

STARSHIP
TROOPER

This is STARSHIP TRIPE #4, the August, 1973 edition of a fanzine published irregularly by MICHAEL GORRA of 199 Great Neck Road, Waterford, Ct. 06385 203-44-0103. It may be had for loc, contribution, trade, or by my whim or, as a last resort, 35¢. If this__ is checked, it is you last issue unless you take some form of action. Any uncredited writing is the editor's.

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- Tim Egan- back cover
- Jim McCleod-1, 16
- Jeff Schalles-4, 6, 9, 10
- Greg Theakston-5
- ?-2

Special thanks to Jay Cornell, Jr, who provided the McCleod, Schalles, Theakston, and ? art. The latter came in with no identifying marks.

INTERLINEATIONS

- Ed Cagle-8
 - Buck Coulson-9
 - Mike Gorra- 7(2),
- Special thanks to Norm Hobbberg who provided the Coulson and Cagle interlinos.
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C'EST MOI

This issue is shorter than I expected, because of two things. 1. During my week at wrestling camp, my parents took my typewriter to the shop to be checked over. When I returned, it wasn't ready yet; indeed, I might not have it back now except for the fact that I kept on bugging the typewriter people about it. 2. There exists an evil ghod known as Football, who demands that his acolytes perform a ritual during the last week of August known as double sessions. So I have to get this out before then.

Missing are a review of Zelazny's TO DIE IN ITALBAR, my "Impertinent, Irrelevant Aside Concerning the Parentage of the Princes of Amber" and a large part of this column which was to deal with my stay at camp. You see, during the interim between lastish and this, I discovered (by reading such beasts) how a personalzine was supposed to be done, and have discovered that yes, I can write one if I try. But I want to publish a genzine, too. So the editorials here will usually be long (about 6 pp) rambling things of a personal nature. That way I'll accomplish both, for the price of one.

Also, I've now joined an apa, RAPS (OE is Frank Balazs) but I won't be running STRIPE through it. Instead, I'll have a zine called SURE AND BEGORRAH.

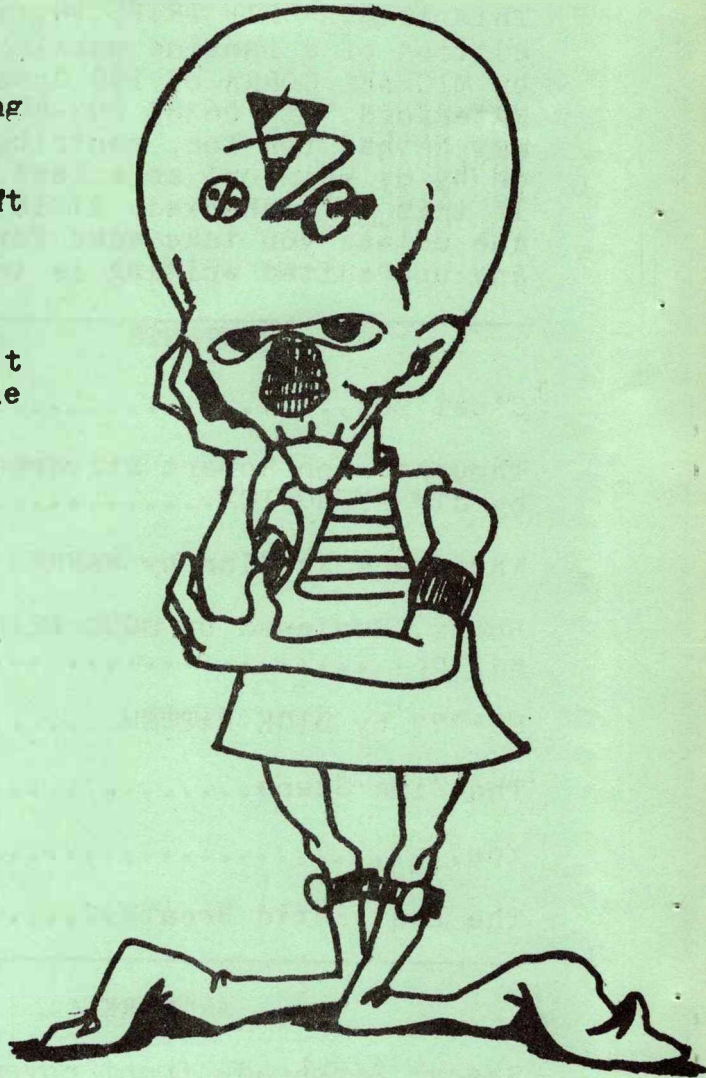
If any of you want to receive a copy or two of this, just let me know, and I'll send one along with STRIPE.

The Price this issue jumps to 35¢. I feel that this is justified; the zine costs enough to produce, especially this time with lots of electrostencils and offset covers. Besides, virtually none of you are paying for it anyways. I was thinking of cutting off people that I decide to send STRIPE to, and who don't respond, after a single issue, instead of my usual three, and of charging a buck in order to encourage response but I ~~didn't have the guts to do it~~ decided that it wasn't such a hot idea.

Anybody else seen the new cover on the Ace pb of DUNE? It's by John Schoenherr, and it is HIDEOUS.

The response on last ish was very good, about triple that of the first two issues, but right now mail is hard to come by, because, since I'm still coming into fandom I'm not yet getting a continuous flow of it, and I'm at the point between issues where everybody who's gonna write has, and the new ish hasn't come out/ been out long enough for me to receive locs yet. Ah, so it goes.

Chocolate pudding.



THOUGHTS ON ROBERT SILVERBERG'S NIGHTWINGS

by JIM ZYCHOWICZ

The blurb on the paperback version of Robert Silverberg's NIGHTWINGS is quite misleading---on the front cover, the novel is proclaimed a work of "redemption and renewal." "Redemption and renewal"-- two glittering generalizations that tend to disinterest me since so many novels are rated as such and not many truly live up to their description, a description that does promise a lot. But because of this rather misleading blurb, this novel sat on my shelf for over half a year; I didn't want to "waste" my time reading a book which I thought would be awful-- I saw visions of dense prose full of more of those glittering generalizations, and rather hokey philosophies; I saw little narrative worth following padded by those philosophies; I saw an awful book. But neither I, nor anyone else, should ever underestimate a book when it is written by one of the finest craftsmen of science fiction, Robert Silverberg.

In the interim between the purchase of the book, my storage of it, and the time when I finally read the novel, I bought a rather superb omnibus, the Asimov anthology of Hugo winning short fiction aptly titled THE HUGO WINNERS; within this huge book, I found Mr. Silverberg's original novella, "Nightwings" and I did read it, since it was an award winning piece. My curiosity became aroused; I found no redemption and renewal in this piece, but I did find a fascinating premise constructed by the author along with an engaging plot that was by no means complete in this sole short novel; eventually I just had to read the rest of the story which is told in the book entitled NIGHTWINGS.

