

**STARSHIP**

**TRIPE**

Jackie,  
sorry about the repro  
on your loc, but there've  
been problems with the  
electrostenciler here. How about a contrib?

Mike

# STARSHIP TROOPER

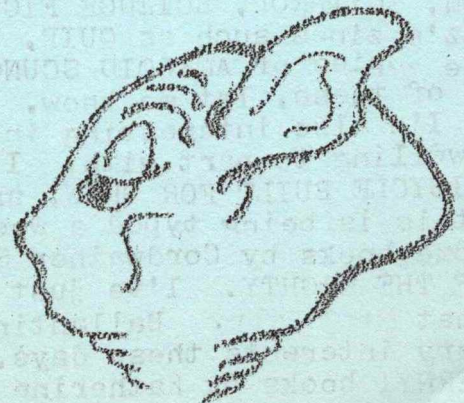
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## ARTWORK

Sheryl Birkhead: covers, pp1,  
19, 20, 28  
Todd Baker: 22  
Jeff Scullion: 7  
Jim McLeod: 4, 10, 11  
Tim Egan: 9  
Grant Canfield: 13



C'EST MOI            There's been a radical change in the manner I produce  
                         STRIPE by....

I used to wonder how people like, says, Mike Glick-  
sohn could come up with free electrostencils. Now I  
know. I get them too.

In my homeroom at Waterford High School reposes a fanpubbers dream. The  
whole room seems to have been designed to facilitate zine producing.  
There's a brand new electrostencil machine, an offset press, two mimeos  
(only one of which has been used so far- a Gestetner) a Xerox machine, a  
ditto, and about ten Selectrics. Also boxes of stencils and electrostencils  
and masters and reams upon reams of paper. And various colors of ink and  
corflu and...

I'm not using it all, of course. In fact, so far I've only used the  
electrostencil cutter and a Selectric. I think I've already become the  
schools most experienced stencil cutter. It's fun to do. Thinking of all  
the money I'm saving isn't too bad, either. I'm not even paying the cost  
of the actual physical stencil, let alone the cost of cutting it. (funny  
thing- today I asked for a ditto master and couldn't have one- because  
they're 'scarce.' But I've taken a half dozen electrostencils thus far  
that I can use, not counting one that I can't because the drawing was too  
light. And I'll make another tomorrow.

Of course, I'm not paying for mimeography like I was before, either.  
Now I'm using the A.B. Dick Machine at my grandfather's office. I've  
done eight pages on it so far, and it comes out fairly nicely. Perhaps  
better than, or at least comparable to (and I think it'll improve, too)  
the one that did last issue. In the spring, when I have more time, I'll  
learn to use the Gestetner at school, too. The electrostencil cutter  
is a Dick, but there's a box of Gestetner's           , and I can use these  
stencils on the machine as well by punching new holes.

Before this issue gets much farther along, I'd like to apologize to  
both you and to Sheryl for the job I did on the front cover. I didn't  
center the original enough when I cut the stencil, and when my grandmot-  
her (she runs the mimeo- I just watch and say "now this page" and hand  
her the paper- have to learn to use it, maybe this time) put it on the  
machine, the edge got caught under the clamps that hold the stencil in  
place- it's an old mimeo- and thus didn't print. There are also some  
words that didn't come out, sadly. Before you start to think that I've  
been lying about the quality of that mimeo, let me say that they didn't  
print because I laid the corflu on too thick and didn't adjust the  
pressure that the keys strike with. Sorry for that too.

STOLEN IDEA DEPT. In imitation of John Carl, I'm going into the  
market for old zines. You quote me a price, and I'll probably buy if  
it's not too ridiculous. I'd especially like copies of ENERGUMEN, WAR-  
HOON, SCYTHROP, SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, CARANDAITH, TRUMPET and the  
Katz's zines such as QUIP, POTLATCH, or FOCAL POINT. I'd also like  
some copies of AMEBOID SCUNGE/BWEEK. If you want to get rid of copies of  
any of these, let me know.

I'm also interesting in getting some old(?) sf that some of you might  
be willing to part with. I'm looking for Anderson's THE HIGH CRUSADE and  
A BICYCLE BUILT FOR BREW, and for Zelazny's ISLE OF THE DEAD. Also  
(this is being typed a week or so later) Gordon Dickson's DORSAI,  
some books by Cordwainer Smith, and Evangeline Walton's THE ISLAND  
OF THE MIGHTY. I've just finished her THE CHILDREN OF LLYR, and enjoyed  
that immensely. Ballantines Adult Fantasy seems to be one of my pri-  
mary interests these days. I also wouldn't mind seeing any of the  
DERNYI books by Katherine Kurtz, especially the first and second; the  
third is on the stand here, but I won't buy it until I know I can read  
it's predecessors.

In Poul Anderson's *THE BROKEN SWORD*, there's a female troll by the name of Gora. I'd like to squelch any rumors right now by saying that I have no connection whatsoever with the troll race.

Speaking of Anderson, and fantasy, and of medieval things in general, some interesting things have been occurring this past week (Today is the fourteenth of October) Last Sunday night I was flipping through a copy of *THE SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL* ~~to read the Elfwin Festival that day~~ when I chanced to read that the tourney for the Barony Beyond the Mountain in the Society for Creative Anachromism would be held today, and for information to contact Balin the Fair Haired. It gave an address in the very next town to mine. I called Balin immediately, as I'd heard of the Society and was interested in it, and found out about the tourney. I went to it today and had good time. Everyone else these days is doing con reports, so why can't I write a tourney report?

