

GENOOK



GENOOK 3

GENOOK #3

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Bill Kunkel: Editor & Publisher

GENOOK is published bi-monthly by Bill Kunkel, 72-41 61st Street, Glendale, New York 11227....GENOOK is available for 20¢ per copy with subs going for the outrageously low price of 1 dollar.....copies also gotten through trades, contributions of written material or full page art (black ink/white paper). No flyers. No ads. GENOOK is mimeographed but will contain offset covers, full page interiors and folios.

I should list an address code. Here 'tis:

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|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Trade | <input type="checkbox"/> You contributed |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> You have loc'd | <input type="checkbox"/> You have attained great |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Sample | |

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--ARTWORK--

Front cover is by Chuck Rein.....Back cover from the double-Hugo winning pen of Jack Gaughan....

...other art listings will be found on page 35

----thank you everyone who helped with this issue....

....you know who you are....

"There was the boy from my group-analysis group who was a Southern bigot and a bed-wetter -- he used to go to klan meetings in a rubber sheet."

-Woody Allen

...and on that cheery note, we begin my 3rd attempt at fanzine editing....

DRIVEL

EDITORIAL

First off -- no, you're not seeing things. GENOOK, the magazine that for two issues boasted long and hard concerning it's superior offset repro has been forced the way of the mimeograph. There are a number of reasons for this, but the obvious one is simply 'expense', as anyone offsetting their zines could tell you. So, now it's mimeo and will have more pages and there'll be greater circulation etc.

Art is the big problem -- see page 35.

I shall probably make all the mistakes with this method of repro that can be made. I'm NOT mimeoing on one side of a page, but I'm praying that the paper dealer was truthful when he told me that this wouldn't show through. It had better not. But if it does, at least I have explained myself.

Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z

Re the NyCon, a complete report will be featured next issue by Harriett Kolchak, along with some other H.K. material that I have here.

Otherwise, I've given up listing next issues features as they never seem to make it any way. So, what's there will be there.

Obviously.

Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z

Due to repro problems (a heading I'll have to electrostencil) Chuck Rein's promised article on Volkswagens is being held over until I have the means to reproduce his heading. Soddy about that. Old chap.

And while I'm at it (I have no desire to retype that stupid 'Z' design), here are a few items worth waiting for: MONUMENTAL ERROR, fiction by the one and only (Pvt. at this writing) Dave Shea.....a CRYONICS roundtable (4 opinions), con reports, a comix article by ALPHA's editor: Edsmith.....fiction by Maria Linda Barracca....and assorted other stuff.

In truth, there are a lot of things worth waiting for. So wait. Already.

Well, back to the design...

Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z

Being sadists, you should revel in the telling of my first run-in with that churning, klunking monster outside this room, the mimeo. I suppose, when one first purchases the devise (it's an A.B. Dick -- cost \$50, which is cheaper than printing one issue of GNK in offset) and is brimming with new paper, new stencils (the used ones don't work so hot), stylus, ink, etc. you feel as if nothing can happen and the world is yours! But for safety sake, you try it once, type up a sample stencil and run it off. Nothing. Damn thing, what's the matter with you?! You kick and you swear and you regret ever buying it. Hell.

My problem, I later discovered, was my failure to remove the clear sheet that shields the stencil before printing.

Again, damn.

Mimeography Progress Report:

I just ran off the contents and editorial page and am realizing a few blunders. For one, there's a bit of show-through. This, however, will be remedied by some thicker paper I'll be using for all but a few pages in the rest of the issue.

So now, GENOOK must evidently take a new course, that is; either become monthly with about 23 pages an issue, or stay at bi-monthly with about 40. I suppose my preference is with the bi-monthly, however, as postage costs play such a large part in determining the money I can put into an issue. The bi-monthly way would be cheaper.

Too, I'm attempting to stencil artwork to a minor degree and have picked on poor Doug Lovenstein as my first victim. Previously, I'd run off the Bobby Taylor article that follows and tried two stencilings -- one of which succeeded and one of which failed. This one should take as I pressed quite hard with the stylus.

And while I'm at it, p. 9 asks the question (well, of course the page doesn't physically ask -- but that's editorial liscense)

"What happened to WSFA Journal?" -- anyway, now I know as

it just arrived, puny though it may have been. And my sub has run out -- for the first time ever with a fmz!

I mean, either they stopped publishing or I haven't been in fandom that long (most being quite irregular).

Anyway:

Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z

I took the Regents Scholarship & Qualifying exam today that can win you either: 1) A Regents Scholarship 2) An Inscentive award or, of course, 3) Entrance into the State U and such. Blah. I sat in an unbearably hot room for over 5 hours, what with filling out forms, listening to instructions and such. There is nothing quite so intolerable as taking a long test. I sat there like a fool, filling in little rectangular boxes for some silly computer with my #2 Mongrel pencil.

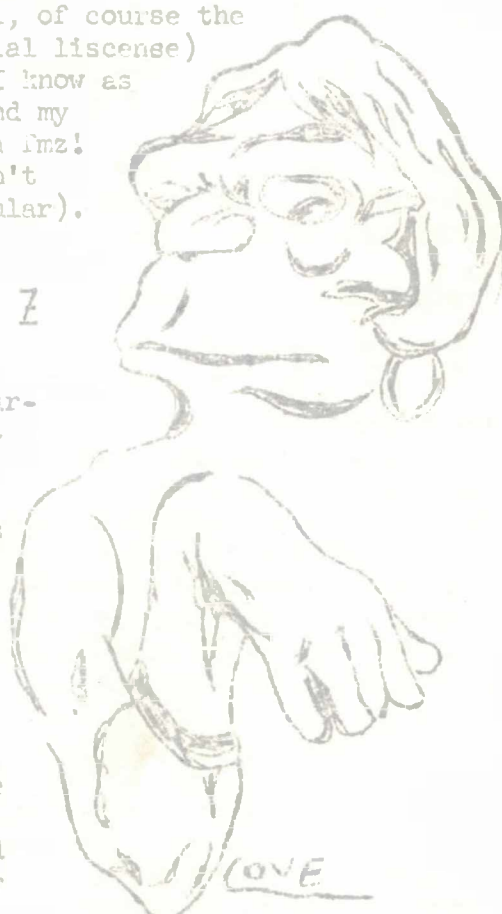
The first section (morning) wasn't bad -- matter of fact it was pretty easy. Just basic vocabulary and all. But come afternoon -- yech! Again there was simple language basics, not quite as simple as the morn's, but no challenge. For good measure, however, there was History that I'd forgotten, Math I'd forgotten and science I never pretended to know.

An odd thing about science -- it revolts me. I never would have been a fan in the old days. Me. Brought up into sf on Ray Bradbury -- trying to answer science questions! They seemed like the kind of thing John Goldsmith would snicker at, him knowing of such things. But me. I sat there like a fool with my "enee, menee, minee, moe.."

Gad.

Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z

FOR THE NIT-WITS Dept: This issue was typed (not handwritten, as you might have suspected) on my new, old IBM. Stencils are Lettergraph, paper: whatever I can pick up. Derivation of stylus brand is now impossible.



AND AS IF THAT WASN'T ENOUGH:
HERE'S still MORE DRIVEL!

Ah ha! By jove, I think I've got it. At least Doug's illo on stencil run off looks something like Doug's illo on paper. Something.

And here's a good spot to apologize to everyone, but especially people like Doug and Chuck (his illo ----) who sent me art thinking it would be offset. Honest, there was no other alternative open to me. It was either this or GNK #3 out around Christmas -- 1968. So anyway, I'm very sorry.

Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z

Remember: Repro alone, does not a crudzine make!
...but we try anyway....

And another thing. The book reviews may be done by various people, I don't know, but they were listed under my name in the contents page for simplicity sake.

Individual credit is listed after each review.

Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z

Re the NyCon:

Next issue will feature a complete report by Harriett Kolchak and a first-con-fan's eye view of the thing by the jolly Bobby Taylor.

As for me, it was a conglomeration of confusion, fun, anger, etc. The main cause for anger was STAR TREK'S complete dominance of the convention. All right, it was nice seeing their first show of the new season and all, but that they should have been the center of attraction for so much of the time did rather upset me. THE MENAGERIE won the Hugo for best dramatic piece. And that's just an example.

I met Pat Kelly (an unforgettable experience to say the least), Bobby Taylor (was with him most of the time), Tom Sinclair, Judi Sephton, Mark Owings, John Goldsmith, Ray Fisher (briefly. Too briefly, alas..), Chuck Rein, Shirley Meech, a lot of Spockites, Marv Wolfman, Harriett Kolchak (and her autograph suit.), Coke Kimbraugh, and a lot of pros for varying lengths of time (Jack Gaughan for a minute. Or I think it was Jack.....I'm still not sure it wasn't..oh well, skip it) and people whose names I have forgotten and such. And yes, an artist, Berni Wrightson I think. And what an artist! Fabulous! Watch for that name.

Finally seeing Harlan Ellison was worth anything. Wild, man. And the committee still owes me my banquet money!!!!!! I also saw why everyone hates Ted White and a lot of other smasho things. People informed me (slyly) left and right of the binding contracts signed (in blood?) by White and Statler-Hilton people.

Parties were being raided left and right. Sunday night at 5 in the morn some fen were smashing down doors with a fire ax.

Best panel I saw was the Zelazny/Delany one and a discussion on immortality. It never got to were I hoped it would though and seemed limited to human life forever. Bah.

The awards thing was OK. Ellison was a glib toastmaster, Lester Del Rey gave an xlint speach and Bob Tucker was astoundingly unfunny. Winners included: NIEKAS, Panshin, Larry Niven, Jack Vance, IF, MIHM and 2 to: JACK GAUGHAN. Ta daa. OK.



--GLENDALE IN '70
-Bill Kunkel, bidding

SF IS NOT CREATIVE

ARTICLE by

Bobby Taylor

I realize that this title sounds like blasphemy, but I maintain, nevertheless, that it is true. It would be both tedious and unnecessary to catalog recent stories and prove that very, very few of them display any noticeable signs of creativity, so I'll simply list a few examples with brief, general criticisms.

It has been said that sf can handle ideas that could be handled by mainstream literature. What ideas? As far as I can see, the only ideas that mainstream literature can't handle are those dealing with necromancy, alchemy, the future, alien societies (of people and aliens) and marvelous inventions/discoveries. Let's take these one by one.

Sorcery may or may not come under the realm of sf by definition as it depends heavily upon it's handling within the story. Some sorcery pieces are so useful that could have been produced by any ten year old. It's not only producing ideas that they are predictable and fun though they could easily be considered as 'low level'. Almost all of them have stereotyped characters and a predictable, formulaic ending moving toward an obvious conclusion.

I should point out that if we do not have a story that is in the present, that we do show no signs of creativity. It's not that we can't do it while creativity can. An idea produced by the author is usually of little value, and therefore interesting. It cannot be said that the author is creative because not creative.

Psionics has become nearly ubiquitous in sf. It's often used to create a persecuted minority or a ruling minority, or some variation thereof. I can't remember reading a story in which the persecuted minority of psi's discovered that, in fact, they were not psi's at all or that everyone was; nor can I recall a story in which the ruling minority were found not to be psi's. All the stories in which everyone is a psi usually have a group intelligence or no change from the present while the truth is probably somewhere in between.