I must say that at first glance the book seems to be a fantasy work; in the future projected in this novel, some human beings can fly, and actually have wings that grow like any other limb on their body. And, as speculated by many authors of science fiction, some of the people manifest telepathic, and somewhat extrasensory powers. Furthermore, as in the works of Clark Ashton Smith, the future Earth is physically different from the present world, with the Western Hemisphere nearly sunk, and the Mediterranean Sea practically a lake; the Italian peninsula extends to Africa, and the overall climate is somewhat milder than it is in current times. The jargon is a distortion of modern English-- this at first disgusted me, since I thought that the hypothetical world was not at all closely related to Earth, and the names Perris, Jorslem, and the like were uncreative distortions of modern places-- it was like reading a Robert E. Howard narrative and coming to a place that "just happens" to be called "Corinthia," or like reading any fifth rate science fiction novel and coming to a poor allegory about a place called Urth. But I later found that the distortions contributed to the overall effect of NIGHTWINGS; the world is Earth in the future and it is in some ways more decadent than it is today-- at least equal to or worse than current times with its social implications and class-caste system, and genetically beyond our world, with somewhat mutated inhabitants existing in this world at the bottom of the castes. Science had surpassed the current accomplishments and it had led man to the stars; Man unfairly mistreated another race on another planet, and, at the time of the novel, this race journeys to Earth in order to cull its revenge. The once quasi-omnipotent science of Earth is almost lost, and Earth is at its nadir as a planet

in comparison to the other worlds in the universe-- it was much like China after the Boxer Rebellion-- a has-been power, a curiosity piece, a threat that was no more.

But the people of Earth are united into a caste system that for decades and decades had prepared them for the coming of these aliens; guilds had been constructed that served various functions, such as the Defenders, the Rememberers, who studied the past, and who would keep the past alive as much as they could, the Watchers, who scanned the sky to sight the aliens when they did come, and to warn the people of Earth about the invasion, the Flyers who were the winged humans, and the Changelings-- for simplification, just mutants. These guilds, as they are called in the book, function universally, and the members travel from city state to city state.

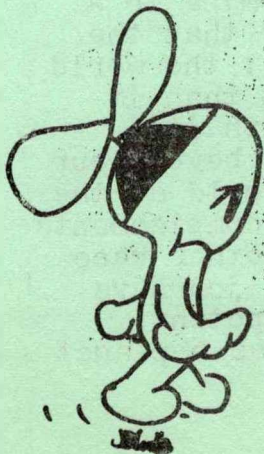
It is into this world that Silverberg plunges his narrative. An ancient Watcher is travelling from Egypt to Italy, more specifically to Roum; he is accompanied by a young female flyer, and a Changeling, one Gormon, who is, in reality, a spy for that alien world. They reach Roum, and it is there that they live when the invasion begins. The Watcher, without a profession, without a goal to his life now that his Watching is over, leaves the city to become one of the Rememberers, and the former Prince of Roum, the Dominant whom the Aliens defeat, accompanies him. It is a point in the subplot that Enric, the prince, is blinded; Gormon, jealous of Enric's lust for the Flyer, Avluela, had gouged the prince's eyes out in revenge.

The Duo reaches Perris, and joins the Rememberers; shortly thereafter, the former Watcher is expelled from Perris, and setn on a pilgrimage to Jorslem with a female Rememberer who had been involved in an affair with Enric, who has been killed while this happens. The former Watcher, now known as Tomis, and the Woman, Olmayne, arrive at the shrine of renewal at Jorslem after a few adventures on the road, and both are accepted by the officials for physical rejuvenation. For Tomis, it is successful, but the somewhat mundane, petty Olmayne is lost, as the rejuvenation goes too far, and reverts her to ever receding childhood and infancy. But Tomis is young again, and he is reunited with his beloved Flyer, Avluela, at Jorslem.

Both of these people are now guildless, and have no idea of what will happen after the renewal; an important alternative, and the one which confronts Tomis is the prospect of being initiated into the guild of Redeemers, a guild which would maintain the renewing of human beings, and who would eventually unite humanity in a somewhat cosmic brotherhood that would encompass all who have undergone the rejuvenation. It is here that the novel ends; Tomis, the protagonist, is spiritually, and physically, renewed, and furthermore reunited with his beloved; the world which had been at its nadir when the conquerors came now seems potentially ready to renew itself and overcome the natural impulses of its progenitors who had imperialistically took advantage of the universe; anything more would be anti-climactic.

The narrative itself is quite well-paced, and is in no way as boggy and labourious as I originally thought it would be; Silverberg shows things with his story, and never moralizes--the reader draws his own conclusions, if he wishes more than an entertaining and original story.

The concepts introduced in this science fiction novel are refreshingly creative and somewhat new, to met at least. The creatures of myth and legend are a scientific reality in the Earth of the Third Cycle; fantasy, though it may seem,

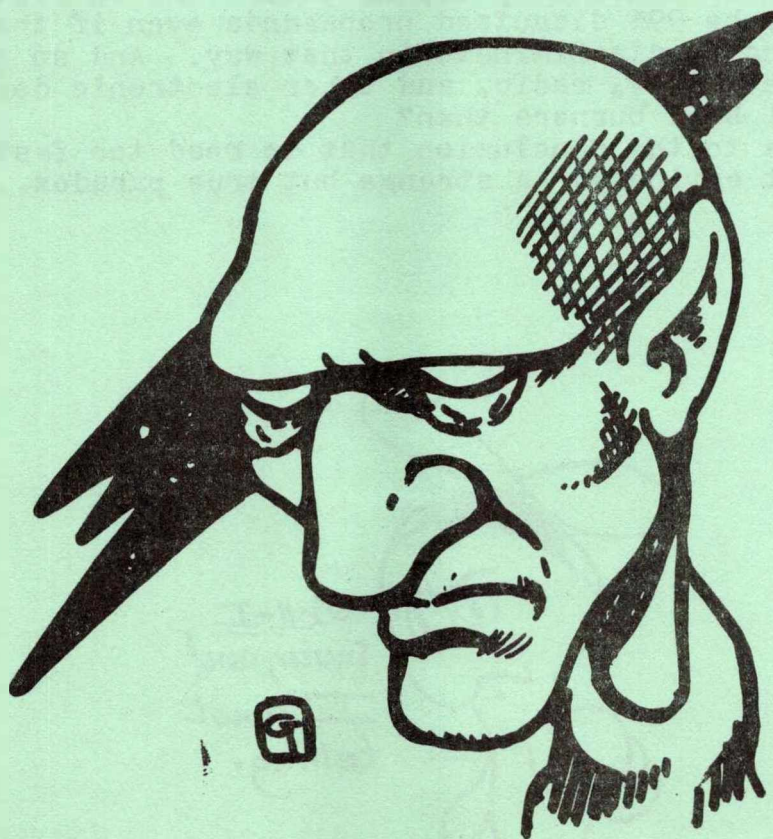


Where I'm
going, fandom
will never
find me.
Never!

the future world is a very distant future-view, and hardly worth disputing for its fanciful or scientific content at this date which is dim past for the people in the Third Cycle.