There were only about thirty people there, and only about eight who were doing any amount of fighting. I was one of the first to arrive, with only Balin and a man name Sir Jehan, who had once been King of the Eastern Kingdom, I later learned, preceding me. A car with four people from the Barony of Carolignia pulled in at about the same time I did. Things dragged for awhile, but finally there were enough people there to start fighting. Most fought with broadsword, but Balin and a person name Alfwine or Elfwine fought with a variety of weapons, generally various axes, though Alfwine also used mace against Jehan and beat him. I finally got up the courage to fight, having been cajoled into signing a waiver. It was against a person named Orm who had a Viking surname that I never quite caught. Balin gave me a two minute course in using a shield, and then, dressed in borrowed elbow and knee pads, hockey gloves for gauntlets, shield, wooden sword, and battle helm, I didst far forth as the Unnamed to win honor and glory. I lost in about a minute, though I did manage to counter a few blows, and even struck one of my own. But it was the point of my sword that hit, and that's against the rules. First my leg was chopped off, and then I fought on one knee. When my sword arm fell to his sword, I conceded, rather than drop shield and continue to fight. There followed a melee, which I did not participate in. It started with Jehan, Alfwine, and a person named Tostig Gewisse on one side, against Balin, and three others. But Orm found an extra helm right before it started and joined Balin's side. The outnumbered warriors fell even quicker than I had. (They had been supposed to refight the battle of Hastings, but only one Norman-Jehan- had showed up) They evened off the sides, and things went better, lasting about five minutes.

Later, I talked with Orm about names. Orm had been the name I had wanted to use, too. I had wanted to be Orm the Strong, after the character in *THE BROKEN SWORD*. That would have been okay, as there would be a distinct difference between us, but I decided to change anyways. Since I seemed so interested in Anderson's work, he suggested Skafloc. I told him about the new Anderson book *HROLF KRAKI'S SAGA*, which I hadn't seen yet, though I'd read a review of it in *PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY*. We talked of saga for a moment, and I learned that Balin had a lovely book of them, which I will have to ask about sometime. Jehan came up and asked us if we had heard of the new Anderson book? We laughed. He said it had been on the stands in New Haven for at least a week (He's a grad student in Medieval studies at Yale. He also looked the most authentic of any of us, even Balin, who had a hauberk of mail that had taken him five months to make.) They suggested, as an offshot of saga, Sigurd something or other which I think meant Fafhrd salyer. But they said I couldn't use it for reasons I couldn't figure out at the time. But later, after I had asked about the name Angus and learned that it was the King's name, so tread carefully, I found out that one can't take the name of any mythological, historical, or fictional character, unless they were common given names, such as Eric. That's the reason that

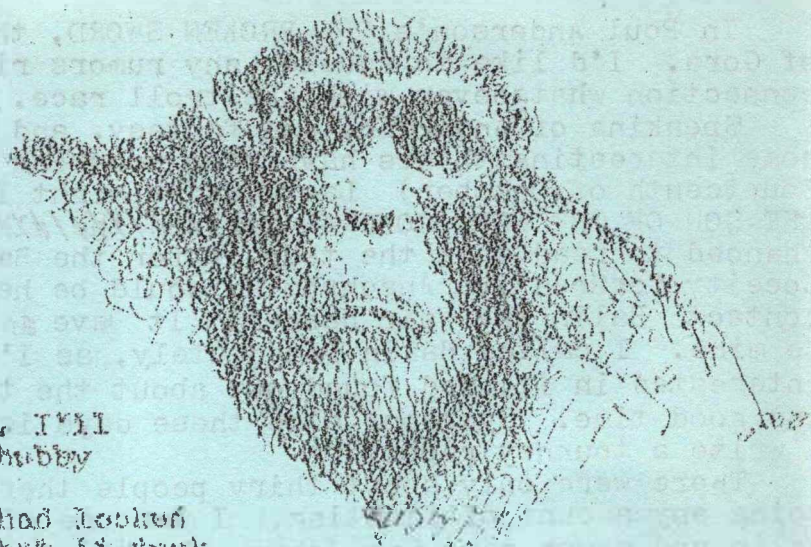
I couldn't take Mammam's Mac  
Sir, which had really appealed  
to me. I didn't mention my final  
choice, but I'm sure it's  
one nobody else will have. I  
sincerely changed it a little, and  
it's now Mammam's Mac Og.

Another interesting thing  
was learning the qualifications  
for Knighthood. Aside from be-  
ing a good fighter, one must also  
play a passable game of chess and  
know such things as heraldry. No  
matter how good a fighter I become, I'll  
never be a knight. Heraldry is a hobby  
of mine, but chess? Forget it.

I asked Dehan about mine. It had looked  
worse than broadsword. He said that it took  
about the same amount of time and skill to be-  
come good with either, but that one could pro-  
bably become mediocre with mine quicker than  
with sword. Dehan had a nice move; he'd charge  
his opponent, slip his shield around behind the  
other man's, pry out, thus making an opening, and then let him have it.  
Halin and Alfwine went at it with me, with Alfwine winning, eventually,  
after a long fight that ended with him down on one knee and Halin dead.

I enjoyed the tournament. It must be much like a con is, though I'd  
imagine that I'd enjoy myself more at my first con, because I'll already  
know people, through aines, and there'd already be crazy room parties. There  
were a few NESPA members there, too, but neither of them (one was Jim) was  
really into fanlike fandom. It was a little smaller and much less informal  
than I'd expected, but it was well worth the trip. I'm looking forward to  
the next one.

