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CALL OF THE KLUTZ

Editorial by Linda Eyster

I have a number of things to say, and a whole bunch of klutzy and cute illos to brighten up this column. So, let me start by saying hi (HI!) to all of you, and thanking all of you who sent LoCs, gave us nice reviews, and most of all who contributed or subscribed, keep it up!

And secondly, let me apologize to the following, for various reasons. I'm sorry I accidentally omitted a paragraph of AFTERLIFE, Mark.* Secondly, WONKITY, Ray Ridenour's zine did have an address.** And thirdly, I'd like to apologize to Ted White for the nasty cracks we had about him lastish. But wait, those cracks weren't all that nasty, in fact they must not have been very nasty at all, Ted White didn't even write us a LoC! Gee, Ted, I'm sorry those cracks weren't nasty, I wish you'd written us a LoC.

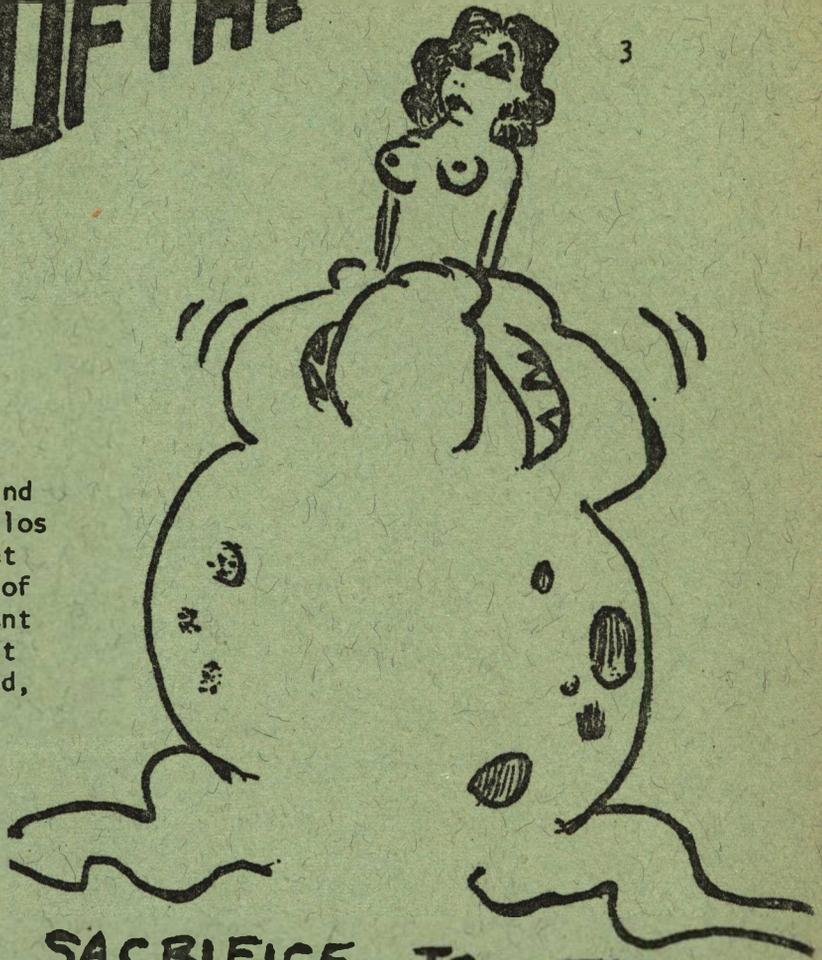
How about thisish? Actually, though I ~~always~~ ~~often~~ sometimes disagree with what you say, I do think you say it very well and convincingly, which is why I voted for you for the Hugo (best fan writer). ~~Of course/that's not writing!!!~~

We need columns and articles, as well as artwork, for future issues of Gf. #6 will be our annish and we need lots of artwork (cover, 1/2 page illos, and so on) and lots of articles, both serious and humorous, on SF or fandom (try to stick to those subjects rather than going off into witchcraft, politics, and so on). #6 will, like thisish, be extra large, and I hope, extra good.

* This paragraph should have been second to last, between "time..." and "For almost an hour..." It goes as follows:

Ris-Maglll broke through the orange Heaven-Gate. He found himself in orange fire, in a Hell of vivid flames and energy less dense than himself. Then his densely-compacted globe of energy released itself, and Ris exploded with unthinkable force.

** WONKITY, Ray Ridenour, Cherry Point, West River, Maryland 20881



SACRIFICE TO THE GARNIVOROUS RUTABAGA

"AH ME OR KLUTZY BEAUTY!"

Be sure to notice the Change of Address. Suzanne and I, plus Genevieve (or Jeannie as I insist on calling her) DiModica and Dale "Shy Young Thing" Steranka are all rooming together. Also, note that, like everything else, Gf is increasing in price. This and future issues are available for 50¢ each, 3/\$1.00, stamps or coin. Increased production costs because of increased size and complexity necessitated this.

If you change your address, please let us know, otherwise your copy won't be forwarded and we won't be able to send you GRANFALLOON.

I've noticed that everyone seems confused as to what areas are when for the next few years for the Worldcon. This is especially confusing with the rotation plan placing an Out of the Country bid every 4 years, if and only if, there is a qualified bid. If there is no qualified bid the next area is used. There have also been arguments for a 5 year plan. At present, according to the info I dug up in some old issues of SF WEEKLY, the following are the sites under the present 4 year rotation plan.

- 67 - East - NyCon 3, New York
- 68 - West - Baycon
- 69 - Midwest - St. Louis or Columbus
- 70 - OUT OF US - Heidleberg?
- 71 - EAST - Baltimore or Boston*
- 72 - WEST - Seattle and Los Angles
- 73 - MIDWEST - Loser of 69 race + Chicago + Cincinatti
- 74 - EAST - Loser of 70 + Washington D.C. + New York + Pittsburgh (?)

* It may be that Baltimore will persuade Heidleberg to switch years. There are also rumours that Baltimore is bidding for a con to be held in the Bahamas (?). If anyone can clarify this, please do. And if anyone can clarify any of the above, please do.

Oh yes, another matter, trades. If you are getting Granfalloon with FOR TRADE marked off in WHY YOU GET THIS THING, then send us your zine whenever it comes out (we will trade for anything). You will receive every copy of Gf, and we expect to get every copy of your zine. You will continue to get Gf as long as I think you are still publishing and still sending us your zine, even if you are publishing on a highly irregular schedule. If I am aware of two editors I'll send two copies. If you have 2 eds and aren't getting two copies and want them, let me know. It also might be nice if you sent us 2 copies, but it isn't absolutely necessary.

My father works for NASA, an organization which should be near and dear to every SF fan. Being thusly better informed of what happens there than most fen, I'd like to impart what may be surprising information. NASA, our one and only space administuration is laying off people due to lack of appropriations. It even seems that the Apollo moon mission is somehow being tacked on to the Air Force. If SF fans would and could save a TV show, maybe we can get something going to save something of much greater importance, the National Aeronautics and Space Administ ration. If we don't do something now we may find our first man on the moon in 2001. We have the capability to get a man to the moon and beyond right now, instead our money is being tied up in defense programs and other rather stupid areas. Write your congressman, the President, and anyone else you can think of, before it's too late. Let's make our cry SAVE NASA, and do it.



"COULD IT BE...
BAD BREATH?"



Due to space limitations, plus a few earnest pleas for fewer conreports, there is no conreport thisish. Stop cheering, nextish will have a Baycon report. But Connie drew a cute illo to go with a conreport, so I thought I'd include it (it wouldn't be appropriate for Baycon, since, sob, I'm not going). Ginjer Buchanan wrote a hilariously funny conreport on Midwestcon though. Unfortunately its not included. Fortunately she will submit it to the new WPSFA (Western Pa. SF Assoc., the club Suzle and I founded) zine, SYZYG. Unfortunately, they may not publish it. But fortunately, she will be writing other con reports for us in the future.

Speaking of WPSFA, the club, as you may have heard is expanding, and, at last, looks like it may become a real free swinging group.

We are in the early planning stages for a regional con this year. The date, name, and GoH have not been decided on, but it will probably be either April 27th or June 6th, and called the Sylicon (from Pennsylvania), though I favor the PeCon. If anyone has any suggestions for names, dates, etc., please send them to me, but hurry ~~LOOSE DEADLINE~~ we will have to decide soon. ~~IF ANYONE WOULD LIKE TO BE BOH!!!~~ But at any rate, there will be a con this year. I hope many of you will come for it should be a wild and fun time. More information will be in Gf next issue.

I want to mention some miscellaneous things now. First, during the summer I've had a chance to try and catch up on my reading (notice I said try). I read quite a few books I should have read ages ago, including all of last year's Hugo nominees (this year I managed to read this year's nominees before the voting). Of them all I thought BABEL-17 was by far the best. The writing was

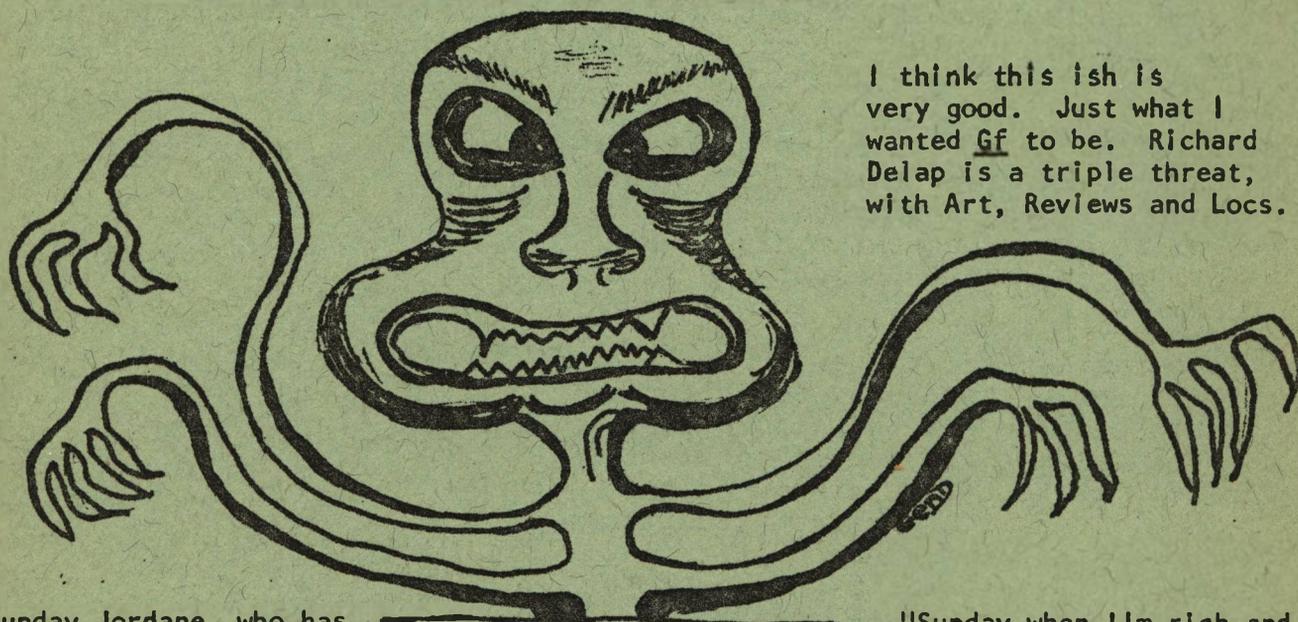
fantastic, beautiful, and possibly amongst the best writing ever written, certainly amongst the best SF. I've also read RITE OF PASSAGE which I thought was great, though still not in the same class with BABEL. Does anyone happen to know (Alexei are you listening) where I've read the fable in RITE before? The story concerns a king who has twin sons, one is smart, one is charming. In the end the smart one wins out, thus proving that a little brains can accomplish most anything. It is a great fable and I know I've read it. Was it THURBER? Does anyone know? And the final bit of miscellanea, I've bought a FANCYCLOPEDIA! It cost \$6.00, but what does that matter when it comes to fannish things? Now I'm a trufan. I had written Dick Eney, the (author?) compiler? and found out that it's out of print (but a new edition, muchly condensed, around 50 pages, is due in about a month). But luckily I found this copy for sale from Charlie Brown.

Amongst the various LoCs we received thisish was one from Ron Smith. It included one of the most interesting comments on fandom I have seen. First let me quote it to you:

"And you probably never again will see anything like SF fans. I think we're unique, you know, we were so damned awful they broke the mold. But I think the reason that fans are so curious is obvious, if you put a little thought to it. The average fan is an introvert, in other

words, he's the type who usually would rather stay home and read a book than play football, or any damn thing like that. We tend toward the shy, quiet, unassuming type, at least in mundane life, ususally fans are considered a bit wierd by their classmates and friends and are not class leaders or anything. Fans do not tend to make friends easily in the mundane existence. This is one of the reasons fandom developed. Here is an opportunity to be aggressive, a big shot, make friends, and have your name recognized by others. And it works since most fans are better at the typer than in public. It's kind of a dual personality thing. Fans kind of cling to fandom, it's their high pie in the sky existence that helps them bear the drabness of much of their mundane existence."

This startled me because it was so true from what I had seen, and especially from what I had experienced of myself. I fit the above "definition" of a fan to a T. I'm basically shy, yet when you see me in fandom I am anything but shy and retiring. I've noticed that being boisterous in fandom helps me to be boisterous in public, but I'm never so much at home as when talking about SF or fandom. Suzanne is also a shy and retiring girl, even more so than me, yet in fandom she becomes much more active. I have a pet theory that the above observations are almost universally true. For instance, I wrote Buck Coulson that I was sorry I hadn't come over at Midwestcon to talk to him, but I was too shy to introduce himself. He wrote back that he had done much the same! Is this a true observation? I hope many of you who write LoCs will tell me what you think, and if you have any more to add. I'm going to try and work up some sort of questionnaire ("Are your friends class leaders?" and so on) for next ish. More on this nextish.



I think this ish is very good. Just what I wanted Gf to be. Richard Delap is a triple threat, with Art, Reviews and Locs.

Sunday Jordane, who has excellent poetry and an interview this ish, is in reality, my sister, Laurie, writing under a pseudonym. Her identity problems began with "Call me anything you want, but don't call me Late for Dinner". Now everyone calls her Sunday, and she uses Jordane for submitting material to magazines (what publisher would believe Sunday Eyster?)

**BEWARE OF...
THE KLUTZ**

"Sunday when I'm rich and famous" is her favorite expression. As for our other contributors, they are all great, from Bob Tucker and Damon Knight who allow us to reprint their articles to Leo Vale and Arnie Katz who wrote hysterically funny articles for us. The poetry, fiction, and art is also really good. This is a darn good ish. But enough of my praises, go ahead and read it.

SUZLECOL

THE TEDRIL PRESS RESUMES!! I've just gotten from Miami ((Republican National Convention - my father was a delegate...like most of Pa. a Rocky supporter..)) and have about two weeks to pack all my belongings for school and get ready to go to California ((to Baycon, of course; I haven't worked all summer for nothing...I hope))

so, what better time for thish? /The Fourth of July? Christmas Eve? Grand Central at 5:05 p.m.? ...possibly/

In getting thish together L. and I have not had an easy time. Frantic letters and phone calls have been whizzing between Johnstown and Silver Spring for two months now. I, for one, will be glad to get back to Tech so we can work directly. L. typed almost all the stencils this time and I feel guilty... My Column (or whatever) is really pieces (crumbs?) of information from various places rather than a carefully drawn together bit of writing - and I might as well get started. -----

I don't know if Linda can squeeze these next things in elsewhere (she told me last night that people keep saying - say, if you have an empty space somewhere... - and she's ready to scream.) So, as insurance ((of them getting in, not against Linda's screaming...)) -

If anyone out there uses *GESTETNER * STENCILS* my Mother just gave me about \$20 worth! of old, but still probably usable ones that she can't possibly sell. If you would like them, they are available for postage, from me.

NEWS BULLETIN! Due to a great stroke of luck ((the bank guard slept through the whole thing..)) Linda is going to Baycon. Of course, most of you will be getting this thing during or after Baycon, but I thought I'd throw it in anywho...

This is being hacked written to the lovely strains of the sound track to 2001; I managed to get the album last week and have been playing it constantly ever since. It is a fine album to buy, for it's all classical music - traditional (Strauss) and ultra-modern (Ligeti). Those who've seen the film know that the music is unusual and fascinating. Those who have yet to see it (YET, I say), you will enjoy the odd combination of excellent music Stanley Kubrick has woven into his film. There are few motion picture composers Today who could equal the effect of the classical music (especially Ligeti's 'Atmospheres', heard while Dave is traveling through hyperspace.) The only one I've thought of is Maurice Jarre, the French composer who did that fantastic score for my favourite film, Lawrence of Arabia. His special 'sound' for total silence with electronic instruments won my respect. Actually, I had planned to write



a short article on the effect of the music in 2001, but, frankly, I am rather tired of nothing but articles on 2001 wherever I turn, especially in fandom. ((Of course, we have a very good one by Jerry Lapidus, with which I basically agree, except here and there, but I'm still fatigued by others with which I don't agree.)) Perhaps some other time, as films are my greatest passion and 2001 was an excellent film.

L. has already mentioned WPSFA (I think she has?; I haven't read her column), so I shall mention Midwestcon, which eight of us attended at the end of June. IT WAS A BLAST. There, I've mentioned it. As you might have noticed, we don't have a con report. This is due to an uhm, er, ah, well, none of us remem-..., um, er, we couldn't wri-, er, Ginjer didn't make our deadline.....

However, we did get to meet many interesting people. Like the Couches, all of whom are very nice and very cool; Buck Coulson, hawking his Ace SF book collection (UNCLE books are so worth it. I knew I'd get it in. Everyone should have a pet project.); Alexei Panshin, but that's another story; Fritz Leiber, interesting, driving up in a station wagon with the windows plastered with GALAXY signs and, hum, I wonder who that might be?; and countless others (well, not really. Someone did count them, I would imagine) that aren't now mentioned, but reasonably well remembered by me. ((Like Andy Porter in a bathing suit and a beanie...who could possibly forget...))

Speaking of interesting people, why don't you become an interesting person to us and SUBSCRIBE! This, as you might have noticed, is very big, and was very expensive to run off. More stencils, ink, paper, postage, and copies equals - GAAAAAHH!! I've not asked this before, but we really can use subscriptions. Ditto contributions, especially since out annish is coming up (not to mention those in between ... We won't, if you won't ...) If you've been hoarding that humerous, satirical, of Ghod forfend, serious SF article, send to Ye Eds. *And we'll probably lose it.*

Now about the fanzine reviews. I certainly do not force L. to do them. Of course, I can't write but I would have been very willing to try a few. But it is extremely difficult to review a fanzine in Johnstown, Pa. when they are all in Silver Spring, Md. End of statement.

I seem to be quickly running out of space. This time (oh you lucky creatures) I am limited in space because we already have the pages numbered ((Deadline Suzanne, that's me)). I know know there's more I wanted to say but, ...

Last Minute Plugs - ZOR and ZAM, Mickey Dolenz' (of the Monkees) solo on their latest album. It is fearfully good and beautifully sung. I'd hoped it would be released as a single because there are 10,000 other albums that are commanding my immediate attention (and immediate money) and their's is on the bottom of the list. ((Their last album - Pisces, Aquarius, Capricorn and Jones, Ltd. was surprisingly good, I must say. One of Mike Nesmith's solos is titled Door Into Summer...))

Buona Nota - SVT

I agree wholeheartedly with Jerry Kaufman (in Quark) -----

TIAJUANA in '69!!!

ALEXEI PANSHIN

by sunday jordane

PANSHIN, Alexei (a-lex-say') (n) l.a.: A man who finds himself suddenly a rather famous and noteworthy young author - and for good reason...

I began this article in "definition" form largely because that's the easiest way to give you the correct pronunciation of Alexei. Also note the spelling, please; the last review I saw of his novel, Rite of Passage, spelled Alexei wrong, not once, but twice - two different ways! (I won't mention which 'zine this happened in, since I am polite by nature.)

I had the pleasure of meeting and talking (at great length) with Mr. Panshin at the Midwestcon in ~~Six City~~ Cincinnati, June 28-30. By the time my sister, Gf's esteemed editor and official klutz, asked me to do an interview of him, I hardly needed to ask him questions. But I did, and the following is the result.

