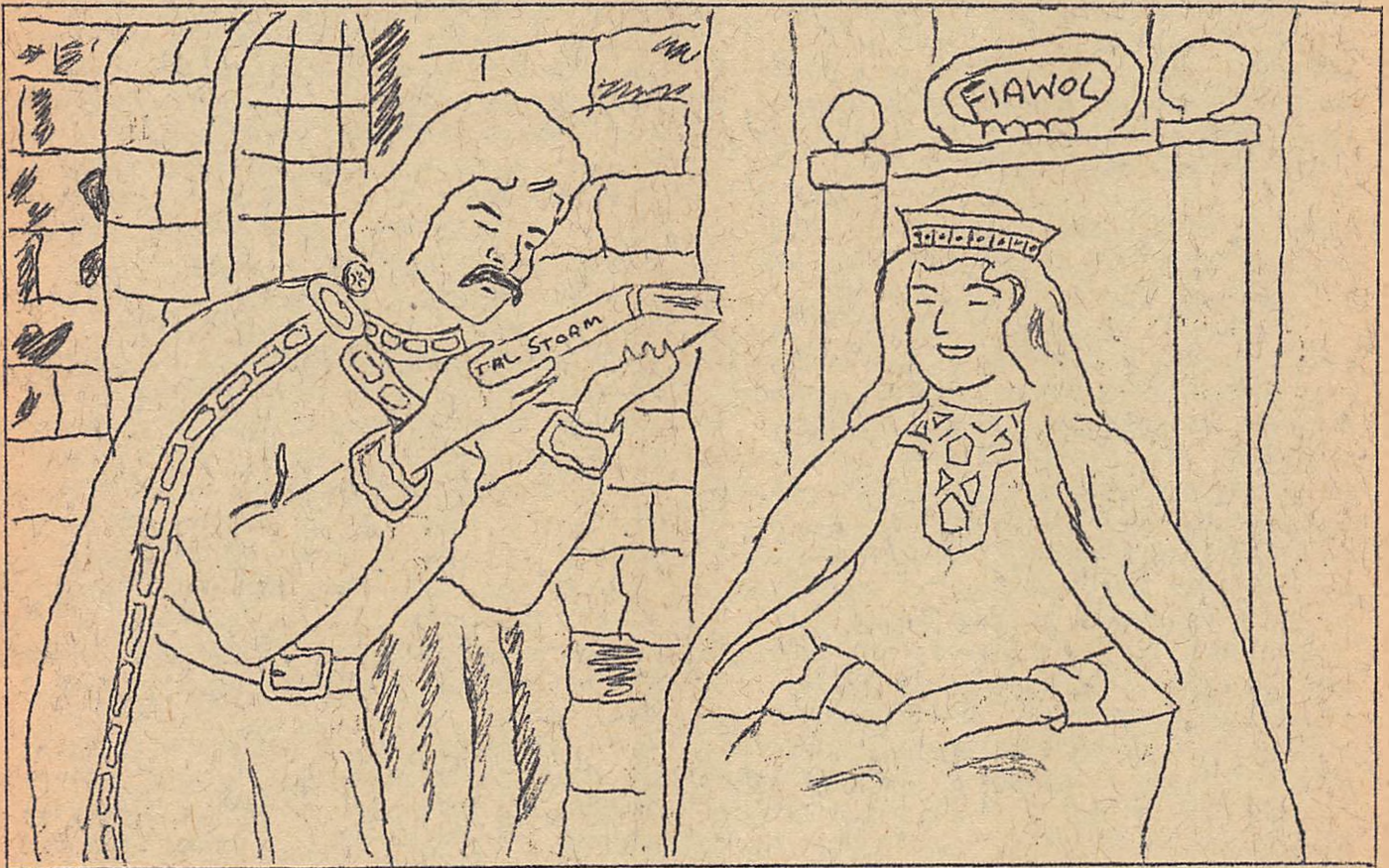
The burning of post offices is a more desirable solution and the resulting conflagration would be spectacular. The burning of printing supply houses has merit, but since these businesses are scattered throughout the country, it would be inconvenient for a majority of fans to attend and they would have to be content with watching the blazes on television.

It is apparent that the specialists in the field have overlooked the simplest and most efficient method; one that would also afford a great deal of satisfaction to many people. It would strike at the very source, could be used nationwide, and with the exception of polluted air, would be without unpleasant side effects. This is so obvious we can offer no explanation why its advantages have not been recognized and put into use.

Why not burn publishers?

We are quite certain that now that this method has been broached the simplicity of it will be apparent to all. Publisher burning will become widespread and it is likely that the publishers themselves will join in with utter abandon.

It may be the greatest thing since The Great Staple War.



HISTORIC ATTITUDES

Shortly after the Norman conquest in 1057, Queen Margaret married Malcolm Canmore, an exemplary soldier who could neither read nor write. When the queen showed a liking for a particular fanzine, he would take it in his hands and kiss the back cover. Fans have been kissing back sides ever since.

Inter^{LETTERS}jections

MIKE GLICKSOHN
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Toronto 180, Ontario

The use of the reflected illos for the title pages of the Alicia interview threw me for a moment until I realized that you must simply have turned the electrostencil around and run it from the other side. I hadn't really thought about this at all and had sort of assumed that printing such a stencil was a one-way process.

--It was the first time I'd used electrostencils and I was too ignorant to consider that it couldn't be done.--lee--

The interview itself was wonderfully natural. I could almost hear Alicia speaking as I read, although I think she soft-peddled her immodesty somewhat. My love for Alicia springs from many things, not the least of which is her entirely inoffensive and joyful conceit. She does exactly what she said she did when she sees her art published, and it's enjoyable to see someone get such honest joy out of their achievements. Maybe this appeals to me because I react the same way to each published issue of my fanzine, but whatever, thanks for the interview. It was great to have Alicia back with us for a while, even vicariously. (Of course, much of my love for Alicia is based on the fact that she's the only girl I know who drinks beer out of the bottle and can match me pint for pint for as long as I wish to drink.)

Ted Pauls has a masterful analysis of Spinrad that is long overdue. I have long argued that as far as plot elements

are concerned BJB is entirely unoriginal, although I still think it's an excellent book, and it's good to see some others with the same views. But I think Ted is at fault when he describes what he feels to be one of the book's weaknesses. Ted commits the intentional fallacy when he argues "Howards simply wasn't sufficiently evil that one could be entirely on Jack Barron's side..." This presupposes that Spinrad intended us to take this particular stand and I think Ted is being much too harsh on Spinrad if he believes this. Spinrad may not be a great writer, but he's more sophisticated than that. Even Ted does not imply in his article that Spinrad's books are quite the straight-forward Pure Good vs Pure Evil of many of the early pulp writers so I believe this particular criticism of Ted's is invalid. Far more infuriating to me was the inconsistency of the book's ending. I simply could not reconcile the picture of Howards that had been built up through the book (even including his paranoid fear of the "fading black circle") with his sudden and total collapse on Barron's show. It stunk of 'deus ex machina' to me.

Fath's column (I suppose that technically it qualifies) is nowhere near as fuggheaded this time as it has been previously. I wonder what's wrong with the poor chap? He has a few serious things of merit to say and seems to have discovered the knack of making it somewhat clearer when he is not to be taken seriously. Of course, there's the horrendous possibility that perhaps I'm just getting to understand his way of thinking but I'm sure it's more than that. There's a sub-

tle but noticeable difference in his presentation, and it's for the better. I'm sure he'll correct this in his next column.

But if Fath is getting less fugg-headed, Lewton is getting exponentially more so. It's not just that we disagree in matters of taste as far as fanzines are concerned, this is to be expected, it's a simple matter of the ethics of reviewing, something about which Lewton seems to know and care nothing. A reviewer has an obligation, that's "obligation" Lewton, check it in the dictionary, to be as unbiased as possible or, at least, to make his personal biases known so that his readers may evaluate his reviews. Lewton's attack on "Granfalloon" is so petty, so narrow-minded and so evidently based on his personal feelings about Linda Bushyager, that it becomes totally invalid as a piece of criticism. I am completely incapable of accepting Lewton's opinion of any fanzine now that he has made clear the nature of the standards upon which he judges things. Thus for me his column is a waste and I can only hope that your readers will be perceptive enough to realize that his judgement is colored entirely by personal prejudice of an uncritical nature and is hence not to be trusted.