The issues almost done now. Only the PoC and "The Last Petal Breath"  
to type, though perhaps there'll be more does, if I get any more. Then  
a good bit of time with the curly bottle, and more time in front of "my"  
electroshaver, and it'll be done... almost. A few hours with the aines,  
a few more collating, addressing, etc. (I'm planning on recruiting the named  
might of my family, my grandparents, and my cousin to help with that; I  
figure I can trust them to collate and staple, at least) Then you get it,  
and then you write me a lot and send me a brilliant piece of writing or  
a lovely piece of art such as the Jim McLeod piece documenting this page.  
I was really worried about this issue a week and a half ago. Then Cy  
sent his piece, and I got Roger's a week later, and then Sheryl's makeover  
came in, and the next day the McLeod illos (don't worry, I have more in  
stock) and yesterday, Monday the 11th, more illos from Sheryl and  
a letter and the PoC came from Cy. I like this issue a lot. There  
might be too much stuff in one issue, that of the Worldcon, but whatever.  
I think it's all good, and I enjoyed putting this issue together, and  
hopefully you'll enjoy reading it. But this time, please don't make me  
nervous again by waiting until almost the last moment to send stuff.  
When I worry, the stenobles become constipated, and they contaminate the  
paper in turn, and maybe while you flip through this issue, and come to  
something like, say, the first few pages of the letters which were done  
before I had all these lovely contrabs that came in just recently, you'll  
be swollen, and done down with the dread disease Swollenness, which can  
actually make you think nervously of CAPTION. But don't pay any attention  
to it, and write, soon, please?



## I THINK IT MUST HAVE BEEN A DREAM

by CY CHAUVIN

I am always astounded by the lucky coincidences that dot my life. I mean, if my father and mother hadn't had that accident umptee years earlier (!)... Or if I hadn't discovered fandom; or finally got up the courage to go down into deep, dark, dangerous Detroit for a Wayne Third Foundation SF Meeting; or if I didn't meet one John R. Benson there-- if none of these strange coincidences had occurred, I would never have experienced that wonderful fan event called TORCON 2.

I'd been in fandom for about four years before going to Torcon, which is not particularly long a time between neohood and the destruction of one's last traces of fannish virginity. (I understnad Harry Warner Jr. went 20 years before attending his first con) I had considered going to a local con in Monroe, Michigan, which Seth McEvoy and Jay Cornell mentioned in their zine AMEBOID SCUNGE-- "Come prove you're not a hoax," they said, but I chickened out. (Let me be honest: when it comes to meeting people I am chicken, yellow, a coward, and a nervous wreck. So if I don't say "Hi" to you at a con, it isn't because I hate you or am a snob, I'm just gutless) I probably would never have gone to Torcon, either, but John Benson said he'd come along with me, and lots of the other local Detroit fans-- Laura and Margaret Basta, Roberta Brown, Carol Lynn, Mary Breuer (why is it that I can seem to remember only the female members) some of whom you may have heard of in connection with thier efforts to revive STAR TREK. So I finally got in a position where I not only couldn't back out of going to a con, but didn't want to. (I think)

I don't know how other fans feel when they go to their first con, but I was incredibly nervous, even more so than I usually am. I made arrangements to meet John Benson at the bus depot downtown Friday afternoon, after he had finished his final (John's a graduate student, and was taking a summer class) I got there first, and my nerves were stretched out limp and drooping all over the floor, like rope, by the time he got there. I felt more relaxed after talking to him for awhile. He's a very easy person to get along with.

We left Detroit around 2:30, and arrived in Toronto around 7:00. Only four and half hours driving time, unless we passed through a time zone I wasn't aware of. The thing that impressed me most about Toronto was the cleanliness and newness of the city in contrast to Detroit. Everything seemed quite modern and streamlined, and there were none of the weedy, strange parking lots like the ones that infest downtown Detroit.

I took my first subway ride when we got off the bus. Strange: I can see why it affected Lovecraft the way it did. When the train was coming, a warm wind started to blow through the tunnel, and it shot through so fast that it didn't seem possible it could stop in time. A most appropriate vehicle for completing the last leg of a journey to a science fiction convention.

The hotel was another first for me; I've been in motels, but no hotels and nothing like the Royal York! I felt like a bum when I walked in with John: we were both wearing jeans, slightly sweaty (it was 80 out) and here's a plush red lobby and a suited porter than practically greets us at the door! Goshwowohboy.

Nothing much in the way of excitement happened that night. We met Todd Bake, a local fan we both knew, in the lobby; thank God for small miracles. We attended an introduction of the pros by Isaac Asimov, who was both witty and fatter than I thought. We went to a spaghetti restaurant.

I didn't get my name card until the next day, since registration was closed that night. The first fan I ran into when I got it- I should say the first fan not from Detroit- was Don Ayres. We talked for a few minutes, and I saw and talked to him a number of times afterwards; I was glad he said hi. I felt ~~that~~ I wasn't in a total crowd of strangers, and that I actually might meet some of these other people I had heard so much about and/or written letters to.

One of those people I had most wanted to meet was Don Keller. We had arranged a meeting by letter- 12:00 in the hucksters room. I also pinned a note on the bulletin board with my room number on it. So, around 12:00 I sat in the hucksters, looking for some person who might be Don Keller. (Don had described vaguely what he looked like and what he would be wearing in his letter.) So in walks this person with some glasses taped on one side, a clue Don gave me in his letter. When he walked up to the Fantasy Associatinn's table, I should have known it was Don, but I was a bit leery of walking up and just saying hi-- I was afraid I might be wrong and didn't want to appear like a complete ass. So I watched him as he walked around, glancing suspiciously here and there. Then he stared at me, and I stared at him, and we both started walking towards each other like a pair of gunslingners out of a bad Western. "Hi Don," I said. "hi Cy," he said. I haven't the faintest idea of who said hi first. A somewhat weird but unforgettable first meeting.

Don was a wonder, and introduced me to lots of people I would otherwise surely have never met, both because of my gutlessness and because I would hever have noticed them. (It's damn hard to read nametages in a crowd) Mike Glycer was the first other fan he introuced me to, and Mike promptly gave me a copy of ORGANLEGGER and told me about PREHENSILE's new offset reproduction. Neat; Mike was one of those people I really wanted to meet, too.