The 'future' is normally a separate class. It is usually used in order to present a different sort of story or as a backdrop for a marvelous invention/discovery, psi tale, etc.

GENCOCK #3 -----SF IS NOT CREATIVE continues on next
page -----

"Herman Melville eats blubber."
-a button



* * * * *

SF IS NOT CREATIVE CONTINUES WITH RELENTLESS FURY!

Now we come to 'alien societies', supposedly modern sf's forte. What do we see? Hundreds of dictatorships, monarchies, fuedalistic states and republics; and rarely are these modified even slightly from what we see or read in history books. Come on now -- if fuedalism is used, how does a system that can't cope with modern complexities hope to succeed in the future? A dictatorship is the best form of government, but how do you succeed in consistantly choosing a good~~d~~ dictator? Monarchy often has the faults of dictatorships and republics. Show me one that can handle the future's problems. Our republic is having trouble governing less than 200,000,000 people. Show me one that will work with a billion...or a trillion... or 10¹⁰⁰ people.

And the people of the future -- how do they behave? Why, no different than a mildly eccentric person of today. Balderdash! Different cultures have different codes of conduct. In ancient Sparta, people were expected and taught to steal. Show me people who fly into a rage when called individuals, people who have sexual relations only during January or everyday for one year ((!)) and then never again; show me people who don't think like members of our culture.

Genetic modification is a big thing in science now. Why do we see so little of it in sf? Why is the modification we do see so superficial? Why is the prime organ -- the brain -- so rarely modified? And why, when the brain is modified, is it for some silly reason like the creation of slaves? Look, if nervous impulses were speeded up to a significant portion of the speed of light, computers would be obsolete and every organ of the body would have to be changed to some extent.

Every scientific theory, up to the presently accepted ones, has been proven wrong. What are the chances of any present theory being held true for even a hundred years?

Enough of alien societies. How about marvelous inventions/discoveries? It seems they have all been invented. Everyone and his kid sister has a spaceship, laser and what-have-you. Surely someone can think of something new. Why not a devise that warps space to form a small section of steady-state space, from which energy flows, being spontaneously created within.

There are thousands of inventions and discoveries waiting for a story to be built around them. Where are the stories sh~~w~~ing a quasar close up, or two galaxies in coll~~s~~ion or a magnetohydrodynamicly controlled gasseous, fission rocket, or the manned exploration of Jupiter? There are no lack of things to write about; why aren't sf writers writing about them? Today's sf writers are attempting to change Sturgeon's law to 99.9% of everything is pure crud.

I don't expect the creation of new plots. There is a strictly limited number of plots to be used. I do expect sf writers to create new situations, new characters, new inventions, new societies. I don't believe this is too much to hope for. It has been done in the past and I certainly hope it will be done again in the near future.

-BOBBY TAYLOR

* * * * *

POPULAR
MISCONCEPTIONS -----
/Fanzine reviews.BK/

ODD (#17 -- Ray & Joyce Fisher, editors and publishers. Offset. 60¢ per issue, 4/\$2.00, or the usual Bi-monthly, from Ray at 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo. 63108) Gee, I remember when I had an offset zine. Odd is visually beautiful in the sense of printing, titles, art, etc. But also, it is beautiful in it's text, with Joyce Fisher's poetry, Paul J. Willis' column and Ray Nelson's great article.

Jack Gaughan isn't around this issue (rats) but he's promised next time. Other art, however, is nothing short of fabulous -- especially that of Mickey Rhodes. This issue we get a fanzine review column by Arnie Katz in which two fanzines are reviewed -- a crudzine and the new one from John Berry. It promises to feature a few in-depth reviews as opposed to the general scanning style. But then, how much can you say about a fanzine, anyway?

ODD indeed comes close to being a 'little magazine' and is, indeed, not really a 'science fiction fanzine' at all. It's better.

And while we're at it: ST. LOUIS IN '69!

FOOLSCAP (#1 -- John D. Berry, ed. & publ. Ditto. 25¢ or the regular. Bi-monthly. from John, at 35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, NY 10708). This issue is Mr. Berry's formal entrance into 'faanish fandom' -- that realm of faandom that believes a fanzine's sole purpose is lunacy. And therefore, we have FOOLSCAP.

We have an editorial that informs us of such startling things as the order of his room and the area in which Bronxville is located. This might not have been too bad, however, had John Berry done this in an appealing manner. He didn't, though, and I lost interest in his entire description.

There's an inane poem by Mr. Katz (to whom this fanzine seems dedicated, heart & soul) and an article by Bob Vardeman. Most material is by Berry.

It's a light and refreshing fanzine, though, and holds promise. It should improve when JDB realizes that he's trying too hard to beee faaaanish with his unfunny cartoons and faaaaaaaanish editooooocral.

ALPHA (#18 -- Ed Smith, ed. & publisher. Mimeo. 20¢ per copy \$2 a year with mathematic variations easily deducable therefrom. Monthly (HA!). From Edsmith at 1315 Lexington Ave., Charlotte, N.C. 28203). Ed just began mimeoing after a lot of carboned issues and his mimeo job is about as good as mine (no offense). Material is somewhat sub-standard, except for the editor written stuff. There's a bit of fiction that's quite atrocious and a lot of Ed's material is pure crud, but I see hope in the future as his name becomes better known and he is able to draw better material.

#19 is his special STAR TREK issue and will feature an article by Gene Roddenberry, so that should be worth getting.



MORE POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS

FANTASY NEWS (#5 -- Harry Wasserman, ed. & publ. Mimeo. 35¢ 3/\$1.00 etc. Irregular. From Harry at 7611 N Regent Rd., Milwaukee, Wis. 53217) A better than average film zine that has come a long way since it's heralded 1st issue. Pathetic art, but very good mimeo repro and some very fine written material help an awful lot. Lotsa' film talk, so if you aren't either a horror fan or a film fan, then it probably isn't for you.

Harry puts out a neat and well planned zine (which is more than I can say) and does all the regular items (letters, fmz reviews) very nicely. It's probably worth a try.

SPOCKANALIA (originally planned as a one-shot, but a sequel will follow. Devra Langsam and Sherna Comerford, eds. Mimeo. 50¢ or trade. Devra Landsam: 250 Crown Street., Brooklyn, New York 11225; Sherna Comerford: 83 Lincoln Ave., Newark, New Jersey 07104) This is for the Spockites among us. Beautifully mimeod (I remark with a trace of envy) and featuring some klint illustrations of the odd alien. Written selections are not quite up to what they should be, but a problem must definitely arise in attempting a 90 page fanzine on one character.

A noble effort, however, has produced a sincere result. Worth the money if you've any interest in the character whatsoever.

SIRRUISH (#5 -- Leigh Couch, ed. & publ. Mimeo. 25¢ per issue or the regular. This is the OSFA Clubzine. Irregular. Rt. 2 Box 800, Arnold, Mo. 63010) Now I should say that this is nicely mimeod (which it is) but I hesitate in that everything mimeod is beginning to look good to me.

The cover is the only piece of Gene Klein art I've evr seen that I could really call good. This is a much better clubzine than most, being more general in content for one thing, and for another, having Jack Caughan art and a JG loc two issues in a row. Otherwise, a lot of run-of-the-mill faan stuff and typical fan art.

Leigh Couch has improved it greatly in only two attempts, this last issue being almost expert as opposed to her first try.

CHAMBER OF HORRORS (#8 -- Dave Tribble, ed. & publ. Mimeo. Trade & contribution only. Quite irregular. 1565 Athens Ave. SW Atlanta, Ga. 30310) By the time I got this I'd forgotten ever sending for it, but I must have done something. Aside from the fact that it's wildly irregular and pretty small, the material is mostly fair to good, with a spot or two of crud tossed in here and there.

It's a pity a little more time couldn't go into this as the material within leaves one totally unsatisfied.

Notable this issue is a Jeff Jones full page illo, offset.

Is Monster Mania dead?

Whatever happened to WSFA Journal????

"He's not the only man in Arizone you know.....there's me for instance."
-Lee Marvin in "Gun Trouble"

THE PULP ERA (#67 -- Lynn A. Hickman, editor and publisher. Litho. 50¢ per copy, 5/\$2.25. Bi-Monthly. The Pulp Era Press: 413 Ottokee Street, Wauseon, Ohio 43567). This issue is a special 17th Anniversary Issue, runs some 130 pages and is, all told, one of the most ambitious fan projects I have ever seen.

TPE is usually bi-monthly and as regular features uses mostly columns by old fans who write on, with fond remembrance, of the days when the raggy edged pulp magazine provided some of the grooviest entertainment available. As such, along with news of all pulp re-issues, etc., it is invaluable to every pulp collector.

Pulp literature, however, has seen it's day and things of the Doc Savage genre do nothing for me, so I soon tired of the endless tirades against modern literature contained within. Sure, I realize that the readers must have enjoyed the stuff, but it get's a little tiresome reading and re-reading articles, all of which basically say the same thing: "Gee whiz, I remember when I used to run down to the store and pick up the latest ARGOSY! Boy! It wasn't literary, but boy was it neat!"

This issue was quite excellent, however though I was surprpsed at the lack of art, considering the medium employed. But there is a Dave Prosser WWI artfolio the is way above the usual fan standards.

STORIES OF SUSPENSE (#4 -- Marv Wolfman, ed. & publ. 25¢ per issue. Ditto. Astoundingly irregular (each issue is an annish). 142-18 59th Ave., Flushing, New York 11355). Nicely laid-out ditto zine features fan fiction and a strip by Marv. Most of the fiction is readable, except for material by a Mr. Alan Gold, which is some of the most pretentious stuff I've ever seen. I don't mind it usually, but these things aren't even stories.

There's a ditto strip that is quite well done and some very nice headings. Layout is very appealing. All in all, a pretty good comic/fiction fmz.

Just got TIGHTREAM, the N3F thing. This one's edited by Gary Labowitz and is surprisingly neat. He has obviously twice typed each page, as the left hand margins are all exactly equal. Hmm, I oughta try that -- someday. Also he seems to have electrostenciled some art in.

Pretty good for a TB.

CRYPTCLOGY DEPT. by Bruce Johnstone

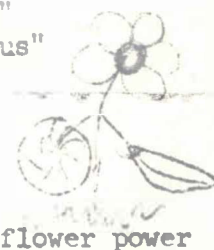
whxbhd jxxht oc kiczlobzdt ziw xzgbzoi modm oc z qlhdt phkiw

for those of you who dig it, try and solve the message. I'll supply the answer and possibly a new puzzle in #4. Thanks Bruce. PK.

"Lend me a pencil -- I left my typewriter in my other pants."
-Groucho Marx "At the Circus"

GENOOK #3

Reviews cont. p.10



POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS CONCLUDE . NOW!

SAPSAFIELD (#7 -- John F. Kusske, ed. & publ. Mimeo. 25¢ or, as with most, the regular. Irregular, I suppose. Route #2; Hastings, Minn. 55033) A SAPSine gone genuine, with this being the first issue open to the public. It's almost all editor written (and it will seemingly remain that way) and a pretty good 20 pages. Though 20 pages of mimeo is not really quite enough to whet one's proverbial whistle. John features an article on wrestling as the main feature (I think) which isn't bad, though I certainly don't know whether or not to take his assertion that it isn't rigged in the big matches, as put-on or what. There are the usual things. Here. There. Letters. And such. John Kusske has obviously been around fandom for a long time and knows what's happening. Why not try an ish?