In line with this matter of the responsibilities of the mature critic and connected with Lewton's entirely uncritical review of "Dynacence" is a general reaction to Indiana fandom. But first, a digression. Even considering my comments above, I'm not blind to the fact that Lewton has some critical faculties (which he chooses not to indulge) so I cannot believe that he is honest in his review of Dyancence. True, the cover is good but the mimeo is abysmal, the hand-cut art is crude, the fiction is amateurish, the reviews (aha!--I dig through my piles of old fanzines and find that the reviews in this zine were done by our boy Dave himself. That explains things.) lack insight. All in all a crudzine. With promise, I agree, but a crudzine and undeserving of the paeans of praise Dave delivered. So add to my

charges of lack of professional detachment the additional charge of toadying to ones friends or colleagues. (This is just the other side of the coin, of course.) And now let me backtrack and level the same charge at Indiana fandom in general. As I believe Sandra Miesel was intimating, Indiana fandom seems to be getting dangerously inbred and cliquish.

--Yes, *Indifandom has always been inbred and cliquish; but Indiana is an inbred and cliquish state.--lee--*

I submit, without rancour I assure you, that there is something wrong with a situation in which a group of people spend their time telling each other in print how great they are. I know how bloody hard it is to tell a friend what's wrong with his work and perhaps it's just as hard to honestly evaluate a zine you have material in but there is something wrong when fandom is deluged with fanzines that have a hell of a lot to say about each other none of which is negative. I submit that a re-evaluation is called for and it might best be initiated with a little honesty in fanzine reviewing.

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JEFF COCHRAN
424 Kielstad
Placentia CA 92670

On symbolism again: It's in the mind of the beholder. There may be all sorts of trauma within you pushing that certain thing out -- but it takes someone else to find it. You've lived with it and adapted to it until you don't notice it any more. And of course, the symbolism someone else sees may be quite different than what your "traumas" actually are -- because the viewer, too, has a life full of little pulses and urges, which will make him react in a unique way with your creation.

I am beginning to come to the conclusion that the difference between artists and art teachers are that teachers think about symbolism -- and they are the worse for it. God, my art teacher is an oddity. In talking to her I get the feeling that she is desperately trying to be what she thinks an artist has to be. Eccentric,

religio-mystic, beset by the world --- all of which are stereotypes that are unnecessary to creativity, except perhaps for the eccentric bit --- I think that creativity is eccentric by nature -- after all, what is it but a concentrated difference from what has gone before?

Anyway, back to my art teacher. Now, she is a good artist, I admit. But she has delusions of sorts. Visions, she claims. Among them -- A)She was painting and suddenly everything blacked out and she could see nothing, but she stabbed out with the brush and began painting anyway. When she felt that the piece was finished, light blossomed out and she saw that she had done a color painting of Jesus....B)The talk with St. Peter....C)The time she threw a copy of Esquire out of the art building because it had an article on devil worship and she said the "bad vibrations" were driving her crazy and she couldn't paint while they were there.

One of our favorite escapades in the art department is the time she brought some old paintings to school to get rid of the canvases and reuse the frames. Anyway, she warned us about one in particular. She told myself and a friend that she had painted it one evening six months before the Watts riot had occurred. It was a flaming, ugly scene, she said -- a nightmare. And the strange thing, she continued, is that she called it "Watts Riot".....

She then told us that she had kept it in her garage for the last few years, and that every cat she kept in the garage got sick or died during that time. She also said that this mystic had told her that the painting's vibrations were so ugly that they were killing the cats, and that she should destroy the thing. Before we went out to get the canvases we were sternly warned not to look at it for a long time, and not to bring the canvas into the art building.

Well, we looked at the canvas. It had flames, and figures that could be taken for blacks, and newspaper clippings pasted on (they were not pasted on after painting because the painting was done

over them). One of the papers was an article about the Watts riots. So much for six months before.

We looked at it more, and reached this decision about it -- there were only two ways that it could kill a cat. Now, either the cat was nibbling on it -- or the cat was an art critic. The thing was that bad.

And that's my art teacher, all bent on tagging things and making up mystic stories to play charades with herself. Walked over and told me that I was drawing something because it was a strong womb symbol and I told her that she was out of her mind, I was drawing that globe as the basis for a sketch of the Discovery (so she immediately about-faced and called it a symbol for the male sperm, or phallus. Aaaaaaaaarhh.).

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HARRY WARNER, JR.

423 Summit Ave.

Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

on issue 2

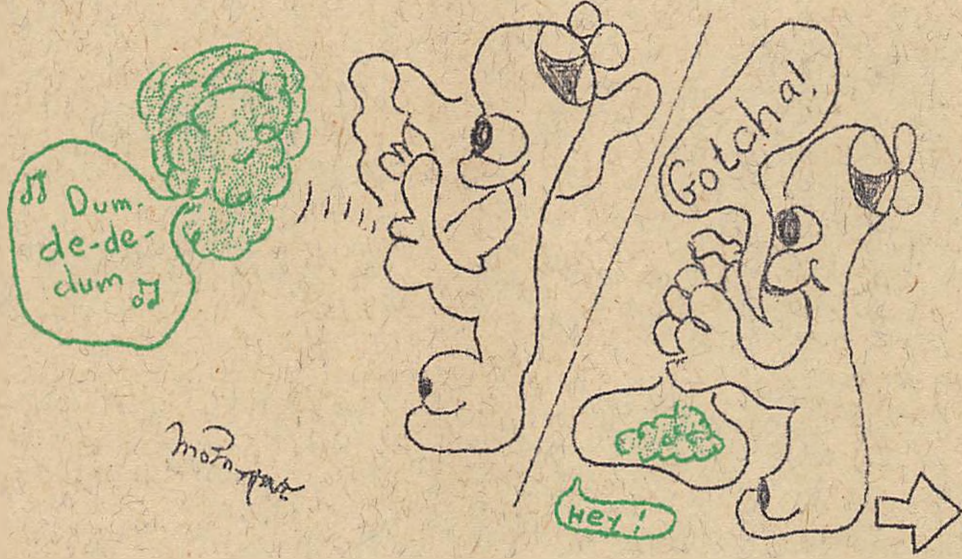
I enjoyed the second Embelyon, although it may have helped to put a hole in the side of my auto. There has been an increasingly large rusty spot on one of the side panels, and I finally dug up out of the attic the bottle-of-ink sized can of touchup paint that I acquired years ago when I first bought the auto as a used car. Then Embelyon arrived and the story of the catastrophe. When I make allowance for the thought that I'm an exceptionally clumsy person, I imagine myself trying to stop the rusting with dabs of paint and losing my balance and the bottle flying through the air and crashing through the attic window, spewing its contents all over my fanzine collection up there. Of course, the roof is so bad that any rainstorm could have much the same effect, if the roofing people don't keep their promise to make repairs pretty soon.

Ibsen used to be amazed at all the subtleties he's put into his plays, when he read what the critics had found in them. But it's a good thing that Pasternak wasn't a composer of serious music, if he grew annoyed at over-eager miners into the subconscious and secondary

levels. The musicologists are the people who really run wild with this sort of thing. There are the elaborate mathematical relationships that they discovered in the music of Webern, magnificent structures of equational logic, and all that work went to waste when a biographer dug up evidence proving that the composer was helpless with even the simplest arithmetic and had flunked math in school. Now a new book about Schumann has just appeared which seeks to prove that many of his compositions are elaborate ciphers, in which certain tiny twists of melody and harmony conveyed messages involving his wife and others in their circle. It's so much safer to do such things with the older composers, of course, because they've usually been pretty well biographed already and no personal friends are left alive to give the lie to the researchers.

Leon Taylor is writing about a story I've never read, so I can't argue about his conclusions.

But I do applaud the basic thing he's doing, the thorough discussion of a story that hasn't been nominated for a Hugo or written about at length in the past. There's an enormous backlog of science fiction that needs attention in fanzines because the stories weren't quite as good as the ones that won most attention in recent years, or were published before fanzines began to pay so much attention to science fiction stories.



interesting. I wish she'd explained why she can draw and I can't, but maybe it's as hard for an artist to decide where talent comes from as it is for us untalented types to think of sensible things to say about the art of those with talent. Of course, there's also the perspectives opened up by Alicia's disclosure that Michelangelo was such a strong influence on her. Can't you imagine what a sensational interview you might get if it were possible to contact him and ask him how he feels about helping to alter the course of fanzine artwork?