Don and I wandered through the halls and lobby, and brought out some old copies of PHANTASMICON that I had never seen. While sitting on a table leafin<sup>g</sup> through the zine, Jerry Lapidus walked by. "Hey there Jerry!" Don cried. "Come here!" Don introduced me, then, wordlessly, Jerry handed me a copy of TOMMORROW AND...9 "You remembered!" I said. (He hadn't mailed me a copy, and I thought he had forgotten about me, when he just wanted to save postage. A very good issue, too.) Too bad this Jerry Lapidus was a hoax- he didn't at all match the one I had conjured up from his fanwriting. Of course, I don't imagine the Cy Chauvin he saw matched the one that writes all these letters and reviews, and even Don Keller was sort of suspcious looking...(Never trust a fan or a hoax under 5'0" say I)

While wandering about with Don in one of the big convention rooms looking for Judith Weiss, one of Don's many reoomates, I discovered what good eyesight Australians have. I was walking down an aisle when all of a sudden a girl sprang and said "Come here , Come here!" Wondering what this could possibly be, I ran back towards her and dicovered she was Shayne McCormack, from Australia! I was flattered she remembered my name at all. After I walked back trying to find Don, I thought I should have asked asked her where Bruce Gillespie was, when suddenly someone with (what sounded to me like) a very British accent said "Hi cy! So you really do exist after all, don't you?" And I turned around and there was Bruce Gillespie! I didn't really get to say more than a line, since he was talking to someone else at the time. And, although I saw him from afar a number of times later, in my usual courageless fashion, I didn't go up and talk to him again.

I found Don, and he had found Judith, and she said (when discovering who I was) "Oh! I thought you'd be older, like thirty!" I said something nasty back, like I thought she'd be sixty, but luckily Judith didn't hear. (Jay Cornell said the same thing when I met him though,



so I suppose my writing gives an impression of age (and wisdom?) I'm only twenty one, people) Don also introduced me to Patty Sullivan, another local fan, and like Don I felt very comfortable with her: she was easy to get along with. Patty also told me her David Gerrold story-- it seems late at night at LACon some young Trekki mistook her for David Gerrold, and asked for her autograph. Somebody told me: Trekkies were dense, but I didn't think they were that dumb.

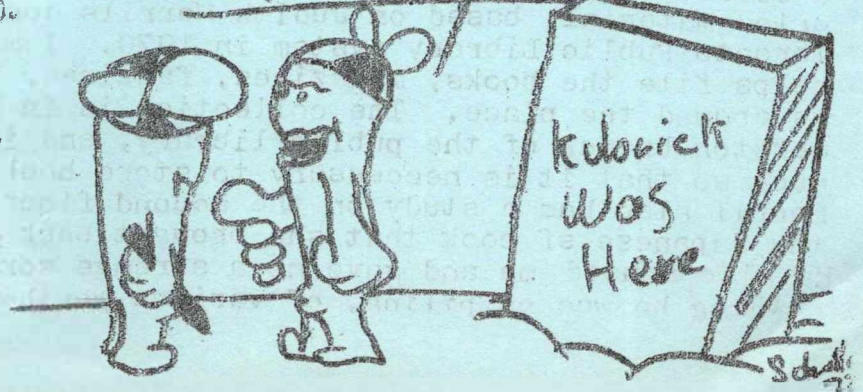
Speaking of David Gerrold, Don introduced me to him at Torcon: he said something like "Oh, we've heard of you on the West Coast. They say if you meet Cy Charvin, be sure to wash after shaking hands." I'm not sure what he meant by that, but it was funny at the time. Don also introduced me to Gardner Dozois and George R.R. Martin ( he lives near the latter writer in Philadelphia, and knows him quite well) but otherwise I met no pros. I'm not an autograph seeker, you see-- I don't see any point in getting a book signed by the author, so I had little reason to go up to meet the pros. I did sort of want to meet Ted White, and I saw him a number of times wandering around, but my usual gutlessness and a mixture of idol worship prevented me from doing so. It would have been interesting to see what he would have said, but I muffed my chance.

The days seemed to swirl together, I suppose because the nights were so short. (tho I never felt tired at any time during the con) It seemed like a week compressed into three days. Some day or other all the Detroit fans I knew gathered together and went out to eat at a fancy French restaurant: Le Omelette. Carol Lynn told us about her adventures in etiquette during her summer long stay in England, while we stuffed ourselves and laughed. Carol is Detroit's equivalent of Rosemary Ulyot. I almost died when I tried to drink wine they served, but then I hate alcohol in just about any form. It was fun, though. The Costume Show was immediately thereafter, and we hustled back to the hotel for that.

I ran into Rook Stoker while wandering around the Costume Show. I've written to Rick ever since I was a neofan, and so I really looked forward to meeting him. I'm afraid our conversation was rather jerky, both then and when I met him in the lobby the next day. I felt rather awkward talking to him for some reason; I don't know if he felt the same way when talking to me or not: Perhaps we had less in common than I thought. Or perhaps it was just me, since I'm not much of a talker- Don Keller told me in a letter afterwards that I was a lot quieter than he expected. People are so different in person than in print-- read Harry Warner's article "A Fan is only Half Human" in the Torcon program Book: it is true. My favorite article in the book.

That same day I went with John and Todd Bake to the Toronto Science Center, which was out in the suburbs and involved a long subway and bus trip. (But which still cost only 30¢. If I lived in Toronto, I'd dump my car quick). The entire center seemed to be built of molded concrete- some made to look like wood, some like stone, and some like what I can only describe as a mixture of dripping water and peanut brittle, drawn out in long parallel gooey rows. Neat. (Maybe the architect

I thought I  
told you not to  
Deface Our Slab!



had diarrhea and was inspired....?) The Science Center struck me as being like a giant scientific amusement park. Nearly every exhibit was of a practical sort, something that could be worked by the observer and demonstrated a scientific principle or the workings of a technological device. For instance, there was a giant gyroscope that you stood on, and which would tilt depending on which way you pulled a lever; a computer terminal, which answered various questions, according to a pre-arranged program; a toy hydrofoil which raised up out of the water as its speed was gradually increased; etc, etc. As someone said, if you had a junior highschool science course, none of the information would be really new to you. It was fun, but I must admit that it seemed like an awful lot of money to spend just to demonstrate some stuff that everyone learned in junior high. But so it goes.