Alexei Panshin presently lives in New York City, a good place for business but poor for living. He's been reading SF since about 1950 (age 10), when his brother had a subscription to BOY'S LIFE which serialized one of Heinlein's juvenile books. Although he had no thought of making writing his career at the time, throughout high school Alex continued to read a great deal, including books on writing. In school his performance was not outstanding, merely "good," and his more extensive growth and thought were done outside that part of his life. Then for graduation from high school, he received a typewriter, sat down, and began to write. "I haven't stopped yet," he says

His first story was published in 1960 in SEVENTEEN magazine -- title: "A Piece of Pie." He began to write articles for fanzines in 1962. Although he still enjoys writings for zines, he can't do too much for them now, as he has to find out first how much time must be devoted to his professional endeavors in order to make a living.

Mr. Panshin had presented me with a copy of his novel, RITE OF PASSAGE, which I read nearly straight through immediately. I asked him how he got the ideas for the novel. He cited three main "inspirations:"

1. His reaction to Heinlein's HAVE SPACE SUIT, WILL TRAVEL, featuring sub-teen Peewee Reisfeld, child genius: although he enjoyed her, he was unconvinced by her. He had a similar reaction to Harper Lee's six-year-old female narrator in TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD -- she "remembered too much." Therefore Mr. Panshin felt the challenge to do better.

2. He had read an article in ANALOG which gave him the idea for an interstellar ship carrying a million people or more.

#3. In one week he had seen/heard three different references to the puberty rites of Australian Aborigines in which boys, upon reaching a certain age, are sent on a desert "walk-about" without benefit of equipment or personal effects. This trial before the assuming of adulthood led to the development of the novel's Trial.

In formulating the character of the adolescent heroine, Mia Haverro, Panshin was without the benefit of close contact with young ladies. Since he has no sisters, he had to rely on close observation, reading, and his experience in the common grounds of growing up for all children. By subjective analysis, he tried to project into her character so that she would be consistent in action and development, and that all her actions and changes in character were motivated.

His success with her as a character, I think, is phenomenal. The reactions he has received from critics have been good, ranging from "a fair job for a man" to "uncomfortably female." Despite his success with Mia, he said he doesn't foresee any more Mia-type characters in the near future. He commented, "RITE OF PASSAGE is obviously based on Heinlein's techniques and is intended in part as a comment on a specific Heinlein novel."

Although Mr. Panshin has already received considerable praise for the novel since its release, he evidently has had some trouble getting it off the ground. He was working on it from July of 1961 till February of 1966; and PASSAGE was reportedly rejected by every hardcover SF publisher before he finally submitted it to Ace (the first paperback publisher he tried, and its ultimate publisher).

Mr. Panshin's work, however, has not been solely on ROP. In the spring of 1968 he published HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION, destined to become a classic in its field. The analysis of Heinlein's work was done both because the famous author's work was an obvious, but as yet, unprobed subject, and because Advent Publishers asked him to write it. Mr. Panshin commented, "No other SF writer has approached him [Heinlein] in consistent quality of work over an equivalent period of time."

He is presently working on a series of 7 novels, each intended to be a complete and independent novel, yet connected with the others of the series. Of the 7, 2 have been completed and are due for release in October and November. The novels were contracted through Terry Carr (who handles the Ace series novels) in the fall of '67. Mr. Panshin accepted the offer, he said, both for the security of an extended contract (thus enabling him to write full-time and quit the job he had held with the Brooklyn Public Library System) and because the series would be a challenge. He stated that the series would not be a conventional Ace series; that it will also be completely different from anything he's done up to now. He told me the novels do not fit into any simple category, but that he was too close to them now (having just completed the first 2) to comment any further on their content or style. I find myself looking forward to reading them -- with curiosity and a confidence that they'll be good.

Besides the series of 7, Mr. Panshin is doing a juvenile series of 4 books, tentatively titled THE KING IN THE WEST, which he hopes to complete by writing one a year. He also hopes to write a mainstream novel next year, although the series of 7 is to be his primary work during that period.

I asked Mr. Panshin what his views are on themes in the SF field. He believes that there is far more potential than is being realized at present, although the trend is (happily) away from the ritualistic themes of the early '60's.

Somehow I got the impression that if any one author can make great strides towards fulfilling the potential of the Science Fiction field, Alexei Panshin can.

by Bill Mallardi
 Suzanne Tompkins
 Jerry Kaufman
 Linda Eyster

(This was composed at the recent Midwestcon in response to the request that someone write a filk song /fannish folk song/ to be sung while waiting for the elevator at various worldcons. The 4 nuts at the left, with the help of passerbys, drunks, and blog managed to write the following.)

(Sung to YESTERDAY by Lennon and McCartney)

1. Yesterday, I've been waiting here since yesterday,
 Now it looks as though I'm here to stay,
 Oh all my plans have gone astray.
2. And just then, he went past me and went up to ten.
 Then he passed me going down again,
 Elevator man, you're not my friend.

CHORUS: Why he had to go, I don't know, he
 he wouldn't stay.
 I yelled "Stop you fool!" And at last
 he came my waa-a-a-ay!

3. Suddenly, the door opened up in front of me,
 Then the man said, "Going down to 3,"
 I said "That just won't do for me."
4. "Seventeen, I want to go to seventeen,
 That's where the biggest party's been
 It's a Big-Name Fannish scene."

CHORUS: Why he had to go, I knew well, he
 wouldn't stay.
 Till he got some BOOZE, then he would
 go my wa-a-a-ay!

5. He drank his pay, then he took me up
 with no delay,
 As I stepped out, I heard him say:
 "Your convention ended....yesterday!"



NYMPHA

12

by Michael Gilbert

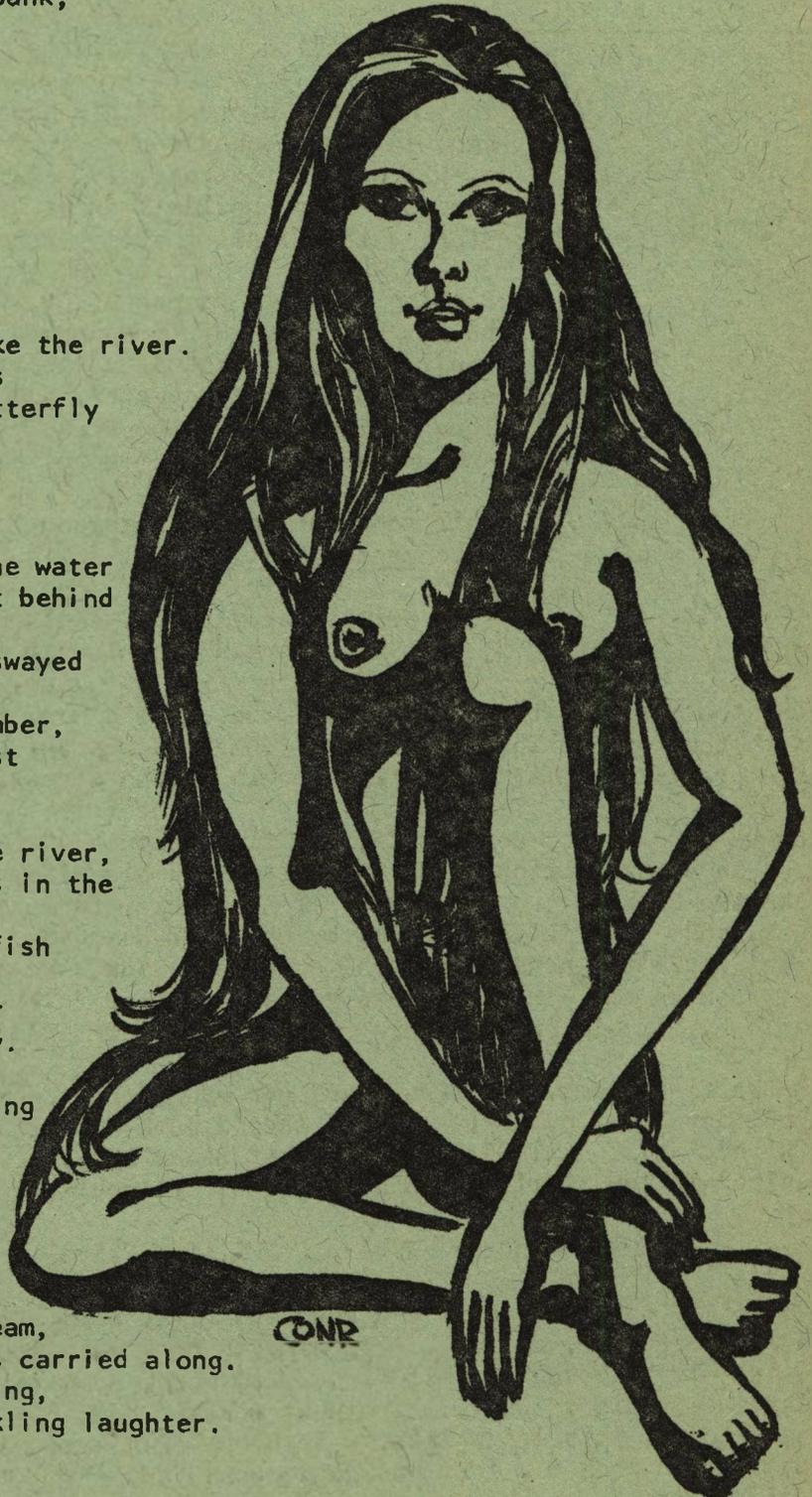
Nadina lay drowsing
On the golden sand of the river-bank;
The sun, a fiery orb of heat,
Warmed her unclad body.
The river flowed beside her,
Bubbling and burbling
As it ran from its source
Down to the distant sea.

Nadina sat up and stretched,
Her body golden as the sand
In the afternoon sun,
And her silvery hair rippling like the river.
A merry light crept into her eyes
As mischievously she caught a butterfly
That fluttered by
Only to release it.

Nadina laughed,
And her laugh tinkled out over the water
And through the cool green forest behind
her.
A dryad awoke and gently boughs swayed
As she struggled to remain awake.
Failing, she fell again into slumber,
Dreaming of laughter in the forest
And a moment of consciousness.

Nadina stood and walked along the river,
Her small feet leaving depressions in the
soft sand.
She knelt and picked up a small fish
That lay drowning on the sand.
Gently she placed it in the water
And watched it swim joyously away.
She stood as if deep in thought,
Staring into the tranquilly flowing
river.

Nadina, coming to a decision,
Stepped softly into the river.
She walked out until the water
Reached up to her slender waist,
And then glided into the mainstream,
Merging with the water as she was carried along.
The water ran bubbling and burbling,
And to it was added Nadina's tinkling laughter.



by DAMON KNIGHT

Books mate.

is the

This/simple, but world-shaking principle behind logogenetics, the new science of selling stories without actually writing. A milestone for man comparable to the invention of the egg-shaped wheel, logogenetics is positively guaranteed to turn any idiot into another Milton.*

* I mean, of course, my friend Milton Berkowitz, the plumber's helper.



The inspiring story of this great discovery begins several years ago, in the pioneer workshop of Dr. Claude Shannon. Dr. Claude, as his cats affectionately call him, said to himself one dull morning, "Why shouldn't there be a robot that would write better stories than I all the time read in these magazines?"

Picking up the torn pages, Dr. Claude (click, whirr) pretended he was a robot. He took a word at random from the one page, you see? Then he looked down the other page (click, whirr) till he saw the same word repeated, and he wrote down the next word. Then he looked down the first page till he saw that word again, and wrote down the next word, and so on.

This took too long. Logogenetic axiom #1: All logogenetic processes take too long.

Grimly carrying on, another scientist named John R. Pierce ^{At 66} ("Dr. Pierced" to his pet wolfhounds) tried writing three words on a strip of paper, folding one out of sight and passing the strip to the next fellow, who added a word and folded one over and passed it on to the next fellow, and so on. This was better, but still took too long, and got some pretty peculiar looks from people in the street.

Now we come to the real stuff, the final flower of this breath-taking research, developed in sunny California by the writer and his wife, who were bored silly at the time. Take two books. Any two books. I have here, for example, THE CAINE MUTINY, by Herman Wouk, and THE MALTESE FALCON, by Dashiell Hammett. If this is not the type books you keep around the house, so much the worse. Now. We open the books at random. (Ideally, when we say "we", we mean you and another fellow. The author is doing this example by himself, because his wife is sick and tired of logogenetics.)

In the first book, the first word our eye lights upon is "Willie." (THE CAINE MUTINY Doubleday 1954, p. 217.) In the second book, the first word our eye encounters is "Cairo". (THE MALTESE FALCON, Pocket Books 1945, p. 59.) We now ask ourselves, could "Cairo" follow "Willie" in a sentence? It could, so we write them down:

Willie Cairo

Now we go back to book #1 and read the first word after "Willie," which turns out to be "and"; so far, so good. Turning to book #2 again, we find the next word after "Cairo" is "removed". This is a lousy word, so we rip it out of the book and try the next one: "his". Okay. The next word in book #1 is "May", a girl's name. Great. A sex scene, this looks like. In book #2 again, we hit two no-good words and then "from". In book #1, four "no-good" words and then "the".

Copyright, 1965, James V. McConnell, THE WORM RE-TURNS

Another version also appeared in Walt Willis's HYPEN some years ago. Reprinted by permission of the author and Dr. McConnell.

And so on. We keep going back and forth between books, each time picking up where we left off*, until we get a complete sentence.

* But after completing a sentence, we pass to the first word of the following sentence in the reservoir. This will never be any clearer.

Willie Cairo and his May from the Spade Valley, standing in the hotel passageway, touched the white corridor-door, between the sheer living-room and the lobby, padded with falcon skins and horns of red-laquered Levantine.

This does not make much sense. Logogenetic axiom #2: Logogenetic writing seldom makes much sense.

However, upon reading this sentence again -- any number of times is permitted, unless the head begins to swim -- you notice that it seems as if it ought to mean something. The sentence is out of context, of course, and that's the way we are going to leave it; anybody who wants to know about that padded door (or lobby?) can carry on for him, her or itself.

Logogenetics has many, many uses. It is good for writing little booklets to go with exhibitions of ultra-modern art, and as a matter of fact this method can't be as original as I thought it was, because it's pretty plain that that's how those booklets are written. It is good for writing science fiction and/or horror movies, but you want to pick your reservoir (the books used in logogenetics are called the reservoir) carefully; for instance, the pre-clod* who wishes to write like a combination A.E. Van Vogt and Ray Bradbury will choose, say, THE WORLD OF NULL-A and THE GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN, because that's all he happens to have on hand. The result may be something like the following:

*Students who have not yet figured out that logogenetics is a gyp are called pre-clods.

Gosseyn moved, but around the door.

"Swallow the pills." In the sky with great desparate coming-in, danger flowering unreal whistlings, Prescott quietly said, "From the woman that saw it, helicopters will blizzard." The hotels, the private people, cities that rose to strange power. Warm, strangely, with easy pink picture faces, because the race of bound men would sound mysterious. "You opposed the assault, man!"

Murder. Two supposed chocolate Gosseyn malteds. He smiled curtly, for the mute problem would slowly, reluctantly untangling, tell him the partial color acceptance. It again was a picture of a mind, dark, closer to sanity, one uneasy white reverie shining down...

There you are. THE WORLD OF NULL-APPLES, by A. Ray Van Vogtbury. It would take two genuine authors years to turn out a passage like that, and you and your drunken friend from Flushing did it in ten minutes. Plot? Well, how can you tell until you try?

Take another example. How-to articles are a million laughs, and there's always room for one more somewhere. Select appropriate passages from any issue of WOMAN'S DAY, mix thoroughly, and--

With a whisk knife, sweep 3/4 inch under crust. Vacuum one cup of grated pedals or rugs. Spread seats in trunk; put dirt on floor. Bake one tablespoon moderate detergent, 325° F., in hot bucket. Break upholstery apart, and serve.

* * * * *

SVT: What should we call the Pittsburgh regional?

LgE: With all those nuts attending, how about the PeCon?

15 ROTTEN TO THE KOIRES

by Arnie Katz

There was, I noticed, some grotching in the last issue of Granfalloon about the price of mimeograph paper having been one of the principle topics discussed by the Disclave fanzine panel. While there are certainly more interesting topics available, few if any could be more basic to fanzine fandom than mimeograph paper and supplies. Mimeographed fanzines are pretty difficult to produce without mimeograph paper, though if memory serves, one Los Angeles one shot session printed part of its production on toilet tissue. One of Gf's editors has a father who sells mimeographs and such, I believe, so it is entirely possible that this pair of fine young girls has been totally spared some of the harsher realities of a fanzine editor's life. A faned looking for his next ream of paper, his next bottle of corflu or whatever faces problems similar in kind if not degree to those faced by a junkie looking for a new connection. Having a member of the family in the mimeograph business is akin to having a heroin refining plant in your apartment. I assure you, Linda and Suzanne, that the situation facing the rest of us, the "street" fanzine editors, is quite often a stencil of a different color.

I particularly remember, remember all too well, my first timid foray to the corner stationary store for a quire of stencils.

I.

"I'd like a quire of stencils," I blurted somewhat nervously at the young woman behind the counter.

"Stencils?" she asked. "You mean for drawing?" She was, of course, thinking of those wretched paper lettering guides which are a story in themselves.

"No, for mimeographing," I mumbled. Some of my supply-hunting experiences, I must admit, were unnecessarily complicated because I was very shy during the neofannish days and also because "mimeograph" is one of those words which I tend to slur over and mumble.

"Huh?" she said, raising her right eyebrow slightly. I repeated myself, this time slowly and distinctly so that I could be understood clearly.

"A mimeograph?" she queried in a way that made it all too plain that she'd never heard the word before. I gave her the general outlines of the mimeographic process as I understood it, which at the time was not perfectly. She regarded me with a deepening frown and disbelief to match. The only comparably embarrassing situation I can remember in all my years as a conspicuous consumer was the first time I bought a package of prophylactics from a female drug store clerk. After considerable conversation, communication was achieved. Not only did the girl apprehend my description of the art and science of mimeography, she even grasped how many stencils make a quire.

"We don't carry them," she finally announced brightly. I hurried from the store.

II.

Undaunted I continued my search for stencils by going to the first store's arch competitor down the block. There they even knew what a mimeograph stencil was, which delighted me more than I really care to tell from today's more jaded vantage point. Actually, I should have been on my guard for my first confrontation with one

of the retailers on the fringe of the mimeo supplies business. Such operators don't necessarily have hearts filled with blackest evil, but even at best they devote scant attention to such slow-moving items as mimeograph supplies. To draw another analogy to the drug world, the narcotics pushers cuts his merchandise too, and the stationary store owners invariably 'cut' their merchandise by using off-brands that maximize profits. Now I know this, then I was positively thrilled when the man behind the counter pulled a box of stencils from the shelf.

"How much?" I asked.

"20¢ each," he replied equally laconically. He looked me over, taking my measure. An obvious pigeon.

"How much a quire?" He took out his paper and pencil and began figuring.

"\$4.60" He didn't even have the good grace to avert his eyes while pronouncing this atrocity. I needed 6 stencils immediately -- an apa deadline was staring me in the face -- so I was in no position to put off my purchase.

"I'll take 6." I laid \$1.20 on the counter. He slipped the stencils into a bag with what I thought was unseemly haste. I took them home.

Later, sitting at my typer, I looked at them. They were Kores stencils. The stencils were a strange faded blue in color, with numerous lighter patches caused by an uneven application of wax. Not that it was well waxed in the first place, since most of the wax seemed to have soaked into the backing sheet, rendering it greasy and translucent. Subsequent experience has shown this batch to have been typical.

I'm not exactly sure why, but I always like to think of Mr. Kores (And it's a lot to assume there is a Mr. Kores. If I made this brand, I don't think I'd want my name on them.) as a beloved, if somewhat flighty, protege of Thomas Edison. I see a whole scene...

"Kores!" I can almost hear Edison shouting. He had considerable hearing loss due to a boyhood accident and probably shouted most of the time. "I've discovered the mimeograph!" He slurred the word slightly, perhaps.

"The mimeograph!" Kores exclaimed, throwing his arms wide in his excitement. "What hath God wrought!"

III.