Dark Shadows is programmed at a time when I'm almost never home, so I can't compare impressions of it with Juanita. But I can wonder why this serial which seems to have been so successful with the general public has failed to inspire imitations. Every other kind of drama on television gets imitated to repletion, just as soon as someone discovers the new gimmick like a hospital setting or an unorthodox at-

tornes. But I don't think anything similar to Dark Shadows has been offered by the other networks. --Actually, there was one-- a syndicated show, out of Canada, I believe,

called "Strange Paradise". It didn't last long, at least around here.--lee--

I can think of a possible Hugo squabble as a result of the expurgated American editions Buck Coulson complains about. If the United States edition of Alien Dust was published this year, could Ted Tubb demand consideration for Hugo nomination next spring, on the grounds

on issue 3
Alicia Austin's interview is quite

that it's a revised version? This is an extreme case, of course, but I can conceive of adherents of a particular author stirring up just such a story on an equally flimsy pretext.

David Gorman's reiteration of the frequent statement that Indianapolis won't stage a convention is also meat for thinking. Nature's way of insuring survival of the fannish fittest seems to be to cause a convention to be held in every city where vast numbers of new, fully active fans publishing fine fanzines suddenly emerge simultaneously. The city's fans are so exhausted by the convention that the natural balance of the past is restored, just as happened in St. Louis and in many other cities in previous years. What if Indianapolis avoids this encounter with nature's Fanzine Pill? The post office might revert from private enterprise to government department again under the hopeless burden of delivering all the Indianapolis fanzines.

--Indi-fans have heretofore managed to bypass all the red tape of convention giving and go gafia with no help whatsoever.--lee--

On your artwork-to-stencil problems: Don't fan artists possess the ability to put their own work on stencil nowadays? This used to be the accepted method of getting authoritative reproduction, in the era before electrostencilling became popular in fandom. There's nothing to prevent an artist from filling a stencil

with filler illustrations which the fanzine editor can cut apart and splice into suitable spots in his fanzine, just as he tries to arrange with the electrostencilling as a money saving method. The finest technicians at putting their own art on stencil were the British fans who were doing most of the illustrations for British Isles fanzines in the early 1960's. For firmness of line, completely solid black areas, fine differentiation between thick and thin lines, and all the other meritorious things involved in fanzine art, they accomplished much finer things than any electrostencils have ever achieved. So it can be done.

--Amen. Finally somebody on my side. Unfortunately, most artists don't want to bother with stencils, nowadays.--lee--

College campuses would be the logical place to hold cons in summer, if hotel problems and city dangers continue to grow worse. There have been some tentative experiments already with fannish events on campus. Even the most hectic worldcon should be a restful interlude to college authorities, the way things have been going on campuses during the academic year. Another possibility for regional events would be resort areas during



the off-season when rates are lower and there are few mundanes around to become annoyed.

+++++
LINDA E. BUSHYAGER
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I think your idea of interviewing fan artists is an excellent one. As you prob-

ably know, I'm very enthusiastic about fan artwork. I think it deserves far more recognition than heretofore received, and these interviews are a great way to give fanart that recognition. Both the Austin and Fabian interviews were fascinating. Did Dave conduct the interview in person or by mail? He did a fine job of eliciting interesting responses.

--Burton did the Fabian and Austin interviews by mail, as I did the Gilbert one this issue. In future issues, if all goes well, Jeff Cochran will be interviewing some west coast artists in a combination of in-person and by-mail media.--lee--

I found Juanita Coulson's Dark Shadows column especially interesting. I'm a DS addict; right now I'm suffering from acute withdrawl -- they took Shadows off the air in Pittsburgh. I agree with Juanita, Dark Shadows unpredictability maintains viewer interest. Most soap operas (and let's not be naive, DS is one) move extremely slowly, with relatively few plot twists. The average night-time fare is hardly better -- it is very easy to determine the ending. But DS moves at a rapid pace and consistently shifts ground. You literally never know what to expect. I hope Juanita will write another column about it in the future.

Andrew Offut is insane. But he is also fun.

Is Sam Fath really Paul Hazlett, by any chance? His column contains the same sort of nasty, unfriendly overtones

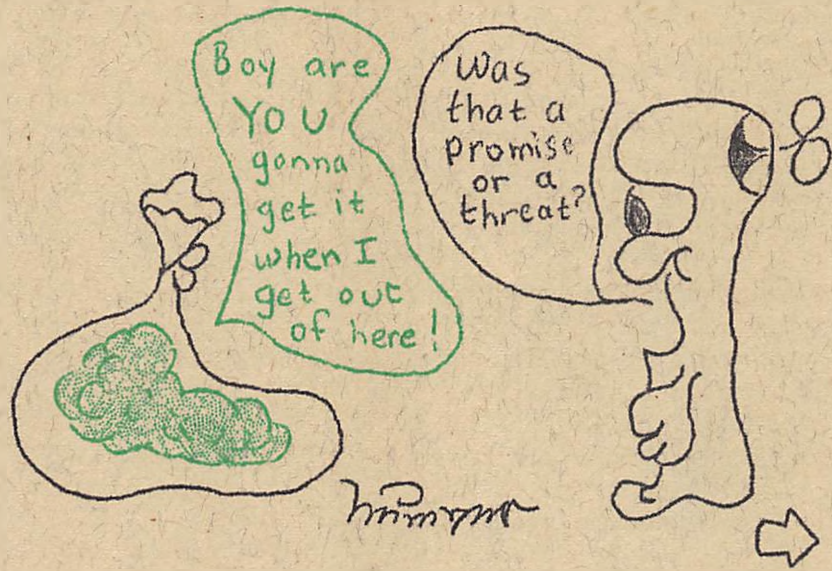
as Hazlett's. Basically he says little, why do you print his stuff? It's just not my cup of tea, and I can't see too many other people in fandom sipping his bitter brew with enjoyment.

--Sam is a case of spontaneous generation. He wasn't born in the normal sense. He was squeezed out of a bar rag.--jim--

Jim Dorr's column, on the other hand, is delightful. I've always admired his funny, fluid style and was glad to see a home for it in Embelyon.

Dave Lewton should try writing longer fanzine reviews.

The lettercolumn was very interesting too. Some people will probably write and complain that you shouldn't interrupt letters with your comments -- that you should wait until the end of the letter to reply. But I think you do it quite well, and hope you'll continue replying to the letters in the middle, as though it were a conversation. I like the continuity this provides.



continuity this provides.
+++++++
+++++++
"Never throw a cat through a window at Christmas!"
--- Dick Cavett
+++++++
+++++++
SANDRA MIESEL
8744 N.
Pennsylvania
Indiana-

polis, Indiana 46240

Ted Pauls' comparison of Spinrad and Heinlein is really excellent. Very convincing. (Though I do hope for Ted's sake that neither individual ever reads it. They might not appreciate his thesis.) Now given the stress Spinrad lays on his favorite perversion, will we know he's passed on to another phase when he starts

writing about the reverse act? The purported inventor of the latter, the Chinese Empress Wu, was vicious and lustful enough for several Spinrad novels. (e.g.: Diplomats were required to present their tongues as well as their credentials at her court.) But I don't suppose he could bear to have women dominate men in that fashion.

Perchance have you seen the Roudebush-for-Senator ad that uses ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA for background music? The incongruity sent me into a giggling fit but John observed that if Strauss were here he probably wouldn't mind the use of his music -- since he'd probably vote for Roudebush himself.

--Equally interesting (or sickening) about the Roudebush commercial, with his "I was the one who insisted that the American Flag be taken to the Moon" nonsense, was the fact that he also came out against the space program during the campaign.--lee--

After thinking about it for a while, I must conclude that Lewton was entirely too harsh on GRANFALLOON. His obnoxiousness, being calculated, is more offensive than any of Linda's oversights. He belabors her electrostencilling (did he

perhaps use a magnifying glass?) but fails to mention a perennial fault of GF's repro: instances where the printing isn't squarely centered on the page. And not attempting to be objective, Lewton avoids noticing the extremely clever covers on this issue of GF, the cute Kirk portfolio, and the awful Fabian one. His indignation at her suggestion

that one write pros requesting fanzine contributions is just too precious. Linda's remark presumed that pros are less physically accessible than fans and thus must be approached in writing. And while it may come as a surprise to Dave, there actually are neos -- and not-so-neos -- who are shy of pros.