On the bus back to the hotel, we also met another fan-- or rather, I should say, sf reader. Strange. (Not as strange, however, as meeting another fan at the con from Roseville, Michigan, my home town, whom I had never heard of before! Fate was with me that day.)

Later that day, I ran into Jay Cornell, who had been Looking For Me (or so several fans said) Very nice guy; I told him about the weird way in which John had picked up a copy of WHO FEARS THE DEVIL by Manly Wade Wellman for me which had Jay's name on the inside. He told me about Seth McEvoy and their hassles with SCUNGE.... but I won't go into that here.

Before meeting Jay, I attended the Mike Glycer organized Ranquet, at which the infamous Ohugos (a board on which there is black mark, symbolizing that the rocket has already taken off) are given out. The Ranquet was held on the Yonge street mall; everyone roamed about singing filk songs, till somebody spotted a tiny Mr. Submarine shop, and thirty or so hungry fans rushed into the damn place all at once. (The submarine sandwiches were surprisingly good, though) The official presentations were made at a fountain with the bountiful Glycer doing the honors. I only remember the winners of three of four of the awards: Ted White as Best Fugghead, Ohugos as best Award, and Best Category as Best Category (As you can see, with the exception of the first, Glycer really has style, and knows how to pick 'em.)

We hustled back to the hotel for the real awards. The official ceremony dragged on too long toward the end, when it seemed like they felt impelled to give awards to any and everybody, but the first three fourths of the ceremony was grand. Most of the awards were disappointing (but then aren't they always) yet the speeches themselves were funny and witty and interesting, and LeGuin, ENERGUMEN and Carr wins made up for the other disappointments, since each was so well-deserved.

That night Roberta Brown and John attempted to freeze me to death. They convinced me to stay up and watch some horror movies, which seemed to get worse and worse as the night wore on. I was only wearing a short-sleeve shirt, and some fool had turned the air conditioning in the movie room way up. "I got goosebumps, Roberta," I said, but they sure ain't because I'm scared."

Monday, our last day there, I went to the Spaced Out Library, which is a collection of some 10,000 sf books, magazines, fanzines, and other assorted material, based on Judith Merrils donation of her collection to the Toronto Public Library system in 1970. I met Angus Taylor there, who helps file the books, magazines, fanzines, etc. and he very kindly showed me around the place. The collection is in an old house next to the Palmerston branch of the public library, and is somewhat short of space-- so much so that it is necessary to store books in the bathroom! Judith Merril also has a study on the second floor, and Angus showed me some of the Japanese sf book that she brought back from her recent visit to Japan. He also amused me and gave me a strange sort of egoboo showing me a card catalog he was compiling, of various worthwhile fanzine articles on sf,

which, he said, was suggested by a letter I had sent him. And there in the C's was listed "Chruchin, Ky: An Interview with Gary Benson, CYPHER 5" I started laughing when I saw that. Now I've seen everything!

I also talked with the head librarian there, who was quite nice. I told her that Harry Warner Jr. was the only person who might have a complete collection of all the Fanzines in the world, but that it probably wouldn't be worthwhile collecting that all, anyway. I gave her a library card and I would urge you to donate a spare copy of your Fanzine to the Spaced Out Library, 566 Palmerston Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, if you'd like to see it preserved for future Fanzinist generations. I'm sure they'd appreciate it.

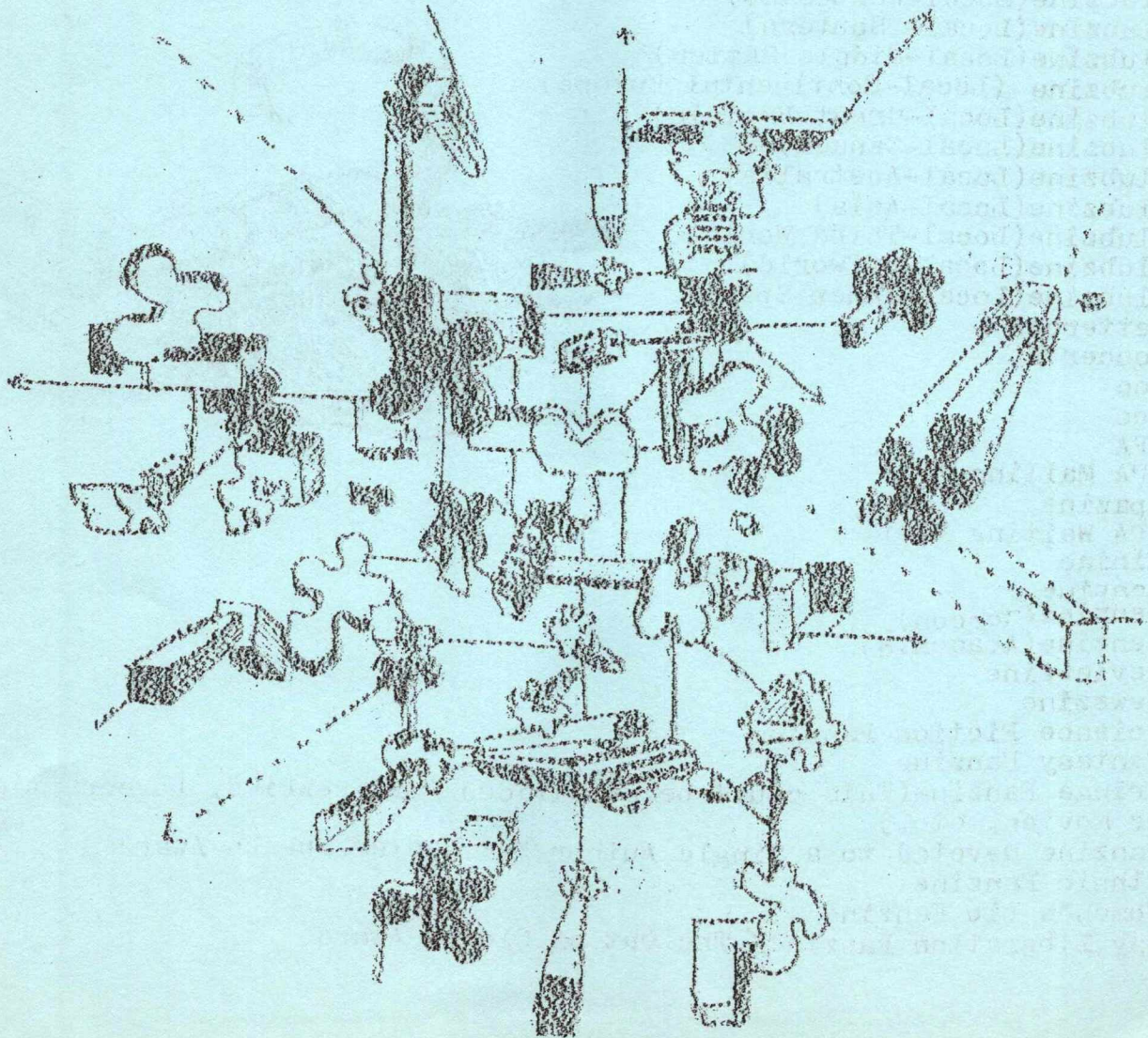
When I got back to the hotel, the con was pretty nearly over. John and I got our bags and cruised over to the bus depot, amid the sweltering heat. Sweat rashes like rain from our brows. Finally when we got in the bus, we both dropped off to sleep.