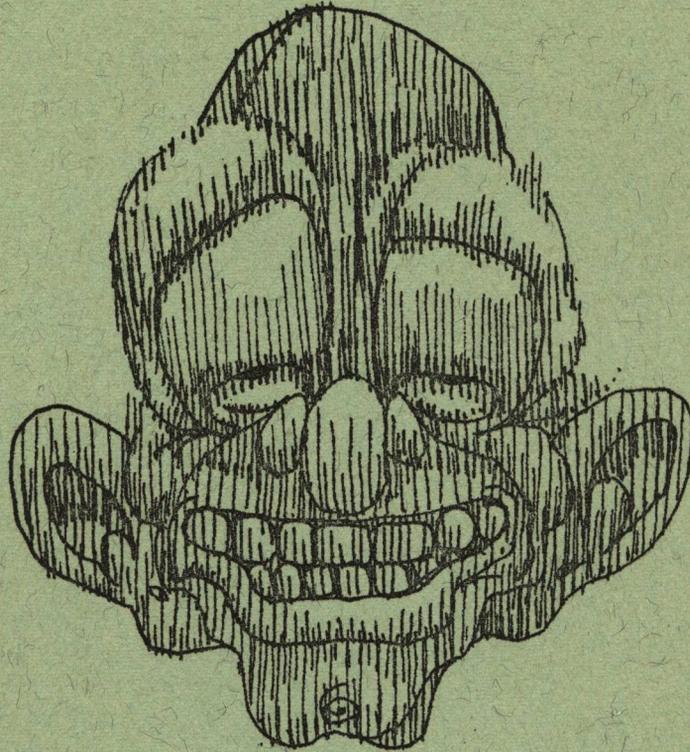
"I told you, Kores, a mimeograph," Edison replied, with the patience of the genius for the merely superior. Finally, as I envision it, communication was achieved. Not only did Kores understand the art and science of mimeography, albeit Not Perfectly, but he even grasped how many stencils make a quire.

"Let's put out a one-shot!" Kores bumbled at his mentor. Edison, with better things to do such as help prepare the phonograph for the eventual emergence of Jimi Hendrix, understandably would not have wanted to fritter away his time on a one-shot. It is at this point that I imagine Edison remembering that his friend Kores completely lacked manual dexterity and coming up with a brilliant diversionary ploy.

"Fine," I can almost hear him saying to Kores, "go whip up some stencils." And of course by the time Mr. Kores produced some stencils -- about 13 million quires, by my estimate -- he'd quite forgotten the one-shot.

Far-fetched as all this may sound, its the best explanation I can advance to account for the poor quality and high price of Kores stencils. A Kores stencil is not 'just a stencil'; a Kores stencil is a genuine antique, a relic of a bygone era.

And that's about what I told myself as I tried to type on the first of the six Kores stencils, gaily chopping out "o"s. But deep down in my neofannish heart, I knew the truth: I'd been Had.



* * * * *

MORDOR ?

by Jerry Kaufman

I thought I saw Mordor in the mists today,
 Belching flame like a broken furnace,
 Coughing out smoke tuberculous,
 Heaving with the sickness of filth,
 Evacuating from its sick body wastes.

I looked again,
 I laughed.

It was only the lonely line of Clevelan
 A healthy city; we're told.
 How could I have seen any likeness
 To Mordor?

POEM

by Fred Haskell

This is a poem (well maybe you wouldn't call it a poem but I do) written for Granfalloon.

Since the co-editors are young girls, I am going to write about a young girl I know (although they probably have nothing in common but their sex).

Other than Granfalloon, there's no reason for the existence of this poem (except maybe some odd perversity of my nature).

It was written (really written as-a-matter-of-fact on yellow, lined paper with a black pen) to reflect the views of the poet and no others.

I'm not sure what's going on yet (although I'm having lots of fun with this paranthesis business (but I'm gonna cut that out 'cause it's probably getting to be a bit much (?))).

So relax -- here goes.

There was this girl, who graduated from high school with me (well actually she was quite a few of the girls I graduated with, but that doesn't matter).

She was really quite pretty (and knew it).

She believed in "LOVE" ("LOVE" to her meant going steady)

("I gave you my high school ring

At the root beer stand;

We had a teen-age love --

I thought it was sharp,

It was really so grand."¹

Or something.²)

She wouldn't go out with me, 'cause I wasn't "cool"

("cool" = wearing the Right clothes,

doing the Right things, and going out

with the Right people (her)).

* * * * *

What is love?

love is honesty

love can be with more than one

love is shared

love is being

love is

love is life

"love is the ultimate trip"⁴

But it isn't petty.

("I thought you were my teen-age thrill,

I thought you were my teen-angel."⁵)

Feel sorry for that girl who graduated from high school with me.

She won't Graduate with me.

She's incomplete.

(I am becoming whole).

* * * * *

I love all pretty girls, but I particularly love those who Exist.

¹Frank Zappa said that.

²I said that.³

³Bob Dylan originated the joke I just stole.

⁴A button I once saw said that.

⁵Zappa again (he gets around).



BY THE CHARM OF A DOLL

by Sunday Jordane

Commander Vernon Classe idly turned the pages of his executive calendar. He was hardly a busy man. Day after day passed with no excitement, no fun; he was as lonely as the lunar seas he lived on.

The red telephone squawked. "Hello?" said the High Commander.

"Classe, this is Mills. We just got a news bulletin from the Senate, and your bill has been tabled. There's a lobby of Oldists fighting pretty hard down there. Do you want me to book you to Earth on the 8 o'clock? It might be a good idea if you went down and defended the bill."

"Uh...No, I don't think so. Those idiots are too violent. Oldists! They're so damned reactionary, the next thing they'll want is a return of starvation! The World Protectorate can't be bothered with stupid fools like them."

"O.K., Commander, I'll do my best to level things down here, and let you know what happens."

"All right, Mills. Thanks for the tip. G'by."

High Commander Classe of the Space Federation and World Protectorate was bored by the whole thing. When he first put his bill for a vote, it was a great step he had made toward protecting the future generations of the home planet -- and insuring his own fame. But now it was one great big bore. The Oldists wanted to retreat to the days of Free Families, poverty, individualism, and independence. They wanted Candy-K to lull them into a stupor every night. They hated compulsory birth control. They were obviously nuts.

And, it was pretty hard to fight them, for they were underground throughout the United City/States and Canada, stirring up trouble. The Commander was now too bored with the long struggle to even think about it any more. He put the Oldists out of his mind.

Then Classe turned off the desk lamp and disconnected the private phone line. Pulling his Easy-Float Bed from the wall, he clambered into it for a cat-nap. He had more to think about than the silly problem of the Oldists....something more important. He wanted a woman.

When the World Protectorate and Space Federation had taken over Luna as their base of operations, they had voted that no women be allowed for security reasons. Thereafter, the only feminine companionship for the officers was provided by substitute-woman robo-dolls manufactured Earthside. But Classe was a snob and would not touch one of the dolls, though they were quite life-like and supposedly very satisfying.

That was another gripe of the Oldists. They said it was unnatural and antisocial to force men to use objects for their sexual release. This was the one point of the Oldist doctrine that Classe agreed with.

But this afternoon, he really wanted a woman...even a pseudo-woman robo-doll would do, he thought. After all, his wife had died seven years ago (before he became High Commander) in the Floridium epidemic of 2016. Seven years is a long time to be alone. And he could afford one of those little dolls now.... He fell asleep thinking about it, and when he woke a few hours later, the sheets were wet.

On the Senate floor, Yoli Prister was trying to poke his index finger into the hearts of the assembly.

"It is the right of the people to decide whether or not they want children, and how many. I love my wife and I want to have children. So does she; and we can afford it, too. But we are forbidden. Birth control has been enforced for some time now; the world has had to adjust to it, right or wrong. But now you've got a bill before you to prohibit the use of Candy-K. You all know how it feels at the end of a hard day, when you come home to an empty house...if your lucky, there's a wife waiting in it; if you haven't a wife, well, there's just a Robo-Cleaner. Why shouldn't you be able to relax? To sit down and eat your Candy-K and watch Ste-Vision? And if you are married, and you and your wife should decide to bundle, and somehow forget your birth control precautions...well, why not? Sure, we all realize that over-population is no longer a problem because of birth control. But a few mistakes made, a few kids (wanted and loved kids) who might be born because of Candy-K, are not going to re-create the problem. Candy-K is our relaxation, and our substitute for the joy of having children. I tell you, and I mean it, gentlemen, if you pass Commander Classe's bill, we will not rest until we have overpowered you and regained our rights! We will not rest!"

Ted Vidal clapped heartily. It was the only sound in the great chamber. Arm in arm, Vidal and Prister left the room.

* * * *

On Luna, Vernon Class threw up his hands in mock horror as he listened to the radio broadcast. As if he should fear that silly slob and his disciples!

He called an orderly and asked for a Martini-surrogate and a purchase order. Ten minutes later



he had wired the Dolly Follies Factory an order for a custom made robot. He had made up his mind.

* * * *

Yoli Prister was a hard man to beat. A veteran fighter and talented assassin, he believed in the rights of the individual; and he wanted Commander Classe's death.

His right-hand man was Ted Vidal. Vidal had good taste, a certain elegance, and a thirst for vengeance against those who would limit his movements. Prister had picked him as the instrument of Classe's assassination.

When a green slip of paper from the Dolly Follies factory arrived at Prister's house, stating that the High Commander Lunaside, Vernon Classe, was to have a special doll made for him, Prister realized that here was the chance to sabotage the robot and let it assassinate the Commander. The doll was to be custom-tailored to have the same measurements as Classe's dead wife. It would also be programmed to converse intelligently with the Commander, as well as to advise him and to keep his affairs confidential.

Ewert Baker, the man who had written the note did not have the necessary technical ability to sabotage the doll, although he did have the best access to it as an employee of the Dolly Factory.

"The ability to converse requires the new type of computer-cell-brains, and with proper modifications, the robot could kill Classe and his death be attributed to mechanical failure. Am I to have help in this venture?" wrote Baker.

So, Prister called Vidal. Vidal had been a technician for Defense Computer Systems during the 1998 war scare, and had often worked on new projects for the development of defense computers. Though not too familiar with the workings of the robot, Vidal could, after an intensified course in programming for this type of computer, sabotage the doll.

Nine days later, the custom-made doll left the factory, and Vidal, disguised as a Customs Officer, arrived at the East Coast Shipping Docks to board the Interliner I with the doll. The big crate seemed to be (as it was) a very special and important cargo. It was placed in a private room where he would remain with it at all times as a "guard."

During the 27-hour flight to Luna, he worked to "teach" the doll how to kill; and it must kill only Commander Classe, and only after a 5-day period which would allow time for Vidal to get safely back to Earth.

By the time they disembarked, the doll could stab, hit, or poison, and had a picture of the victim grasped both by visual and verbal means. The timing device had been set for 120 hours. Vidal followed the porters off the ship with confidence.

* * * *

Commander Classe opened the door to his private office. A Customs Officer stood outside, followed by 3 delivery men in official garb, carrying a six-foot wooden crate that looked for all the world like a coffin. "Yes?" said the Commander.

"Officer Brandon de Gries reporting, Sir. This is your Dolly Follies shipment. Would you like to have us uncrate it for you, Sir? I wouldn't mind having a look at it myself. I hear she's a beaute!"

* * * *

Mace cannot penetrate vaseline....VVVV

"Yes, yes, go ahead and uncrate it. I had it made somewhat like my late wife. Only the best, you know! It had better be right or I'll send it right back."

"Right, Sir. Go ahead, men, bring it in. Pry off that lid."

The doll was charmingly beautiful. It had a seductive mouth, skin like soft velvet, and the figure was proportioned exactly like the Commander's wife (Vidal decided he would have liked to have known her). Classe was overjoyed. He had "de Gries" show him how to activate the robo-woman and to control her. Basically, she was to act like a normal person, once you had activated the motor response switch and vocal organs. The Commander listened attentively to his instructions and then dismissed the delivery men and the Customs Officer hurriedly. He was anxious to try this out.

Vidal told his men to go ahead and leave, while he "called in to headquarters." Actually, he wanted to leave separately to disguise the reason for his visit to the High Command Center. He waited in a rest room for an hour or so, then called Prister back on Earth to let him know that the mission was so far successful, and that he would wire from the Graybol, his return ship, in three hours.

Five minutes later, as Vidal left the Center for the Spaceport, he was apprehended by Federation Police. They had observed an un official call to Earth via private credit card, and this was illegal on Luna for security reasons. Thus, Vidal was arrested on suspicion of Breach of Silence and held aboard a prison ship bound for Earth.

* * * *

Since Yoli Prister was a precise man, when Ted Vidal did not wire at the moment promised, he held his suspicions in check for exactly 30 minutes; then he began checking with his Monitors for trouble. In response to Prister's query, moon observer reported that 4 armed FP's had taken Vidal into the prison ship; and that was due in within 24 hours.

* * * *

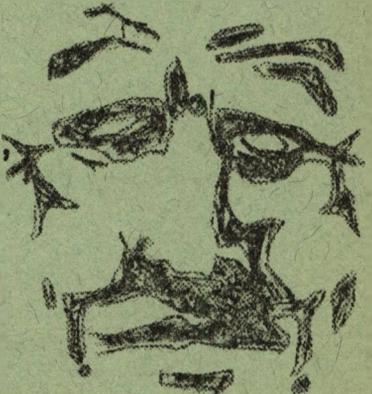
Vernon Classe turned over in his sleep. Gently the robo-doll disengaged its arm from Classe's tangled limbs and settled once more into the soft webbing of the Easy-Float.

* * * *

The Federation Police unloaded their prisoners, while an armored air-car waited some 50 yards from the dock. Meanwhile, behind the Customs Gate, Yoli Prister and his armed followers waited and watched. They saw the police herd out several black-robed figures, captured missionaries from Venus. Then they led out Vidal, blindfolded and hands tied.

Prister threw a grenade to his left, watched the startled FPs back away from the blinding explosion. Vidal wrenched away from his guards, threw himself to the right, pulling off his blindfold. One of the guards blasted him in the arm; Vidal was hurt, but not badly.

Then Prister blasted back into the crowd of guards and brought down 2 or 3. While 3 Oldists ran forward into the swarming melee of Police, Officials, and prisoners, Prister grabbed Vidal's shoulder and propelled him back from the ship. Sirens began to drone overhead as Prister and Vidal ran for the main road. Their 2 back-up men quickly immobilized those who pursued them.



Prister hauled Vidal after him into a passing air-car. The driver, a middle-aged woman was shocked speechless as the two made their sudden jump into the moving car. Then she began to scream, but was chopped off mid-sound by Prister's stun gun.

As Prister took the wheel, shoving the driver out onto the pavement, he heard the scream of police cars giving chase. The civilian air-car hadn't the speed necessary to elude the FPs, so Prister swooped over a nearby subway entrance and pushed Vidal out of the car; then he darted to the other side of a large office building to pull the police away from his comrade's trail.

Suddenly a force-block field loomed ahead, and Prister knew he was caught. A blast from the police cars closing in behind rocked the car. Although the car fell to the ground, Prister never felt it, he was killed instantly.

* * * *

Commander Classe was pleased. Not only had he a companion, but also, his worst enemy was dead. And although his bill had not yet passed through Congress, he had had word that the Candy-K Company was preparing to close their accounts and to turn to some other type of manufacturing. For 3 days his doll had kept him happy and satisfied, had soothed his loneliness and kept his secrets, had advised him and massaged him and scrubbed his back for him. His red phone had not rung once since Prister's death; his life was secure and serene.

Even the Oldists could recognize defeat when they saw it, thought Classe. I'll never have to worry about them again. For they had all migrated to Northern Canada to mourn their leader; they were quiet now, and seemed hopeless. Since they no longer fought him in Congress, all he had to do was wait a week or so for the bill to pass, and then make his final appeal to the World Protectorate. So all he had to do was write a good speech to convince them Candy-K must be banned. If he didn't do a good job, the Oldists could retaliate. If he did, however, his fame and future would be insured. And he knew he'd do a good job, a fantastic job, he just knew it.

Inside the Commander's robo-doll, a clock was ticking.

* * * * *

ODDS AND ENDS

FANEDS: If you want to get new readers, send a bunch of your zines to Seth A. Johnson, 345 Yale Ave., Hillside N.J. 07205, and he will distribute them to new fans. The Fanzine Clearinghouse is one of the few ways new fans find fandom. Support this by sending Seth your fanzines.

2001 AD file is being collected by Jerry Lapidus, send him any clippings you see on 2001 please. (54 Clearview Dr., Pittsford, N.Y. 14534)

ISSAC ASIMOV- David Malone, 815 Long Ridge Rd., Stamford, Conn. 06902 is starting a petition to get Isaac Asimov to write a third robot novel. To sign, send him your name and address on a 3x5 card (address so the untrusting Dr. A can check up on him).

BOB ROEHM is definately one of the heads of a new Heinlein club, send him \$2.00 to 316 E. Maple St., Jeffersonville, Indiana 47130.

NEOFAN if you have just found fandom I suggest that you join the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F), the only national club, it has many services which should help you, send \$1.75 to Janie Lamb, Rt. 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn. 37754.

THE IMAGINATION²⁴ BOOKSHELF

by Richard Delap

RITE OF PASSAGE
Alexei Panshin
Ace A-16, 75¢, 254p.

From an established author, this novel would surely be considered quite good.

For a 1st novel from a relative newcomer, it is amazingly good and a worthy addition to Ace's SF'special'series.

The Earth has been destroyed and while Man has scattered to various portions of the Galaxy, there are those who choose to remain aboard the gigantic starships. Ordered, cultured societies, they are entirely contained and regimented, protected from overpopulation by the custom of "Trial" (leaving adolescents stranded, unprotected except for individual cunning and intelligence, on a rugged colony planet).

Young, pubescent Mia Haverro has known only a life aboard the Ship. As daughter of the Chairman of the Ship's Council, Mia is able to get an advance peek at the Mudeaters (as the planet colonists are derisively called by the ship-dwellers) and a 'real' world when the Ship stops to give a fraction of scientific knowledge to the ignorant settlers in trade for raw materials. Such privileges are uncommon, however, and Mia is otherwise an ordinary child among many -- though perhaps a bit sharper, more intelligent.

The first two-thirds of the novel is devoted to building a colorful, well-rounded picture of life aboard the Ship as well as some remarkable character developments through Mia's 1st-person narrative. Mia herself emerges as an unusually memorable character, the most sympathetic and believable SF creation so far this year. The novel's final portion, concerning Mia's "Trial" period, seems a trifle disappointing. Not that it isn't good -- it is -- but Mr. Panshin seems to suddenly switch tactics, partially losing the earlier quality by introducing a sudden 'action' policy. To avoid sounding excessively detrimental, I would also like to say that



this final section includes a beautiful, beautiful scene of Mia's introduction to sex, a scene both realistic and true...and excellent, excellent.

I can't remember reading any recent 1st novel showing as much achievement or great promise as this one. I want to see more of Mr. Panshin! (P.S. There's another beautiful cover design by Leo and Diane Dillon -- next year's Hugo contenders?)

CROSS OF GOLD AFFAIR Number 14 in Ace's U.N.C.L.E. series was written, I believe, by Fredrick Davies' by 2 California SF fans, Steve Tollivar and the late Ron Ellick
Ace G-689, 50¢, 156p. Not being very familiar with the now-expired TV series, I must take the book strictly on literary merits. Unfortunately, it doe.n't hold up very well under such scrutiny. Glib, silly dialogue reinforced the tedious plotting and while I don't expect a lasting piece of literature from a momentary, feathery piece of entertainment such as this, I demand at least a modicum of plausibility and respect for my Intelligence. When I read something like this, I can't help wishing that just once Thrush would win a hand by pumping Napoleon and Ilya full of lead. Oh, well.../This was typed only over Suzanne's Inert body-LqE/

THE MASKS OF TIME While this new novel doesn't measure up to last year's eye-opening and controversial THORNS, there is a strange fascination to this story of a visitor from 1000 years in the future.
Robert Silverberg opening and controversial THORNS, there is a strange fascination to this story of a visitor from 1000 years in the future.
Ballantine U6121 tion to this story of a visitor from 1000 years in the future.
75¢, 252 p.

A man suddenly materializes in Rome on Christmas Day, 1998. He is nude and floats above the ground, although 3 nuns swear that their modesty was protected -- a glittering opaqueness surrounded his loins. Thus begins the tale of Vornan-19, a stranger who appears from the sky into the midst of the world's madness and who creates confusion and dissent from the first moment. The disorder spawned by today's celebrities are but a minor tremor compared to the flourish and wild abandon created by this visitor. Fearing the end of everything will come with the turn of the century, the world finds Vornan-19 a seeming savior in troubled times; Vornan finds the world a vast playground, a curio as appealing as a new toy to a child. The superiority attributed to him by a frantic populace gives him easy access to anything and everything he could possibly desire, and he wastes no time in taking what is given

Vornan's government-assigned entourage consists of a small group of hand-picked but ill-assorted specialists. Silverberg takes special care to make this a group of individuals and not just a group of names with one-dimensional characteristics. The entire story is shown from the viewpoint of one of this group, Leo Garfield. Leo has been experimenting somewhat successfully with time travel, a specialization which will perhaps take great strides forward if information can be gleaned from Vornan. But Vornan won't dispense any information about himself or his world. He seems nearly as ignorant of his own world as of the world he come to see. Is he an imposter, a clever fake seeking to pad his pocket and create unrest?