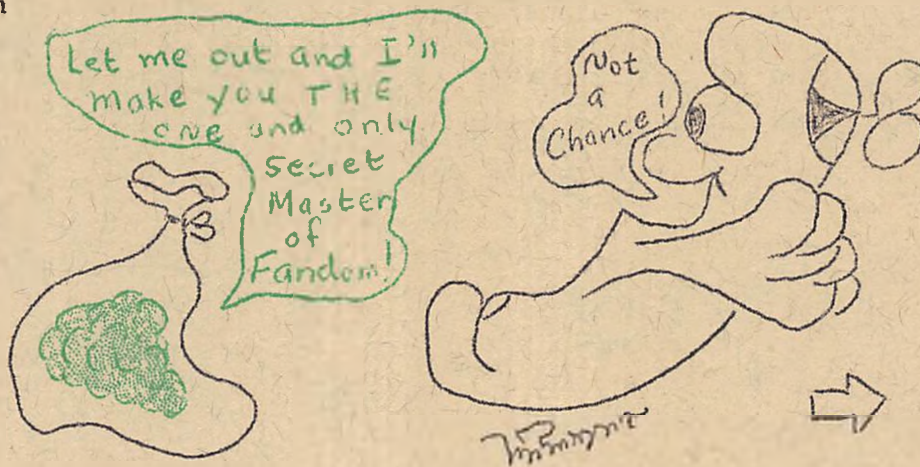
--Who was it back there who was saying that Indifans never did anything but praise each other?--lee--

Yet I can hardly pretend to objectivity in this matter either. I was a contributor to GF #9 and definitely do not consider my small effort "second rate". Watch out, Lewton. You don't see Gorman around any more, do you?

+++++
W.G. BLISS
422 Wilmot
Chillicothe, Ill. 61523

Hmn. One sneaky way of getting out of admitting one has lost a mss is to request a longer or shorter version from

the author. Or appeal to his sense of humor with a long and far out account of the frantic search for the lost contrib. Like "Somehow something happened to your first chapter of



A SKIRMISH IN SPACE WAR 22 IN THE SEWERS OF OLD ALGOR. Suddenly one day we couldn't find it. We found a stack of paper similar to the beige bond you use. At this late date we kind of wonder if somehow you did get a typer ribbon with disappearing ink. We've looked everywhere here. Poked in all the nooks and crannies and even peered into the cuckoo

clock, but only found a copy of Chic Sales' THE SPECIALIST laying in the bottom of the case, an item that had been misplaced only 18 years. We looked in the trunk of the car and Aunt Liddie's trunk up in the attic and the trunk of the paper mache elephant (a memento of a New Year's Eve party in 1950) out in the barn. The repairman had the refrigerator out of the wall yesterday, but it wasn't there either. Finally in desperation we conferred with a local friend who dabbles in psitronic things as a hobby and implored him to consult his double refracting crystal ball. (a fringe fandom). All he could see was us sweating a bit and composing this plaintive epistle. --Sincerely hoping you can find the carbon of the tale,"

Ah yes Dark Shadows. It's on at a hectic time of the day around here when I'm too busy fixing tvs to watch it. I did catch some very memorable lines one time though -- "You made me ugly and women will have nothing to do with me!"

You will make me a woman!"

Judging from what's been passing in front of my eyeballs of late, the sensitive American reader might still be sensitive, but they will have to paste thin strips of black

tape on offending passages themselves.

Sam Fath strikes a nostalgic note. No doubt his electric cow is war surplus as the Navy had a device th emulsified butter in water and powdered milk to make reconstituted milk during WW2.

++++
"That serial is a real hiffclanger!"--JL
++++

ANDREW J. OFFUTT
Funny Farm
Haldeman, Ky. 49329

Em, you are beautiful. You may be the most beautiful fanzine coming in. Neat, readable, pretty headers. Stay well.

Paul Walker's letter in #3 not only touched off this installment of the a.o. letter, it was THE cleverest item aboard. I refer to his brilliant 'requiem' for SFR, and the first time I meet Walker I want to see if he has the same funny swelling in his cheek I have. Comes from writing with your tongue there. And judging from SFR, he sho do read a lot.

You're 0-0-0-0-0 K, Paul Walker:
LIVE!

Oh... and tell Fath I said this, fist up: Write On!

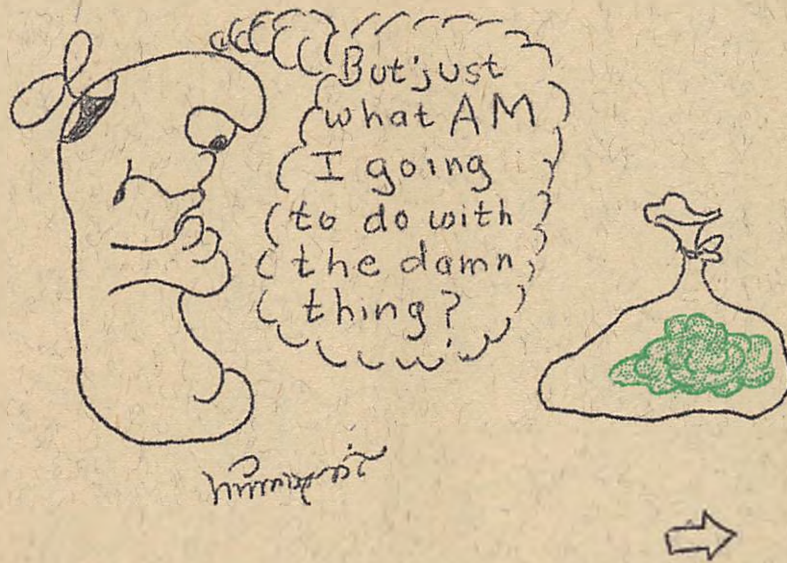
--By the way, apropos of nothing, I was going to suggest that you try a JohnBerry Sour; but then, I'm a-fraid to think of the ingredients.--lee--

++++

PATRICK MCGUIRE
237 S. Rose St.
Bensenville,
Ill., 60106

I found Ted Pauls' idea to be an interesting one intellectually, but it doesn't carry much gut conviction with it. I am troubled 1) by the fact that Spinrad has demonstrated little potential for even becoming as semi-great as RAH,

and comparisons between Masters and Mortals always seem suspicious to me, 2) by the fact that Spinrad has produced so much less from which to generalize than has RAH (look how long it was before Vance "hit stride" or was "trapped" into his current style (whichever you prefer)). But then again, I haven't read "Men in the Jungle," so that perhaps patterns



are clear which to me seem only speculative. And 3), clearly one has to do something about RAH's current work, "current" being about since Stranger. Clearly the Heinlein adolescent is trying to grow up, though I have my doubts about his success. Still, food for thought...

How is the Feast of JFK any worse than St. Louis X of France? I haven't seen the original allegation, but I find it hard to believe that much of anything can have been better for any sizable part of the population in the Good Old Days; not the myths, not the newspapers, not the religion, nothing. Which is not to say they're good for much now, but I think we are at least aware of many of our shortcomings, and that has to be an improvement. I have my own thoughts about Romanticism. It seems to me we have left the second-cycle romanticism behind, or we are about to do so. Call World War Two a replay of the Napoleonic Wars, and the increasing accent on youth, on emotionalism in art, on democratic ideals, and drug use all fall into place. The modern Romanticism is popular level, not confined to the offsprings of the gentry, but the similarities are otherwise quite

striking. The Romantic affected differences in dress, wanted changes in mores; Romanticism went through two stages, the first more or less apolitical (=the beatniks), the second more oriented toward action. They initiated a series of democratic revolutions, all of which were crushed or betrayed for lack of sufficient planning and because of too many

heads in the clouds. Then they invented Realpolitik and things got a lot more deadly serious. I don't want to stretch historical analogies too far (the Russians, after all, walked into Stalin largely as a result of fear that Trotsky would turn into Napoleon), but nonetheless I submit that we are going to have an interesting generation or two. Interesting to the historians; hopefully, less than impossible to live through.

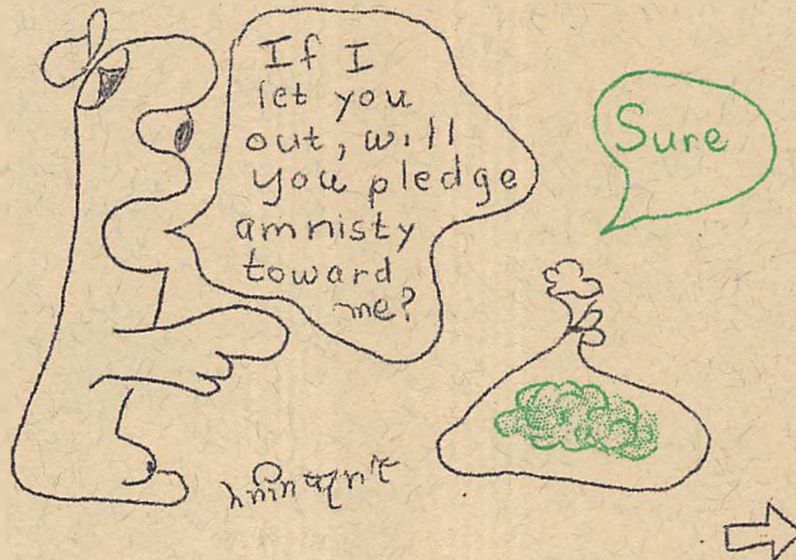
Sandra Miesel's book reviews conform to her usual standards. (And --wow!-- would it ever occur to YOU to write a sentence like, "By what magic does Silverberg infuse old SF plots with new vitality?"? Class.)