When we were about three fourths of the way back to Detroit, John said to me, "Do you believe in Fanzinism as a way of life, or that Fanzinism is just a Goddamn hobby?"

"I don't know," I said. "I guess it's a little of both."

"Yeah, I think you're right."

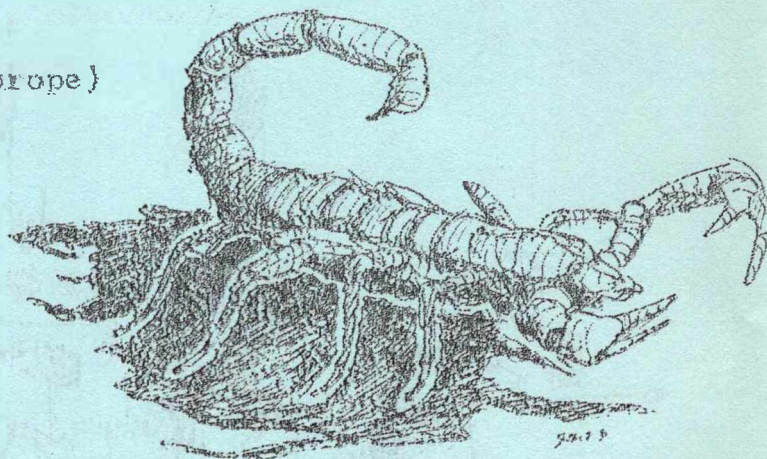
Well, I know I am. Ah, Toronto.....



A RADICAL PROPOSAL  
by ROGER D. SWEEN

In order that no one may be disappointed, and to make sure everyone gets their own way, I propose that the Hugo Awards for fanzines and fanwriting be broadened slightly. I suggest the following categories:

- Best One Shot
- Best First Issue
- Best Issue in a Continuing Series
- Best Last Issue
- Best Crudzine (Deliberate)
- Best Crudzine (Neofan)
- Best Semi-Crudzine
- Best Semi-Fanzine (Content)
- Best Semi-Fanzine (Production)
- Best Personalzine
- Best Letter Substitute
- Best Letterzine/The Order Out of Chaos Award
- Best Clubzine (National)
- Best Clubzine (Regional, Sectional, or Multi-National)
- Best Clubzine (State/Province)
- Best Clubzine (Local-Eastcoast)
- Best Clubzine (Local-Westcoast)
- Best Clubzine (Local-Southern)
- Best Clubzine (Local-Middle States)
- Best Clubzine (Local-Continental Europe)
- Best Clubzine (Local-Great Britain)
- Best Clubzine (Local-Canada)
- Best Clubzine (Local-Australia)
- Best Clubzine (Local-Asia)
- Best Clubzine (Local-Third World)
- Best Clubzine (Local-Offworld)
- Best Clubzine (Local-Inner Space)
- Best Lettercol
- Best Loozer
- Best Loc
- Best Poc
- Best APA
- Best APA Mailing
- Best Apazine
- Best APA Waiting List
- Best Miniac
- Best Conzine
- Best Genzine (Sercon)
- Best Genzine (Academic)
- Best Reviewzine
- Best Newszine
- Best Science Fiction Fanzine
- Best Fantasy Fanzine
- Best Fringe Fanzine (This could be subdivided for Trekkies, Lovecraftiana, Monster Movies, etc.)
- Best Fanzine Devoted to a Single Author/The Master Speaks Award
- Best Ethnic Fanzine
- Best Women's Lib Fanzine
- Best Gay Liberation Fanzine/The Out of Closet Award