SOME CLUB & NEWZINES:

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES (#445 -- Ed: James Ashe, Publ: Frank Prieto Jr. 25¢ I guess. Monthly. Ashe: R.D.I. Freeville, NY 13068.) It's begun to rebuild, I hear. Pretty good newszine features most stuff of reviewy nature: fmz's, books, etc.

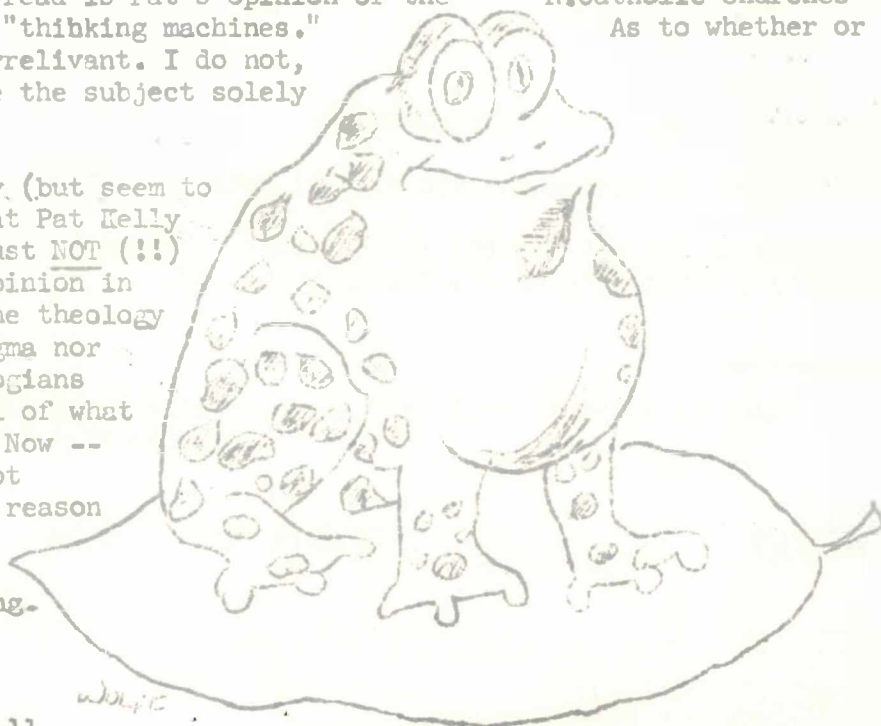
WSFA JOURNAL -- not monthly till Don Miller get's back to the States. Shall review #46 if I resubscribe. #45 features a Jack Gaughan cover and is the shortest I've ever seen it. A lot of confusion down there. I hate to add to it.

An Introduction to Pat Kelly:

As I've quickly learned, Pat draws Loc's. All kinds. Most commend his spirit but scoff at his ideas. Last issue I believe I refrained from comment in regard to what he said. This issue I must preface.

What you are about to read is Pat's opinion of the R.Catholic Churches opinion on the subject of "thinking machines." As to whether or not I agree with Pat is irrelevant. I do not, however, wish you to judge the subject solely on Pat's words.

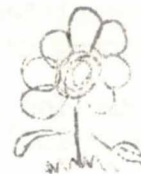
What I'm trying to say (but seem to be failing at) is that what Pat Kelly gives to you as opinion must NOT (!!) be taken as R.C. Church opinion in any way, shape or form. The theology used within is neither dogma nor fact. The modern RC theologians have tossed out almost all of what Pat says a long time ago. Now -- don't get me wrong, I'm not saying this for any other reason but to avoid confusion of RC Church teaching and Patrick Kelly, Jr. teaching. OK, folks? OK Pat? Fine, then ---onward.....



MY

#2

BIASED OPINION



Patrick Kelly Jr.

ON THE HIPPIES: It has been recently brought to my attention that a new class of exploiters have arrissen in our society. These new theaves of the working class openly state that their only goal in life is to get as much pleasure out of the the society while contributing as little as possible to it. They are the worst example of a pleasure class since Louis XIII.

In the glorious name of "revolution" these people perpitrates the worst scandal upon the American working class since the foundation of this Nation-State. Their crime is not exploitation but rather treason, for they take unearned remuneration from the various people they are supposed to be helping. Many of these new leisure class live on welfare and who pays the welfare? The workers pay welfare.

"THE HIPPY IS THE NEW CAPITALIST!"

Welfare was intended for those who could not work, yet the "Hippy" does not lack the basic skills necessary to earn his way. He seems to be well educated and has an intelligence level high enough to insure that he could hold a job, but rather than pay his way he chooses to be a drag on those who must struggle to make ends meet. He accepts money from home or, even more inexcusable, he takes money from the various welfare agencies which are supported by taxes upon the working class.

The thing that bugs me is that the Hippy does nothing. Where are their picket lines pro or con Vietnam? Where are their picket lines pro or con Civil Rights? Where are their attempts to help the poor? What I can't understand is this parasite's reluctance to become involved.

The Hippy is not the activist, he rather stands aside and does little more than parsue his own personal pleasure (dope, LSD).

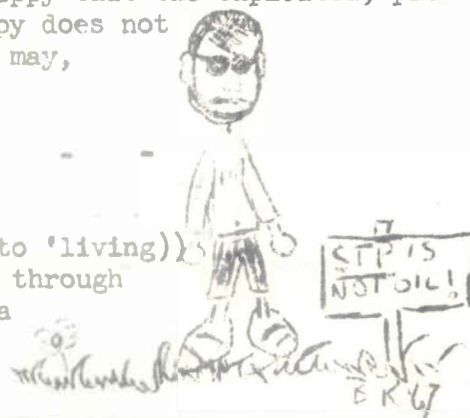
The one inovation that the Hippy has created is to developpe a rational explanation for exploitation and idleness. The worst part of the problem is that his rational is accepted by many supposedly thinking people.

I would be less than honest if I did not warn the Hippy that the exploited, productive masses will not suffer him long. If the Hippy does not mend his ways the masses will revolt and the Hippy may, through his own fault, go to hell in his own way.

THINKING MACHINES:

Definitions...

Soul: the first principle of a human being.((alter to 'living'))
Reason: It is the ability to arrive at a conclusion through the use of either inductive or deductive logic or a combination of both.



MY BIASED OPINION CONCLUSIONS

Christian Théology - for my purpose this is limited to the teachings of Thomas Aquines.

Induction (Logic) a) The process of discovering explanations for a set of particular facts by estimating the weight of observational evidence in favor of a proposition which (usually) asserts something about this process. b) A conclusion reached by this process.

Deduction (Logic): Inference by reasoning from general to particular (opposed to induction).

1) Ignoring the technical problems, is it theologically possible for man to build a machine which has the ability to reason?

As I understand Christian theology it is possible for man to build a machine which possesses reason -- a thinking machine.

2) Why?

I feel that it is possible for man to build a thinking machine for we would, in effect, merely be building a human. This capacity is an already inherent ability of man.

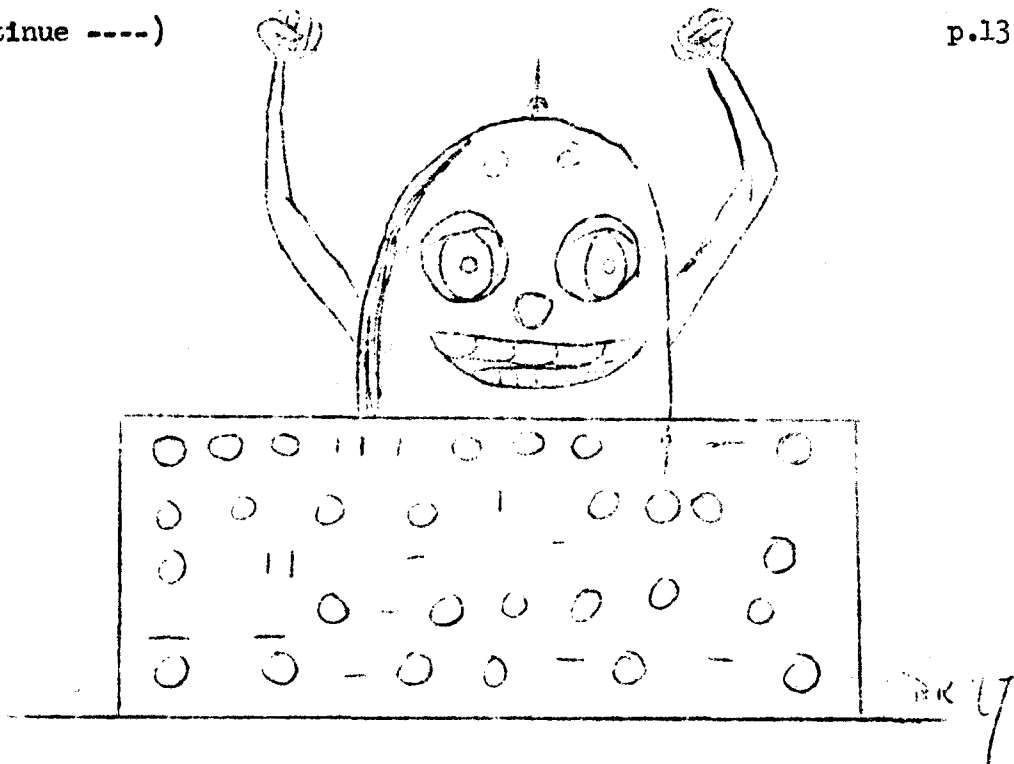
3) Will you please explain your answers?

According to Christian Logic man possesses many facilities and these facilities are in a hierarchy of value, some are more beautiful than others. Among these are the Sexual Drive, Intellect* and Will.

(*) -(it should be noted here that Christian Theology maintains that all man's facilities are good, but some are better than others.)

Statistically, a child is born every two (2) seconds. It would be nice to assume that every child is born because the parents wanted him, however the truth most probably that the child is the bi-product of the parent's sexual drive -- not a clear decision to help God procreate another human.

(we continue ----)



BR 17

MY BIASED OPINION continued

Over the last 1,000,000 years man has been permitted to help in the procreation of man through the use of his lower facilities. I see no reason that man may not help God procreate through the use of his highest facilities.

It indeed strikes me that to procreate life through the use of reason and will is most beautiful. It is most beautiful for we are then imitating God and thus giving him the highest form of praise (it being logically impossible to flatter perfection).

4) Would God permit man to so imitate Him?

I see no reason why God should not. Indeed, Christian Theology maintains that God's method of working is most beautiful to indicate his own beauty. To use the intellect and will to help procreate a reasoning being is indeed intellectually most beautiful.

5) According to Christian Theology, Reason is a function of the soul. Would a thinking machine have a soul?

Yes.

6) From where would the soul come?

The soul would, like all souls, come from God.

7) When would the soul be put into the mass of wires and resistors?

Of this we can not be sure as we are unsure as to when a fetus receives a soul. We will probably be forced to assume that the soul comes at the time when assembly begins. On this issue I am not sure.

8) Would the soul be immortal as understood in the Christian sense?

Yes, the soul would be immortal in the Christian sense, for the thinking machine would possess all the spiritual attributes of a human being and by definition would be a man. Men, by definition, would have immortal souls.