I mostly plead ignorance in re the fanzine reviews. If David Lewton would just remember that compositions are supposed to have a beginning, a middle, and an end, the world would be a happier place. The review of Granfalloon and several of the others showed much evidence of a heavy hand. Incisiveness, Mr.

Lewton!
Delicacy!
Wit!
+++++++
ALPAJPURI
330 S. Ber-
endo St.
L.A. CA
90005

I do have one criticism -- of Dave Lewton's review of Granfalloon. Dave just seems to need a little patience and

charity... If he thinks Granfalloon is really so bad, he should take steps to help the fanzine, shouldn't he?, instead of phrasing his criticism in such an antagonistic way as to eke the maximum negative reaction out of Linda Bushyager. His purpose seems to be to put Linda down for being (what he considers to be) inferior to Dave. Does he treat blind men



and cripples similarly? I wonder... (I really don't, of course -- see, I can play games too...)

When we identify as completely as possible with the personalities around us, we treat them as we think we should be treated ourselves. I'm sure that if Dave were Linda he'd appreciate a more meaningful & sympathetic critique.

++++
ROBERT REGINALD

1415 E. Dare St. #118
San Bernadino CA 92404

I dunno, it seems to lack something. It's not that the zine is incompetent: both your writing and those of your fellows are readable and even enjoyable. But there seems to be missing a certain coherence to the whole: the magazine has no feel to it, it fails to come alive, it fails to register in one's mind as anything more than a collection of words. It has no personality.

--You just

ain't got no taste.--lee--

++++
MIKE KRING
P.O. BOX
626
Sabinal,
Texas,
78881

Since you have explained your editorial policy, I won't complain about Sam Fath anymore (tho I see he is growing more literate with each column; in fact, he's almost up to sixth-grade level.

andrew offutt's column must be the type of column Sam Fath is striving for (except Fath will never make it). andrew offutt's column had humor, a nice friendly atmosphere to it, and made sense! (Alright, Fath, let's see you

do that!)

David Lewton's review of Granfalloon helped to realize what had been buggin' me about GF. A very good review.

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JOHN BOSTON
2109 Blakemore Ave., Apt. 4
Nashville, Tennessee 37212

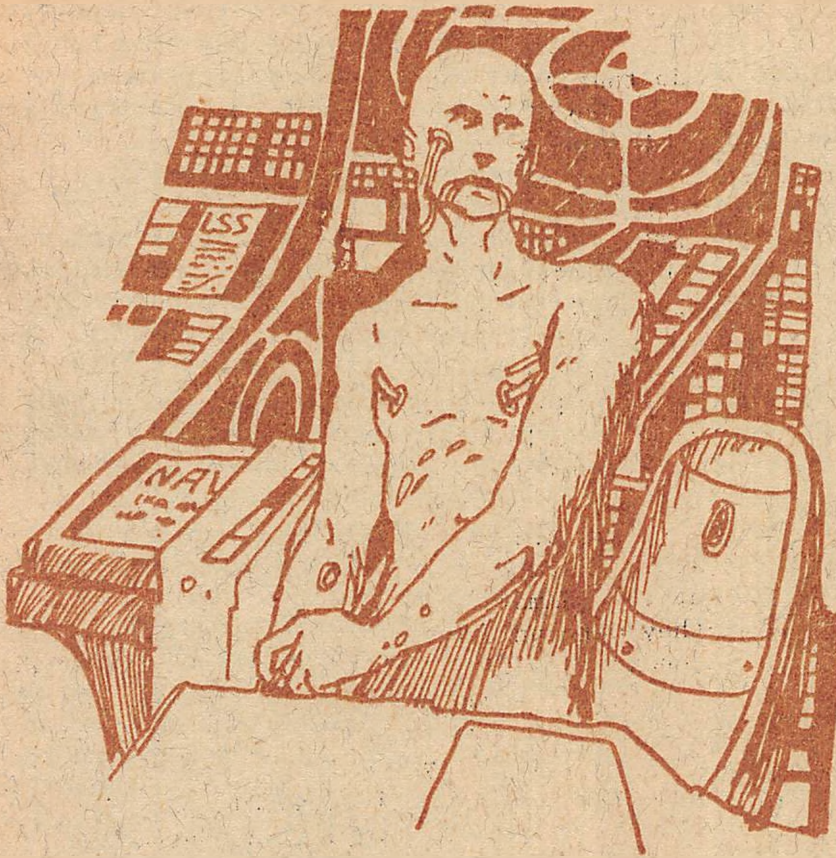
Ted Pauls' article is perceptive -- his point is one of those perfectly obvious things that no one notices until they're told (at least, I didn't). I was very conscious of Spinrad's power-competence obsession in Bug Jack Barron, but the hip ambience kept me from comparing it with Heinlein. I was a bit annoyed at the summary paragraphs of the article; they were unnecessary and a bit condescending, as if we couldn't remember what we had just read.

Robert Coulson has a good point on the transfer of hypocrisy from sex to violence. However, it's hardly peculiar to the young: politicians who pursue a war while talking about peace (and condemn domestic political violence too) are no less hypocritical than people who vandalize buildings for peace. Then there is the national glorification of the hardhat, which began in response to

a violent assault by construction workers on demonstrators. Actually, where young people are concerned, I suspect that those who commit violent acts mostly maintain a violent ideology. The Weathermen may be crazy, but they aren't hypocrites about violence.

What is Dr. Wertham's investigation of fandom? Is he looking for commies, or





under-employed: that they are, on the whole, highly intelligent and competent people in jobs that do not utilize all their capabilities. For example, I suspect that there are very few attorneys in fandom. Unfortunately, the only practical way to do such research would be by mailed questionnaire; and fans are such rampant individualists that I suspect half would throw it away and the other half would do things like write essays in response to agree-disagree questions.

++++
 MIKE O'BRIEN
 158 Liverpool St.
 Hobart, Tasmania,
 Australia 7000

Juanita Coulson's piece on Dark Shadows was of interest -- I've heard much about the show but it's only started showing on some Australian TV stations this year. I've heard one complaint from

Melbourne that it's promising but slow-moving at first.

The andrew offutt letter reminds me of the laments of other fen re how deadly are their contributions. It would be interesting to get all these "jinxed" fans to contribute to the same 'zine and observe the results.

Robert Coulson's remarks about Tubb's ALIEN DUST are bleakly interesting. Exactly the same thing happened to the editions available in Australia of THE CARPETBAGGERS, CANDY and MYRA BRECKENRIDGE, or so they tell me.

--But would consumers buy one page books?--lee--
 +++++
 +++++
 "I'll never forget the day I got amnesia!"
 +++++
 +++++

is it queers?

--I don't know but somehow he'll try to make it look like we're perverting the minds of our innocent children --as he did with comics, Tarzan, tv, toys...--lee--

Now that I think of it, there are some aspects of fandom that would be interesting to research. One interesting project would be to relate reading preferences to personality traits to see whether New Wave fans were more authoritarian or alienated than Old Wave fans. Another would be to see to what extent fandom takes the place of social and political participation: do fans vote, demonstrate, join organizations and visit their friends more or less often than non-fans of the same income and occupation? Yet another would be to test the hypothesis that fans are

RICK STOOKER
1205 Logan St.
Alton, Ill. 62002

Ted Paul's article was, as he had hoped, thought provoking. Ted's comments on Heinlein and sex brought back many childhood memories (not too far gone). I've always had the impression Heinlein was liberal in his use of sex. The sex scenes in REVOLT IN 2100 were probably the first I ever read. They weren't too explicit but they went farther than any sf writer I'd read to that time. Other novels had characters talking about sex almost as if they were in a football locker room. In fact, he was probably the least afraid of sex as any sf writer before "The Lovers" appeared. And STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND could scarcely be described as sex on a 12 year old level. The sex is actually on a more mature level than most adults today, because most adults could never submerge their jealousies enough to make a communal system. Hippie experience shows that it's hard to make them work; but not that the goal isn't worth it. Pauls made a mistake in his presentation of Heinlein's treatment of sex; but his basic hypothesis makes a twisted sort of sense.