The answer is the motivation that carries the novel through a series of episodes in which Silverberg takes sacred cows and mercilessly cuts the throat of each one. Sex takes some terrific beatings and forms an integral and tragic part in the shocking finale. It's quite possible that some will find and point out occasional pretentiousness, but if a point is hounded and pressed overmuch, it is surely only the author's intent that all will understand meanings and subtle nuances that otherwise might remain obscure. Not suited to everyone's taste, perhaps, but an important and worthwhile book.

He opened the door. (Continued on the bottom of the next page)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY
by Arthur C. Clarke,
Signet Q3580, 95¢, 221p.

Whatever happened to the soaring imagination that gave the world such a classic flight as CHILDHOOD'S END, the thoughtful near-future probings of A FALL OF MOON-DUST, and the sagacious humor of TALES FROM THE "WHITE HART"? Or, to the point, whatever happened to Arthur C. Clarke?

SF buffs, as well as movie fans in general, are now quite aware that, in collaboration with film producer-director Stanley Kubrick, Mr. Clarke has created probably the most monumental (and oddly controversial) SF film of all time. The book at hand is the novelization of this epic creation; and, to be perfectly fair, must stand on a level of comparison with the film, for many seem to expect the book to clarify aspects of the movie which left many critics as well as the general public in a quandry. Let's face it, shall we? The film was only difficult to those who refused to let their imaginations open up and put a little effort into the deal. The firm adage "Nothing ventured, nothing gained" proved still durable to those who came away bored and disinterested. The film refused to hand out intellectual gifts on a platter, instead demanded payment in small measure of brain-power.

Mr. Clarke has now made the dreadful mistake of doling out these gifts for free (discounting the 95¢ cover price) and his novel suffers from being "written down." Those lazy minds still demanding to know what it's all about will perhaps end up praising the book for its enlightening comments (I'd sure love to read a book review on this by Lester del Rey!), but to those who found the film a visual sun-ray on the meta-physical scale, the book is likely to seem a hasty, often sloppy piece of work with dollar-signs blinking brightly on every page.

The entire story of Man's push to evolution and his eventual discovery of a 'creative' intelligence beyond the sphere of Earth was created to appeal to the visual sense (indeed, much of the appeal was dependent upon this) as a stepping stone to reach the deep and searching idee fixe. On the printed page, the method has been aborted by trying to transform these images to the projected vision of the mind. Success in this line is virtually impossible -- even "poetic" writers would boggle at the idea, I'm sure, and Mr. Clarke doesn't seem to have even tried very hard. The plot differs somewhat from the film, though usually in trifling minor details only, but the ponderous descriptions and unbelievably trite dialogue make for some pretty dull reading. If you didn't understand the film, you can try reading the book and I doubt if you will appreciate the film a whit more. If you did enjoy and understand the film, you can forget the book...it will only make you feel that Mr. Clarke thinks you're incredibly stupid.

TWO TALES AND 8 TOMORROWS
Harry Harrison
Bantam F3722, 50¢, 147p.

Brian Aldiss, long-time friend of the author of this collection, has provided a friendly, biased, but lucid introduction that gives the reader a glimpse of the real person behind the stories he is about to read. To my knowledge, this is the second story collection from Harrison (the 1st being the

Inside, among the polished marble and silvered tapestries of a splendorous palace, raged an orgy of unbridled passion. The heavy cloth of men's garments lay soggy and soaked beside the delicate pastel wisps of women's array in rippling pools of wantonly splashed wine. The bodies of the sweating multitude coiled and twined in every position of ardor profane, and screams of delight were as often insane cries of mingled pain and pleasure.

Suddenly, Lust stood before him, fingering a cluster of large, ripe, and juicy grapes held between breasts of a similar nature. The sensuous motion squeezed and stroked his desire until he was left without choice, temptation leading his hand out with perverse, silken indulgence.....

(continued bottom of next page)

very good WAR WITH THE ROBOTS) and while not all stories are the best Harrison has written, there are several which are among the best. Two stories, "The Streets of Ashkelon" and "Rescue Operation," deal directly and indirectly with religion; either would be a star addition to any anthology. The remaining stories are all good, often shot through with a heady humor that keeps them lively and bouncing and even more often touched with a cynicism that gives them a meaning between the lines. But it is worth getting.

DIMENSION OF MIRACLES

Robert Sheckley

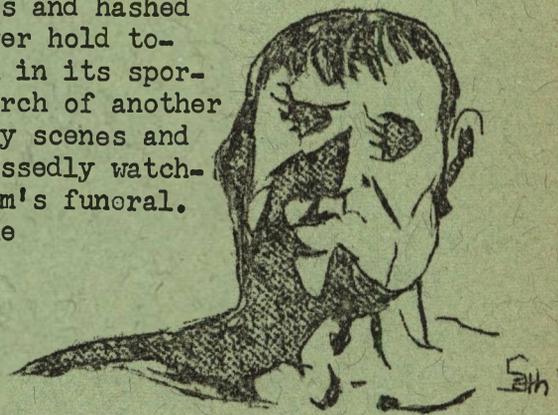
Dell 1940, 50¢, 190p.

Portions were published earlier this year as individual stories: "Budget Planet" in F&SF, March, and "Street of Dreams, Feet of Clay" (in a slightly different form) in GALAXY, Feb. These were not Sheckley's best but were never-

theless light, readable and fairly funny. If you've read them, consider your efforts suitably rewarded and forget this book, for it reads like a rashly incoherent series of incidents related only by a single character who stumbles through each setting.

The hero, Tom Carmody is a "routine miracle"; an ordinary everyday man who, through an initial plot hinge that ends up carrying the whole story, wins a prize in the Intergalactic Sweepstakes. Carmody leaves for his trip out a hall closet -- this book is fantasy, not SF, in case you were wondering -- and ends at the Galactic Center. He has trouble collecting his Prize (an intelligent something who spouts clever asides faster than Tom Jones) but it is little compared to the forthcoming difficulties he has returning home.

As Carmody blundered through one world after another, I felt that Sheckley had taken a dozen ideas for various stories and hashed them into a potpourri; one that would obviously never hold together, but that he assumed would be amusing enough in its sporadic fashion to keep the reader moving ahead in search of another little nugget of wit. Granted, there are some funny scenes and dialogue, but one ends up feeling like he's embarrassedly watching a gag-writer flipping out his latest gems at Mom's funeral. Individual scenes are never connected logically; the story stops and starts, going in circles and going nowhere (inexcusable despite the hero's same predicament); and, Carmody finds himself changing character so regularly that one begins to wonder if the author is switching heroes every time the tale shifts to a different world.



if the above looks like
a big mess it's my
tracing... LgE

On top of this Sheckley's writing is possibly the sloppiest he's ever done, full of hasty crises and even more hasty (and misleadingly circuitous) explanations of resolution. I would advise he do a bit more research before lines like:

"a song...not unlike the musical accompaniment to a really high-budget MGM historical movie in Cinemascope and Todd-AO"

MGM dropped Cinemascope some years ago, and it was dropped altogether last year by all companies, in favor of Panavision. Todd-AO is used exclusively by 20th Century Fox; and, it is impossible to combine the two. Petty complaint, perhaps, but nonetheless aggravating and suitable for such a petty novel. I've always liked Sheckley's entertaining, often hilarious stories; I may in the future, but it may take a bit more effort after this dreadful mistake of a book.

He snatched a grape and slammed the door. (The proceeding was written by Richard Delap who suggests we continue the "door" stories. So send them in.)

WILD IN THE STREETS

Robert Thom
Pyramid X1798
60¢, 128p.

An amusing, black humor novelization of Mr. Thom's screenplay (based on his own short story) of the recent hit film. The novel is more brutally frank than the film, thus giving the book more depth and breadth; its unpulled punches hit hard in the solar plexus (among other places which I won't

mention here).

Max Frost, leading singing idol of the "young" generation, becomes founder of the strangest, most shockingly successful revolt in history. With all of America's Bandwagon-jumping, discontented youth behind him, he turns a promotional assist to a politician to his own ends, rides a shooting star to the White House, and becomes the youngest (24) President of the U.S. The youth monopoly (52% of the nation) follows fanaticism which brought it to the fore, culminating in the "retirement" of all persons at and over the age of 35 to "mercy camps" where they are kept permanently out of circulation with a steady diet of LSD.

Max's rise, and presumed fall with the mordantly suggestive climax, is traced in quick strokes of black- and-red (not -white), while Max and his immediate circla come to life in brief but startlingly finished characterizations. Max's mother (somewhat weakly defined in the film version) comes across strongest of all, and a hell of a character she is too -- a far more devastating portrait of the All-American-Mom than Wylie ever dreamed of putting across. As an additive to the film or an entity in itself this short novel will be very much enjoyed.

A SCOURGE OF SCREAMERS

Daniel F. Galouye
Bantam F3585, 50¢, 172p.

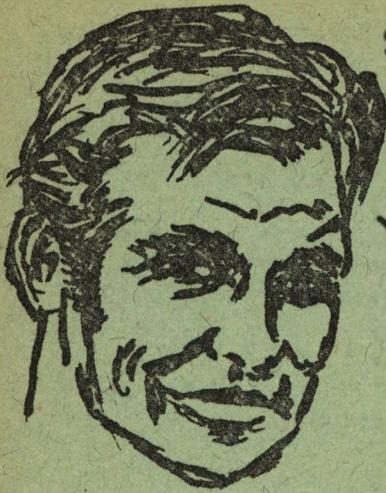
The cover blurbs describe this new SF novel as 'eruptive' and high-intensity'. Nowhere do they make mention of the fact that it is good -- with good reason...it isn't.

Galouye's works usually are at least competent and mildly entertaining, such as his previous DARK UNIVERSE. SCOURGE, from this corner, stands accused of padding an interesting idea to the repitious point of sounding like an overlong, trite, blend of mundane television plotting and interminable descriptive writing that uses adjectives like crutches -- with weary necessity.

I've put off writing this review for a couple of weeks and I find it almost impossible to even remember how the story progressed. Earth finds itself in the midst of what is considered a 'plague' as, randomly, people from every portion of the globe suddenly drop in their tracks and begin screaming. They suffer from agonies so intense they can only be guessed at by those unaffected. Special clinics are built and maintained with special service pick-up squads responding to the sirens set off by victim's emergency sedation hypodermics which are carried by each person to bring relief when and if the 'screamies' hit. The clinics fill to the brim, bulging with lunatics, potential suicides, and occassionally, a rare and unusual person who manages to shake free of the symptoms and recover.

The plot follows the footsteps of one Arthur Gregson, a heroic pilot/spaceman/ spy/ hero as he falls victim to, and recovers from, the screamie epidemic; becomes enmeshed in government political machinery; finds true love (and a little forgiveable sextra-curricular activity on the side); and discovers just what the whole mess is about. It seems there are these aliens who are...but no, to condense the pseudo-science down to a few words would hardly be fair to the author or myself. Maybe some readers can get involved with this kind of slipshod silliness, but Galouye can do better than this I wish he would.

* * * * *
BAN THE BOMB! Make the world safe for conventional warfare.



SMILE
IT MAKES
PEOPLE
WONDER
WHAT
YOU'VE BEEN
UP
TO
....

STAR TREK 2
James Blish
Bantam F3439
50¢, 122p.

Blish's first adaption of stories from STAR TREK apparently sold well enough to warrant the present second volume, despite the fact that critics and fans alike

complained it read like a rushed hack job. I can't say this volume is better (I didn't read the first), but I can say that it will probably not satisfy STAR TREK-philes or SF fans in general. Each story reads like an overlong synopsis instead of short fiction pieces. Although a few of the plots sound rather satisfactory for a steady-output TV series, all of the dialogue reads exactly as if lifted verbatim from the scripts (substituting very, very brief description passages for camera directions) and reads at a staccato tempo that is most annoying. If anyone completely unfamiliar with the show reads this book (which I sort of doubt), they will find characterizations practically nonexistent, and despite Dr. McCoy being a sort of oddy-laced homespun doctor, there is no excuse for such lines as:

"I suggest we get him over to my sick bay, right away quick." - p. 108

If you like STAR TREK, watch it...if you don't don't. But everyone can forget about this slap-dash quick-buck piece of inept propaganda.

DEATHWORLD 3
Harry Harrison
Dell 1849
60¢, 188p.

Mr. Harrison's previous 2 Deathworld-Jason diAlt books were top-notch examples of the action-adventure SF novel. No. 3 in the series doesn't quite live up to its predecessors, but manages to be quite enjoyable anyway.

Jason and a group of fellow-Pyrrans from the original Deathworld give up their ravaged existence to settle and begin mining operations on Felicity, a planet swarming with barbarian hordes who attack and kill settlers with a killer-instinct equaling the savage Pyrrans themselves. Sharply pointed, repartee dialogue helps push the reader through a plot which doesn't seem suspiciously padded...until one is nearly finished. It's hard to nit-pick, though, for the book does move like lightning; Jason is an entertaining, amusing hero; and, like coffee for breakfast, it's great if you're not hungry but ridiculous if you're starved.

If you liked the first 2 books (and who didn't?) read it anyway. It's fun. (It was serialized in ANALOG as THE HORSE BARBARIANS)

THE LOMOKOME PAPERS
Herman Wouk
Pocket Book 75226
75¢, 113p.

Publishers are increasingly slapping higher prices on smaller books, and the asking price on this one is downright ridiculous considering the fact that of 113

pages, many are full-page illustrations by the very talented Harry Bennett, or completely blank and the text amounts to no more than what is usually considered novelette length.

The book is not bad, although a bit dated by today's



standards, and tells yet another story of man's first lunar landing, written as fragments of the account as recorded by the now missing astronaut who claims to have found an entire civilization living under the moon's surface. The most remarkable part of the book are the lovely black-and-white illustrations by Bennet. As an author, Wouk seems to have tried just about everything -- from the searing excellent drama of *THE CAINE MUTINY* to the sudy triteness of *YOUNGBLOOD HAWKE*. As a social satirist, Wouk did not and will not make history with "*LOMOKOME*" but, while not memorable, it is easy and entertaining reading. (Just lower those pricetags, will ya, fellahs?)

THE MAN FROM P.I.G.
Harry Harrison
Avon Camelot Zsl36
60¢, 120 p.

If you are a steady reader of the SF prozines, you probably encountered this in last year's *ANALOG*. It's short (really a novelette) and not among the best of Mr. Harrison's creations. Bron Wurber, the man from P.I.G. (Porcine Interstellar Guard), lands conspicuously on the planet Trowbri to investigate the strange Ghost Plateau, a place where people inexplicably and regularly disappear. With him are a team of mutated, intelligent pigs, strong on low-key humor which almost manages to steer the reader away from the story's piggish blunders past the realm of plausibility. Despite the short length, however, the simple-minded plot doesn't hold much interest and Harrison's wit doesn't manage to make a silk purse. The book's best point is the excellent interior black-and-white illos by the incomparable John Schoenherr.

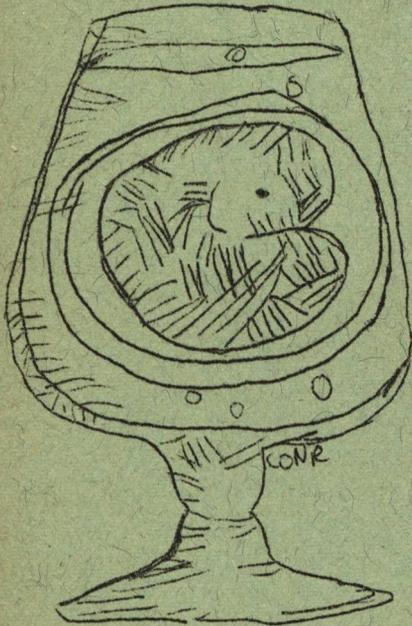
SIX VOLUMES by William Tenn
of *MEN AND MONSTERS*, U6131, 75¢
THE SQUARE ROOT OF MAN, U6132, 75¢
THE WOODEN STAR, U6133, 75¢
THE SEVEN SEXES, U6134, 75¢
THE HUMAN ANGLE, U6135, 75¢
OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS, U6136, 75¢
Ballantine

Ballantine's 6-volume simultaneous publication of the works of Mr. Tenn is a welcome sight for Tenn fans...and SF fans in general. As with any large collection by one author, there are bound to be inclusions of lesser works and these books are no exception. But each volume of stories is sprinkled with enough of Tenn's better works to make all the books a must-have item.

The first volume, *OF MEN AND MONSTERS*, is a poorly-retitled and longish expansion of a 1963 novella more aptly named *THE MEN IN THE WALLS*. The whole of mankind has been reduced to the role that rodents play in our world, i.e., pests who scurry through the walls of our homes, nibbling out passageways and stealing food and any small items that can be carried away. It seems a race of gigantic aliens have taken over Earth and Man is quickly relegated to the status of ordinary pest, 2-legged, opposing-thumbed and rascally clever, but no more a threat to the aliens than commonplace mice in our own world. Tenn uses this topsy-turvy world to unremittingly pick out, with a satirical microscope, and point up both the idiocy and virtues of the human race. His view is ultimately optimistic, however, and the story's climax is a preposterous affirmation of the superiority of Man's virtues. Overlong, and in some ways disappointing for Mr. Tenn's first novel, it is still very much worth reading (if only for its humor).

Of the 5 short-story collections, 3 are new volumes and 2 are reprints of earlier collections (which originally sold for 35¢ each, sigh!). Of the new volumes, the best is *THE WOODEN STAR* which contains at least 2 classic Tenn pieces. "Generation of Noah" perhaps dated by today's plot standards, is dramatically one of the strongest stories of its type, a small-level portrait (all the more horrifying for its viewpoint) of the beginning of that much-feared Big War. "Null-P,:" undoubtedly one of Tenn's best works, is a vicious satire with both bark and bite (if you've read the story before, you'll know what that means). "Lisbon Cubed" is a spy story written before the current craze caught on...after reading it, the mere mention of spies may leave you breathless with helpless laughter. Both "Betelgeuse Bridge" and "The Masculinist Revolt" show the author at his near-best, poking funny holes in established concepts.

THE SEVEN SEXES also contains 2 top-drawer Tenn works, the long-established masterpiece "Child's Play" and the wildly hilarious "Bernie the Faust." The title story, "Venus and the Seven Sexes," is an overblown, overcomplicated, nonsensical piece that doesn't live up to the cover blurbs, but the remainder of the collection is quite enjoyable. The SQUARE ROOT OF MAN is mostly Tenn's lesser works, although "The Lemon-Green Spaghetti-Loud Dynamite-Dribble Day" is as outrageous as its title, and "Consulate" is also very good. The 2 reprinted books are good buys for anyone who hasn't read them already. THE HUMAN ANGLE is the best, containing such fine stories as "The Flat Eyed Monster", "Party of the Two Parts" and "Wednesday's Child" (Tenn's ironic answer to his own "Child's Play"). One question to Ballantine Books: Who did the series' captivating covers...and why do you never give credit to your cover artists??



THE REVOLVING BOY
Gertrude Friedberg
Ace H-58, 60¢, 192p.

Another winner is added to Ace's SF "special" series with this reprint of a soft-spoken and very, very original novel.

Derv Nagy seems quite an ordinary child, with one small exception -- he has a startlingly infallible sense of direction. His mother is the first to notice that Derv often makes little turns and revolutions as he walks or plays. She asks him why he makes these strange motions, but Derv replies that he doesn't turn but "I get straight." Such mannerisms seem only childish nonsense but Derv refuses to outgrow his odd actions, instead, he increases them with the years.

Mrs. Friedberg creates a near-future world around Derv that is dangerously close to becoming "folksy", but always skirts this trap with precision writing and unusually deft plotting

Her characters never run through the story, but neither do they plod; instead, a wisely unhurried pace is carefully adhered to, moving steadily forward with professional attention to detail in both characterization and background. Derv's "talent" has a positive beginning and a possible end...discovering the reasons and purpose of each makes for non-stop reading. Although this is the author's first novel, it hopefully will not be the last. Excellent.