9) How would you know that the machine has a soul?

We would know it by it's actions, by it's ability to demonstrate the facilities of the soul; intellect and will. If it can reason on it's own it has a soul.

10) Would it be a fallen being? ((Here, Pat refers to the old Christian concept of 'original sin', the stain upon man as related in the Bible that can be cleansed only via Baptismal waters. Not to sound blasphemous, but the cleansing waters might rust our metal friends. BK)) Why?

Yes, for it is an offspring of man and all offspring of men are fallen beings. (Though there is at least one exception to that rule). ((Current theological opinion holds 'original sin' to be that gap between man and God. The exception referred to was Mary, mother of Christ. Her Immaculate Conception is a dogma of the RC Church)) and is thereby indisputable. BK))

MY BIASED OPINION -- continues & concludes

11) Assuming that it is possible, could the three laws of robotics be applied to a thinking machine? Why?

No, they could not be applied, for it would remove free will and thus commit one of the highest thefts known to man. It is not an assault upon his goods or his body, but an assault upon himself.

Any being possessing reason and is thus a man, has a moral right to free will. (It must be noted here that there is considerable difference between free will and freedom of action. No being is permitted freedom in a complete sense. Every man has certain rights which must be respected and guarded.)

(taken from a letter to Pat Kelly from Roger Zelazny. Shortened by BK.)

Dear Pat,

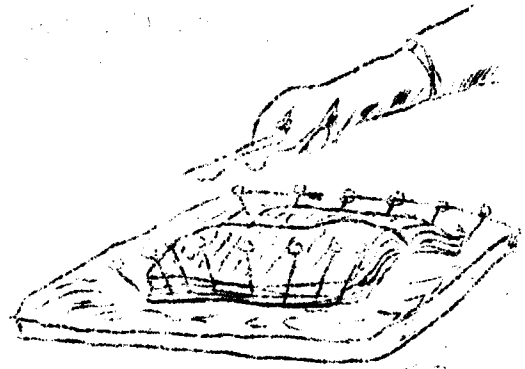
I've been thinking about your article, "On the Formation of New Societies" which appeared in GENOOK #2. I have an objection, and it is an economic one. The expenditure involved would be prohibitive. Would you believe a billion bucks? ((Mr. Zelazny enclosed an article from SCIENCE DIGEST and a clipping from the NY TIMES. Both pieces deal with the mammoth expense of such a project, and one concerns the Sierra-Club's proposed underwater parks. BK)). The Senate may be willing to spend up to a million to study the situation re underwater "parks" -- a different thing altogether -- and this is just a study mind you. Now, if that 53,000-member Sierra Club wanted to run such a study itself it would cost each member around \$18.86. Now, if it were a billion, to build a city, add the three zeros and make it \$18,860 per member -- and while I don't think even the publicity stunts and speakers you suggest will provide for a much larger organization than the Sierra Club, let's take your figure of 200,000, roughly 4 times that number and make it five grand apiece. I dunno. I have my doubts when it comes to getting that many people to cough up that much change -- bearing in mind that they must then be in a position to engage in some sort of gainful activity once they've got their city, in order to make a go of the place. Too speculative a venture for the conservative administrators of much of our present societies wealth; and I don't see 200,000 individuals with five grand on hand (at least) as willing to toss it into such a project -- for these are the reasonably affluent ones, the people who are making out fine in present society. A guy with 5 grand or more on hand is reasonably happy with the machine from which he got it. People who want to get away and try some such thing -- and I've met many of them -- are dissatisfied and, to be blunt, ~~xxxx~~ poor. Therefore, it seems to me, the people most able to afford such a social experiment would be the ones least likely to try it, and visa versa. That's my feeling on the matter, Pat. However, if I be wrong and you be right, I'll be only too happy to visit the moon or the ocean's bottom and visit with the man able to make the scene you have suggested. ((Typos I'm sorry for. Oceancon in 75! Roger Zelazny GoH....BK))

Till again,
Roger Zelazny

There have been 4 basic criticisms of my 5 step plan for undersea countries:

1) The extremists could never hold together, 2) If they held together they lack the technical skills needed to make the colony work, 3) They don't have the financial resources needed to finance the project & 4) They could never make the colony independent economically. ---- 1) To the first criticism I must point out that the John Birch society functions as do other groups of such various persuasion, 2) to the 2nd I would like to point out that almost any extremist group can boast that at least one of it's members is competent in almost any given field. Political extremism is no barrier to technical competence. (finishes bottem of p. 16)

books



FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON (Daniel Keyes/Bantam/
75¢/216 pgs/released in October, 1967) This
is Keyes' highly successful expansion of
the award winning short story. This novel
has won the Nebula Award and was nominated
for a Hugo.

There are a lot of significant aspects to this novel dealing with the development of Charlie Gordon from a mentally retarded adult, generally mistreated but congenial in the way that can only come from the ignorant and the innocent, to a genius, cynical and disturbed. But I personally enjoyed seeing Charlie grow. And as he grew, mentally, reading of his embarrassment at his former condition and his realization that those men and women he'd considered gods were only stupid little people, comes across vividly and deftly.

The entire book was written in log fashion, whereby Charlie wrote down his 'progress reports' describing his condition, at first, in the language of a moron and later, as a true intellectual. This is quite effective, giving us Charlie's innocent descriptions of things done to him with cruel malice and his exact reaction to every new situation placed before him.

And so he grows till, at full development, he can reach back and give us snatches from the past. We can see both him and Charlie -- two divorced beings -- struggling for the same package. And the gods tumble down off their pedestals with alarming frequency until Mr. Gordon is almost alone with his intellect, his glimpses of yesterday and Algernon.

Algernon is the mouse. The first animal with whom the operation that increased Charlie Gordon's mind, was successful. So we see Charlie begin to identify with Algernon, often musing over Algernon's mental superiority to those old 'gods'. Those men to whom Charlie had looked with unquestioning awe then became dubious -- and so did Charlie Gordon.

All in all, a magnificent experience that never gives you a chance to lose interest. When interest begins to fade in Charlie's progress, Keyes inserts a vision of Matt, the good natured father, Rose, the domineering, unbalanced mother, Norma, his sister for whom Rose feared and Charlie, trouble free in his happiness even when he shouldn't have been. Anyway, it's a great book, even if Keyes tries too hard on one subject (old Charlie was a person, they repeat). Highly recommended!

Pat Kelly concluded:

- 3) Financing would, in my opinion, be the easiest problem to lack. If worse comes to worst there is always the CIA. Most probably the money would come from some rich eccentric. The J.B. Society gets along fine.
- 4) The 4th problem is, indeed, the most difficult. The only solution, as I see it, is to interest some major company in your venture through the recruiting of it's leaders into your group of followers. If you get the chairmen of the board of GM interested, he and his company might help for a reduction in taxes paid.

-- Pat Kelly

BOOK REVIEWS

THE YEAR'S BEST SF, 11th Annual Edition (ed. by Judy Merril/Dell/75¢/384 pp.) Why is it that whenever I read the Merril book reviews or her anthologies that I feel like giving her an, 'aw, come on now....you can talk to me...'?

I'm not quite sure, but I always feel like saying it.

Anyway, she's been carrying the banner for 'literary sf' long as I can remember (not especially long) and each year her anthologies seem more appropriate with the current scene.

And this is a good, modern anthology that features an awful lot of real top material. Even though it isn't science-fiction. And it isn't. We're told that in her introduction.

But then I sort of knew it wasn't the right place for space-opera.

I'll be honest and admit that I haven't read every, single, last story, but what I have read was impressive. Very impressive.

Pieces included by Ballard (I knew it!), Leiber, Disch, Asimov, Clarke, Lafferty (with "Slow Tuesday Night" -- very enjoyable), Aldiss and lots of others.

Chalk up another success for the sf critic who walks like a mainstreamer.

--Bill Kunkel

MAKE ROOM! MAKE ROOM! (Harry Harrison/Doubleday \$3.95/Berkley 60¢) This was serialized late last year in the defunct SF IMPULSE and is probably what killed it. It really has no plot -- or no one plot anyway. It is 1999, and the world is overpopulated, with millions running around without decent food or shelter. Our Hero is a policeman who controls riots and stuff like that. I suppose the main plot is supposed to be concerned with Billy Chung, a teenager and killer of a politician, but the last third of the book makes little mention of him as the murderer until the finale, when Billy is killed by Andy Rusch, our aforementioned Hero.

The book seems to get across Mr. Harrison's sense of foreboding in regard to the population explosion, but the book can not go over on this basis alone; the premise of an overpopulated world is a theme quickly being worn out.. It is a pretty fair adventure, but bhad sf. Just sitting down and reading it along with THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and the latest Best-Sellers, it will not come through half-badly. But it just can't stack up to F&SF or the latest Larry Niven.

Nothing is really resolved in the end. One murderer is dead, but the starvation goes on with the dawn of a new century. The last part could just as easily have been the first, and vice-versa. Not recommended to stf fans. Give this one to the little old ladies. They will probably find it fascinating.

--Edward Smith

YOU'LL FLIP, CHARLIE BROWN (Charles M. Schulz/Holt, Rinehart & Winston \$1.00) Those 'old' GENOOK readers will quickly recall the fact that I reviewed the UNSINKABLE CHARLIE BROWN in #1. So this one I thought I'd try in #3 and hope that a new one is printed every other issue.

Hell, how can you criticize a PEANUTS collection? Hath not Mr. Brown been insulted enough? Anyway, this is the least enjoyable of the more recent collections but comes over rather well if one considers the whole batch.

Schulz is best when he has about seven strips in succession with which to develop an idea fully. We have a few good ones here, such as Charlie Brown's predicament evolving from his being assigned a science project with his 'goddess-of-sorts' the little red haired girl. He has long admired her from afar but lacked the courage to actually confront her. But now he has to -- or risk a failing grade. But don't think that's all....no, no, no. For once, something of value comes to our anti-hero -- he is appointed to the safety patrol!

BOOKS

Now, however, this complicates things even further, for he must now ask the red haired girl to do the project with him as a failing grade means losing his position on the safety patrol.

So, as things happen, the little girl does her project with some other kids and Charlie Brown is bumped by a car while directing traffic in the rain. Rats.

Probably the most amusing sequence in the book concerns Linus at the doctors getting a measles vaccination. ("Why get vaccinated?" he asks Lucy, "Why not just wear something red, or drink some elderberry blossom tea?" -- Lucy replies, "Those are old wives cures." Linus remarks, "Some of those old wives were pretty sharp.")

Some Schulz philosophy here and there (Lucy to Linus: "Your stupidity is appalling." Linus to Lucy: "Most stupidity is.").

And, irreverant as it sounds, there is too much Snoopy. I surely enjoy his Don Quijote struggle with life, but there is too much of it here. And the most profound thing Schulz has ever said about Snoopy didn't make this issue; it was our canine here up in a tree, pretending to be something else, a bird I believe. And he flutters and trips till he's hopelessly trapped among the branches.

For a PEANUTS anthology (thought I'd get classy) it's not the best. For enjoyment, it's unbeatable.