+++++

PAUL WALKER
128 Montgomery St.
Bloomfield, N.J. 07003

Frankly, found Fath's facetious fumlings fatuous. Frenzied fulminations from famine for forethought. "F" for failure favored for Fath. Forgo further foggy-fan funkiness!

Faunita...errr...excuse me ...Juanita Coulson scores again with her column on DARK SHADOWS. Home for a few months, a few years ago, I caught the opening (I think) of the Barnabas chapter. He had risen from the grave, and Dr. Julia Hoffman was trying to find an antidote for his vampirism. He took a bite out of Nancy Barrett, and she

was wandering about glassy-eyed. Next thing I know they were back in the 1700's before Barnabas had become a vampire, at the point where he met the voodoo witch, Angelique. I saw that entire episode and was freaking out by the time Angelique got hers. My patience expired when she returned in modern times. After that, I tuned in now and then: Angelique had made a pact with Satan; Barnabas was walled up beside the Reverend Trask; and then there was a werewolf -- for cryin' out loud!

(I shouldn't forget to mention the Frankenstein they had running around. Something Barnabas & some loser doctor whipped up.)

The show is fascinating. The acting awful. The plot hysterically funny. Seriously, they must have the worst actors



running man and tree.

and actresses who ever lived; and even worse directors. But there is something loveable about it.

I'm sorry you are going to cut the fanzine reviews, because I enjoy David Lewton's column.

--Actually they aren't going to be cut. We're just going to hold them down to a reasonable length. Dave was getting carried away, and if we hadn't stopped him the whole issue would have contained nothing but fanzine reviews. It's a pity too; they only let him out of his cell to write reviews.--jim--

I was also stunned at Ted Pauls' nasty putdown of Spinrad. It doesn't sound like him. I'm not a Spinrad buff, or Heinlein, either, for that matter, but he's not that bad!

++++
RUTH BERMAN
5620 Edgewater Blvd.
Minneapolis Minn. 55417

The brief review of Up the Line reminds me -- I've never seen any reviewer mention it, but surely it is not just my imagination that Silverberg's treatment of changeable pasts and the self-righteous patrol (under the guidance of obscure aliens from the far future) trying to keep the past as-is is a parody of Poul Anderson's Time Patrol stories? Not that Poul's Manson was really self-righteous or WASPish (as accused by the Time Couriers), but ...close enough to make the parody (if I'm right in thinking it is one) pointed. There are plenty of time control stories, but

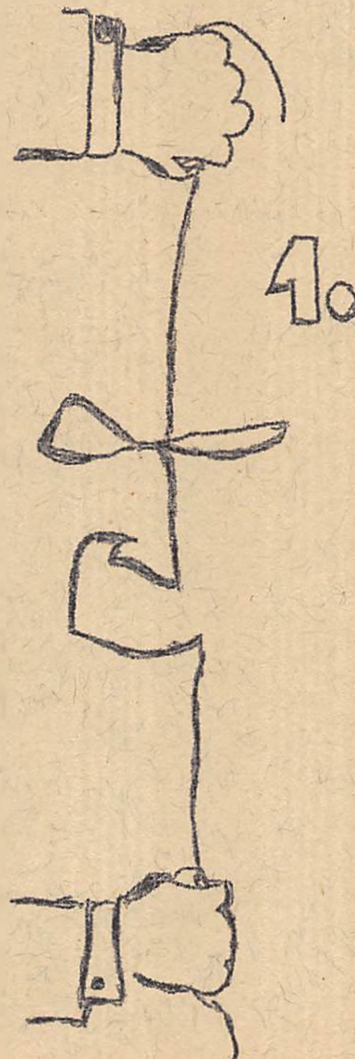
the details and name of the Time Patrol suggest specific parody. Besides, it's more fun to parody something good.

"Dark Shadows" is indeed a pleasant program. Often silly, but occasionally quite good. Another advantage they get from being able to kill off actors, in addition to exploiting the emotional possibilities of the individual scenes, is the freedom they have in story-telling. Since they don't have to worry about removing an actor permanently when something drastic like marriage or death happens to the character, they can put an overall shape to a story (a series character gets his new-found wife killed off in the last five minutes or gets his killed self revived in the last five minutes; a normal soap opera is left with a new character or without an old one and has to weasel, destroying too much continuity -- "Dark Shadows" destroys continuity like mad). I find I enjoy the show whenever they get off into some other universe or time period, but I get bored when they return to (more or less) reality in the present. Which means I watch it about half the time (when school allows).

++++
JEFF SMITH
7205 Barlow Court
Baltimore MD 21207

A note for Buck Coulson: It isn't "Catering to the Sensitive American Reader," it's "Catering to the Sensitive Juvenile Reader." Avalon publishes books for the children's section

Soup Spoon #1



of the library. Also, If I remember correctly, Avalon had a standard word limit, and everything had to be cut to fit.

Maybe DARK SHADOWS has changed since I last watched it (Spring '70), but back then it was far from unpredictable. In fact, the most fun we got out of the show was predicting plot twists and even dialogue. True, there were hilarious parts we could not possibly have imagined, like the sound effects man sitting off stage and blowing a police whistle for almost forty-five minutes,

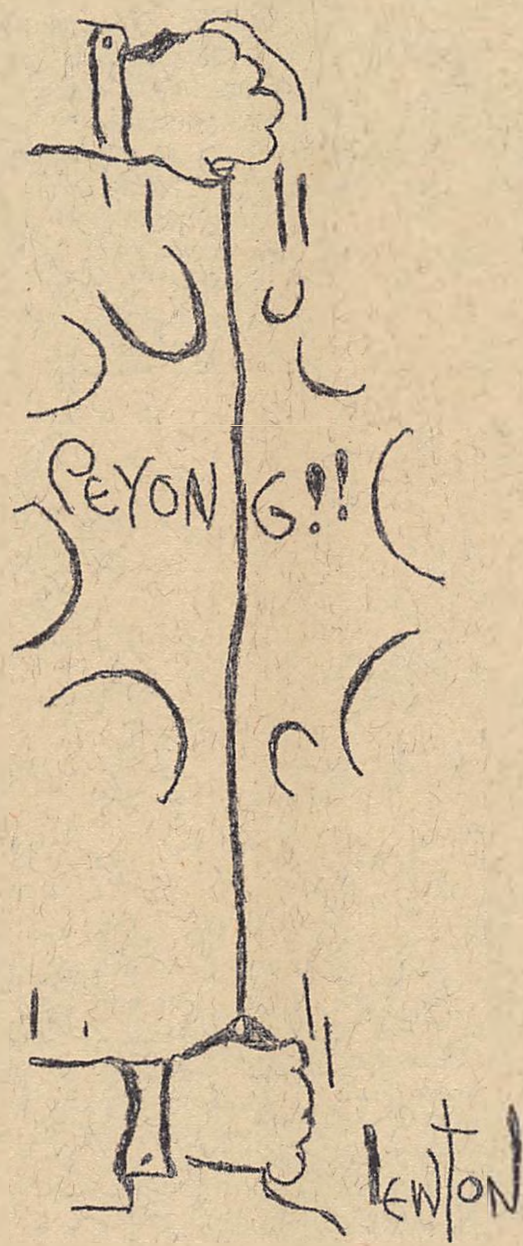
--which ain't bad for a half hour show.--lee--

but mostly it was "I bet he says, 'You haven't heard the last of this.'" And he would say, "I'll be back, Mr. Collins. You haven't heard the end of this." And we would say "My God, the writer was original today. He changed a whole word."

--It probably wasn't the writer being original -- more likely the actor forgetting what the word was supposed to be -- lee--

I gave up on it when they changed writers -- something which, incidently, I predicted (the old writer had made the plot so complex, by adding new problems and not solving any of the old ones, that I knew he had no intentions of trying to work his way out of) -- and the new writer was less Awful than just

plain bad.
++++
MIKE JUERGENS
Box 128
Wehrenberg Hall,
Valparaiso, IN 46383



Dave Lewton expresses himself well in the fanzine review column. Unfortunately, I don't at all agree with some of the views he expresses, specifically, his review of GRANFALLOON #9. First of all, he says that the repro was "only clean". Only clean? As far as I'm concerned, if repro is clean, then for most purposes it is good.

--Have you ever seen repro so "clean" that there are great big white spots in it?--lee--

Any improvement beyond that is, (as you so aptly put it, Lee) "sauce", and any criticism beyond that point is nit-picking.

++++
RICHARD E. GEIS
P.O. Box 3116
Santa Monica, CA 90403

I am rather baffled by Dave Lewton's review of SFR in your June-July issue. He has invented a unique set of requirements for SFR that he does not apply to any other fanzine. I'm sort of flattered. I suppose SFR is "the fastest fanzine in the west..." and thus fair game for all to take shots at...