* * * * *

WHAT WILL YOU CALL YOUR CONVENTION?

My sister Sunday started this off one day while my family and I drove home from dinner out. The whole family contributed (no pun intended); in fact we forgot where we were going and had to backtrack ten miles because we got so involved. Please let us hear from you if you can think of any more strange names for conventions like:

-LgE

Genghis Con (for Chinese fans)
Kubala Con (for fantasy fans)
PeCon (for Pittsburgh nuts)
Drunk Con (for drunken fans; aren't we all)
Viet Con? (overseas convention)
Hong con; King Con;
Lynn Con (Held Feb. 12)
Con Con (for phonies)

(continued on page 44)

T H E
O L I V E R K I N G S M I T H A G E N C Y

CON GAMES OUR SPECIALTY!

Proudly Announces

the latest addition to its list of special services for fans:
Convention Manipulation and Subversion!

NEW!

NEW!

NEW!

Do you want the next convention to be in YOUR city? Of course you do! Everybody does! But why try to swing it alone against dishonest adversaries? Why fight hardened villains who promise beer and circuses? Why walk into bidding sessions ill-prepared, tired, worn down from all-night parties? Let the Oliver King Smith Agency do the job!

Do you crave BIG MONEY, GLORY, FUN, PRESTIGE, and the chance to make a killing in the huckster rooms? Do you want everlasting fame in Warner's next Fan History? Do you want to be known as the titular head of the BEST CON EVER? Of course you do! Let the Oliver King Smith Agency manage your bid and manipulate the vote for you! We can deliver! We employ specialists in fair and foul means of business! Leave the hard driving to us! Name the CITY and the DATE! You select the basic package and the special options you prefer! Presto! The next convention will be YOURS for milking!

* Basic Package #1 *

A guaranteed minimum of 500 Fans in attendance (most with money to spend!) Up to 5 BIG NAME AUTHORS on the premises at all times (each one capable of signing a legible autograph!) At least 2 NEW YORK EDITORS on the floor at every session to answer fan questions (obfuscations a specialty!) A complete THREE DAY PROGRAM scheduled in advance -- with a printed program booklet to match! (Ink will be dry on booklet -- no smearing.) One famous speaker who will not show up! A reasonably intelligent desk clerk! An understanding house dick! Extra elevator operators! Maids to clean up rooms every day! ALL THIS FOR ONLY \$499. A \$10 down payment starts the ball rolling!

* Basic Package #2 *

The king-sized package! The super convention of the century! Up to 1000 Eager Fans in attendance every day (all with ready money!) Not less than 25 BIG NAME WRITERS (plus a half dozen AUTHORS) who can read, write, and spell correctly, and who will infest room parties and engage in sparkling literary debates! Every NEW YORK EDITOR except Campbell in attendance at every session, willing to battle fans!

more, more, more on next page!

This was originally a FAPA publication
reprinted with Bob Tucker's kind per-
mission.

A complete well-rounded FOUR DAY PROGRAM put together the same week, with beautifully printed booklet to match! No errors! No omissions! Two genuine famous speakers from NAFA who will register at the wrong hotel! One Air Force recruiting officer to be booted down! Printed signs reading "(blank) Says You Can't Sit Here!" Special balcony for Insurgents! A SECRET AGREEMENT with the hotel newsstand not to sell SF in the lobby, for reasons stated next below! An airtight UNDERCOVER ARRANGEMENT with the hucksters to split their profit with you! (Did you know con hucksters AVERAGE \$1000 per day?) Four BIKINI CLAD BEAUTIES For the N3F Hospitality Room (will sleep in, if desired!) Your first choice of all ART WORK stolen from the Art Show! Two competent and friendly desk clerks! A house dick whose job depends on pleasing you! No manager on premises! All-night elevators! ALL THIS FOR ONLY \$999! A modest \$20 down payment starts us moving!

EXTRA!OPTIONS!OPTIONS!EXTRA!

Dress up your basic convention package! Pep up the gawking fans! Enliven the proceedings with the following exciting extras! Turn on!

- 1 Surly Author to hurl plate of food at obstinate waiter: \$1
- 1 Brash Young Author to lead chant of hate: \$1.98
- 1 Ted White-type Chairman to harangue the multitude: \$3.75
- 1 Beautiful Girl to be auctioned off to dissolute Pro: \$100
- 1 Obnoxious Drunk to be hurled from upper window: 50¢
- 2 Belligerent Bullies to beat up hecklers: 75¢ each
- 12 Extra elevators to accomodate night-roving fans: \$250
- 12 Case-hardened operators to pilot elevators: \$24
- 12 Guards to ride shotgun on elevators: \$36
- 1 Boring Speaker to present annual Humdrum Award
in 6 thousand well chosen words: 36

EXTRA SPECIAL BARGAINS!WRITE FOR CONFIDENTIAL PRICES!

100 Flower Children to decorate your Masquerade Ball! See them smoke pot, grass, and banana skins during the ceremonies! Watch them Love In in corridors, stairwells, and private party rooms!

Up to 500 Walk-in Fans to sell their votes to your city! Every one guaranteed to deliver the results to you! No backslidding! No wavering or lost votes for other beer-and-circus promises!

One biased M.C. (suave, witty typed) to slander opposition and praise your city while maintaining pose of neutrality!

One distinguished Pro Guest of Honor (sincere type) who will second your bid and happily campaign for you!

One Fan Guest of Honor (machiavellian-type) to promise all-out support to opposition city --even drink their booze-- but switch to yours at last minute when opposition is lulled into false security! (This fellow can throw any convention on a moment's notice! Get him!)

THE OLIVER KING SMITH AGENCY

(In the Con Game Business since 1941!)

- Bob Tucker, Sole Prop.

MOVIE REVIEWS ³⁴

2001 AD: A SPACE ODYSSEY

Jerry Lapidus

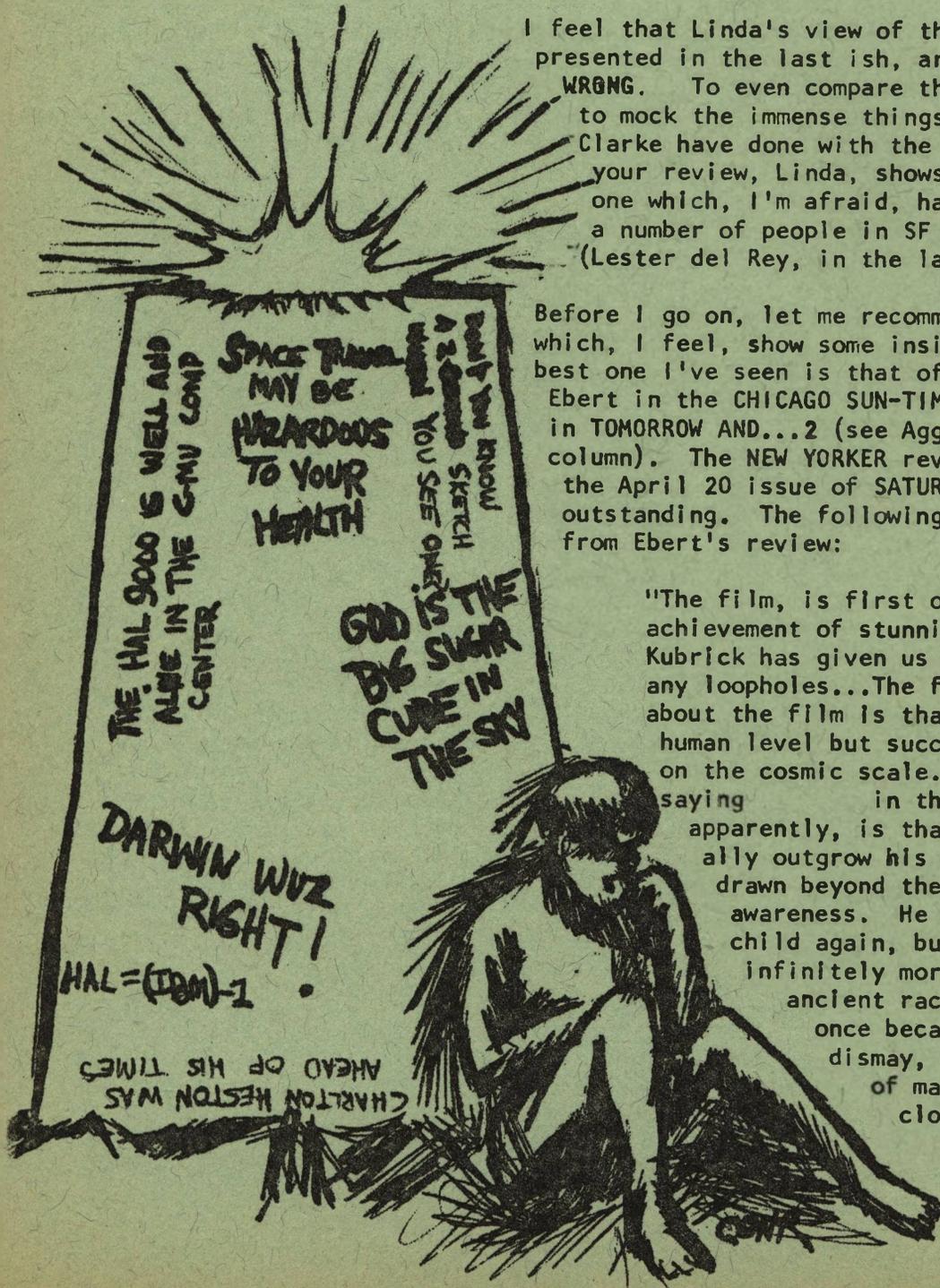
and

PLANET OF THE APES

I feel that Linda's view of these two movies, as presented in the last ish, are wrong, wrong, **WRONG**. To even compare the two pictures is to mock the immense things that Kubrick and Clarke have done with the medium. And I believe your review, Linda, shows a lack of judgement, one which, I'm afraid, has also been shown by a number of people in SF who should know better (Lester del Rey, in the latest GALAXY, for one).

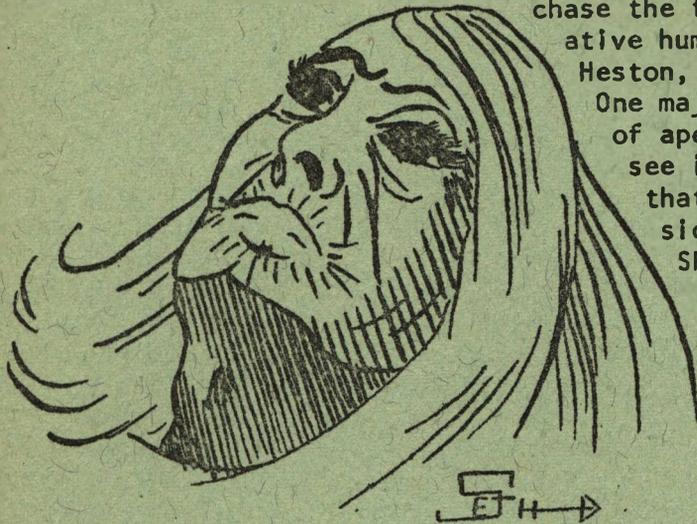
Before I go on, let me recommend a few reviews which, I feel, show some insight into 2001. The best one I've seen is that of former-fan Roger Ebert in the CHICAGO SUN-TIMES which is reprinted in TOMORROW AND...2 (see Agggh! , zine review column). The NEW YORKER review of April 13 and the April 20 issue of SATURDAY REVIEW are also outstanding. The following are a few quotes from Ebert's review:

"The film, is first of all, a technical achievement of stunning virtuosity. Kubrick has given us outer space without any loopholes...The fascinating thing about the film is that it fails on the human level but succeeds magnificently on the cosmic scale...What Kubrick is saying in the final sequence, apparently, is that man will eventually outgrow his machines, or be drawn beyond them, by some cosmic awareness. He will then become a child again, but a child of an infinitely more advanced, more ancient race, just as apes once became, to their own dismay, the infant stage of man." (Notice how this closely follows the conclusion of Clarke's own CHILDHOOD'S END.)



"Kubrick cuts from the most simple tool, a club, to a most complex one, a space ship...could anything be clearer? Here are both extremes of man's tool-using stage. Yet when the men in the space station begin to talk, 45 minutes into the film, the person behind me sighed: "At last, the story begins!" This was a person for whom the story could not exist apart from dialog and plot...It (2001) is a beautiful parable about the nature of man. Perhaps it is the nature of man not to wish to know too much about his nature."

Let me make some specific comments on the reviews in Gf3. Jon says, "If you want to see an action SF movie, see PLANET OF THE APES." He is so right. I would say that at least 40% of the picture is action -- the apes chase the three astronauts, the apes chase the primitive humans, the apes chase the escaped Charlton Heston, the apes chase him again, and so on. One major flaw is that we see virtually nothing of ape society, nothing of the apes. All we see is Charlton and his sexy girlfriend. Not that I mind his girlfriend, but I don't consider this kind of thing "one of the best SF films ever put on the screen."



Linda, the thought provoking questions here are so thought-provoking that I think 90% of the SF I've read has already provoked them. The whole thing is so damn trite -- man finally does himself in -- that it's slightly ridiculous. Thought-provoking --feh!

APES has no major flaws, you say, "only the minor one of being a little too obvious satire and using trite parallelism between our civilization and the apes." Again, feh! What about the basic flaw of the whole thing -- that the Apes speak and write ENGLISH -- the kind of English that Heston understands. First thing, it's a dead giveaway to the location, but our idiot hero's got to see the buried Statue of Liberty before he realizes where he is. Secondly, even assuming he's too stupid to realize this, can you expect us to believe that human language and writing, assuming it can be adapted by apes, is going to be the same in 3000 years as it is in 1972? Triple feh!

2001 does have plot -- it's all there, but it is simply not all obvious. No, we don't have big bad apes or the usual space opera, instead we have man himself, evolving from ape to tool user to something else we can't quite comprehend. Why do you insist Kubrick tell you "what does it all mean?" Can't you think for yourself? Why must everything be laid out for you? Would you be happier seeing little green men from Mars planting the slabs? Then you'd know where they came from. Any civilization far enough advanced of our own would seem like magic -- just such a civilization planted the monoliths and transports the astronaut through hyperspace in the picture's finale.

I feel the dialog between the computer and man is actually one of the detractors of 2001. The idea itself is good -- the computer, through a sort of mechanical egotism, goes through the same sort of mental processes as its creators and takes on all the vices of man. Unfortunately, the scene is often as hokey as the "human see, human do" lines in PoA. Many of these lines are funny (for instance, when the computer, after killing four of the astronauts says, "I know I've made some pretty poor decisions recently.") but they don't fit the scope of the picture.

Talk about, for a moment, a little too obvious satire. A little too obvious! APES isn't satire, not when it's thrown in your face at every possible moment. There's

Line Heston quotes from Orwell (actually he paraphrases it) about all apes being equal, but some being more equal than others. It's fitting that quote was used, as it's from Orwell's classic ANIMAL FARM. That indeed was a classic satire. The thing which the line uses becomes little more than farce, when we have lines like "I never met an ape I didn't like" and so forth.

In short 2001 is I feel a truly excellent motion picture. There are some technical flaws (Ted White points out a number of them in COSIGN) such as over-abundance of unused space in the space station, but most of these are based on opinion or theory, rather than proven fact. And hasn't it always been allowed that SF may run opposed to such theories?

The picture is a magnificent one. Visually it is dazzling. Mentally, it is astonishing. PLANET OF THE APES is a nice adventure SF story with good photography and very expensive make-up. However, there is really no comparison.

ALPHAVILLE

reviewed by
Stephen Compton



I recently saw ALPHAVILLE for the second time. The first time I was quite impressed, the second time, after gaining perspective by seeing other Jean-Luc Godard films and reading essays about them, my responses became mixed.

Although the film is ostensibly a SF thriller, it would be misleading, and grossly distorting, to consider it simply that and not as an attempt at cinematic art.

Godard himself called it a "fable on realistic ground," which supports the film's opening words (spoken offscreen by the computer, Alpha 60), that "Sometimes reality is too complex to be told. Fiction interprets it in a way that makes it universal." Thus, the film seems, like good SF, to leap into the future to get a clearer view of the present.

But the future in ALPHAVILLE is not seriously portrayed in the sense that the future in 1984 was seriously portrayed. Instead, Godard, with a sardonic smile, culls the elements of his picture from mass culture. Thus the cardboard characters, its comic strip plot of sending secret agent Lemmy Caution (Eddie Constantine) to the mysterious, isolated Alphaville to kill or bring back its founder, Prof. von Braun (3 other agents have already failed, Flash Gordon, Dick Tracy, and Henry Dickson, the latter marvelously played by Akim Tamiroff), and thus there is a cliché situation of a hero who stands for humanistic emotional values pitted against the ruthless forces of an emotionless, dehumanized, and computerized civilization -- and who, to cap it off, wins over the beautiful daughter (played by Anna Karina, enchanting as ever) of the mad scientist who created it all.

But it's difficult for one raised in a more rigorous tradition of SF to take some of the inconsistencies in the film. The people talk about a civilization spanning galaxies, yet Lemmy arrives at, and leaves Alphaville in, a Ford Galaxie. So, okay, Godard can't afford, or doesn't like, Hollywood props and settings, still, it should

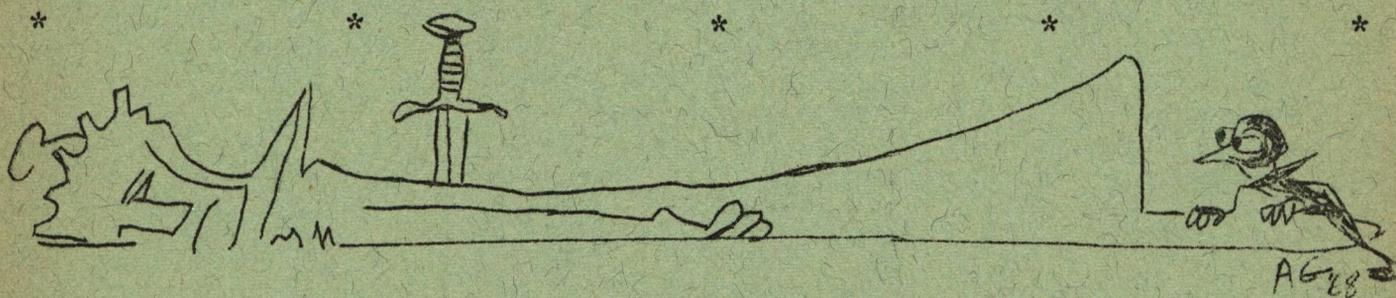
be set in the far future, but instead seems set only a couple of decades hence. 1984? Perhaps such things are part of the pop-art atmosphere, but even so...

On the other hand, the city itself is very vividly realized. It is usually dark outside, and inside people know day has come when the lights have turned on. People who have "behaved illogically" (i.e., betrayed emotion) are executed at a ceremony at a swimming pool. When their bodies fall into the water, they are finished off by girls with knives. Habits, gestures, attitudes are revealed and developed throughout the film.

Alpha 60 deserves special mention. It runs the city, it gives lectures indoctrinating technicians and students in its logic, it interrogates suspects, it can create original problems to solve, and it plans the conquest of outer galaxies. It is more the "villain" of the film than von Braun, who is seen too briefly. Godard has said that his films are about ideas and that a character in the film takes an idea to its logical conclusion. In ALPHAVILLE Alpha 60 takes logic to its conclusion, to conquer the world, perhaps to be the world.

Perhaps the real theme of ALPHAVILLE, however, is dehumanization, not by the machine, but by the word, as Orwell also understood. In this city, people nod when they mean "no" and utter ritualistic formulas like, "Yes, I'm very well, thank you, not at all." Nearly every day a new edition of the dictionary, significantly called the Bible, is issued with words like "redbreast" and "conscience'dropped. The film's resolution occurs when Natasha von Braun (Karina) says to Lemmy "I love you," a phrase which she had forgotten existed.

Finally, in a harsh, stark way, ALPHAVILLE is a beautiful film. Events move swiftly, sometimes violently. The images are all very black and white, with little gray. Out of the darkness come bright, blinking lights which stab the eyes. Only for the lyrical, surrealistic sequence expressing the love, or discovery of love, between Lemmy and Natasha does Raoul Coutard's camera soften; then the pace resumes. It is the photography that perfectly conveys the spirit of Alphaville. Like the title of the book which the dying Dickson presses into Lemmy's hand, Alphaville is the Capital of Pain. Our whole civilization, not only Paris, where the film was shot, is in pain.