- Best Youth Cult Fanzine
- Best Libertarian Fanzine
- Best Marxist Fanzine/ The St. McGovern Award
- Best Fanzine editor/ The Cruel Blue Pencil Award
- Best Fanzine Editorial
- Best Fanzine edited on a Cooperative Basis/ The Gemini Award
- Best Fanzine Guest Editorial
- Best Fan Writer (Pro)
- Best Fan Writer (BRF)
- Best Fan Writer (Amateur)
- Best Fan Article
- Best Fan Article, Translation
- Best Interlineation (Original)
- Best Interlineation (Adapted From Another Medium)
- Best Fanzine (Circulation 1-50)
- Best Fanzine (Circulation 51-100)
- Best Fanzine (Circulation 101-200)
- Best Fanzine (Circulation 200-300)
- Best Fanzine (Circulation 301-500)
- Best Fanzine (Circulation 501-700)
- Best Fanzine (Circulation 701-1000)
- Best Fanzine (Circulation 1001-1500) The Perpetual LUCUS Award
- Best Fanzine (Circulation 1501-2000) The Eat Your Heart Out Award
- Best Fanzine (Circulation 2001-500) The SYLLAR Award
- Best Semi-Prozine (Paid Contributors)
- Best Semi-Prozine (Profit Making)
- Best Round Robin
- Best Fanzine Review Column
- Best Survey/Poll
- Best Filksong (Original)
- Best Filksong (Based on Another Medium)
- Best Con Progress Report
- Best Membership Directory
- Best Title for a Fanzine
- Best Want/Trade List
- Best Fan Collection Sale Listing
- Best Fan Greeting Card
- Best Letterhead Stationary
- Best Logo
- Best Return Address
- Best Loser/ The Always a Bridemaid Award



Ideally, a panel of experts, 25-50 fans, nicely balanced between old guard and neo-fan, pro and amateur, scientist, academic and Saity, male and female, conservative and liberal, recognizing all ethnic and religious affiliations should be set up. These would be flown at random's expense to a central depository in St. Louis where all fan publications would be sent. There, after due consideration upon examining all entrants--say six weeks to two months--they would determine the awards.

If this should prove too costly, a second means of determining the awards could be to allow all fans one vote. In case of a tie vote, duplicate or multiple awards would be given in each category.

The Awards Banquet would take place at each Worldcon, August 15-September 12.

The proposal should end the petty bickering that has attended the awards of late and ought to provide increased employment to the craftsmen of the awards, allowing possible conversion to mass production.

## THOUGHTS ON THE HUGOS

In the firstish of STARSHIP TRIPE, I presented my thoughts on this year's Nebula's. And now it's the Hugo's turn.

Novel: I can't see THE GODS THEMSELVES as a winner; only DYING INSIDE was worthy of the award. But even if Silverberg hadn't had another novel up for the award, I doubt that he could have beaten Asimov, sadly. WHEN HARLIE WAS ONE is a decent second choice I didn't like THERE WILL BE TIME very much; I don't like paradoxes and disliked the book's preaching tone. A name won it this time, let's hope that the same won't happen next year.

Novella: I agree. "The Word for World is Forest" is a lovely, haunting tale well worth an award. "I didn't think that Pohl's effort was as good as Wolfe's (which is almost as good as Leguin's) but why quibble about second and third?(I will though....)

Novellette: I voted for "Patron of the Arts" but "Goat Song" is an excellent tale that's a credit to the award, especially in light of some of the rest of this year's winners. I think it might stick in my mind longer than the Rotsler (I'm planning on writing an analysis of it sometime in the future, which I'll probably print here.) I didn't like "Basilisk" very much; both "Painwise" and "A Kingdom By The Sea" are superior stories.

Short Story: We really blew this one; this award strikes me as one of the most ridiculous ever made. There were two stories of extremely high quality on the ballot; the Tiptree and the Russ. Tiptree's tale impressed me greatly when I first read it, and Russ's has been growing in quality to me ever since I reread it on the night that LOCUS came with the Nebula results, until I can now say that it just might be the best sf short since "Aye, and Gommorrhah." But the award went to Lafferty and Pohl/Kornbluth. "Eurema's Dam" is a good story but he has done much better, I feel, and it doesn't deserve a Hugo (about third would be right) (but at least Lafferty finally has a Hugo now, after almost as many near misses as Silverberg) "The Meeting" wasn't worth a damn. I remember it as boring and on an overworked theme. (and it didn't seem very sf-al, either) The novelty of it's appearance won it the award; Pohl alone did better short stories this past year. "There is no way that "The Meeting" deserved to win.

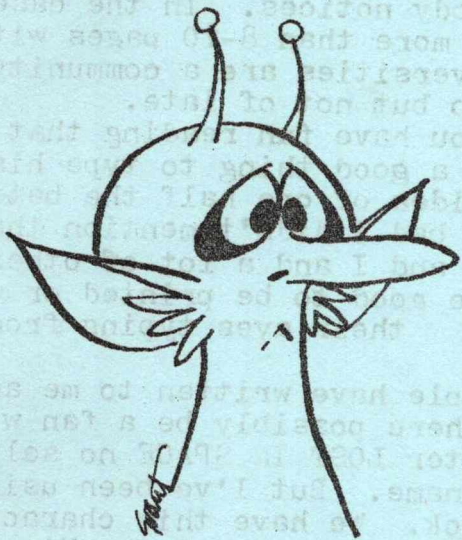
Pro Artist: I don't really care for Kelly Freas suff. Too much of it looks alike, and sometimes I feel that he's won so often, it's time for a change. I voted for Mike Hinge (as I guess a lot of fen did) but I also greatly admire Difate's work. But I think that in the next few years there's going to be a large turnover in the names of those being nominated for this award, as people like Tim Kirk, George Barr, Alicia Austin, and Josh Kirby start to come into their own. And maybe a good cartoonist like Gahan Wilson will be nominated, too.

Fan Artist: The award that I was perhaps most interested in- I love good fanart. It was hard to chose between Kirk and Rotsler, but I voted for the latter because I think he's given me more enjoyment (maybe because there's so much more of him) (to me, enjoyment is the key to fanart) but I think that Tim is a better ARTIST. Rotsler does deserve a Hugo, though; I was going to vote for Grant Canfield next year, but now I don't know; Bill might just get my vote until he wins one.

I'm not going to comment on Dramatic Presentation, only having seen  $\frac{1}{2}$  the nominess and not being a film nut. SILENT RUNNING did have some good space shots though, and I'm sorry that I missed "The People"- I love the books.