He insists that I innovate or SFR will die. But of course his favorite fanzine, YANDRO, has not innovated for fifteen years, if it ever did! It shows no signs of death. And his own fanzine

has shown no real signs of "innovation" ...whatever that means, exactly. Change for change's sake? Break new ground in fanzine format? No, like the Volkswagen, I'm trying to improve the basic model, every issue. I have ideas I'm working on. I'm changing the cover format with #39, with #28 paper, and a full-page Steve Fabian cover for #40.

However, I thank him for thinking me an innovator in the first place. But dialog editorials were done before I did them...if that's what he meant. Frankly, I don't know if he knows himself what he meant. I wish he'd explain.

+++++
JAN S. STRNAD
1340 N. Hillside, #4
Wichita, Kansas 67214

"Catering to the Sensitive American Reader" was practically unbelievable. In fact, it's a good subject to expound upon: censorship.

It's always nice when the government gets shot down by its own creations, and the committee studying pornography did a beautiful job. It isn't often that any official, or semi-official since the committee was formed "under a different Administration" (ROYAL COP-OUT!!) organ comes out in favor of smut, but the day has come. Congratulations, committee! On the negative side, the play, "Hair" has been banned from Wichita. The City Commissioners claim it's "Communist" and out to pervert our young, and we'll have no such filth playing in our fair city. All they could do, though, was to ban it from the city-operated civic center, which left a nice arena located on the state university campus free to receive the play. Once it was learned that the college president wasn't about to let the Commissioners decide what could or could not be shown in the arena, things got hopeful. Then the Commissioners



banned ticket sales for the play from the Central Ticket Agency who always handles these things -- which is located in the civic center. At this point one particular Commissioner said, when the question was raised as to the Commission's official and legal power to take such action, and I'll quote exactly: "Whether we have the right or not, we did it!" Fellow could replace Spiro Agnew. As the situation now stands, the play is scheduled for next year, with the Commissioners fighting it every step of the way.

--The Indianapolis city council tried to barber "Hair" also, trying to eliminate the nude scene and other "perverted" and unamerican scenes. By this time the "Hair" people had acquired the muscle of a good lawyer and the musical ran for two weeks to almost full houses. The council got even, though -- they busted the theater manager for showing an X rated film.--jim--

+++++
PAUL ANDERSON
21 Mulga Road
Hawthorndene, S.A. 5051
Australia

The fanzine reviews by Dave Lewton mostly did justice to the zines discussed by him but I question the

wisdom of running the Dunwich (Horrors) illo on the same page as the review for BeaboHEMA. The half page taken for Yandro was not so much a review as a hymn of praise for an institution of fandom. The Coulsons have managed to imbue Y with a life of its own that is quite fantastic and I consider it to be almost unmissable as by far the best personalzine in existence today. Unfortunately, at the moment, there is a disturbing trend for fanzines to specialise on only one aspect of fandom. Oh for a really good genzine that actually lives up to its description and does not get locked into a rigid mould like Bab or SFR, to take two good zines that have limited them-

selves in policy but have also managed to be quite successful within the confines of the tastes of their audiences. Bruce Gillespie's S F Commentary has so far managed to avoid typecasting and is well worth getting although Bruce does not run many illustrations.

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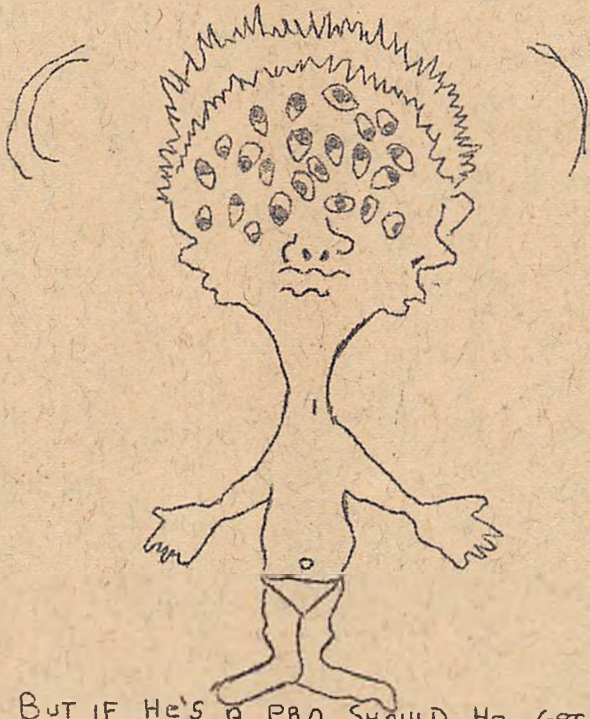
JUANITA COULSON
Rt. 3
Hartford City, IN 47348

I certainly don't want to keep beating this Simon and Garfunkle thing to death with a wet noodle, but Schalles' letter sort of calls for an answer. I hope it doesn't end up in the same blind alley that happened the last time either of us said anything about S&G.

Part of the letter reminds me, a trifle, of a second or third hand observation on S&G ...by the friend of a friend. Or some such. One of us (doesn't matter which, could have been either, memory dulls) remarked on yes SCARBOROUGH FAIR was a pleasant enough song but why all the furore over a mere new arrangement? At which point this friend of a friend got all excited and steamy and insistent that S&G's SCARBOROUGH FAIR was not an arrangement; she'd have us know Paul Simon wrote it, every last word and note, out of his own headbone...and that furthermore it was a deep anti-war protest song and we were just too dense and conservative to understand.

(I tell you it comes as a shock to be slammed as a conservative and someone who doesn't give a damn after having been thrown out of restaurants and hotels in the early 50s because one was involved in the black civil rights movement, when nobody else really gave a damn. Like, if you were in company with blacks you were obviously a Commie and no two ways about it. But that's neither here nor there. Just water under the bridge over troubled...)

Just try to point out to this girl that SCARBOROUGH FAIR was, really and truly, a genuine and quite quite old folksong and that dozens, hundreds maybe, of recordings had been made of it while Paul Simon was still in diapers. Or, if somebody did it in the Library of Congress stuff during the Depression, which is highly likely, before he was even a gleam in his daddy's eye. It really was. It's part of an even older root folk tune which goes back to unintelligible Scots folk music and keeps asking impossible tasks and ridiculous questions of the listener and the other person



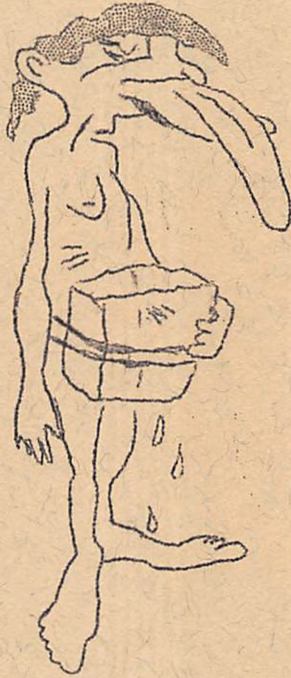
BUT IF HE'S A PRO SHOULD HE GET A FAN HUGO BUT IF HE'S A FAN SHOULD HE GET A PRO HUGO AND IF HE'S A FAN IS HE IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO GET A HUGO AND IF HE'S A PRO IS HE FANNISH ENOUGH TO GET A HUGO, AND IF HE'S ---

in the song. Similarly, I think, Jeff, I know modesty when I see and hear it. I saw and heard Paul Simon. He wasn't being modest. Mildly amused, maybe. What the hellish, probably. Truthful? I strongly suspect so. Why not? Sometimes creative

people have to repeat their truths over and over and over. That's why I went into detail about the interview with Pasternak. But, just as Jeff wonders about the Paul Simon MRS. ROBINSON comment, there are other people who wonder and question other creative artists. Again and again. Even some who get frustratingly stubborn. They will stand there smiling smugly while the composer/artist/writer/whatever practically screams in their faces, "Dammit, it didn't have any deep and significant meaning; I was just playing around with technique!" And certain types will nod and wink knowingly at each other, and go right on cherishing their little private convictions that for some reason or other....undiscovered ingenuity, modesty, racial memory.... the creative person won't or can't acknowledge the deep inner significance of his brain child.

If you can't take it from the horse's mouth, who can you take it from?