--Bill Kunkel

((I am fully aware of my promise last issue to refrain from future book-reviewing, but I will be doing it, along with some other people. BK))

other Books of note (that I'm not finished with entirely yet, but are thus far either excellent or above the usual sf standards -- whatever they are.):

SOLDIER, ASK NOT (Gordon P. Dickson/Dell/60¢/222 pp.): The Hugo winning novella has been augmented with a middle and an end. Thus far it's quite good.

THE WARRIORS OF DAY (James Blish/Lancer/60¢/160 pp.): Not the best Blish but a book that seems to be worth reading.

poetry (ha!) - by ye nervy editor:

WHATEVER: WHATEVER

Build me with makeshift hands, a mind carved out of scrap. //
And size me up symetrically. Between the arms: a gap. //
I know I'm who I am that makes me be. //
I know that I know that I know that I know. //
I'm me. Obviously. //

And I'm riding the Loupe, //
Cultural slop. All mountains, dikes and sills. //
Like people and pills. And such. //
From California to Bremen and on home again. //
To know who I am. //
I know. //

(Those lines have no significance. Come to think of it -- neither does the poem.)

LETTERS



((This is, in all probability, the most stupid name ever used on an LOColumn -- please -- any suggestions??? BK))

"Orangotangs are skeptical of changes in their cages...." - Paul Simon
("At the Zoo")

ED R. SMITH, 1315 Lexington Avenue, Charlotte, North Carolina 28203

I liked both GENOOKS, 1 and 2. Your first ish was better than mine -- as mine was a one page crudzine ((crudpage? BK)) with book reviews and a one paragraph editorial. And now I'm in my seventeenth issue. Sigh -- how time flies.

The cover on #2 was a good piece of artwork. I'd never before seen any artwork by Bobby Taylor -- hope to see more. ((You will. One of my next issues has an offset Taylor portfolio. BK)) Your editorial was interesting and brot up some good points, i.e., was FAHRENHEIT 451 better than anything on STAR TREK? I gotta admit, F 451 was a major effort, but the reason you (and I) liked it better was due (only in part, mind you) to it's being on the widescreen in full color. ((Speak for yourself, Edward. BK)). But thinking back over ST's 1966 offerings, I can't find any single episode that was better, or even quite as good as 451. It deserves a Hugo. Funny thing, tho; we here in Charlotte got the film earlier than many of the larger citiesX and it seems to have been released in '67 -- not '66. I was planning to vote for THE MENAGERIE this year and 451 the next. ((451 was released last year in England. BK)).

WHERE IS EVERYBODY? was speculative, but I refer Author Taylor to another article of that same name, Ben Bova's WHERE IS EVERYBODY?, pubbed in AMAZING STORIES before that crazy Jew got hold of it. Bova says that space is so vast, and our lifespan on this world is so short (as a planet), that it is almost impossible for two races to meet. If Taylor wants to meet some aliens, he ought to travel with the Robinson Family. Wherever they are, a monster lands every week.

ON THE FORMATION....was interesting. Usually I dislike polotical articles in fmz's, but I'm looking forward to more from this guy.

TV & SF -- only too true. Sounds as if next season will be even worse, if that's possible. It would have read better, though, if you would have ~~kept your big mouth shut~~ refrained from making editorial insertions throughout the duration of the article. ((I want to thank you for being rude critical enuf to point it out. In truth, I simply got carried away and certainly do apologize to Dave Shea for the uncalled for interruptions which broke up the article's continuity. BK))

Looking forward to #3 and will be sending you my ALPHAs soon, so's you won't cross me off your mlg list.

-- Ed

((That sneaky plug was for Ed's fmz. It's ~~banned~~ reviewed in the fmz section. Get it from the old chap. BK))



MORE LETTERS

ROGER ZELAZNY, 4920 Westhills Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21229

Thanks for GENOOK 2 and the kindly words contained therein re some of my stuff. I liked just about all the artwork, and I thought Dave Shea's article a cogent one. "I saw a shadow touch a shadow's hand" -- that's a good line from the untitled Simon poem on page thirteen. ((It was taken from the song BLEEKER STREET, written by Paul Simon and performed by Simon & Garfunkel on their first Columbia LP -- WEDNESDAY MORNING 3 AM. A great album. BK))

Thanks again.

Never give up the starship.

Roger

Pvt. David M. Shea RA 11 575 601, A Company, 10th Battalion, 2nd Brigade, U.S. Army Training Center, Fort Bragg, North Carolina 28307

I just got GENOOK #2 this morning and was very pleased with it, especially the presentation of my article. ((As previously stated -- so sorry for the stupid interjections. BK))

As you have probably guessed, I have at long last managed to get a new ribbon on my typewriter. ((Won't go into detail, but past letters from Dave always seemed so faded, I'd not entirely given up the idea that he let them soak overnight. BK)) The erratic depth of this typing indicates it is not working perfectly yet, but I regard it as a personal triumph. I had bought a ribbon advertised to "Fit all portable typewriters", and, as it did not fit mine I ran off a nasty letter to the company full of phrases such as "false advertising", "deceptive and misleading" and "Better Business Bureau". They hastily sent me a suitable one (completely free) and promised to correct the advertising, which was very gratifying to me. ((Here, here!))

As I said before, there were a number of things in #2 that interested me. Pat's article about new societies was new to me, as I had not seen it previous to publication. With all due respect to Pat, he is something less than a brilliant writer and his style is straightforward to the point of being downright obvious. However, he is at least honest enough to admit this.

My writing is not getting anywhere of late ((It'll be getting here. BK)). I did submit one of my stories to GALAXY but it was rejected, of course. ((Natch. Why publish Dave Shea when you have things of such colossal merit as "THE GREAT STUPIDS" around? BK)) I still have plans for my novel but I haven't worked on it for a couple of weeks -- it isn't that I don't know what to do with it, it's just that the actual physical effort of typing it up bores me. ((How true....BK)). I've a few vague ideas for short sf stories, but nothing complete enough to put down yet.

I noticed you mentioned a possible article about SIMON & GARFUNKEL, my second favorite musical group (first is PETER, PAUL & MARY). Glad you like them. ((Thus far, I've done a few articles on the pair for a few fanzines. Eventually something on them will appear here. BK)) I've all their albums (finally managed to pick up a copy of WEDNESDAY MORNING 3 AM the other morning after ransacking what seemed like every record shop in Baltimore.) and have seen them twice in person. The last time was just last week, in fact, when their concert was given at Painter's Mill, north of Baltimore. This was particularly nice, because the Mill is "theater in the round" which is very close, and I was in the second row. Of all their many great songs, I still like SOUNDS OF SILENCE best.

Well, I've some errands now so I'll sign off. Let me know how things are proceeding for #3, and if there's anything I can do to make it a success, just shriek. ((As if I wouldn't. BK))

/Dave

((This letter was written pre-Army, but he's down there suffering now. I sure wish him luck. Whew. BK))

LETTERS CONTINUE

JOHN B. GAUGHAN, P.O. Box 516, Rifton, New York 12471

Got GENOOK. One 'n'. Enjoyed. I don't even take too much issue with the reviews of this 'n that except that, to me at least, STAR TREK is only the lesser of the available evils. The best of a bad lot. I fear that the formula thing has already beset the show and I've seen more than I care to see of rubber monsters. (left over, perhaps, from THE OUTER LIMITS) who "aargh" a lot. ((Well, I have re-thought a lot concerning the show and realize that my senses were somewhat stunned to the point of incapacitating my tastes. You know what it is -- after week after week of people lost in space or the sight of Earth being attacked by invaders one sort of loses control when a show of sf nature of value stumbles along. I fear this happened to many people. MENAGERIE won a Hugo but everyone knew it did not deserve it. To be truthful though, Jack, they have held up on the rubber monsters a lot. BK)).

I do, however, totally disagree that the cover for the Zelazny book was a "fine" one. As a matter of fact, it was gawdawful. I did it. I oughta know. I suppose I have a few cop-outs on who's to blame for a cover, but the awful fact remains. I did it. I have apologized to Roger for the thing. Otherwise, your reviews of stuff are pretty much as I would have done them. The idea of a comic strip Bradbury is in such bad taste that I gag when I think on it.

Dug the Ron Bounds drawing. Liked the drawing on page 10. ((By Doug Lovenstein, who does appear below in a terribly stenciled drawing that really looked good. Rats. BK))

I'm not usually this terse but the con is breathing down me collar and I've art to get ready, work to do and time's a wasting.

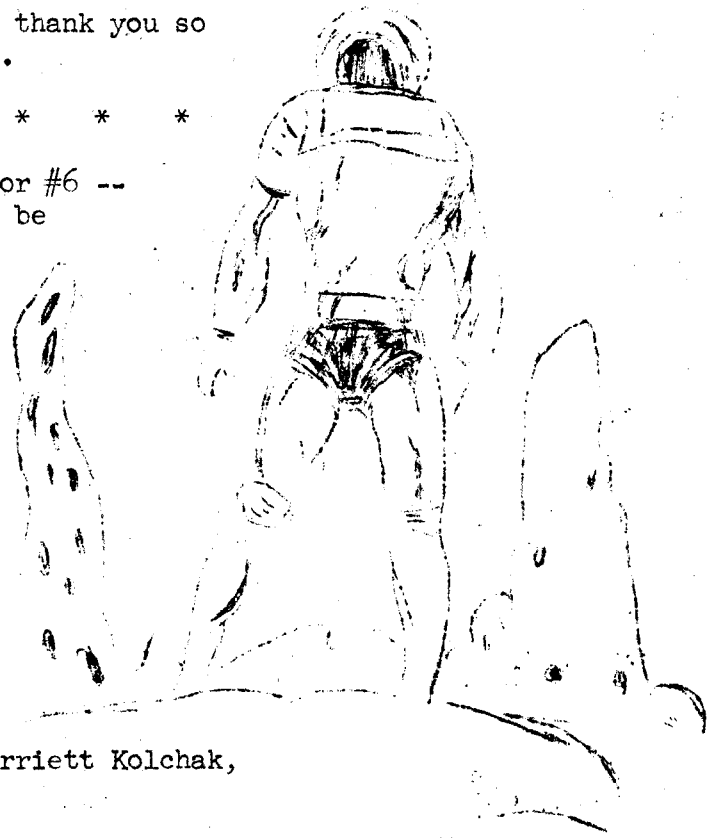
Keep it. GENOOK was enjoyable. I'd like to see more of it.

Pax,
Jack

((And you shall....and you shall....And thank you so much for the great illo sent here. BK)).

* * * * *

FLASH!!!!: It's been set for either #5 or #6 -- a special issue of GENOOK to be devoted to RAY BRADBURY. It is requested, therefore, that those who wish to contribute articles, reviews or artwork (depicting characters, places etc. from Bradbury stories) start doing so now!



GENOOK #3

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LETTERS HERE ALSO Dept.: We also heard from Elinor Poland, John Goldsmith, M.L.M Barracca, Mike Montgomery, Bobby Taylor, Tom Sinclair, Jurgen Wolff, Ray & Joyce Fisher, Chuck Rein, Doug Lovenstein, Harriett Kolchak, Margaret McGuire and lots of others...