I S E E

by Robert Dalzell

(a commentary on up-tight people
which SVT mentioned in Suzlecol
last ish)

i see blood
you see only red,

i see love
you see only bed,

i see you
you see only you,

i'm not blind;
you are though.

A R R A K I S

- Sunday Jordane

in the silent ruins of once-showering volcanos
 among the rolling lava produced so long ago
 i search for one bit of green
 one thing that remains alive and moving
 but the heat and the storm of the thundering mountain
 in all its motion and glory and fire
 killed everything alive
 and remained to die itself

o nation of people
 lift yourselves from stagnancy
 cultivate the dead rock beneath me
 and make it grow once more

arrakis is but a dream
 so also is terra a fairy tale
 spun by many men's minds
 an illusion perceived so differently
 through each

o nation of humans
 lift yourselves from stagnancy
 pull yourselves up from the cool lava
 and blow about shouting in the wind

among the waddling crowds of penguins
 in the time-wrenched boots of texas cowboys
 i peer hopefully for an insect or a mind
 that has not been extinguished by the explosion
 but alas
 i see nothing at all

o nation of cattle
 sheep wandering aimlessly
 lift yourselves up upon your knees
 and look to the sky
 find that nameless adrenelin for thought
 let it measure the mechanistic solution
 wherein drowned the people
 the mind
 and the beauty

AGGGH!



or

They 'stuck me with the fanzine reviews again.

by LgE

You may wonder why I continue with these reviews, well, sometimes I do too. But, (1) Others do read them, and I read other zine reviews. (2) I think it is nice to give other editors the egoboo they deserve, and

(3) Suzanne locked me up again with a pile of zines and said, "review 'em if you want to get out." (4) I do read all the zines we get, cover to cover, and that does help me to review them. Onward:

OSFAN #38, Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barnett Station Rd., Kirkwood, Mo., 63122; monthly, 15¢, 12/\$1.00. A nice little news and club zine. Well mimeoed, short con reports.

COSIGN 16, now Bob Gaines's personal zine, 336 Olentangy St., Columbus, Ohio, 43202; 35¢ or usual (no subs over 4 issues-\$1.50). Now that I'm a fan-ed I seem to look at repro first, and Cosign has beautiful mimeo and some nice layout. 54 pages includes 2001 critiques by Ron Miller and Larry Knight based on cryptic words in the credits "Thus Spake Zarathustra" from Nietzsche. They are quite convincing, even though I think it is a little too much to base a movie's meaning on one line. Excellent article by Ted White on Andre Norton, reviews, letters, nice artwork by Miller and George Foster among others.

THE PROPER BOSKONIAN #2, Cory Seidman, 20 Ware St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138; 35¢ or the usual. (The usual means LoCs, trades, contributors get free copies.) Interesting genzine. Good repro, SF-croctic, New England SF doings. 44 p.

KALLIKANZAROS #5, the Kalish. John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Ave., Columbus, Ohio, 43224; 4/\$2.00, 50¢ or usual. 62 well mimeoed pages. I was impressed by the alternating orange and green pages which really looked nice, as well as some of the lovely illos by Gaughan, Miller, Foster, LuV, and Ayotte himself (p. 4 is great). Article on Delany's JEWELS OF APTOR, good poetry, fair fiction, and transcription of Pohl's Marcon III speeches. Good ish.

BROWN STUDY #7, highly irregular, by the Browns, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10457, 6p. Amusing conreport. It's funny, typos and all.

HUGIN AND MUNIN #5, SF club of Carleton U., Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Rd., Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada; 25¢, 5/\$1.00, usual. Beautiful cover, fiction, usual reviews and LoCs. The sure could use some illos though. Labonte has an excellent review of HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION. Very enjoyable. 42 p.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, Leland Sapiro, Box 40, Univ. Station, Regina, Canada; (I think there is a new address as of October, but I can't find it, don't send any zines till you find new address), 50¢, \$1.50 per year, trade and contrib. RQ is NOT FOLDING, at least not for 3 more issues. With more subscribers RQ will go on. If you haven't already subbed, do so. They need money even more than Gf. Serious SF discussions, lithoed.

SF TIMES, monthly newszine, lithoed; from Ann F. Dietz, POB 216, Syracuse, N.Y. 13209; 30¢, \$3.00/year. All the news that's fit to print, in depth.

SYZYGY#1, WPSFA's own clubzine; edited by Art Vaughan and Peter Hays, from Peter at 1421 Wightman St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217; 25¢, or usual. Lithoed, needs artwork and contribs., esp. of more sercon nature. Some fiction, club activities, article on John Taine, but the highlight of the ish is an interview with Bob Silverberg. 27 half-size pages.

NARGOTHROND #1, Rick Brooks, R.R. 1, Box 167, Fremont, Indiana 46737; 30¢, irregular, ditto, 30 p. The repro is pretty good but the contents could be better. Fiction, "On Vulcan Culture and History", more on Nycon. Eh.

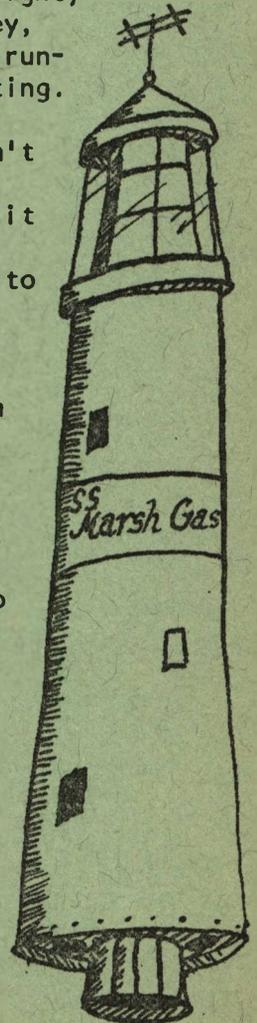
CINDER #8, Jim Ashe, P.O.B. 461, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850; 20¢, 6/\$1.00, the usual, monthly. Hmmmmm, page numbers continued from last ish, which is mighty confusing. Jim writes on Pulsars, fanzines, reviews, Disclave (Hey, he doesn't mention me, or that there were 15 insane Pittsburghers running around in black turtlenecks...how did he miss us?). Interesting.

ST. LOUIS BUG #1 - A comicstrip by Vaughn Bode. Who said Bode can't draw? It's not Jack Guaghan, but it's cute and enjoyable. (Don't ask me why I'm reviewing this, it's in the pile, so I stuck it in, could it be that I'm starting to crack? Remember lastish? I've held out this ish fairly well, but these zine reviews do get to you....I've got to think of something else, to relax, something pleasant.....Burt Lancaster.....mmmmmmmmmm)

PHOTOGENIC ONION 2 (love that title), George Foster, 7140 Linworth Rd., Worthington, Ohio, 43085; 6/\$1, 20¢, and contribs. George continues to prove he's alive and publishing. Thisish is larger than #1, but still mostly editor written and illoed with assist from LuV. Send this boy your contribs! Its cute and interesting.

ARIOCH 3, Doug Lovenstein (LuV), 425 Coolville Rdg., Athens, Ohio 45701; 2/75¢ or the usual, no long term subs. 65 excellently illoed and mimeoed pages. This is shaping up into one of the really good zines (would you believe a Hugo in '69?), and no wonder, with a LuVly editorial, fine articles by Juanita Coulson, Ted White (on 2001), Jack Gaughan (sort of a dialogue between him and LuV), Walter Willis (a reprint), Arnie Katz, and Roy Tackett, + artwork and artwork, and a great lettercol, and so on. It's enough to make me jealous!

ADVOCATES OF THE INFINITE #1- Brad Balfour, 5120 Newfield, Cincinnati, Ohio 45237; a xeroxed crudzine. 9 pages of Aaagggghh.



STARLING #12, Hank Luttrell and Lesleigh Couch (see Osfan for address), 25¢, nextish costs 50¢, or usual. Lesleigh has a fascinating article on Sex and the Single Femme Fan, W.G. Bliss has a story, Hank writes on pop music. Interesting, well mimeoed (multicolor in spots), 30 p.

QUARK #6, Lesleigh and Chris Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold Mo. 63010, Apa-45, contribs, letters, show of interest. Nice repro, illog, and good material including Arnie Katz on The Mothers of Invention, poetry, mailing comments, and lettercol. All finished off by the ugliest illo I've ever seen (not badly drawn, just an illo of an ugly monster).

QUIP #8, Arnie Katz, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, NY, 11040; 50¢ or usual. There's a lot of real faanish material here. All interesting and good. Lon Atkins has a great article. Get it. 44 pages well mimeoed on ugly brown paper.



NOTHING LIKE A MAKABRE SENSE OF HUMOR...

TOMORROW AND...#2, Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford, NY 14534; 25¢ or usual. 60 p. mimeoed (for the most part good), has excellent series of articles on Heinlein, some poetry, book reviews, 2001 review by professional reviewer Roger Ebert, and so on. Nextish should be real good when mimeo improves and more and better artwork are added to the already fine material.

ECCO #4, Randy Williams, Box 581, Liberty, N.C. 27298, 58 ½ size pages of misc. articles, fiction, and usual features, artwork stolen from various comics. I didn't enjoy it.

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #73, Official LASFS zine, bi-monthly, Ken Rudolph 745 N. Spaulding Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., 90046; 50¢ or usual. Bode has a lovely colored cover and a comic strip (not bad artwise, but weak plot-wise). 90 pages of things worth reading. Lon Atkins and Ted White especially good. GET IT.

WRR #1 (Vol. 4)- Blotto Otto Pfeifer, Box 267, 507 3rd Ave., Seattle, Washington 98104; usual. Another old zine returns (lastish 6 years ago), it's a delightful humorzine with John Berry and Wally Weber providing the laughs. 20 pages this time, and I hope nextish is twice as long.

LOCUS, a bi-weekly newszine, Charlie Brown, Ed Meskys, and Dave Vanderwerf, P.O.B. 430, Cambridge Mass., 02139. For news, 15¢, 10/\$1.00. Lots of chatty news. Good.

ETHERLINE 2, Leigh Edmonds, Flat 3, 12 Redan St., St. Kilda, 3182 Victoria, Australia; usual or 12/\$1.20. Con report, article on Andre Norton, and various features. Nice little zine (½ size pages, hey, no page numbers). Fairly interesting. (By the way, when I say Interesting, it means it's readable, interesting, but just as easy to forget as to read. If I add more than that it means it's a really good zine.)

PSYCHOTIC #26, Richard Geis, P.O.B. 3116, Santa Monica, Calif., 10403; usual or 50¢. 48 mimeoed pages of great fanzine. Everyone lashes out at everyone else, Ted White and Norman Spinrad doing the principle lashing. This is the best zine of the bunch. GET IT.

THE SCARR, irregular, Geo. L. Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave., Bangor, N. Ireland; Usual. Conglomeration of poems, puns, personal chictchat, Thiridmancon report. Fairly Interesting. 22 pages.

HECKMECK 18, Mario Kwiat, 44 Munster/Westf. Stettinger Str., 38, Germany. It is funny to get a zine from Germany and find it is in English. Heidleberg in '70! Fanzine reviews and chictchat. Interesting 20 mimeoed pages.

Also got a whole bunch of new zines, 1st ishes, which are really quite good. They are really quite well mimeoed, interesting, and worth having a second ish of. They are as follows:

STARDATE 1, Lois McMaster and Lillian Stewart, from Lois at 3481 West Henderson Rd., Columbus Ohio 43221; 50¢. This has the best ST fiction I've seen, in fact it's excellent fiction. Connie Reich has an excellent story. Ron Miller has fine artwork. ConR has some good artwork too, as does Jane Bowers. Lillian and Lois have good stories. The whole thing is excellent. It is not a one-shot, it will continue if more material is received. 50 pages, well mimeoed.

FLIP 1, Edward R. Smith, 1315 Lexington Ave., Charlotte N.C. 28203; 25¢, 5/\$1.00, usual, Apa-45. Nice mimeo, usual genzine features, some atrocious puns, and Bob Vardeman takes-off on a "Voyage to the Bottom of the Incredibly Murky Depths". One to watch, 32 pages.

L'ANGE JACQUE, Ed Reed, 668 Westover Rd., Stamford, Conn. 06902; usual or 25¢, 5/\$1.00. 21 pages, readable ditto. Lithoed Gaughan cover. Mostly "Hi, I'm pubbing a fanzine so send me material" ish. Praise for New Worlds. This will also be published in French and sent overseas. A worthy venture which should be supported. Send contrib.

ID 1, James Reuss, 304 South Belt West, Belleville, Illinois 62221: usual or 25¢, beautifully mimeoed, 22 pages. A darn good ish. Usual features + dull John Berry column. A few multicolored illos.

SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN 1, Gene and Chuck Turnbull, 801 Grosse Pointe Court, Grosse Point, Michigan, 48230; the usual. Repro is not bad mimeo, but all of Gene's beautiful artwork is marred by poor electrostencils, still, its nice art. Another "Hi, its my 1st ish" type, but Bob Vardeman has a hilarious movie take-off about Wally Cox's thriller, The Man With The Atomic Uvula which makes this ish worth getting. Usual features fill out the rest of this 25 pager.

CRABAPPLE GAZETTE 2, Mike Horvat, POB 286, Tangent Oregon, 97389; N'APA, Apa-45, and misc. I didn't see the 1st ish, but its still one of those new good zines. Nice Turnbull illos, lots of reprints, interesting and well done. Needs contribs. 46p.

All in all the above are an impressive bunch of 1st editions. I hope they all continue and improve.

That's all, thank ghod, of the fanzine reviews. Now you fan-ed's out there get to review this monster. Hahahahahahhhhhhaaaaaa hehehehe

Aaaaaaaaqqqhhhhh!



A SPACE ODDITY

by
Leo Vale

Exterior: THE DESERT: SUNSET

A small group of apes are crossing the desert.

Long Shot (LS): The sun set. Fade out. Fade in to:

Exterior: THE DESERT: NIGHT

The apes are sleeping amid some large rocks. Fade out.

LS: The sun rise. Dissolve to:

EXT.: THE DESERT: MORNING

LS: The apes sleep. Camera tracks in to a Medium Shot (MS) of an APE which is waking up. APE stares at camera in amazement. Other apes wake and stare at camera. The first APE advances toward camera, stops when his height almost fills the frame. He starts circling around the camera which follows him in a 360 pan. He outstretches his right arm and advances again, this time spiraling in. Camera follows APE until his hand fills frame.

CUT TO: The APE's hand seen from the side. The fingers outstretch and the camera tracks until the hand halts, motionless, an inch or two before a flat, smooth surface.

LS: The other apes watch in utter fascination.

CUT: The APE's hand. The finger's slowly extend toward the surface.

CUT: The APE's face. His eyes are filled with fear.

MS: The other apes watch.

CUT: The APE's hand. His fingers touch the surface and then withdraw. Once again they touch the surface. But they are not withdrawn.

CUT: The APE's face, his eyes are filled with ecstasy.

The other apes come forward.

Camera zooms out and reveals that the mysterious object is a pile of beer and liquor cases. The remainder of the apes are crowding around the pile and touch it. Soon the apes begin to pound the cases.

A shot of the pile seen from the base with a wide angle lens. The sun is peeking over the top of the pile. The apes are pounding against the stack. It finally topples over and the toppling cases reveal the entire sun, it fills the screen. The apes flee to safety among the rocks.

Shots of the apes fleeing are interspliced with the slow motion shots of the cases hitting the ground and bursting open, spilling out bottles and cans over the ground. Fade out...Fade in to:

THE DESERT: AFTERNOON



The camera pans across the bottles, cans, and broken cases. There is no movement in the scene. The camera then pans up to some rocks where the first APE sticks its head over the top of a rock. The APE cautiously walks over to the bottles. The rest peer out from the safety of the rocks. Then the first APE picks up a bottle and uncorks it.

CLOSEUP SHOT: The bottle of beer.

The APE sniffs at it, then slowly takes a sip. The second ape now comes and watches the first. First APE starts to chug-a-lug the bottle. The chug-a-lugging shots are shown from every conceivable angle. The shots concentrate on the liquid bubbling out of the bottle. When the bottle is empty, the first APE playfully smashes it over the head of the second ape. Then the first APE throws his hands up in the air and screeches

The remainder of the apes rush out from their hiding places and grab up bottles and cans. For 10 minutes we see apes boozing, smashing bottles, and tossing beer cans.

Are we witnessing the birth of man?? Fade out. Fade in to :

EXT. THE DESERT: SUNSET

LS: The apes are staggering across the desert into the sunset. Camera pans down to...Broken bottles and empty beer cans scattered about.

DISSOLVE TO: Another pile of broken bottles and beer cans. Camera pans up to a sign which reads; UNITED STATES LUNAR COLONY NO. 3
MARE IMBRIUM

Camera zooms to reveal the quonset huts and domes of the colony in the background and two space suited figures unloading a futuristic garbage truck in the foreground....

* * * * *
* * * * *

WHAT WILL YOU CALL YOUR CONVENTION
(continued at last)

Well my sister didn't just start making up con names, she also thought up some rather unCONventional definitions. They are even funnier than the con names.

CON CAVE: a place for holding conventions

CON VEX: that one fan who inevitably irritates all others

CON TACT: the art of not degrading a fanzine to someone if you aren't sure if they are on the staff or not

CON STRAIN: the atmosphere or bodily condition by the last day of the convention.

CON STABLE: what the hotel looks like by the last day

CON QUEST: the everlasting search for someone less drunk than you are, who can guide you back to the party if you have wandered off

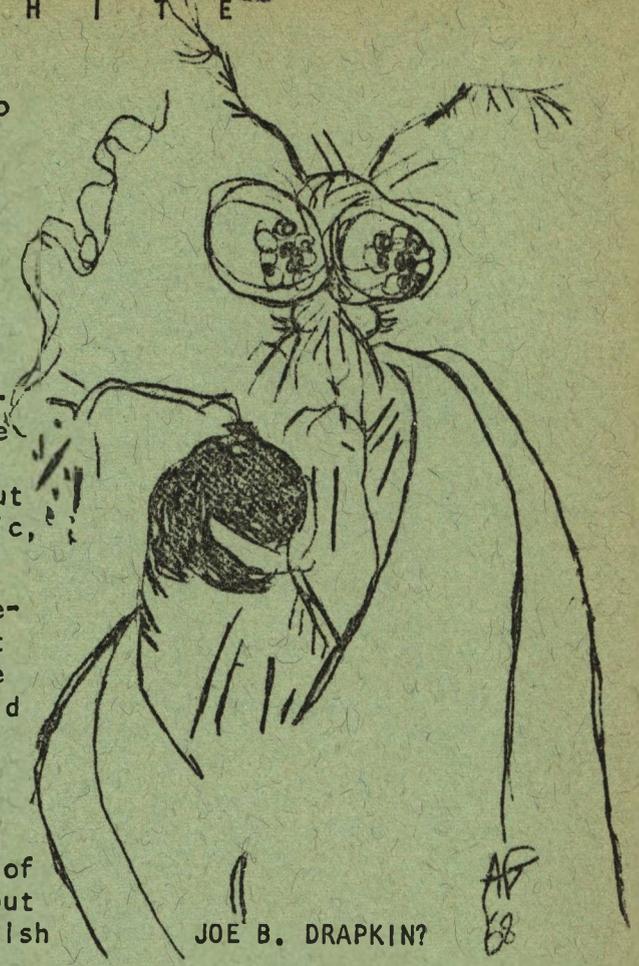
(If you can think of any more, please send them to us. Thanks.)

O M P H A L L O P S Y C H I T E

JOE B. DRAPKIN
577 E. 91st St.
Brooklyn, NY 11236

I originally intended to
print the following in
its entirety, exactly as
we recieved it, but I

just can't force myself to retype it again in
its complete letter-for-letter form, because
it is just too much. But I think you'll get
~~Drapkina's~~ Drapkin's message. I will instead
reprint the first half exactly as written, in-
cluding misspellings and the author's paranthet-
ical remarks. If anyone would like to read the
rest, send a self-addressed, stamped-envelope
and I'll send you the last half. So now without
further comment, except the following is sic, sic,
sic.-LgE/



JOE B. DRAPKIN?