I speak with some resignation on the matter. I haven't been involved with it yet, for my writing. But I have been involved with it in art. I have, in the past, dashed off joke paintings...things to use up extra paint. Things with absolutely no meaning whatsoever. When I say use up extra paint, I mean exactly that: stuff left over from another painting, smeared onto a board or sheet of masonite or paper that would otherwise be scrapped. Scribble scribble. Schmeear schmeear. As a joke, I entered



THOSE FANNISH FANZINES DON'T EVEN
DESERVE TO BE ON THE BALLOT.

one of the damned things in an art show. The first one sold right away, while stuff that I'd labored over, that did have meaning and as much creativity as I could force into it, just lay there. I kept doing this, every time strictly as a gag. The schmears were just schmears. I even won a prize for one of them.

When I'd try to persuade somebody about the gag titles I'd put on these messes, they would nod and smile smugly and walk away clutching their (to me) worthless treasures they'd just paid me good money for.

To borrow from an Oriental potentate....is a puzzlement.

So, Jeff, you just go right on believing what you want to believe about Paul Simon's writing. And I will go right on taking the whole thing with a grain of salt....which is what I said in the first place. I didn't say it couldn't have any real meaning. I said sometimes it might not. And when the creator of it says it doesn't, the chances are at least fair that he's telling the plain, stark, unpleasant (if you want to regard it that way)

truth.

Anent the rest of the issue and letters and all that...

Well, Ruth, I knew well at least one person who found out about vanity presses but didn't know they were worthless. She was at least a trifle suspicious, enough to ask me. Mostly because she didn't have the money they wanted from her to publish her brain child. Most of the cutting up re my writing I've received has been in private communications, so I can't really cite those instances. But not all of it has. Mostly I've escaped

because I've done so little fiction in fanzines over the years. But I remember MZBradley ripping me up pretty good over one piece of fiction....quite validly, too, though I got inwardly huffy about it at the time. (I was young.)

The interview with Alicia was entertaining and enlightening, and, it felt, more honest than a lot of such interviews. (Especially her comments on accepting criticism..."mores of our society...receive it without making a scene." Tell 'em. Smile, when what you really want to do is kick the bastard in the shins.

The rest enjoyed and largely uncommmentable at this point. What can you say after you say you've read it? Except to vote for a continuation of Sam's column. Looks like you need ammunition. The critics just don't understand that charming uniqueness. Well, yes. He writes like he talks. Really.

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I'm not sure I agree with Pauls. In one sense, he is right; Spinrad and Heinlein both write about upper-case Heroes. But that doesn't align Spinrad with Heinlein specifically; Doc Smith, Howard, Phil Farmer in his "Gates of Creation" series, van Vogt, Hal Clement and several hundred other stf writers do the same thing. Heinlein's "militaristic societies" exist mostly in the minds of critics who haven't recovered from STARSHIP TROOPER. Heinlein's societies range from the mili-

tary to the constitutional monarchy (DOUBLE STAR) to the religious anarchy (STRANGER) to the evil theocracy (SIXTH COLUMN) to the socialist paradise (BEYOND THIS HORIZON). Okay, Spinrad writes romantic fiction instead of "new wave". Fine. But why pick on Heinlein? Why not say that Spinrad is Doc Smith five years older? At this point his story-telling ability is as close to Smith as it is to Heinlein; maybe closer. And if you want to talk about militaristic societies, take a good look at the Lensmen.

Nobody who likes an Edmond Cooper novel -- any Edmond Cooper novel -- is all good. Explanations are the proper business of philosophy and theology? I think I've found my problem; I don't believe explanations. Whee! That kicker on Sandra's article was the best thing in the issue. (Juanita was appalled, too; I think it's hilarious.)

Sam Fath was born in Indiana, it was his native home, And at the age of 17

he was found dead drunk at a stf-con by Jim Harmon.

It doesn't scan but I'm working on it.

Everyone complains that artists don't get any egoboo. Okay; you had a real purty cover this time.

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"But Lee, I just found the bottom of my desk!" ..Marilyn May
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THOSE SERCOSK FANZINES DON'T EVEN
DESERVE TO BE ON THE BALLOT.

WILL STRAW

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The interview with Alicia Austin was extremely interesting. It dispelled the picture of her I'd formulated -- that of an insane traitor, actually moving away from Canada; succumbing to the fannish urge to go to LA that hits most of us. As an artist, she is also an xlnt writer. She uses Big Words and Technicalities, and still sounds relaxed and informal, something rarely achieved by those for whom writing is the main form of fanac. This type of feature has my backing, and could prove of some value to fandom; fan artists too

often tend to be de-humanized. Sure, they're always there when a zine is opened, but we never really know anything about their way of thinking. Bob Stewart, for instance, once referred to Bill Rotsler as a "sort of Mystery Man of Fandom...you never see anything about him". He's a good artist,

and a Dirty Old Man, but above that, only those in FAPA or with whom he corresponds have any idea of The Real Rotsler. I don't think I'd agree with Mark Bailey that an interview conducted through the mail is "a rotten way to do things" -- certainly the spontaineity of answers in a personal interview might make things more realistic, and allow for an interview more along the lines of a dialogue, but a person can put deeper thought into the answers if he has time to think them out. The answers to a ty-mail interview are usually a more accur-

ate summation of the person's feelings on something, rather than the on-the-spot responses that a person would answer at a con.

For Ghod's Sake, please pay no attention to Marilyn May, and keep fiction out of EMBELYON. With 50 unread books gathering dust on the shelf, I welcome a fiction zine like a case of the measles. I tend to go along with the accepted arguments against fan fiction; if it was good, it would be in a prozine. Otherwise, it is second-rate material that no doubt rarely gets read. Poetry strikes me in much the same way, though not as violently. When I want to read sf or

poetry, I'll look up a professional book or magazine...I'm talking about straight fiction and poetry here, not faan fiction and faan poetry, which is a different matter.

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I feel I must inform Jim Dorr there is an organization known as R.O.A.C.H. in Texas. It began earlier this summer. I was lucky enough to be present. A new comic club had been

founded, and the order of the day was to name it. Usually comic clubs, unlike sf clubs, are rather serious & with a lot of business -- mainly dealing. But most of the people attending this were young -- I guess the oldest guy there was 23 -- and so not as deedly serious. It was decided to call it R.O.A.C.H.: The Royal Order of American Comic Hunters. The club would be ruled by a rotating chairman -- the Head Roach -- who would put on the Roach Cap (or mask, depending on what was made) at a meeting and assume command. Everyone would take turns, each



Ah So! We GOT A NOMINATION!

having a month to be the leader. The only permanent post was that of Exterminator (the bouncer). We also invented a special sign by which R.O.A.C.H. members might recognize one another. I haven't heard anything since, so don't know if it is still going or if it died a-borning at the first meeting. No, I'm not a comic fan.

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Some-thing Robert Coulson said in one of his letters left me sort of puzzled: "I know more than one otherwise intelligent person who believes, quite literally, in magic". The thing that puzzles me is what he means by "magic". Voodoo, "black magic", the supernatural,

or what? Certainly not the sort of thing Houdini did, I'm sure. But it's possible that "poltergeists" and other strange, supernatural or para-normal elements may not be as far-fetched as they sound. I don't really believe in it myself, but I don't think you can rule out this stuff completely...

You know, after reading his last column, I think that Sam Fath is beginning to grow on me...(don't worry, folks; I'll take a bath real soon now, and scrub all that dirty green fungus off...!)

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"My dog just ate the kitchen door"..MM
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On literary interpretation: Robert Frost insisted to his grave that there was absolutely no symbolism in his poetry. The fact is that it doesn't matter one tinker's damn what the author's intentions were -- it's what came out that counts. That's why it's always absurd

when an interviewer asks an author for his opinion on his own work -- hell, he doesn't know; he's too prejudiced. It's interesting to note that whenever an author does attempt heavy symbolism -- Piers' MACROSCOPE, for instance -- there's a good chance of it coming out as a stinkbomb. Writing is a craft, not a mathematical exercise.

Curious thing about Ted Pauls' reviews. Whenever he quotes from a book, the passage he picks seems to contradict directly what he wrote about it. Take that lengthy excerpt from LET THE FIRE

FALL. Well written? -- it was ghodawful. Reminds me of the Faulkner story that is one sentence long -- a 40 page sentence, that is. But Ted is undoubtedly head, shoulders, torso, knees and ankles above any other book reviewer in fandom today. His comments are always depthful and intelligent, and he is more consistently perceptive than any other fan reviewer I can think of. He seems to have very few blind spots. His writing style is advanced and witty, and his tone is coolly reasonable. This is a man who lets neither New Wave nor Old Wave or fannish friendships or anything else get in the way of his critical ability.



YUKIO IKA MARU HOGA MISHA- 2 VOTES?