Moreover, the rather subtle hints at renewal and redemption, those "glittering generalizations" while they are not stressed, nevertheless exist in this novel; for those interested in them and interested in more than the pure narrative, this science fiction novel has depth to it which does make it more memorable than something like "The Pirates of Jupiter" or "Johnny Future, Space Pilot" but not of the variety into which we thrust such works as CHILDHOOD'S END or BRAVE NEW WORLD.

This novel is just one example of the work of Robert Silverberg, who has already written a novel of more personal and more imminent renewal in DOWNWARD TO THE EARTH; Silverberg's ideas reach more cosmic dimensions in NIGHTWINGS, and hopefully future works will be more masterpieces of science fiction. Silverberg is one author worth watching since I doubt that he has yet reached the crest of his talents; he is more than promising, since science fiction authors who are this good are hard to find, and when found, they are an important commodity in this literary form.



WHO NEEDS READING?

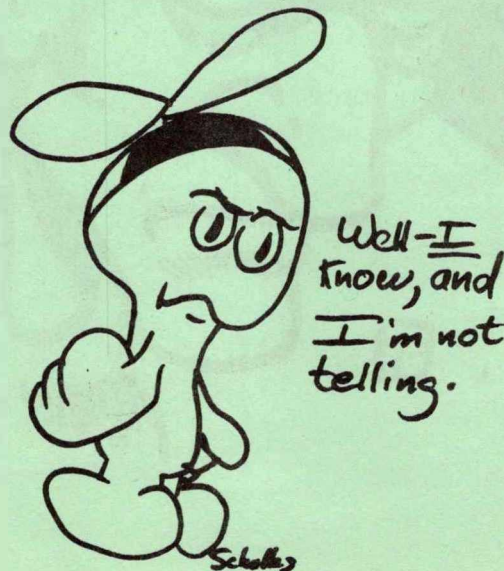
by WARREN JOHNSON

Lately there has been some attention paid in the press to some 'psychics,' who claim that they can read anything by just touching it. Let's suppose, for a moment, that all of a sudden everyone gained the ability to 'read' this way.

What would be its immediate effects? Well, everyone would be able to read all that he wanted, and still have time to discuss it and write things. A Golden Age of Intellectualism could be upon us. People everywhere would be talking about subjects that were previously only discussed by the 'well educated.' All this would pass over us and permanently enrich our culture and civilization. Right?

Wrong. If everyone could do all that, why wouldn't they just walk into a bookstore and touch all the books they wanted to read instead of buying them? The libraries couldn't buy all that is needed to sustain publishers, especially paperback and periodical publishers. Thus libraries would be the only sources of this printing after awhile, and they could not do the job alone. There would be no independent publishers, the only publishers would be the respective governments, and though they would presumably expand their line to fiction then, it would probably be 99% disguised propoganda even if they were not consciously trying to discriminate in that way. And so the only free press would be the tv, radio, and other electronic devices. Who needs FAHRENHEIT 451 book burners then?

So we come to the conclusion that to read too fast would be to stop reading almost entirely. A strange but true paradox.....



BOOKS

ORGANA. John P. McLaren. Electron Science Fiction Books \$1.25
 reviewed by DOUG LEINGANG

This is perhaps Electron's first book, according to the preface by the editor, L. Oliver Green, "Electron SF is striving for quality in the books which we publish... and we are proud to print as one of our first authors, an unknown to most of you died-in-the-wool science fiction readers, John P. McLaren. We believe, and we hope you agree, that Mr. McLaren will prove to be in the near future one of science fiction's greatest writers.

Green is enthusiastic, and rightfully so, for ORGANA is probably one of the best books to come out in the '70's. What makes it so good is not the plot (though intricately done) or even the theme (a rare thing indeed in sf these days) but the more-than-believable characters. One reviewer said that you would find the characters leap off the page, but I think it's just the opposite. You would want to jump into the book and live in the world of Abla and Montgomery Emerson.

Abla and Montgomery are newlyweds; banished from a future Earth (the date is not given) which is so overpopulated that only a fortunate few are allowed to marry and have children. The Emersons travel through deep-space for two years in a small tachyon vessel. Landing on an obscure and uncharted planet light-years away from the solar system, Abla and Montgomery make their home in harsh conditions.

Later in the book, the Emersons leave their dwelling and search for other forms of life, especially a civilization. They stumble onto a highly mechanized society, where a computer takes care of every need. The Earthlings are treated hospitably by the rulers of Organa (the society) Organians are somewhat humanoid in appearance, but their internal structure is different.

The society of the Organians is not to the Emerson's liking, and they desire to move onward. Upek, one of the Organian elders, guides the Emersons on foot through the uncharted areas of the planet. There they meet dangers unknown even to Upek. One monster attacks the Organian and leaves the guide for the flying tongh, which resemble vultures. Montgomery was a doctor on Earth and tries to heal the Organian, but the structure of Upek's body is so strange that he cannot do anything. They bury Upek and go onward.

Abla's child dies seconds after its birth, and this makes her a mental case. She commits suicide; Emerson returns to Organa to live the rest of his life, but cannot seem to forget his experiences, which he has written up for the Organian archives. It is these memoirs which make up ORGANA.

Next year when it's time for the Hugo balloting, give ORGANA by John P. McLaren a vote. I won't go as far to say that the book is the best I've ever read, but it is one of the best. McLaren has a smooth and easy style, and the book, about 210 pages, can be read in one sitting. I highly recommend it to everyone, fan or non-fan.

It was only after becoming a fan that I noticed that the door on one of my father's iceboxes was made in Hagerstown Md.

Sometimes when angry, I find myself saying "FIJAGH" instead of something more appropriate.