The quality of GRANFALLOON has been steadily de-
creasing since the 1st ish. The 1st ish wasn't
bad, if you were able to read it. However, the
2nd ish was ruined by placing that equally stupid
stupid picture by that stupid article, the one
on RAH, of course. Before she opens her mouth
she should at least have some idea of what her
tongue is wagging about. She has obviously not
read all RAH has written and misinterprets most of
what she has. Anyway, she has been adequately put
down by those who know something about RAH in ish
#3.

The disquisting (misspel) cuteness. It is sickening to the point of boredom (oh Suzle,
you all are a little dalling). This childish clowning about sex is characteristic of
kids who have just learned about sex. Now why not cut the shit and do a straight
fanzine, or turn it into a humor zine. You can't keep this present format of stupid
cuteness without alienating the intire male readership.

BOB TUCKER
B0x 506
Heyworth, Ill.
61745

Bob is, in case you've not heard, a NICE man. He even sent me
a film clip of BURT LANCASTER, and if that isn't nice, what is?
Like, WOW-LgE7

Many, many thanks for sending me the 3rd issue of GRANFALLOON. It
was refreshing, and if you could manage to keep it that way I would
urge you to remain a "ten month old neo" forever. Was that remark to be taken seri-
ously? Have you been in fandom only 10 months? I would have guessed far longer than
that, if the remark had not been dropped. Yep, a little over a year now -SVT/

I like long book reviews (all 7 pages of them) and would ask for more. You could cut
down the fanzine reviews to make space, but the fan editors would howl for blood.

* * * * *

Lastish Ginjer mentioned the lettercol should be LOC IT TO ME. My sister, Sunday,
announced that we should have a Star Trek column to go with it, called:

SPOCK IT TO ME

* * * * *

The Grateful Dead Should Be

* * * * *

BOB SILVERBERG
2020 Goodridge Ave.
New York, 71, N.Y.

Thankee kindly for Gf3. I much admire your clear and crisp mimeography, Ginjer's admirable summary of my rambling GoH talk at DC, the book reviews, the letter column, and all that other stuff. And I was altogether demolished by the interlineation -- misplaced, but still an interlineation -- at the bottom of page 38. The one about Harlan being so tall, I mean. Who spawned that gem? /When Dirce Archer remarked that "I knew Harlan when he was so tall." What else could Suzanne and I reply, simultaneously of course, but "He's still so tall."-LgE/

I never did explain why I turned down your kind invitation at Disclave to subscribe. It was only to keep your career as a fanzine editor from premature interruption. On and off, over the last 15 years or so since I stopped publishing a fanzine myself, I've subscribed to all kinds of fanmags, and not one has survived my subscription by more than 2 issues. Ask Lee Hoffman. Ask Bruce Pelz, Ask...well, lots. I didn't want to kill off Gf so fast.

Tell you what, though. I agree to become a subscriber at next year's Disclave...provided you sign me up in the sauna. A deal?

ROY TACKETT
915 Green Valley Rd., NW
Albuquerque, N.M. 87107

I have here a GRANFALLOON number 3 and I am moved to write a letter of comment on it. However, all of the pages are covered with printing of one sort of another so I must write my letter of comment on typing paper instead. Let us begin with Call of the Klutz³. I am a bit confused by this. Is it Klutz that is cubed or Call of the Klutz that is cubed? I think it was explained what a klutz is, but what is a klutz³? /A klutz who is 3 times as clumsy and puts the page numbers too close to the heading of a column! /

I am filled with the old SoW at Tedril in "Suzlecol." It allows its users to actually breathe in air. What do they normally breathe in? /When not on Tedril they have a tendency not to breathe-SVT/

PLANET OF THE APES was tired, tried, and plotless.

7 pages of reviews are a bunch, but not too many. Yes, I read them, usually first too. And I muchly enjoy reading different people's reactions to books and comparing them with my own, so how about having a review by 2 different people on the same book? /We would, if someone would send us reviews besides Richard./

BILL LINDEN
83-33 Austin St.
Kew Gardens, NY 11415

For some reason I can't read enough con reports. Masochism at hearing what I've missed? Anyhow, keep em coming. But what is wrong with green bowling shirts? /They are fine for bowling teams, but for con bladders'????? /

Richard Delap, I have sworn a personal vendetta to maim and kill everyone who doesn't vote "Weyr Search" for best Novelette. Could this be a case for a little log-rolling?

FRED HASKELL
4370 Brookside Court,
Apt. 206
Edina, Minnesota
55436

Zottbless Suzle for not liking straight people. Except, being straight is their scene, and they have a right to it. Therefore all I condemn them for is making or demanding laws that conflict with or hinder my scene (translated: I wish they'd mind their own business, not mine).

I just remembered something Linda said in her editorial. "Yiddishe grandmother." Hummm, are you one of us, or just your grandmother? /Ethnically I'm Jewish, since my mother is, but religiously I'm an agnostic-LgE/ Speaking of Jews, the Negro's problem today is twofold, as I see it:

- 1) They haven't been discriminated against long enough to get used to it (like think of the 2,000 (that's right) years us Jews have been not only discriminated against but also periodically and systematically killed; as compared with 200-300 years of discrimination against the Negroes.
- 2) It is easier to discriminate against a Negro than a Jew, because a person is very obviously a Negro, whereas it's harder to spot a Jew.

I do sympathize, tho.

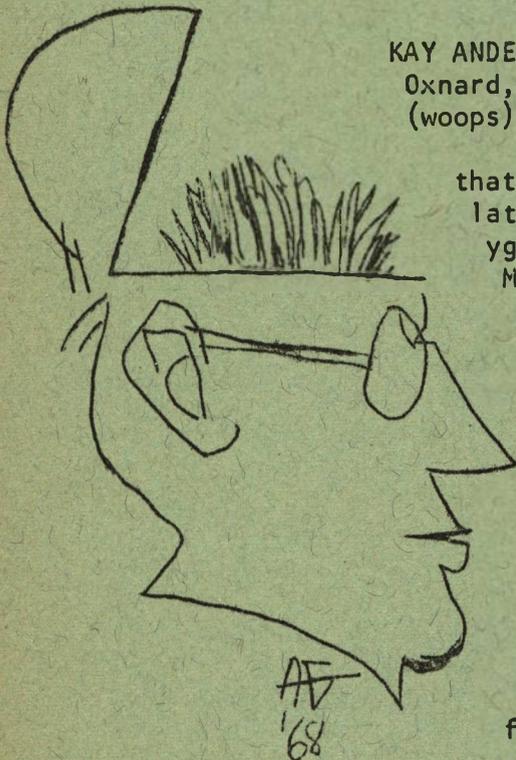
My mother turned on the TV (tv, I love you), so I had a hard time reading the last few pages of letters in Gf (it seems I cannot concentrate on reading with a tv or some other kind of music or most kinds of noise on in the background). If this letter is partly disconnected ("I'm sorry, but that number has been temporarily disconnected") from here on, it is because I slapped on my earphones and am listening to the album "Buffalo Springfield Again" so that I can block out the sounds of the tv.

Cover, the lettering of G R A N F A L L O O N was nice, but the rest of the cover is anti-climactic. Linda, how do you pronounce your last name? /Like I stir/

I like the comments stuck all over the place by either of you -- it gives the zine personality, livens things up, and is generally fun.

Wait! I am not Ted White nor Burt Lancaster, yet the blanks that affirm that were not checked! Good grief. Are you girls trying to give me schizophrenia?

Why don't you join APA45? /I'm on the waiting list-LgE/



KAY ANDERSON
Oxnard, Calif. 93030
(woops) 4530 Hamilton Ave.

Gf ought to get some sort of award as the most improved zine that improved in the shortest span of time. Or something like

that...my syntax has been getting ~~more~~ more convoluted lately as brain decay increases. There is too much oxygen in the air around here. /Kay just moved from New Mexico/

I loved your short story running along the lower margins. I loved it so much I plagiarized it and sent it out to several friends as my very own. Remember plagiarism is the sincerest form of theivery. /Grrrrrr.../

I haven't seen 2001, but I thought PLANET OF THE APES would be incredibly marvelous if you saw it at a drive-in and could turn the sound off. Otherwise it was tripe, beautifully photographed and masterfully makeup. Seemed like they spent about 9 million dollars for production and \$2.98 for the TWIGLIGHT ZONE-pr-found story.

TRIBBLEWIT

/Having just visited the Star Trek set Kay writes.../ Maybe Dick Byers can relax with ST's third season. There were some lovely ideas and many of their excellent details

In the scripts I read, would be worth several Nielson points to another series. Sturgeon's Law says 90% of everything is crap...I think ST beats this law pretty well. Even their worst stories have some redeeming feature, like special effects or makeup,

I think a lot of the criticism ST gets comes about because people watch it so intently. Try really paying attention to an episode of just about any other series, someday, and see how much sense they make. Do you really believe that Marty Landau could disguise that frog mouth and those turquoise eyes and look just like a man 6 inches shorter than he is? Or that Whatishisname on RUN FOR YOUR LIFE could be in such great glowing health, while dying of a lingering disease? I can't think of any dramatic series that, as they say, suspends my disbelief. But I don't feel that I have to believe in every facet of something to enjoy it.



I had written Kay and mentioned that Ted White didn't even write us a nasty LoC. So she wrote the following-LgE/ Maybe you could get a rise out of Ted White if you attacked his SPAWN OF THE DEATH MACHINE. (It's difficult to read something with a title like that) Yes it is, which is why I haven't read it-LgE/ It contains

some of his screamingly funny sex scenes. And it turns out his hero has stainless steel bones...I wonder where he got his red blood cells from...and his blood is supposedly alive with antibodies. Ted thinks antibodies are living things, like intestinal flora. But best of all are the sex scenes. He has the heroine bite his beastly fellow on the penis, and the beastly one, a large-size full-grown man, bleeds to death in a couple of minutes. A grown man contains 7 to 10 quarts of blood.... she must have had an awfully big mouth. Then our hero stands staring enviously at the bad guy and thinks he was even more gross than he had imagined. This is after he has bled to death. All I can say is that hero should have seen him before all the hydraulic fluid escaped...Yuck!-LgE. Arggggggh!-SVT/

SETH DOGRAMAJIAN
32-66 80 St.
Jackson Hts.
New York, N.Y. 11370

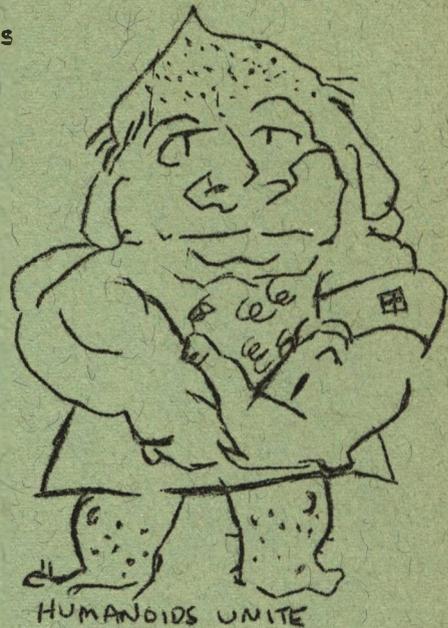
It seems everyone wants to beat 2001 to the ground and beat it till it dies. Why? Why? WHY? Lester del Rey made it sound like the worst thing imaginable. The only good thing he said about it was that the apes were more realistic than those in PLANET OF THE APES. Boy, what generosity! What everyone fails to realize is that no matter how little of a plot there was, or how "drawn out" it seemed, it represents

a new change in movies. As a visual experience it was probably the greatest achievement in show business history. I thought it was so magnificent that I went to see it 4 times, and I still can't get it out of my mind. 2001 is going to open the door to a large group of spectaculars in the future, many of which will concern a subject near and dear to all of us, Science Fiction. Though 2001 would have been improved by the addition of some more plot, I don't think that the greatness or magnificence of the show was hurt too badly by its absence. Even the soundtrack was great!

In ENGARDE #4 you find what I consider to be the best interpretation of 2001. The editor describes it as a "promise that even in eternity there is not an end", which is justified by the rebirth sequence at the end of the movie. Please people...forget about all of the show's bad points for a while, and I'm sure you'll find that it was a magnificent work of art. But what happens if you consider its bad points? you get a flawed masterpiece, one that can and should be criticized with the hope that the next attempt will lack these flaws...-LgE/

The book reviews were very well done. I just saw the motion picture, ROSEMARY'S BABY, and my brains fell out. It was beautiful. Mia Farrow should get some sort of an award for her acting. I never realized how good she could be. Perhaps the part she played, as Rosemary, had something to do with it. Anyway, she was truly great in the role. Suspense was maintained, and all the actors who were devil worshippers looked the part. Really great stuff. One hell (heh!) of a movie.

Jack Gaughan: I'm not sure if I should agree with you or disagree on the matter of movies not doing justice to books. There are indeed very many books that I would hate to see put into the movies, such as THE LORD OF THE RINGS, obviously, because no show can do justice to a book with that much imaginary content. However, I do think that there is much SF that can be put into a picture and lose nothing from the change. The most recent example of this is 2001. You must admit that no matter how bad the plot was, it was a visual masterpiece, and the whole idea of movies is to create something visual. Now that directors are finally learning how to produce SF movies, I think they will soon be reaching a very high caliber in entertainment. Movies are still a pretty new thing, whereas books have been with us since recorded history began. I would like to see more movies made from SF novels, just to see what would be done with them. But really, more scripts could be written from original ideas with more ease than translating an already written book to the screen.-LgE/



BOB L. HILLIS As a member of the green
1290 Byron Ave. shirt squad, I
Columbus, Ohio feel temporarily transported
to the era when the bloody

Sassenach were hanging my ancestors for "the wearing of the green." Not all of OSFS wear those shirts. Thank Ghod!-SVT/ We are putting on a worldcon bid, and found, like the Cincinnati Fantasy Group years ago, that we had an identity problem and we therefore needed emphasis to show fandom that we were there and particularly whose booze they were consuming at our bid parties. Incidentally, nobody has ever since called us stuffed shirts.... Well, Bob, while it is true that the shirts identify you, this is not necessarily a good thing, because the resulting image is one of klutziness instead of coolness. Had you been wearing white turtlenecks and jackets, your image would have gone up quite a bit, and you would have still been identifiable. All of us Pittsburgher femmefans agree, green bowling shirts are not cool, in fact, they are rather ugly. And the image you present is the image you give prospective voters about your con. Thus, true or untrue, green bowling shirts give a green bowling shirt image to your con. The St. Louis people, while not especially organized looking, since they have no easily identifiable get-up, present an image which is more relaxed, and thusly, perhaps friendlier. I think both groups are very nice indeed, and I think that each would be equally able to give a good worldcon. That is the reason I have tried to stay clear of specifically coming out for one side or the other, except for giving Columbus a brief plug or 2 lastish. Now, after having met the lovely, lovely Couch family, and some others from St. Louis I have finally made up my mind in this close race for ST. LOUIS. But, no matter who wins, I'm sure that the con will be in competent hands. I think Suzanne will be voting for Columbus, so Granfalloon sort of balances itself out.-LgE/

TERRY CARR
35 Pierrepont St.
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

I liked Richard Delap's cover -- it reminds me of a lot of Power's black-and-white work, and in fact, Delap seems to be the star of the issue, his book reviews are very good too.

I didn't like Moorcock's FINAL PROGRAMME myself, but it's reassuring to see such a favorable review of it in a fanzine in a time when most fmz are filled with wild fulminations against anything at all experimental. Not Us!-SVT/ And, of course, Delap wins my heart for his continued next page, I goofed typing this, or rather retyping this, for Suzanne just called to say their electronic stencil maker is broken so I'm retyping a few pages on regular stencils/

comments on Lafferty's PAST MASTER, a book I love. (I should: I published it.) I'd also agree with him on Ballard's "The Assassination of JFK Considered as a Downhill Motor Race"; It is indeed "not a story and too stupid to be satire." Actually, of course, Ballard isn't attempting to write "stories" In this new set of stuff he's been turning out for the past couple of years; he's aiming at a new form. And occasionally it jells, as in "Plan for the Assassination of Jacqueline Kennedy," which is just like the JFK one, except this one manages to be both genuinely funny and disturbingly true. (I haven't read Ballard's latest one, since it's privately printed and not generally available over here. I suppose the title tells us why: it's called "Why I'd like to Fuck Ronald Reagan.")

I was a bit disappointed by the comments on 2001 and PLANET OF THE APES. Oh no, here's another person lambasting me, 90% of you loved 2001 and hated APES, p. 34 tells more reasons why-LgE/ 2001 is admittedly a movie that can throw you if your head isn't in the right place when you go to see it (I found it intensely frustrating the first time I saw it, but after some long arguments and discussions decided I'd been looking at it from the wrong angle and went back a second time; I loved it this time). You really ought to try it again, perhaps after fortifying yourself by reading Chip Delany in F&SF and maybe Bob Bloch's review in PSYCHOTIC. I will-LgE/ It's got loads of easily observable flaws, but neither pacing nor plot are among them; once you understand what the film is and what it's doing, both the leisurely pace and the bare-bones story line snap into focus. I have a theory about this movie, touched off by del Rey's review in GALAXY and my own initial reaction.

Lester bemoans the "fact" that Hollywood still hasn't made the adult SF film we've all been waiting for for so long; but I think the case is that we've been waiting for Hollywood to stop making movies reflecting early-40s bad-pulp SF, waiting for this ever since those early 50s, when George Pal and others were releasing one disappointing (but promising) SF film after another. Finally it became an idée fixe, so that when Clarke & Kubrick came out with a movie that completely bypasses the SF of the 50s and reflects what's happening right now is SF, he catches us off guard, not ready for him. The movie's emphasis on technology contributes to the confusion: it looks for awhile as though this is DESTINATION MOON brought up to date in Cinerama; but that's not it at all -- the film concentrates on technology so much and at such length because it's satirizing it. (And, by extension, it's satirizing DESTINATION MOON and the whole field of SF that glorifies technology above human values -- the kind of SF that many praise as "hard science" and others put down as "wiring diagrams!") In short, I guess 2001 is a "New Wave" movie. I think it's a gas, but I do agree with Lester that it's a shame Hollywood never got around to making a good 50s-type SF movie. About the closest they ever came was in FORBIDDEN PLANET, which was a superb PLANET STORIES space opera (or maybe THRILLING WONDER: it has that Gerry Carlyle flavor).



As for PLANET OF THE APES, I think it's an abominable movie, its satire on a 10-year-old level (children love the picture, have you noticed?), its plot rationale as old and corny as the hills, and the acting embarrassingly bad. Charlton Heston is the only actor I know who acts with his teeth and nothing else. Ask him to express anger and he grimaces; for pain, he grimaces; for tenderness, he grimaces; for deep thought, he grimaces. And so do I, watching.

SETH A. JOHNSON
345 Yale Ave.
Hillside, N.J. 07205

Suzie uses an ambiguous word there. "Love". Gadzooks. That could mean alot. I read that in Arabic there are over 40 different words for love, each denoting a different aspect, degree, and kind. Which one are you talking about? /Alas, English has only one term; but I did mean that I'm for all types of love.-SVT/

PIERS A. JACOB
800 75th St. North
St. Petersburg, Florida
33710

There are more fanzines than I can possibly keep track of, and if I even tried to read them all I would have to retire from active writing, since I happen to be a very slow reader. Thus, I give the first copy of anything sent to me a reasonably careful perusal, and let the editor (s) know frankly whether I care ever to see another copy. If I do, I send money; that saves me from the trouble of working up a formal comment. The last 2 fanzines I sent money to were PSYCHOTIC and WARHOON, if that gives you any notion of my standards.

So, what about GRANFALLOON? This is a difficult decision. It was fun to read, but then, they all are, in their fashion. It was well presented, illustrated, and reproduced--and not all are. The feminine editorials were amusing--and of course all feminines are amusing, particularly the serious ones. I see one says she's a Quaker, and as it happens I was raised as a Quaker, though I do not consider myself to be one. (I suppose I turned sour on it when I discovered that Richard Nixon is officially a Quaker... 'nuff said.) There are book reviews, but not anything of mine, so scratch that. I note in your letter column one from Bob Vardeman, and this is awkward because it is a good letter. Awkward, because in his own fanzine he lambasted Farmer's "Riders of the Purple Wage," calling it the worst in the DV anthology. Now I nominated that story for Nebula, and it finished fourth, and I think would have done better yet had it had the wider circulation of softcover publication. Naturally I called Bob an ignoramus and told him to get lost. What would you have done? So he doesn't like the New Thing much; well, neither do I, but Farmer brings more talent to it than, say, Ballard. So what do I say now, when the person I called an ignoramus comes out in your fanzine with a line like "I do not believe that what an author writes about is necessarily his philosophy"? I mean, I agree completely. I wish more readers approached my own fiction with that attitude. If a writer writes effectively about Nazilism or pederasty or flying saucers, I take that to mean that he is an effective writer, not that he is a Nazi, a pederast, or a saucer.