STILL MORE LETTERS

((But before we again commence, I think another mimeo progress report is due. Well, for one thing, you're being treated to as varied a degrees of repro as ever you will see. This is due to the fact that in the beginning I underinked and about Pat Kelly's column I overinked. Now, however, I'm typing on ALLIED Stencils which have a thin shield in front of the stencil, so still another style and quality of printing is coming your way. Believe me though, nextish will be much more uniform. I hope. BK))

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

Even if I can't give you credit for uniqueness, I do appreciate the second issue of GENOOK and I found a lot of interesting things in it. The photo-offset reproduction helps enormously, although I share Ron Bounds' qualms about the amount of money you must be spending. However, you get better reproduction than some of the other fanzines that use the same method of reproduction today. ((Or that is, I used to. But the offset issues, while nearly bankrupting me, did bring me in contact with a lot of excellent artists, most of whom will still be offset -- but then see page 35. BK))

Bobby Taylor is a new name to me. But I judge that he is able to make his point with no waste of words. I can think of some fanzine writers who would have used up four pages to convey the same points he makes in less than a half. There are several possible explanations for the lack of overt visits to Earth by creatures from other planets. One is the possibility that Einstein was correct in what he decided about the limits imposed by speed and light. If there's no way to beat that speed limit, only an imperceptively small fraction of the planets that could have intelligent life are close enough to Earth to be aware that man has climbed onto the lower rungs of civilization a few thousand years ago.

Another possibility is that a race with enough science to visit other stars may already have enough science to save the trouble of making the trips in their own person; space, a few thousand miles up, could be cluttered with thousands of observing devices that are transmitting back to home stars the things that the REMs would see if they gave up a couple of centuries to make the trip. Or it could be some almost accidental circumstances that keeps intelligence from elsewhere from taking an interest in Earth. Maybe intelligent life almost always goes underground early in it's civilization on other planets to get away from radiation and other problems and to provide room for expanding population; the fact that our civilization is out in the open might be a signal that it's not far enough advanced to be worth a visit. How many anthills, for instance, do humans inspect closely each year, out of all the anthills in the five continents of this planet? ((Exact numbers I couldn't give you. BK))

Your poem is pretty good, but needs some touching up. If "my window pain" is supposed to be deliberate, it should be supported elsewhere in the poem by other hints of the poet's problems. "It's face did melt and lips pale fade" is another poor spot. I suppose you meant that the lips color faded until they became pale, but this is redundant and the word order is mixed up for no real reason. You used "laying" for "lying" in the next to last line. ((Freudian slip. BK)) Little things like this wouldn't matter in a story that covered a couple of pages, but they stand out seriously in a poem that is so short. With a little re-writing, the poem would be an excellent description of a pathetic little event in an appropriately gloomy atmosphere.

I prefer "future fiction" instead of science fiction or speculative fiction as the name for the stuff we read. My term wouldn't cover every last story, but it wouldn't cause so many arguments about how much science should be in science fiction. ((No, then we could argue about how much 'future' in 'future fiction'. BK)) "Speculative" has some bad associations from other uses, like dubious real estate manipulations, and it's too long a word.

Thanks for thinking about me.

Yrs. &c.,
Harry Warner, Jr.

DON'T CRY YET KIDS --- there's 3 pages more!

(Pardon the excess of typos page last, but the more I smell that corflu, the more mistake prone I become. Last page came out well, though, so I see these stencilis take print better, but a re lousky for art. I'll have to get some of the old kind for pages with illos. BK))

BANKS MEBANE, 6901 Strathmore St., Chevy Chase, Maryland 20014

Patrick Kelly, Jr. does indeed let himself in for it with his article. First off, the histories of such attempts by Utopian groups to form their own little social enclaves don't hold much promise for the success of future attempts. However Kelly has unbridled optimism. Consider his first step, that of getting together a group who "should all agree on what is to be done and.....how to do it." Ha! Two people constitute an arguement, and three is the beginning of a riot. People who all agree, indeed! The activities outlined in his third and fourth steps all will call for a lot of money, which he proposes to obtain from the adherents to the scheme. The sad fact is that the only adherents to the scheme will be crack-pots and other misfits from the larger societies, and such types seem to be chronically short of cash. The climactic blow comes when he suggests settling on an oil-field or other exploitable natural resource to make the colony rich. Again, Ha! Plus a diabolical sneer. As soon as any oil-field, mineral deposits, or such is discovered it is immediately claimed, parcelled off into concessions, and becomes the property of some government or corporation. No room for a bunch of hair-shirted fanatics, thank you.

This whole thing is a put-on, isn't it?

Your editorial remarks in DRIVEL anent "whither sf?" share a wide spread fallacy: that the field must move uniformly in one direction, turning out books only of one kind. As always, sf will continue branching out merrily in all directions. There's plenty of room for hard science stories, action-adventure stories, literary-symbolic stories and Ghu knows what else. No idea has to go; no trend has to be destroyed; sf has no destiny, one way or the other.

Best of luck with future issues, and may GENOOK have a long life.

Regards,
Banks

(Appreciate your wishes and loc very much. H-o-w-e-v-e-r ---- I can not see someone saying that sf "has no destiny". As it appears to me, there are one of two things that may happen; either a revival of hard science stories as stated in DRIVEL, or a new field of literature springing from sf to be called whatever suits it.

I mean, how long can you honestly expect people to lump together Isaac Asimov, Heinlein, ERB, Bradbury, Zelazny, Van Vogt, Howard and everybody else writing under what is now generally dubbed "science fiction." The very quality of sf in the past was so low that when a writer of class came along he was hailed as being above his medium or, as with Bradbury, was viewed not as a sf writer at all.

But the times they are a' changin', Banks, and more and more of today's sf writers are good. Really good. So good, in fact, that they can no longer be ignored by the general reading public. And the general reading public does not like the sound of 'science fiction'.

So I expect an evolution. And it's coming.BK))

GENOOK #3

p.23

"Don't be too sure -- it looks like an old Indian trick to me."

-Broderick Crawford

(LAST OF THE COMMANCHEES)

LETTERS, LETTERS, LETTERS

ANN CHAMBERLAIN, 4442 Florizel St., #99 Los Angeles, California 90032

Your Pat Kelly, Jr. has bitten off a large hunk of controversial material. There will probably be some very opinionated letters to chew over, -- and some that care nothing at all for diplomacy. The TRUTH, we say, is what we'll have, - no matter who it kills (so long as it isn't us).

Ah, - this is a very hot day in L.A., too. Lets you and him fight, - I have been around and around, reading and discussing, and even doing some research on What New Plans For What New World? And after all these years of puzzling things over, - (it is a clever and most confusing maze, created by the highest gods of good and evil) - I am right back where I started. Remember the verse in the Rubiyat ending, "And ever I came out the same door where in I waint." ---? Well, A-men.

Descendents of the builders of the Tower of Babble, Gabble, and Rabble, - there are great calls for peace, but there is no peace. Most annoying, - it says so in the Holy Word. Thinking on the great number of people in every country of the world, all of whom had ancestors of all the recorded generations before us, who have thoroughly confused every issue ever presented to the mind of man, and even collectively man can not undo all the great confusions created by those who thought they had, perhaps, a part of the answer anyway....find themselves but deluded. Young minds will never cease to search for truth, just as old and tired minds will settle for the peace they can create in their own homes.

/Ann Chamberlain

((True. BK)) ((Below, Ray's letter was mistakenly listed as also hoid from. BK))

Ray Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Missouri 63108

I enjoyed the issue. I wish I had seen the first ish ((No you don't BK)), so I'd have something to make comparison with...but, compared with many zines that have had many more issues, I like it...

Random comments: The poem by Harri Ghee.. 'Thoughts on Cryonics'..no criticism of the poetry (Joyce is the only member of this family who would dare do a critique of poetry...and, she hasn't vocalized any criticism here, either..). However, do disagree strongly with the sentiments...first off, I think freezing techniques will work..and not in the far-off murky future, either...in the immediate future. Secondly, (most important)..I'm for any possible method of extending the lifespan.. even if it's only 'possible' ..feel it's foolish not to give it a try..as, well..let's ~~face~~ face it..once you're dead, it's sure too late to try to extend life then. To those who are 'Believers'..I say..if eternity is but a day, and day can be an eternity.. etc. ..then, what possible difference does it make if you 'go to God' a few days later?...And, if there is no hereafter, I think the benefits of extending life are rather obvious... the drowning man who doesn't grasp at straws is something of an idiot, isn't he? ((I've a number of feelings on the matter myself, Ray. Aside from the obvious sociological problems sure to arise from the obsolete people, you should consider the moral aspect.))

((It is generally accepted that there is some sort of significance of purpose to this life, true? This purpose may or may not be something we can work toward with full awareness, but there is something beyond here. What? I dunno. Some call it 'heaven', though the term is absurd in the manner in which it is presently understood. Others, they philosophically say it is our self-consciousness or awareness, constantly growing and expanding, beyond death which can not really exist as we know it. We do not die. We can not. We are self-aware beings, whose self-awareness increases as we reach a final point -- Omega -- of complete understanding.))

((Our 'dying' then is merely trivial. Or so theology will tell you. And anyway, it's not for me unless we find something to do with the old ones. BK))

LETTERS CONCLUDE (awww)

While I enjoyed the Kelly article, 'Formation of New Societies', I fear he over-simplified...even just considering the five-point plan he outlines, I am afraid the project might never get past the first point... 'agree what is to be done, and in general, how to do it..' Humanities capability for disagreement is nearly limitless...the formation of the Code of Law (point two) would be extremely difficult because of this...face it: each person would be looking forward to the new society for his own reasons...when formulating a code, the reasons might start conflicting considerably. Also, even though this may be a minor quibble, it occurs to me that, to organize a New Society, you need young, healthy members of child-bearing age. ((And PAt rules out the Hippys in his column. BK)) However, considering the amount of money necessary to finance such a project, it would be necessary to gear your advertisements to the prosperous prospects..who are, in large degree, the older members of our present culture. A society that might be attractive to the young might not necessarily hold such attraction for their elders..and, if it did, the elders would probably not be physically capable of building and populating the new colony.

I'm leaving much un-commented-on...no lack of virtue on the part of the rest of this issue indicated..but it's late... I especially enjoyed the opening illo with the poem by you...