AN EXALTATION OF STARS ed. by TERRY CARR
SFBC

This is another of those (and how often have you heard those words?) theme anthologies that feature three authors, writing around a central idea. Like last year's *THE DAY THE SUN STOOD STILL*, this one focuses on religious experiences. Carr asked Robert Silverberg, Roger Zelazny, and Edgar Pangborn to write novellas that would attempt to effect a blend of the rational world, the world of sf, with that of the irrational, of a transcendental experience. It's a decent book, about as good as the *THE DAY* etc. Whether this is par for the course or not, I don't know. It is definitely not as good as *THREE FOR TOMMORROW*, one of the earliest of these anthologies, but the stories are fairly interesting, call for a little bit of mental work, though, ultimately, only one of them is really worthwhile. Wait for the paperback, unless you're a member of the book club.

"The Feast of Saint Dionysus" By Robert Silverberg tells the tale of an astronaut, the lone survivor of the first Mars expedition, who is trying to come to terms with his friends' deaths on that planet. He accomplishes this in the desert, where a hidden city whose inhabitants worship a god in the guises of both Christ and Dionysus, takes him in. It's a slightly below average Silverberg story; it's well written and all, but it doesn't particularly stick out in the mind as something to remember, and I would say that it won't make any awards ballots.

"Kwalhioqua" er, I mean "Kjwalll'kje'koothailll'kje'k" by Roger Zelazny is a sequel to his "The Eve of RUMOKO" in *THREE FOR TOMMORROW*. It's not as well done as its predecessor, but I enjoyed it, as I do all of Zelazny's works, even when I recognize that they are minor. It deals with the kind of religious experience that a sentient dolphin might undergo, all knotted up in a murder mystery. The beginning is better than the end; it seemed very unfinished in its latter stages; there are a lot of unexplored possibilities here, I think, and if he had bothered to explore them (Perhaps this is the curse of these theme anthologies) he would have had a novel and a much better story. The prose is very good, again, especially in the earlier portions.

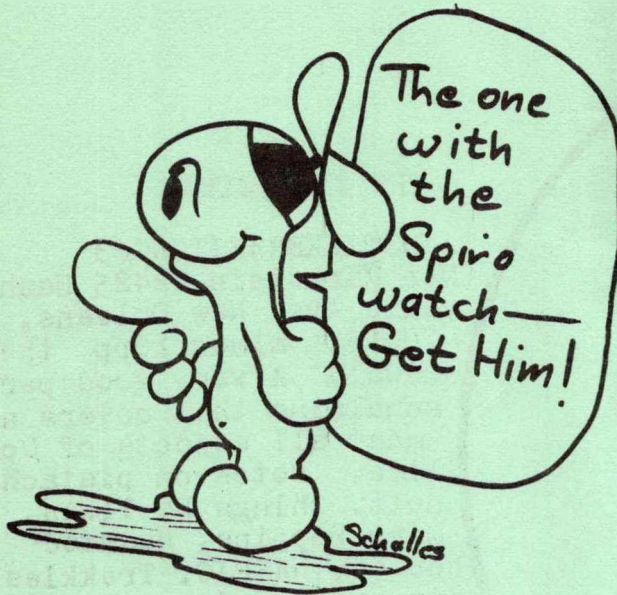
"My Brother Leopold" by Edgar Pangborn is easily the best story in the book. It's about a man whose long dead brother has come up for Sainthood in the church of the world of DAVY. Especially at the beginning, while the man is writing a letter to an abbot about his brother, the prose reminded me of the only Pangborn story I have read in its entirety, "Mount Charity." (I was unable to finish *DAVY* for various reasons) That letter comprises the principal part of the tale, but there's a transcript of the brother's trial (for he, like Joan of Arc, was first executed for heresy, and then later absolved) and two other letters, which culminate with the letter writer himself being put away because of some of the things he wrote, though his brother is now well upon the road to Sainthood. It's a moving story, very much worth reading, and should be up among the leaders when it comes time for Hugos and Nebulas.

So, one excellent story, and two fair ones (for the writers; they'd be great for most other writers) one of which would have been better at a longer length. It's not too bad, and I'm not sorry that I read the book, and will be worth your time and money when it comes out in paperback.

The world's in a hell of a shape. I didn't do it. I would have done it but no one asked me to do it.

ESP???

by DICK PATTEN



I have a friend who has a talent that, for lack of a better name, I call esp. People give him things, that's it, people just give him almost anything he wants.

It seems that whenever he needs, or wants, something, within two weeks someone offers it to him. It is very seldom the same person, but one thing they all have in common is that they just give the things as gifts. Never a charge for them or even a favor asked in return; totally without strings. You know, the type of thing the rest of us don't believe in.

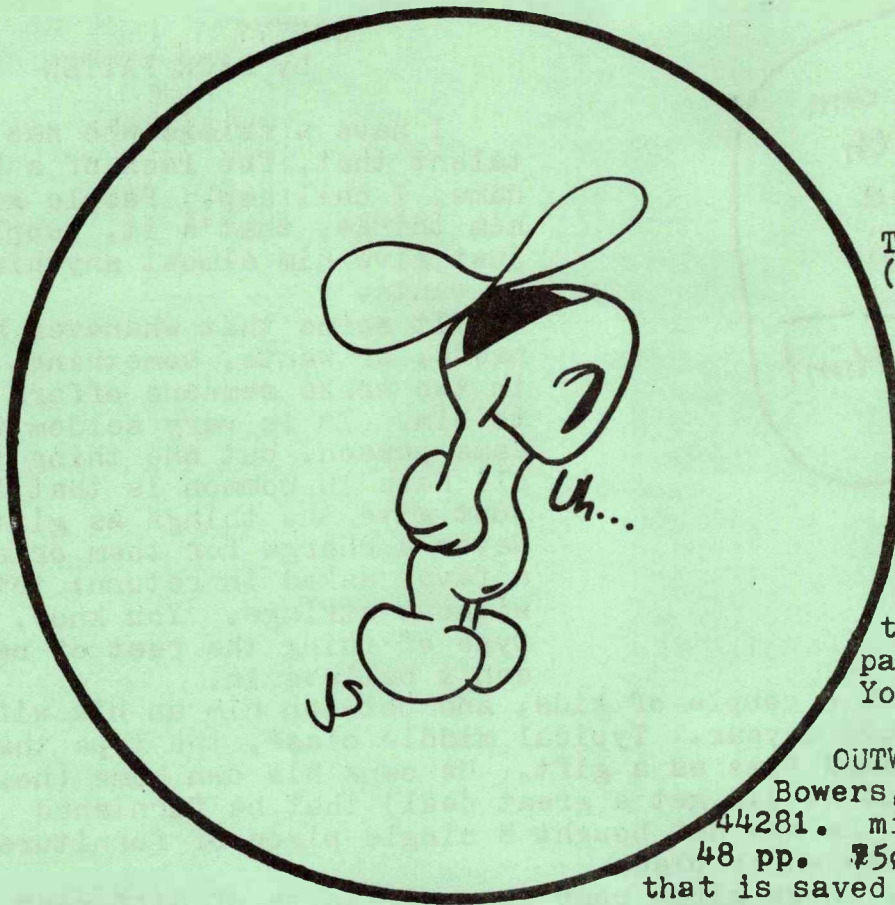
He is married, has a couple of kids, and between him and his wife they make about \$11,000 a year. Typical middle class, the type that usually only gets a hard time as a gift. He owns his own home (no, he had to pay for it, but he did get a great deal) that he furnished entirely with gifts. He has not bought a single piece of furniture, dish, pot or pan in the whole place.