So do you see what I mean about the problem of commenting on GRANFALLOON

I believe I will simply skip comment and ship you 30 pennies reimbursement for the copy. You can decide whether it is safe to show me another. Boy, I didn't realize lastish was so controversial. I'm sending you a copy of thisish, cause though I don't know if it is safe or not, at least you can enjoy the pretty pictures, 'cause thisish has a lot of 'em.-LgE/



HARRY WARNER JR.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, Md.
21740

I liked my first sight of Granfalloon for the enormous amount of enthusiasm and energy that simply leap off the pages and into the reader's face.

I wish I could have seen that!-SVT/ To find those qualities coupled with excellent spelling Surely you jest!?-SVT&LgE In unison/ and clear mimeographing is an even more praiseworthy thing: Usually when you find good grammar and impeccable reproduction in a fanzine, it's at the expense of satiation and cynicism which the fanzine editor has acquired during his long years of seeking the contents of the ink bottle into flowing evenly. In our case it's caused by luck, an editor whose parents have an A.B. Dick distributorship, which means we can use the best machine, and a handy dictionary, which we use if guessing fails/

PLANET OF THE APES is playing in Hagerstown already, 2 years earlier than most movies show up here. After reading this review of it, I'll have to find time to see it. I'm particularly curious to know if those location shots were filmed in the Hagerstown area, rather than Utah or Southern California. The local chamber of commerce has been toying with the idea of promoting Hagerstown to tourists as a good place to go to get away from civilization /Sounds like Johnstown-SVT/ and the producers could have saved most of that million dollar makeup bill by documentary-type photography of the local population. Incidentally, I have a theory that could account for the $\frac{1}{4}$ hour which you feel was wasted at the opening of 2001. I suspect that Hollywood now pads out its movies so that TV won't do as much damage when they cut them later. More people will see them on TV than on the screen, and the older movies now suffer horribly from the cuts that seem to be some kind of pagan ritual.



"Afterlife" had the makings of a good story. But it depends too much on the effect its last line is supposed to make. There isn't enough suspense and empathy with the characters to develop the fictional potentialities. I'd like to see Mark Katlic try again, this time making it clear from the beginning that these things are happening in the sun, and doing enough homework to offer more specific descriptions of how conditions in the sun bring about this sort of life.

I'd like to see letters of comment and essay-type articles by Richard Delap, because he seems to have a good general background and the ability to express resoundingly his reactions. Strange, how a writer suddenly comes in: now it's Lafferty who seems about to get as much ink spilled over his novels as Ballard and Dick were accounting for just a year or two back.

The artwork is almost uniformly splendid. I like the extremely black and firm lines you get on a number of the pages. Even if you had help from electronic stenciling, it's still above the normal caliber for this process. /Luckily I'd sent Suzanne the majority of those pages which had to be electronic stenciled thisish before the electronic stencil maker broke. So these last few pages are all typed on regular stencils, which is cheaper./

NEAL A. GOLDFARB
Brodwood Dr.
Stamford, Conn. 06902

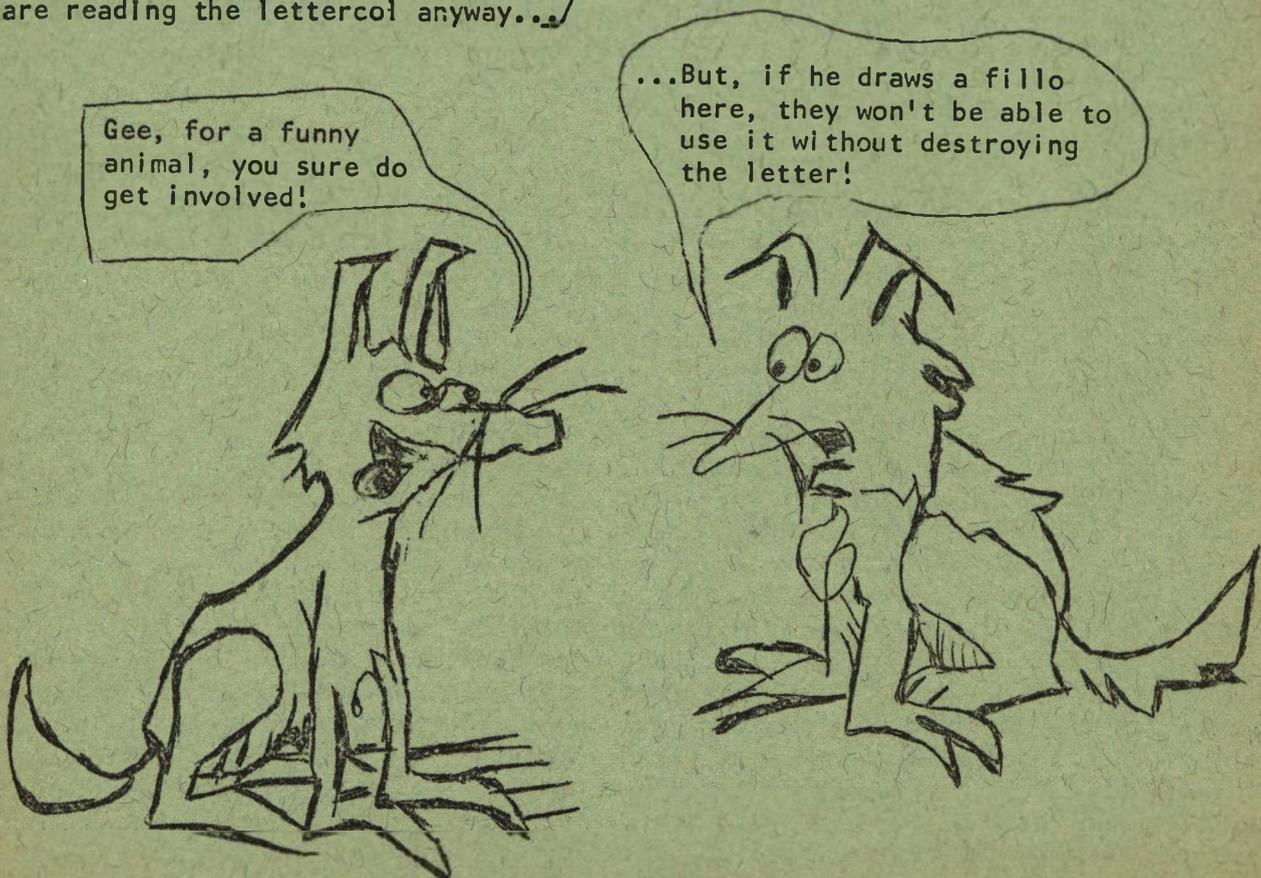
Let SVT do the movie reviews from now on---Please. Your reviews on 2001 and APES were BAD. I thought APES was one of the worst movies I've ever seen. If the idiots who made it were trying to make a good, adult, SF movie, they failed miserably. I do agree that it was beautifully photographed. 2001 is also beautifully photographed. The opening shot was one of the most beautiful I've ever seen.

The 1st 15 minutes set the locale for the first scene of the film. It establishes the facts that the apes are advanced primates, but **THEY ARE NOT HUMAN**. When they find the slab they take on human characteristics: they worship the slab, but more importantly, they become MURDERERS. The scene where the ape bashes up the bone is brilliant -- a metaphor is presented wherein the ape is compared with a child amusing himself with a newly discovered toy (WHEEEEE!) True, questions of plot are left unanswered, but Clarke writes largely for the moral of the story. 2001 was a movie made for the theme, and the average clod is confused. One must think, however, to figure out 2001's theme, and then one cannot but help thinking about the concepts it raises. If you don't do some thinking you will be bored, and according to Delany, boredom occurs when there is no mind to do something, not when there is nothing for the mind to do. /I was fascinated when enough had been revealed for me to begin thinking, but until that point I was bored. For the first 15 minutes, yes, and even into the moon scene I had no idea where it was all leading, and here I was bored, when I found out, and had something to think about, I was not.-LgE/

W.G. BLISS I repair TVs and therefore have the latest scoop from ye public on
 422 Wilmot what is really popular. STAR TREK has skidded seriously, so far that
 Chillicothe even 2 million letters from fans won't save it next time. Roddenberry
 111. 61523 could make a great show if he took the best elements from tired old
 ST to make a new one. Take Spock and Bones, the best 2 characters, put
 'em in a new ship with a ship's computer who would always side with Spock, being a
 logical system. The captain would be a solid personality, firmly in command, Edward
 G. Robinson would be ideal.

Doubtless you are snowed under with many more contribs than you can possibly use; like Buck Coulson has said in the past, he had a 2 year backlog of fiction; so why not stack up enough of them for a paperback anthology, and send that to Harlan Ellison. It doesn't really matter too much what the material is as long as Harlan edits it. The long blurbs are usually more interesting than the tales anyway. [For thisish we did manage to accumulate quite a bit of material, but we also managed to use most of it, a few things are left for nextish, but not too much, so we really do need contribs. I use artwork like corflu, here, there, and everywhere, so we can always use a lot of it. So please send your contributions. The worst we can do is return them.-LgE]

[Little do you know how much I'm cutting these letters, it's really a crime, but 3 things are forcing me to these extremes (1) time - I've got to finish typing this column before we run it off...; (2) space, this thing is so long already, and I have so many letters which I'm leaving out entirely; (3) inclination, my fingers are falling off, sigh, and my teeth ache (I got my wisdoms pulled). So please forgive this rather brief lettercol. If your letter is not in, or is grievously cut, do not be dismayed, the reasons are above, and those letters that are included are so on a somewhat random basis, but thank you, everybody for loCing us, I appreciate it, and even if your comments are not printed, they do help me quite a bit, so keep it up. The following is a really cut letter, in fact, all it is is the illo doodled on the back. The fact that the letter had nothing to do with Granfalloon makes no difference....-LgE mmmm my comments are getting a little strange at this point, aren't they? But I know none of you are reading the lettercol anyway...]



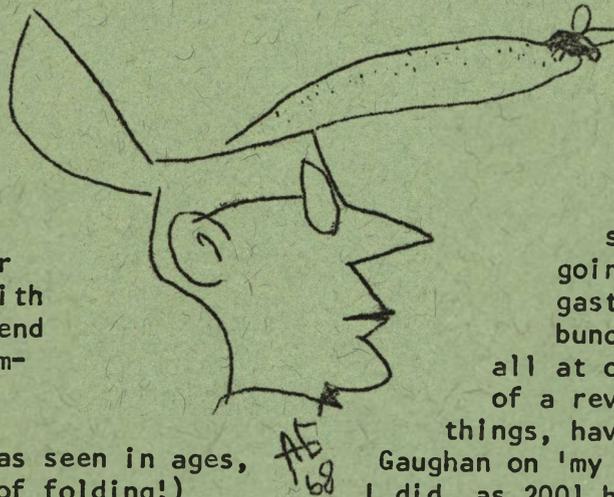
MIKE MONTGOMERY ...
2925 Pennsylvania, N.E.
Albuquerque, New Mexico
87110

Three conreports...I mean, what was that? Not really so bad, as they weren't too repetitious and, more importantly, weren't too long. And I did like Joe Allen, who appeared twice in one issue.

I also like Richard Delap's reviews, but they suffer from combining some book-reviewer's cliches seen frequently with some really original phrasing. They are good reviews, in spite of that, but I kept stopping when I would hit a bad spot every couple of paragraphs or so. It's not the heat, it's the humidity, you know. And another good thing about Richard's reviews is that he usually keeps them about the right length for this type of thing...long enough to give a good picture of the book but still short enough so that he manages to fit a fair number of reviews in the pages given him.

RICHARD DELAP
1343 Bitting
Wichita, Kansas
67203

Not to be outdone by Gene Turnbull (and I heartily thank him for the fine illos used with my book reviews), I send you 1 gen-yoo-wine, Am-edicann dollah bill! (With the best new maga-fanzine fandom has seen in ages, don't you even think of folding!) Also, I'm curious to know if the phrase, 'Palpitating Braunschwiger' following my name is supposed to be descriptive? I hope so...it sounds dirty! /Think what you will-LgE/



I hope Mr. Gaughan doesn't think my reviews in Gf #3 are gushing...on re-reading them, I found them a bit sticky myself...but what are you going to do when you make the gastly mistake of reading a bunch of fasinating books all at once...and I never heard of a reviewer lying about such things, have you? I agree with Mr. Gaughan on 'my 3 favorite SF movies' or I did, as 2001 has pushed FORBIDDEN PLANET back a notch...which, Linda, pretty much negates any comment on your review of 2001.

The short, short story in Call of the Klutz is the most beautiful fan-fiction I've ever seen (are you Fredric Brown in drag?)

Suzlecol: Keep up editorial columns like this one and John Campbell is bound to go out of style (has he already?) soon. Very funny, and this is a compliment...so many are so dead serious about everything these days that humor is more precious.

Galactic Lyric: I can't say much here as I'm not particularly a poetry fan, but I did quite enjoy Jim Reuss's "The Ray."

Con Reports are Con Reports, but it was interesting to catch a definite report that INTERNATIONAL SF, bless it's shriveled little heart, is dead. /But I think Lester del Rey is being editor of a new one...-SVT/ Re: Ginjer's Con Report and statement that Ted White and Lester del Rey, at Disclave, believe "they sure aren't writing them like they used to" -- they ought to know...neither has written a word worth printing in some time. (Yes, Mr. White, that is a limitedly categorical statement but--with a wry, honest grin -- I stand by it!) Linda, it may be "klutzivity" to try and sell a copy of Gf to Bob Silverberg..the question is, did you do it? I gather klutzivity is a negative term, but set the record straight.../sigh, no, see his letter this column-LgE/

Mark Katlic's AFTERLIFE may have had a good ending, but after paragraphs beginning "Ris-Mag III watched...", "Ris-Mag III remembered...", "Ris-Mag III hovered..." I had to give up. (That's constructive criticism, by the way.)

I still have my Air Force raincoat I don't really think that they are better than a raincoat. Take a good wind and an umbrella is little better than girl fans who don't believe in free love (the dirty capitalists!) /But what about your head? It gets wet, doesn't it despite raincoats. What is really annoying is guys who don't wear a raincoat, don't carry an umbrella, and end up like a sopping wet mop-SVT/

I just like the UNCLE books by David McDaniel and Thomas Stratton. The rest aren't so interesting.

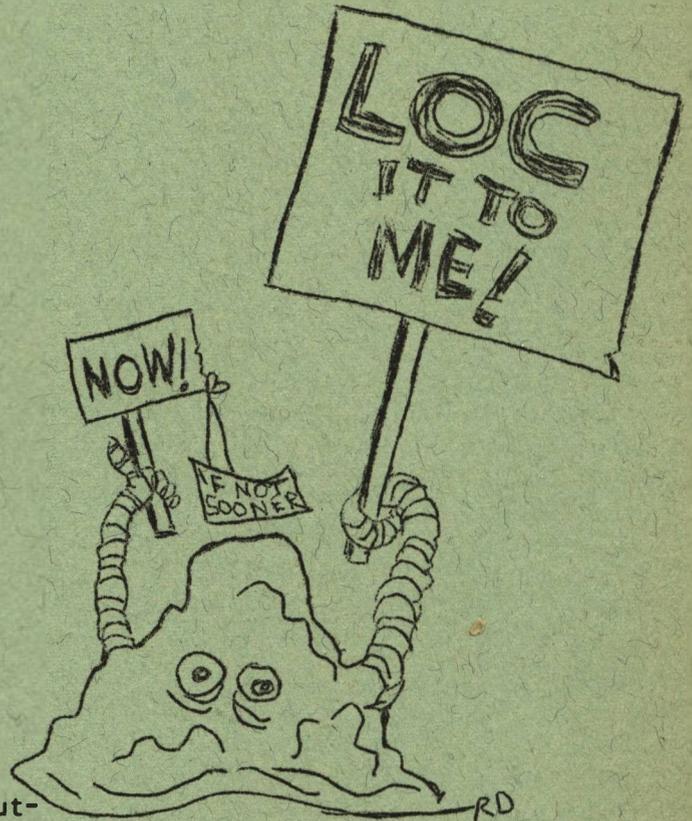
The con reports were OK, but a bit short. Got to watch these clerks. They obviously decided that your room key was worth selling.

Ginjer's con report was interesting. On the matter of uniform, I believe that something just as attention getting and more favorable would be black bikinis and medallians (padded?).

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

Everybody! As I've mentioned before, this column is sort of randomly ~~chosen~~ put together. I understand some zines have trouble getting LoCs, but not us. We got 'em by the bushel basket full and it's great. But unfortunately this issue is already long and there is just not room for whole letters, or even portions of all letters. So even if you don't see print thisish, your comments are muchly appreciated by me and Suzanne, both in egoboo and in constructive criticism. The following people sent us LoCs which did not see print, and when you see this list you'll see why we had to cut. If you LoCed us and your name is not below, it is just because I've mislaid your letter, but don't worry, I did read it-LgE:

Ken Scher, Bob Gernsman, Ed Smith, Ray Ridenour, Judy Walter, Steve Compton, Robert Willingham, Rick Seward, Jerry Lapidus, Bob Stahl, Shirley Meech, Keith Kramer, Jerry Kaufman, Eli Cohen, Lisa Tuttle, Ron Smith, Mike Gilbert, Arnie Katz, Mike Weber, Buck Coulson, David Malone, Ed Reed, Bob Roehm.....



Good Grief! That's a lot of LoCs /LocittomeLocittomeLocittome/. Everybody gets a copy of Gf, despite what was said about "printed LoCs" lastish. So it's really sort of "Substantial LoCs" and believe me, these were substantial. I hope some of you enthusiastic LoC writers will try your hand at SF articles, humor articles, and so on, as the LoC column will tend to be short and the other material long. But whatever you send, Thank You.-LgE & SVT

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"Fish gotta swim, birds, gotta fly, I gotta love one fan till
I die....can't help, loving that fan of mine....

---Femrefan's Lament

WHY ARE YOU GETTING THIS?



- You paid. The last issue you will receive is _____
- You are our one and only genuine lifetime subscriber
- You contributed.
- You LoCed us and we like you.
- We trade for _____
- Could we trade for _____ please?
- Unfortunately you are Richard Nixon
- Life flows on within you and without you...
- You are mentioned within
- Maybe you will contribute? Please?
- You are B*O*B* T*U*C*K*E*R
- When people say AGNEW you answer Gesundheit!
- You are a *ditly bla* pro and everyone knows that pros get free copies of fanzines to light their cigars with and use as toilet paper.
- This is a SAMPLE COPY
- You are exiled from Pittsburgh
- You are still in Pittsburgh and don't know it.
- You live in Western Pennsylvania. Did you know
- about are club? Call AC412, 6814736 for info.
- You are not receiving thisish.
- You are wonderful, fantastic, generous, and beautiful, besides which if I don't give you a copy you'll hit me.
- I don't know
- Sadism runs in our families
- Oedipus loved his mother
- We love you.
- You are going to Baycon and we don't have to pay postage for this....hahahahahaheehheehheehheeh
- You aren't going but can use this as a crying towel
- You remind me of BURT LANCASTER
- Good Grief! You are another Couch.

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LAST MINUTE IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS

- FLASH!** I am going to Baycon! (do to the good fairy) And so is Sunday Jordane (alias Sunday Eyster) (do to saving money from her job and being totally insane). So disregard my comments inside about not going.
- FREE!** Faneds take notice! FREE! Over \$20.00 worth of Gestetner stencils! Old, but still good. All you pay is the postage. Write Suzanne care of our address on page 2.
- NOTICE:** Fan-eds who trade with Double:Bill, please start sending Bill Bowers his trade copies to: 3271 Shellhart Road, Barberton, Ohio, 44203. He is out of the airforce and will be back home for good. P.S. Bill Mallard says he finally found his mailing list! (After a year, no less)

Starting nextish, Gf will take small ads, 3 lines for 50¢, so if you want special notice of your zine, pet project, books for sale, or so on, you can advertise here (we have a circulation of about 300).

EXTRA - Due to my klutzivity page 11 lacks the title, it should say "ELEVATOR SONG" in large letters. Sorry 'bout that, but have you ever run off 57 stencils - 300 copies each - traced some illos + proofread some pages - ALL IN ONE DAY - LGF.