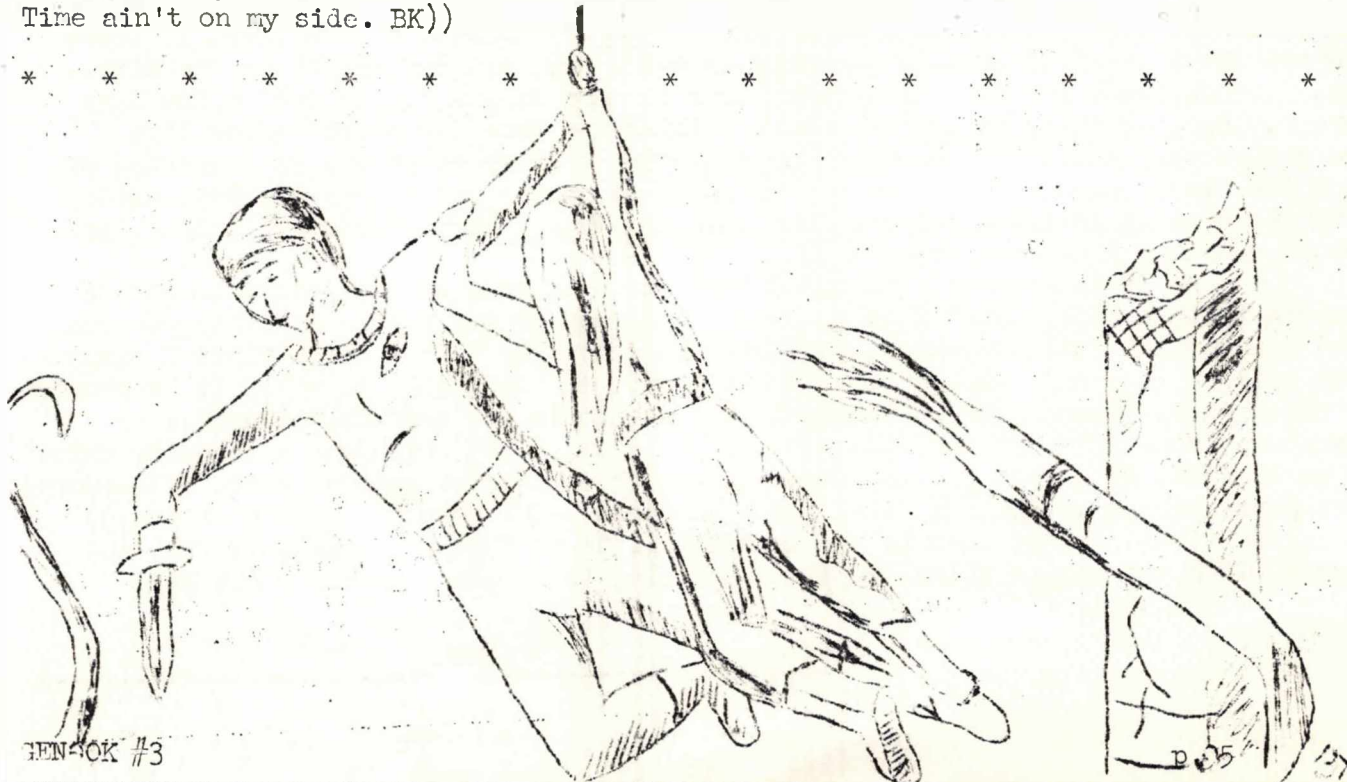
/Ray Fisher

((Gracias. BK))

"Really though, #2 was an improvement over #1. At this rate you might have a Hugo by issue one million."

-Doug Lovenstein (LOVE?nstein)

((Letters hearten and dishearten. Thank you one and all. Oh yes, I see I left out a lot of names from whom I got LoCs -- like Bruce Hay -- but I forgot..... Try and get letters on this issue in by early November. Or around then, as I want to finish that one off over Thanksgiving.-- that's the DECEMBER issue. On second thoughtz, try and send contribs and locs by mid-Nov. anyway. Then there'll be a January-February issue. And after that it'll be either monthly or bi-monthly....I wanna see if I can do it in a month. Time ain't on my side. BK))



SAMPLER

With great precision, the pants were laid out on the old bed, the shoes were placed by the window to dry and the shirt was being slowly ironed. Behind, linen curtains rustled in harmony. And to himself he whistled an old, old song. He whistled a bit and soon took to the singing, striking smoldering embers that glowed and sparked.

Then, the whistling returned and the curtains shook their linen bodies spastically. And the red came back into Hafton Simms' cheeks as the few remaining abstractions of yesterday flaunted themselves temptingly before him. So he wished upon the other day a bit.

And whistled a bit.

Heavy, measured footsteps shattered the thought pattern and Hafton calmly returned to his ironing. The prelude. Then a knock, as well he knew there would be. Resolution.

"Mr. Simms?" inquired the taut, shouting voice, "Are you at home?"

He feigned sleep with a bad pseudo-snore.

In a shriek: "Mr. Simms!"

"Huh?" he muttered, as if just rousing. Might as well complete the pretense. It is courtesy.

"Let me in." Simply.

He shrugged. Resolved to the command the door slowly opened.

Inward she stormed, eyes ablaze. A maddened elk! Here eyes stared into him, and then, she threw about her glance from wall to window to bed to closet to ironing board and, again, to wall. Simms looked apprehensive. He shook a bit, thoroughly frightened by this unexpected inspection.

With a slight quiver upon it, his voice asked, "Can I help you, Miss Garach?"

She halted all investigation, froze, and looked sternly up at the surprised man.

"Well," she said with indignation, "I see you're going."

He grinned foolishly.

"You old fool!" she bellowed, "You damn, stupid, old fool! What did I say to you just yesterday about this? Well?"

Though his voice was prone to sound sheepish, he stiffened and threw her a determined glare. "Miss Garach," he began and inhaled deeply, "What you said to me yesterday was weighed with considerable thought in opposition to my feelings. I decided against your suggestions. So, I am going to be frank: please leave."

The curtains rustled in fearful anticipation.

"I see," she said in meek tones that were completely out of character. A nod.

Simms exhaled. Hurricane Emma had missed the Florida coast. Lucky.

"I understand perfectly," she added unexpectantly, "You consider me a silly dominating old woman, the opinions of whom are worth less than salt."

"Well," he started, "I didn't say that at all, I --"

"No, no, no. I understand perfectly. In fact, I wish you luck."

"Well! Thank you, Miss Garach. I really appreciate that."

He tightened his robe.

"Uh, well, why don't you sit down?"

She said no, but a second invitation was accepted with a reluctant nod.

Obviously gladdened by their coming to an understanding, Simms ambled back to the ironing board, where he reconvened the conversation with the pouting old maid.

"I never explained to you why I'm doing this, did I?"

"No."

"Well," he began, "I'm an old man now, going into my fourth century and all, and more and more I'm missing the things of my youth....like baseball fields, and cookouts and summer and fall and spring and winter and snow. Most of all snow. And I've not to see those things again. I do."

"Fine, fine, fine," she said nodding. But it was a mocking nod. "So in order to pick up a few cheap memory revivals you're going to Park Yesterday -- a place where old fools like yourself are getting killed every day by young punks!"

SAMPLER CONTINUES

"Now, now, Miss Garach. Actually, I would suppose that the whole business is highly exaggerated as it makes such good copy for the press."

"Oh? You think so? Well then, just how does one account for the death of Abe Grimoy? How?"

"Well -- I couldn't say myself. It wasn't murder though."

"Ha!"

He ironed and ironed and ironed.

"I repeat: Ha! You think not, eh?"

"Well, no one was arrested..."

"The police?! You're joking, of course?"

"No, why?"

"Those first century fools? All on the side of the young ones. They'd just as soon we olders kicked off anyway."

"Miss Garach!"

A glint. She went on: "You don't know the half of it, Mr. Simms. Why do you think the first century and second century punks throw us fourth century ancients into these hovels? And why do you think they make the thirdors live in fear of their approaching 400th birthday? Why, anyway, Mr. Simms?"

"Oh, Miss Garach, don't be silly. You make it sound like a war of the generations. Matter of fact, that's why it is mandatory for the forthers to live together -- to prevent such a war! And we couldn't adjust anyway."

"But that's just the point, Mr. Simms, it is a war! Generations resent one another. The young resent the old. That's the way it is. And with life expectancy reaching ~~xxxxx~~ toward 500, I just shudder at what might result."

The walls shifted and the iron hissed. Hiss. Hiss. And a moaning shift.

Hafton slumbered. And began afresh: a soft song of Monday -- come Wednesday.

"You know, Mr. Simms, the trouble with you is your bland acceptance of every blessed thing thrown your way. Anyone but the most spineless conformist would rebel at the thought of being forcefully ghettoized come one fine birthday! And you just look out your window. Just look! All over. What is there?"

"Houses, billboards..."

"Right! Billboards! And on them?"

"Orderly demise advertisements."

She looked smug. "Correct. The Government takes you and puts you peacefully and painlessly to sleep -- forever. Well, good night Charlie! Good night!"

Hafton was silent a moment. Then he excused himself: "Got to put on my pants." So he trotted into the bathroom.

Emma Garach looked to Olympus for aid, realizing that she'd had no effect whatsoever upon that stubborn Mr. Simms.....and she quietly fondled the bed spread. And debated for Highytown Jr. High. Again and again and again. Colors upon the wall. Splash! Splash! And roll in them -- delight, delight, delight!

Simms came out with a chuckle.

"Something funny?" asked Emma.

"Yeah, I was just realizing how out of touch I am with the world. So, so away! I don't even know what our younger generation desires lately!"

"Our heads."

"He scoffed, "No, no, no. I mean, every generation aspires to destroy something. A temple. A can of baked beans. Esteem. Something goodly loved by the leaving generation. That's what causes friction -- but it's productive friction. It birth's a lot of ideas, idealistic and realistic, some of which are accepted and some of which are not. Bearing that in mind, a stable balance of power, so to speak, should make this the most productive period in the history of man, don't you think?"

"Poppycock."

"Not that it works in fact, but it should and does. In theory, anyway. Actually, it's the fact that the younger and stronger generation is upsetting this balance & causing the discord. Know what I mean?"

"I know that it doesn't work."

"No, it doesn't. You're right, of course. But what can we do to make it work? Do we speak out, fight, paray, what?"

"Well I'll say one thing: you don't just sit here and jabber."

"That's quite true," he said, "But what could I do? I have little strength -- not nearly enough to physically overcome the younger men. And my intellect is somewhat lacking, and I'm honest enough to admit it. Certainly my education was substandard by today's criteria. Why in English literature, all I can remember is that Dylan Thomas was a drunk and that so was everybody else."

He continued: "All in all, Miss Garach, I'm quite unfit for nearly everything. So if you don't mind, I'll just be leaving."

Defiantly he knotted his tie. Hell, the old girl might mean well, but he'd made up his mind and damned if he wouldn't stick by that decision."

"Mr. Simms?" she feebly inquired. Unsure. Wary.

"What now?"

"And have you exhausted all the possibilities? All of them?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Oh, you know -- those memory drugs, the kind that allow you to carve out your own world -- the real, the glamorized or the entirely fictitious -- and you think you're living there. And they work-wonders!"

Silence from the curtain.

"No."

"No?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Just no."

"But why?"

"Because they're drugs that's why. I never needed phoney existance before. I don't need it now."

She twisted her mouth knowingly.

"It's the stigma, isn't it?"

Frustrated, his glance climbed the walls.

"It's the old drug stigma that you just can't shake. Religion. Moral hangups."

"For God's sake, Miss Garach! I don't want drugs! Period!"

"Of course. Of course."

He nodded staunchly and put on his heavy, woolen scarf, wrapping it gently about his neck. Achieving that maneuver with no interruptions from Miss Garach, he picked up his hooded coat. The coat and muffler were really not needed, as 'Weather Control' stabilized all temperatures at no lower than 79° and threw the rain and snow only in the dark and empty forests. But it was December. And December had meant coat and muffler for a lot of centuries. An anachronism, sure. What the hell --

Having vested himself properly and after having mentally wished for a damned blizzard, he unexpectedly bolted for the door. While inwardly expecting interception, he pretended a liberated soul -- ungotten. Beyond. So he flew the stairs on stack legs, mistreated by yesterdays and hummed achievement as the street was his, and only a barely audible cry of "It's the stigma, the drug stigma," lingered still, but a street more and it stopped.

He headed resolutely toward Park Yesterday.