As I said before, these gifts come from all sorts of different people, not his relatives, nor, for the most part, people he has even met before. Last weekend I was at his house, drooling at all the goodies, when he got a phone call. A neighbor, whom he had never met, was moving. They had bought a mobile home and had to get rid of their furniture. Naturally, they thought he could use some. He ended up with (I think I have the list almost complete) an armchair with matching footstool (six months old) two bureaus (one year old) a coffee table (never been used) a nic-nac shelf, an axe, a shovel, two hoes, a book cases, ten pounds of assorted seed for his garden, and fifty records.

Actually it was the records that prompted me to write this; you see, he does not own a record player. Now for some reason it didn't bother me when he only got what he needed, or at least used (altho I will admit to a twinge or two when my furniture payments came due) but now nothing is safe. The world is at his feet. I can see him having a storehouse given him to hold all things he gets. The economy of the world resting on his whims. The rest of us working just so we can offer him the fruits of our labor.

Beware Home Sapiens, your day is done; the new man, Home Freeloader, has arrived.

If (his) IQ has been raised fifty points by Dianetics, what in God's name was it like before?



THE ZINE SCENE

TANDSTIKKERZEITUNG#3
(Don Markstein, 2425 Nashville Ave. New Orleans, LA 70015. mimeo 10pp the usual) A very good personalzine that covers almost all aspects of Don's life. Notes on pistachio nuts, things he likes, Mary Poppins, Haunted houses, NASFIC, Trekkies, his mail, and so on. Particularly enjoyed the last part of his Gestetner piece. You should try it.

OUTWORLDS#16 (Bill and Joan Bowers, Box 148, Wadsworth, Ohio 44281. mimeo with offset covers. 48 pp. 75¢) Fairly mediocre issue that is saved in part by the controversy brewing in its lettercol. The articles

and columns were mostly uninteresting to me, and Steve Fabian's artwork consisted mostly of cartoons, a medium that I don't think he handles as well as straight drawing. His covers are excellent, though. Except for a lengthy lettercol, this would be a thin issue in terms of both size and substance. But locs from Harlan Ellison and Piers Anthony save the day partly. Next time it should be a blockbuster, as the controversy, which involves both Ellison, Anthony, Ted White, Dick Lupoff, Phil Farmer, and probably others, takes on fuller scope. Bill's vaunted graphics aren't that much in evidence, though repro is superb. But then, I've never understood what's so avant garde about putting a frame around an illo anyway.

LOCOMOTIVE#1 (Ken Gammage, 7865 E. Roseland Drive, La Jolla, CA 92037. 4pp. Ditto. Free?) This zine wants to center almost entirely around locs. It's also about the worst zine I've ever seen, even worse than STRIPE#1. Horrendous artwork by Ken, as well as a poorly written editorial. The only halfway decent thing is a review of THE EARLY ASIMOV by his co-editor, Brett Cox. And the fact that he can type in italics.

THE ANYTHING THING#6 (Frank Balazs and Matt Schneck, 19 High Street, Croton-on-Hudson NY 10520 mimeo with xerox front cover. 42 pp. the usual of 40¢) A good issue. Some Rotsler art, a lettercol with amusing locs, particularly by Mike Glicksohn, articles by the editors, Brazier, Svoboda, Leingang, and others, and zine reviews. I enjoy Frank and Matt's writing, especially their editorial. Repro is better than last time, and I especially liked the pages printed on red paper.

THE ORGANLEGGER#6 (Mike Glyler, 14974 Osceola St. Sylmar, CA 91342. mimeo 4pp. trade or news) A sort of fannish newszine. The first five

issues were done as an answer/parody to the Westercon official newspaper, THE ORGANBANK (gee, I wonder if they thought of those names because Larry Niven was guest of honor?) Has an interesting Westercon report that was more personal than the one in LOCUS, a piece on LACON finances that I couldn't get into, and a few odds and ends. Fun to read, and it should be fairly useful if it comes out often enough.

PREHENSILE#9 (Mike Glyler, address above. Mimeo with offset cover. 71pp. the usual or 50¢) Easily the finest zine listed here this time, PRE#9 may well be the finest genzine in my collecting. It contains a plethora of well written articles; Richard Wadholm on rock and space opera, Stan Burns with an innovative review of TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE, Aljo Svoboda writing once more on his yin and yang themes of gaffiation and neohood, Dave Gerrold as a crazy Reverend a la Al Capp's Marryin' Sam, and more. Plus a thought provoking lettercol and editorial. Not a hell of a lot of art, considering the page count, but what's there is good, with Shull, Canfield, and Rotsler doing most of it. The cover is excellent. If you took all the zines listed here this time around, and cobbled together an issue out of their best features, it still wouldn't be nearly as good as this issue of PRE is.

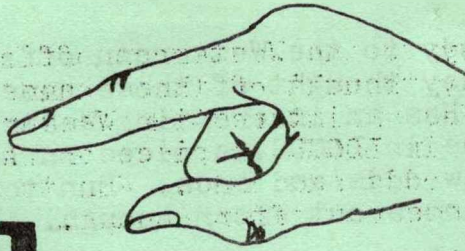
STARLING#25 (Hank and Lesleigh Lutrell. 525 W. Main #1 Madison, Wisconsin 53703. mimeo. 36 pp. The usual or 50¢) I found only two things of real interest to me here: Grant Canfield's "The Worst From WASTE PAPER" (Containing the clean parts. The dirty (read funnier) stuff is scheduled for MOTA) and two reviews of books by Roger Zelazny. Things that I couldn't get into was an article on Josephine Tey, a piece on sf in British comics during the 50's, and the lettercol, which was mostly about movies. The artwork was good, but didn't show up too well against a background of drab grey paper. Grant Canfield did most of it, either by himself or in collaboration with Jeff Kinney or Tim Kirk.