Park Yesterday was meant to be an honest attempt at keeping the forth century chaps happy. Or content. It was stuffed with things from their ages, remembrances they did all hold dearly. There were old residential-area houses, and country homes and even a slum! Times Square was transported there and old radios, TVs, magazines, and farms and stores and grass abounded. Nostalgia! The perfect place for the old ones to forget about Tuesday. On Tuesday, when the weekend was so nice!

It might also be well to add that the Government had thrown a fit of discontent at the manner through which the old ones had begun to grumble at their predicament. It was hoped that the memory drugs might sell nicely here, once they'd gotten a taste of the other days. The disgusting practice of protest -- it was called, and a drugged up antique is a quiet fellow indeed.

So the Govt. set up thousands and more booths throughout the park. Then a funny thing happened; it became the thing for the younger set to take. Bah. Legislation then had to be passed, prohibiting it's sale to anyone but the olders.

The law successfully embittered the young ones against the forthers, however, and roving bands of firsters took to wandering about the Park taunting, threatening and even (some said) killing the old ones. As a direct result of this, therefore, the drug stands were removed and an 'enter at your own risk' atmosphere prevailed.

Few of the olders dared enter, so the youths took to living upon the grassy tracts of the park, occassionally destroying bits of it, and in open defiance of then law who, in turn, were wary for fear of provoking inter-generational war. Nothing was done. Park Yeaterday sat. And sat.

Simms approached the area with a whistle upon his lips and entered happily, giving little thought to the youngers (45 to 60 years old) at the gait. He was anxious to see Times Square.

"Hey Yesterday!" called a younger.

Simms proceeded on, unaware it was he to whom they'd refered.

"I'm calling you Yesterday, Yesterday. Turn around."

Oblivious.

"Yesterday!"

He slowly turned, more to inquire as to the name 'Yesterday' than to answer.

"Yes?" he inquired.

"This is our park Yesterday. What're you doing here?"

The boys peered skyward with contempt for the clouds.

Simms could well have chuckled. This boy: a cliché of the youth film. He stood, young and defiant. Defiant because he was young, young when he should have been old. A genuine product of astounding longevity. He must have wished to be misunderstood by an older generation, but stood in the precarious position of ruling, instead of being ruled upon. He was the wish of every youth. But said wish now achieved, he sat there: an enigma of situation.

A living tradgedy.

Simms wondered, even mused, though he was aware of danger.

The boy pressed: "Got any Memug?"

"Memug? Memory drug?" asked Simms.

Smacking lips. Annoyed expression. "Yeah."

"No. I'm sorry."

The boy surveyed him. "What're you doing here?"

"Oh," Simms sang, "Nothing much. Just thought I'd catch a few memories. That's all."

"Bastard." Sentence passed. Frank as hell. "Old bastard. Goddamn you, why don't you die or something? Well? Why don't you?" A fury, blind and maddened.

Softly, lightly: "Well, you know how it is.."

The boy started to smile, but held back in wonder. This was a different man. He was much more perceptive. Or something. Anyway, the boy couldn't hit him.

"You smile like you know what it's all about, Jack," the boy spoke, "Do you?"

Simms: "Well, I have seen it before, you know."

Some respect rising in the boy?

Some wonderment. That's for sure. For sure.

And the boy threw down something and sighed a heavy, released sigh.

SAMPLER

"Go home, old man," finally came out.

"Gö home?" asked Simms.

"Yeah Yesterday, this is our place now -- like the rest of the world. I know we're the worse for it, but that's the way it is. I can't know you and you can't know me. But I won't hurt you Jack."

Simms tried to look like a sage.

"I don't understand it yet," said the youth, "But I just know it. You have to live in the old folks area cause you're from there. I gotta live here cause I'm today."

Simms started away.

"You know old man, this is wrong. It's all wrong. Everything that was good between generations is bad now. It's all wrong that you're alive, just like it's all wrong that I'm 18 when I'm 60. It's wrong. But it's the way it is. Know what I mean?"

"I've had over 400 years to consider it," answered Simms, "And it is wrong. Wrong as the day burning on and the night never falling. The night isn't what we all want, but it's got to fall if you want the sun to ever come up again, bigger and brighter and better. And we can't live without sleep."

"Yeah, that's how it is."

"I'm afraid so."

Simms went away down the street.

"Luck old man," wished the boy aloud, "And die soon."

"I'll try" said the man, "I'll try my dammedest."

He walked slowly away. And away.

Miss Garach was hard at work with her sweeping when Simms came in and threw off his coat and scarf.

"Hello Miss Garach," he sang cheerily.

She was somewhat stunned, but managed a reply, "Oh, er, hello --"

He smiled and flew the stairs.

"Oh, Mr. Simms?"

"Yes?"

"Have a good time?" she asked.

He said nothing and went inside to look out his window and to listen to the rustling curtains.

With the slamming door, Miss Garach became somewhat peeved, but returned to her sweeping. She swept up the dust of humanity and his dreams.

/the end

BEHIND the ZINES ^{by} John Goldsmith

(PROZINE REVIEWS by John Goldsmith)

If you've haunted the news-stands the way we have in the last two months or so, you're sure to have noticed the number of new science-fiction magazines that are cropping up. Slowly -- or perhaps not so slowly -- the number of prozines is again creeping upwards from it's low point just a couple of years ago.

Yet surprisingly no one has mentioned this in any prozine column, or even at the recent Worldcon. However, one note from the NyCon tells that the new editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC ((Harry Harrison? BK)) is going to operate under a new policy, and create two more zines of reasonably high quality, probably on the level of the old WORLDS OF TOMORROW. This policy should go into effect as soon as the Frank Herbert serial, SANTIAGO BARRIER is completed in AMAZING. Perhaps this is a fitting tribute to the late founder of this, the original science fiction magazine, Hugo Gernsback.

There are at least half a dozen of the "science fiction classics" zines that are less than a year old. Even Robert Lowndes, who, to the best of my knowledge, never edited a successful magazine, is trying his hand again.

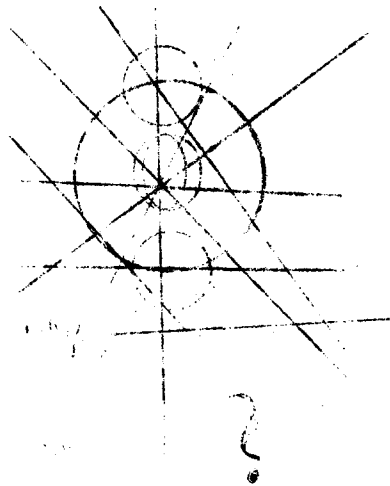
I suppose it is nice to see the original illustrations to A. Merritt's stories and such, but it is a little ridiculous to pay 50¢ or more to read a four-year-old Roger Zelazny story. Yet, since these reprint zines continue to be published, people must be buying them.

Only one newstand in my area is displaying a totally new science-fiction prozine by the name of BEYOND INFINITY. Flanked on either inside cover by mirror images of the editor, Doug Stapleton, who resembles no one but Mark Twain, this new zine prints only short stories with most obvious twist endings. But all the stories are new!

Among the name writers contained are John Brunner, Ben Bova, Christopher Anvil and John Christopher. However, their efforts are not commendable in any way. As far as sf fans go, the magazine is crud, period. But it's only Volume one, Number one. Where there is Life, there is Hope. Of course, this magazine hasn't got the circulation of Life, and I haven't got the jokewriters of Bob Hope. So....

BK7
In the way of the solidly settled prozines in the November issues, FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION contains their usual run of the changing of the avant-garde. The cover story is a Ben Jolson story, one of the series of that chameleon man, by that something-else man, Ron Goulart. Again each of the lines of dialogue is a not-so-clever jab at some ridiculous thing in our society, but they come from all directions, and though his story may not stimulate you to greater and nobler thoughts, it carries some well-placed punches. As for the story, it lacks, but who cares?

(continuation)



"Ballet Nègre", a story I daresay printable only in F&SF, is so typical that there is no shock in hearing about the zombies. It is the story of a newspaper reporter looking for a story in a Haitian dance troupe whose members can lie in the middle of a pile of burning embers. Of course, these turn out to be zombies who kill the reporter for his good intentions. The last line of the story is memorable in it's silliness: "They (the zombies) will be making for the west," said Emmanuel Louis once again, scarcely seeing the stern and stolid faces that surrounded him, 'For when the Living Dead realize what they really are, they always head for the graves from which they have been dragged.' " My personal recommendation is to go back in time and attempt to prevent this story from ever having been written.

"A Note from Charity", by William Lee, uses an old sf idea, the telepathic union of two minds separated by 250 years -- a teenager today and a slightly younger girl in the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. This is a well-written story, though, and despite a bit of corn at the end, comes off well.

I recall a story, I believe in F&SF from several years ago that began with the same idea. But this earlier story, in total contrast to the present one, pictured the two telepaths as being antipathetic toward one another. They would hurt ~~xx~~ themselves just to cause the other pain. "A Note from Charity" has more charm and is very readable.

One last note, on INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION, the new magazine in the Pohl fold, and replacer of WORLDS OF TOMORROW. Again, the November issue is a Volume 1, No. 1, and contains artwork by the guest art editor, Jack Gaughan, the winner of both professional and fan Hugo awards.

The stories are totally different than the stories presented to the American scene. The immediate and obvious problem is one of translation, which does not affect the quality too much, although there must be a loss. The main impact is the difference of the idiom of each country, with representatives from all over the world, including the Soviet Union, Italy, England and a dozen more. There have been two books of Soviet Science Fiction published in the United States, and they have the same characteristics. Americans, and to a large extent, British concentrate on either gadgets -- which may be psychological or social, but still gadgets -- or else a complete character study in a sf setting, as in some Zelazny. Granted, there are many exceptions, including Ellison's "Repent Harlequin, etc." But the overall attitude of other nation's writers is different, and elusive. Probably it could best be expressed by saying that they try to affect the reader in any way possible, whereas our writers have a greater concern for the form of the work they have written.

In any event, INTERNATIONAL may be a boon to our field in this country and may broaden our own sf field and market. Here's to it!

--John Goldsmith

((Thank John. Hopefully, this'll be a regular feature. IF would have been reviewed but it was too late in getting out. John sends his regrets Fred, BK))

SELF-EXPLAINING DRIVE (conclusion of an editorial)

Artwork:

FRONT COVER: Chuck Rein

BACK COVER: Jack Gaughan

Chuck Rein, pp. 5, 16 & 19. Doug Lovenstein, pp. 4, 6, 21. Vito Aiello, p. 8, BK, pp. 10, 12, 13 and for the prozine reviews. Jurgen Wolff p. 11. Bobby Taylor, p. 25.

Fillers are needed. I hope to electrostencil in the near future. But I do need traceable fillers now.

All full page artwork, covers, and folios will be off set.

We didn't make p. 35 but who cares?

Well. Keep well. Drink milk. Early to bed. Early to rise. Rise with the rooster.

Do whatever you do these fine fall mornings.

And send money or contributions or it's the last issue you get.

So there.

* * * * *
WHATAWAYTOGO dept.

Poetry: by yon editore

BITTERSWEET

Open: Cliche of springtime! Ah, wonderful illusion!
Look, look! The flowers bloom! The creek does babble!
And so do I.
It's snowin' out on high, high towers.
Reality drags about an odor: bittersweet.

Surrealistic Signature dept.:

till Thanksgiving!