PARENTHESES # 3,4 (Frank Balazs, Address under TAT. mimeo. 12 pp each. the usual) A fun personalzine. #3 has more of Frank, including an excellent hoax piece, in addition to columns by Doug Leingang and Aljo Svoboda. #4 is mostly letters, not as amusing as #3, but still good. Includes my first published loc: a whole line and a half excerpt! Also one of the best things I've seen by Doug Leingang, some bits of news. and a long loc by Mike Glyler about NASFIC. Try it.

ULBRA (John Robinson, c/o ASSFS Box 530 DD SUNYA, 1400 Washington Avenue, Albany NY 12222. 22pp mimeo. the usual) Very hard to figure out until you discover that page one is a continuation of page two, and that the colophon doesn't start until page 3. Other than that, it's good. A con report (Boskone) that would have been better if I'd been familiar with more of the people, zine reviews, a round robin sf story satire, something that proves that Mr. Spock is Jewish, an amusing piece by the Rev. Anal Roberts, and an article by Aljo Svoboda (!) put on stencil in a typeface that's a reasonable facsimile of his handwriting. I enjoyed it.

SINGLE FILE#1 (Dave Shank, 30 East Laurel Street, Lawrence, Mass. 01843. ditto 7pp. the usual) A cut or so above LOCOMOTIVE. His writing is about as bad as Ken's, but it manages to be funny at times, even approaching insanity, which is a good thing. His artwork, too is better, and much funnier. Zine reviews, comics reviews, and a bunch of poems that I didn't read by James Hall, along with the personal stuff.

You



Norm Hochberg 89-07 209 St
Queens Village NY 11427

The first half of issue three was a loss to me. God knows just what the hell Aljo is thinking half the time. Some of his recent apazines have been puzzling me no no end. And I'm probably the on-fan who thought DUNF(and DUNF MES-

SIAH) was a pile of rat turds, so I couldn't care less about Greek themes in the story. Sorry.

As for Heinlein being liberal... well... His STARSHIP TROOPERS is hardly even middle-of-the-road, FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD was pretty rightist, and I WILL FEAR NO EVIL was more atheoretical than leftist. Don't confuse usage of sex (literary liberality) with politics. And if one can equate writer and writings, Heinlein's works are right wing. He once bought a full-page newspaper ad accusing those who would support nuclear test bans of short-sightedness, cootowing to Communists, and of "forsaking the heirs of Patrick Henry."

I haven't read his latest novel yet, but if you see him saying that democracy may not be the best form of government, then either he's changed or you're not reading right. Even STRANGER seemed to be overly protective (if not overly polemical) of democracy. Or Democracy, rather.

STRIPE uses layout? You're kidding. Reminds me of the time I first used electrostenciled artwork and did a few meager layout experiments. I wrote to AlpaJpuri that I had "Zaremba-ized" myself. PaJ wrote back that I was crazy. He was right.

In other words, you've still got a looong way to go before you can claim layoug. Right now it's still pretty much type-it-out.

I find 'no award' useful when I consider a nominee ineligible. I then put him-her-it under 'no award' Charlie Brown, for instance. His only writings are occasional book reviews(very occasional) as most of the ~~news~~ comes to him pretty much written up. He edits it but doesn't write that stuff.

On your objections to 'no award.' I agree that there's always a best of the year, but it very often isn't a nominee. If you feel that all nominees are of inferior quality, what other way is there to express this sentiment?

(I don't think that Heinlein is liberal from a political standpoint, but liberal as regards social conventions. I think that you're using the term 'democracy' wrong. Technically, a democracy is a government in which everybody decides on everything. Naturally, this can't exist outside of very small communities. You're thinking of a republic, such as the United States is, but it seems to me that Heinlein doesn't even like this very much, because everybody gets to vote if he is of age and can pass a simple test. He advocates a republic where one can only become a member of the electorate by being above average in some respect. Such a government is not a democracy, nor is it really a republic; it approaches oligarchy. I gleaned his preference for this type of government both from STARSHIP TROOPERS and TEFL. Long ~~days~~ in several places that it is stupid to let 'the people' run things. Since this is repeated, it would seem that Heinlein is trying to emphasize this.

You don't know what kind of layout happened in the first two ishes. In #3, at least, I tried to keep each article by itself, without having something end in the middle of one page and the next thing start on the same page. It didn't work all the time. And even Bill Bowers says that layout doesn't have to be fancy. Just how you arrange your articles

in terms of order is a form of layout. So it was layed out, and this issue it's even more so. I hope.

I still think that abstention is better than 'no award' but I'm stubborn. But I will admit that your point about the best thing not being nominated is a valid one. I think that such a thing may have occurred this year, in the category of pro art. I think that Gahan Wilson richly deserves a Hugo, and would love to see him one one.-Mike)

Ben Indick 428 Sagamore Avenue Teaneck N.J. 07666

Please forgive me for not acknowledging STARSHIP...#3--I dislike that undeserved crudzine word Tripe, unnecessarily self-demeaning--before now. I simply have not had time.

If nothing else, your ingenious relating of DUNE to Aeschylus deserves a bravo. You have made a positive case, without doing damage to either author. Frank Herbert may not achieve the lasting power of the Greek playwright but in the halls of sf, his book has lasting power. It is one of the few real epics in the field, consciously written as such, and quite successful. I'll accept your notion, if only because of the Atreides/Atreus coincidence. If Eugene O'Neill could do it, so can Herbert.

Aside from this excellent article, I was very much taken with the Tolkeinesque runes on the back cover. Most attractive. Recently, having twenty one cents worth of postage and nothing else to do with it, I sent a letter to JRRT imploring him to release THE SILMARILLION. There was, of course, no reply--I doubt if he even sees the mail which is sent to him, for his publishers stopped forwarding it years ago. However, this novel, reputed to be longer than LoTR, and completed, may be posthumous. If he doesn't hurry, it'll be posthumous for me too. He's 80, but hell, I'm nearly fifty, and that ain't no spring chicken.

(I too crave the release of THE SILMARILLION. When it is published, I predict that if it is anywhere near the masterpiece LoTR is, it will win the Hugo and Nebulas. I'm probably crazy, but I also don't think it too far-fetched to anticipate the Nobel Prize for Tolkein too. When I first read LoTR, when I was in seventh grade, I wanted more stories of Middle-Earth so badly that I tried to write some of my own. There was one that tried to follow all the characters of the Fellowship after Frodo's Departure, and another that I started to tell the story of THE LAST ALLIANCE.- Mike)

Ken Gammage Jr. 7865 E. Roseland Dr. La jolla CA 92037

The Frigidity Theme in AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS

It all starts with a sensation. One you have that feeling, everything else will fall into place, even as it did for me. Anyone who has ever played in the snow, or stuck their hands in the freezers at the market will snap it up just like ****that****.

Oh, of course I know that certain facts don't jibe in this parallel, but if pickiness is your 'bag' as the youngsters call it, then you don't matter anyway.

The book starts out. The hero is, purportedly, a geologist from "Miskatonic University." Look up "Misk" in your dictionary, and what do you find? That's right-- nothing! It's made up! And what kind of people wear makeup? If you said female, you are correct. But even though the author had the effeminate name of Lovecraft, he was a male. Very well, what do we have so far? A made-up male. Does this mean that he was a homos^{exual}? According to those who knew him, he was not. Why, then, should this man pretend to this condition? The answer is

decidedly simple; he was impotent. Or, to put it another way, frigid.

Now that we have reached this conclusion together, can we find corroborative evidence? As we read further, we follow the progress of our hero. Where does he go? Where indeed but to the antarctic, the coldest, most FRIGID place on earth. And once there, they meet horrible monsters, meant by the author to give us goose-bumps. And when else do you get goose-bumps but when frightened, or FRIGID?! Thus, just another case of how s*x rules our daily lives. Thank you.

(Your satire is much better than your editorial, Ken. Thanks-Mike)

Thomas J. Roberts c/o English Department UCONN Storrs Ct. 06268

STRIPE arrived Saturday. I read through your three issues that night and showed them to some friends, and we all liked them immensely. THE ALIEN CRITIC and OUTWORLDS and GRANFALLOON have arrived, and I liked them too, but STRIPE is candid and not angry at anyone and it all seems to work. Thank you. I am putting them in our library and telling my class to get in touch with you when in Waterford.

Your thesis about the Oresteian trilogy and DUNE did not convince me. I have not yet read DUNF MESSIAH and perhaps it would make your argument seem more plausible but I am skeptical. I remember Orestes because he killed his mother and her lover for having murdered his father and was harried by the Furies as a consequence. Further, I remember the Agamemnon of Aeschylus' trilogy as a brutal man who had brought a concubine--or mistress, at least-- home to live with him and his wife. Unless you find this pattern in Herbert's novels, it seems to me that you are straining to say that the books echo this Greek myth. I would suggest that names like Atreides and Bene Gesserit are more decorative than allusive. They add a suggestiveness to the books which names like Roberts and Borra lack for anyone but us. There are some parallels to be found, I agree, but I don't think we have to know the myth in order to understand the novel-- and that is one rough test of its importance.

(You are right, to an extent, but I made it clear in the piece that the myth doesn't cover all aspects of the story, or vice versa. I also think that it concentrates more on the characters of Cassandra and Orestes than upon that of Agamemnon, and upon Orestes pursuit by the Furies more than on his matricide, though I do think that I could have drawn more attention to the death of his grandfather, Baron Harkonnen, and that person's effeminacy. And I do think that an understanding of the myth adds to ones understanding of the novel-- at least in my case. If anyone has Frank Herbert's adress, let me have it and I will send him lastish, along with subsequent commentary on it, and ask him to comment.

Tom is teaching a course at the University of Connecticut and is trying to introduce his class to fandom. Send him zines.- Mike)

Doug Leingang PO Box 21328 L.S.U. Baton Rouge LA 70803

I disagree with Cy Chauvin about "sharing the Hugos" Well, that might be fine and humanitarian: let's say that in 1973 some zine other than LOCUS gets it, and another year another zine gets it. We'll make a list of who will get the Hugo for a specific year. I'll nominate STRIPE for a Hugo to be 'won' 1976. If fans like LOCUS, they'll vote for LOCUS. I can honestly and proudly say that I've never seen an issue of LOCUS. Just get rid of the Hugos completely and make Worldcons places where everyone from all parts of the Globe get drunk and spend money.

(I can only see spreading the Hugo around in one category- fan art,

because all the good fan artists are so close together in terms of quality and all are pretty consistent from year to year (I suppose) unless they don't draw too much in a given year. Rotsler should win this year, but people such as Canfield, Shull, Fabian, and Carter all deserve an award sooner or later. Not to mention Kirk and Barr, who already have theirs.-Mike)

Bill Breiding 2240 Bush Street San Francisco CA 94115 (official COA)

You can tell you're a neo; even tho I be one, it's noticeable. You are much too hasty, me lad, and you blab more than you should about Hugos, LOCUS, and other things. I for one would never vote in a Hugo at this point, but then I'll tell you right now that I don't even try to keep up with the sf scene today; there's so much in the psat that has to be read and enjoyed. I'd rather take my time for a few more years (if not longer) and catch up on and read up on the past novels, shorts, etc.

I liked Egan's cover; so what if it's crude? We can't all be Great. But I think this cover was nice, in itself. You could have left the logo out though, or worked it in more subtly., and perhaps by hand. The face is its main attraction. You could have just used that in the center of the page and I would have liked it.

Aljo's article was definitely the main attraction to STRIPE#3, I found it hard to get into your parallel; I don't go for them and I think that in the most part they're goofy. Yeah, I give you credit that they are interesting to think about, but I think the author^s don't really intend consciously to do it. I'm not familiar with Orestes... so...but it's all very interesting.

(When somebody writes a letter to STRIPE commenting on a previous issue, I feel that they deserve a reply to their criticisms, so I print it with my comments. I like a lettercol in which the editor plays a large role; that's why I write so much here. The cover last time was sort of a last minute thing. Tim hadn't done anything for me because he was too busy, working. So I picked out something he had done a while ago and used it. Originally the logo was done in hand, but you've never seen my penmanship (Some of you can attest to the fact that it's horrible)(Oops, forgot, Bill, I wrote you a postcard. But that was printed, anyways) I put it there because the spot looked unbalanced. I think that discussions of a story's sources can be among the most interesting things published in zines. And as for the author not using myth consciously, well, THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION is definitely modeled on several myths, as are many other works. My own writing has used myth quite a bit, and I believe that it's been conscious every time. Besides, Atreides is not a common name-- it has to be a clue.-Mike)

Cy Chauvin 17829 Peters Soseville, Mich. 48066

Two things come up that I think would be interesting to discuss in ST. One is the debate over what is a fanzine--I mean, a high circulation fanzine that pays for its material isn't really a fanzine-- or is it? You might ask yourself how some humble(b^{UT} worthwhile) fanzine with only a circulation of 200-300 could ever hope to be nominated when zines like ALGOL and THE ALIEN CRITIC have circulations over 1000, and the former at least is willing to pay for certain types of contributions(or so I understand. It really doesn't seem fair. On the other hand, I can't see where it is fair to make Richard E. Geis or Andy Porter compete with Ted White or Edward Ferman as "Best Editor.

Instead, I think there should be a new category: semi-prozine. This would be for all publications that paid for their material, amde a profit on publication, or had a circulation between 500-5000 (let's say) This would also have the advantage of permitting various fantasy-horror publications (MOONBROTH, WITCHCRAFT & SORCERY) and various academic sf little mags (RQ, Extrapolation, FOUNDATION) to compete for an award, which they really aren't able to do now. What do you think?

Another idea worth discussing is Dave Locke's suggestion that Hugo Awards be given for the best fan article, rather than the best fan writer, since some of the best pieces in fandom are published by people who don't write very much. And too often fans who write a lot of not particularly good material (but who appear in a lot of zines) are nominated, simply because they've written alot and their name is familiar to a lot of Hugo-voters-- many of whom are fringe-fans, with little experience with hardcore fandom. I'm not really too crazy about this idea (though I'm not dead set against it either) I would really like to see a fanpoll conducted for "Best Fanzine Article of the Year" first, and see how that might turn out. And more discussion on this ideas pros and cons.

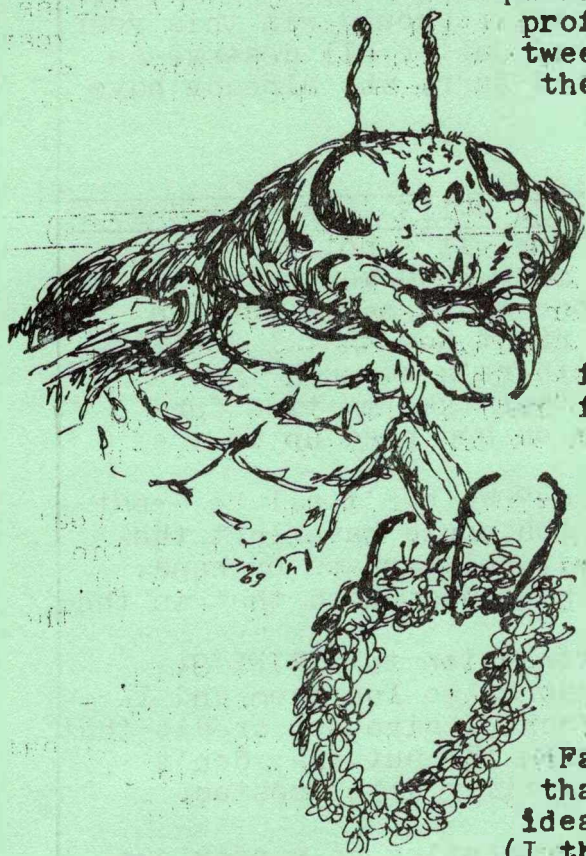
(I think that there is definitely a need for a semi-prozine category; there is no need for a zine like, say KWALHIOQUA to have to compete with ALGOL. Though you'd run into problems. Where would you put a zine like OUTWORLDS or PREHENSILE, which, though their circulation might not be over \$00, publishes the same sort of material as ALGOL, only without the frills. And the material is, at times, better. But I will be very surprised if some fan has not thought on this for a long time, and come with answers, ready to put before the business meeting at TORCON. In general, though I think that the guidelines you propse are reasonable ones, and whatever guidelines are set up for this new category will probably pretty much follow yours.

I don't think they should do away with the fan writer award, but I would like to see a fanpoll. Bill Bowers says in INWORLDS that he and Mike Glicksohn are planning on publishing a sort of FANTHOLOGY, and perhaps if enough people wanted it that way, he could be persuaded to run a poll, and print the results and the articles. At any rate, he'd probably be open to suggestions. - Mike)

SHORT BITS

WARREN JOHNSON: As for the hoax article, we all know that Aljo is a hoax, but I have never known hoaxes to admit publicly that they are hoaxes. (I have always suspected that Aljo was created by Ed Cagle)

SHERYL BIRKHEAD: I'm enclosing a cover. It is SUPPOSED to be reminiscent of the golden age of the pulps- but you can't win 'em all (I think we won this one, Sheryl. I love it.-Mike)



DICK PATTEN: The Article on Dune was nice even tho the only thing I am well grounded in is sleeping.

FRANK BALAZS: Boy, to not be able to mimeo your own fanzine. I can understand your position since it seems to be the only way feasible for you, but doesn't it feel like you're abandoning a baby just before its born? Giving it into the hands (womb) of another? Well, I guess that isn't the proper analogy since neither of us will ever know what that will feel like.

BRETT COX: You sound like a very Ath-a-let-ic type. How old are you, anyway? (I guess I am an athletic type: I started varsity in football and wrestling last year as a sophmore. For those of you who've joined since #1 (most of you, by far) I'm sixteen.

JIM ZYCHOWICZ: There's no way that a person can ruin any of my writing- I do it naturally!

DAVE SHANK: I wonder if the Cyclopes work for the Mafia now? After all, they were situated in Sicily. It'd be the most horrible mob execution- stoolies get to be fed to Polyphemus.

You Italian too? (The name Gorra sounds Italian, but are you Neopolitan or Calabrese) (I forgive you, Dave. It's an often made mistake. When people don't think I'm Jewish, they usually think I'm Italian. But actually the line of Gorra stems from that proud, noble, land of Lebanon. The Gorras were famed through the entire region as the most honest ~~black/dark/deep~~ merchants in the city of Tyre

John Carl also wrote but asked that he not be quoted; claimed his loc was too disjointed.-Mike)

THE LAST FETID BREATH

Reply I forgot to type. To Ben Indick: I too have considered the "demeaning" aspects of the word Tripe, and decided to use it anyways. And after all, I should be able to laugh at myself, shouldn't I? I have, several times, however, considered shortening the name to just STRIPE, which I may do in the future, but I doubt it. I like the full title.

This is, of course, the last thing being typed- in an hour these pages will be at Godfrey Business Machines, waiting to be run off. I enjoyed this issue a lot, the response, contributions, and the feeling that I'm really getting into fandom now. It's great to come home and feel sure that you're going to be getting mail (of course, when you don't, that's another story....)

Next issue I want to run a page or three of photos. If anybody takes any interesting ones at the Worldcon, or other places, send them along and I'll try to print them. They will, of course be returned. Other than that I'm going to write an article on the Hugos, I don't know what will be here next time, but I DO need contribs- I'm out of written matter, and only have a few illos left from the packet that Jay sent me. I'm going to allow more time before the next ish, too. Give you time to write, and me more time to prepare. The deadline for locs, articles, artwork, photos, etc. is October 0.13

bye

Mike