Pro Editor: I'm really surprised that White didn't win. I think that ANALOG may have improved since Bova took over, but I still don't enjoy it very much. It would seem that a large proportion of the Hugo voters are ANALOG nuts, though, as this, the pro artist, and the JWC award show. Perhaps White's current fannish image hurt him too; a lot of people might have voted against him because of a personal distaste. I don't think the Wollheim should have come in second, either- DAW has done something for the field, but they haven't published anything really good yet.

Fanzine: I voted for LOCUS: I really shouldn't have voted, having only seen two of the nominees, but I was very ignorant in the longago days of my neohood. At any rate, since then the Glicksohns have proven themselves to be very nice people, at least on paper. Mike didn't even blow up when I listed my Hugo choices in ish two (along with an asterisk by those nominees that I hadn't seen yet- NERG had one) which I think he has every right to do. I'm glad that NERG won, even if only because I know them( though very slightly) while I know Charlie Brown not at all. And NERG 15 was bittersweet beauty. ALGOL will probably have stronger backing these next few years. I haven't yet seen SFC, though I have subscribed, and GRANFALLOON, while I enjoyed the single issue I've seen, just doesn't cut it in comparison to this years big genzines, PREHENSILE, THE ALIEN CRITIC, ALGOL, and OUTWORLDS. (Or KWALHIOQUA or INWORLDS for that matter I would say, though, that SFC would be a good bet in 1975.



Fan Writer: The only nominee whom I'm really familiar with here is Geis, whom I voted for. The two things by Susan that I've read have both been excellent though, but my aquantance with Terry Carr is limited almost entirely to a few columns in LOCUS, most of which I never read when they were published. I put him in second on the basis of those. I've also read an article by Sandra Miesel in ALGOL, and she too is excellent. I'm not really well enough acquainted with the writers to pass judgement on this category. Next year, for sure.

Down W. Campbell Award: This is really asinine. I cannot in ten millenia see Jerry Pournell as being a better writer than Geo. Alec Effinger; there must indeed be a hell of a lot of ANALOG nuts around. Effinger's credits are, to me, far more impressive: a Hugo and Nebual nomination in his first two years. Not too bad. Even Samuel R. Delany didn't start that fast. (Of course, they didn't have Nebulas then.) Pournelle's work has thus far been good, but not really distinguished, space opera, and not terribly inventive. Effinger has, on the other hand, shown a great deal of originality. I've gotta echo the statement that Brett Cox made in a letter to me. "The only other(nominated) writer even in the same temporal plane with Effinger is Thurston." How very true.

\* \* \*

One day a tourist walked into a small shop in the U.A.R. He asked what was for sale, and the owner replied "Brains!" The customer looked over several, not none were to his liking. Finally, the owner pointed to one and said "This is the brain of one of our finest generals!"

"Well, I don't know," said the customer.

"But it's never been used!" - contributed by Brett Cox

I WAS AN ELEVEN YEAR OLD HO Y -  
DOODY FAN

by JOHN ROBINSON

(ed note: this was originally a loc on STRIPE#3, but I felt that it was long enough and interesting enough to warrant publication as a separate article. Also, I don't want the lettercol to grow so that it takes up o r half the zine. So , at times, this seems like a letter, its because it is one. The creator of Howdy Doody, a man named Rufus Rose, lives in Waterford, by the way- Mike)

Getting someone to run off your zine can be a real nuisance. I had my first zine run off by a fan in California (I was in Texas at the time,) It was about five years later before I went and did my own zine. This time it was in ditto, but with the wrong kind of per; the coated side worked all right, but the uncoated side ran and blurred. A little over a year and a half ago I s' red UNMITIGATED BARF, which became UNMITIGATED BARF RIDES AGAIN, which became UMBRA. It certainly has had it's ups and downs.

Now I wander over to the local college or university and rip off some fluid from a mimeo or ditto machine while the thing is incidentally reproing my zine. In the case of ditto nobody notices. In the case of mimeo it won't be noticed unless you run more than 8-10 pages with 2 200 or more of each page. Colleges and universities are a community resource. I used to pay for the ink for mimeo but not of late.

Aljo Svoboda is indeed an enigma. Do you have fun reading that squiggle he submits? I decided that it was a good thing to type his mss. in script in order to give readers an idea of one half the battle it is to decipher an Aljo Svoboda mss. Too bad I didn't mention that in the zine, just printed it that way. You and I and a lot of other faneds know that somethin' by Aljo has to be good to be printed or who would take the trouble to chance ruining their eyes typing from that small blue or purple mass!?

I don't think you are a hoax. Some people have written to me and told me I am a hoax; after all, how could there possibly be a fan with a name like John Robinson running around. After LOST IN SPACE no self-respecting person would dare employ such a name. But I've been using it in fandom for about ten years so I'm stuck. We have this character around here who teaches an sf course at the state university. His name is Curtis C. Smith. I used to invade his class and do fannish lectures saying: Hello, I'm John Robinson and this is Dr. Smith ( he has his PhD in 19th century English Novelists, and he even does some Marxist criticism) and we call our act LOST IN SPACE! Actually it is better to call him Coitus Smith, the hero of the next Heinlein novel- but then you could call Woodie Smith by the same name, so I guess Coitus Smith is the hero of TIE ENOUGH FOR LOVE. And yes, I've been speculating that Woodie Smith's mother and Tamara are the same person- and if that's true you'd better be on the lookout for a sequel. Remember, there never was a record, any record, of the death of Woodrow Wilson Smith's mother, so she may have turned up 2300 years later for the final rescue.

That's a very interesting cover you have there. When you only have one item blow the reader-observer's mind. One of these days I may figure it out. I do know that I like it. Was it inspired by Sky-lab II? That appears to be Arabella, the space spider, in the upper right hand corner.

Arabella, now that's an interesting name. Haven't heard it in



years. There used to be a kids program twenty years ago on Saturday morning radio- Just before BIG HOHN AND SPARKY (noted for their continuing adventures of Captain Jupiter of the Universe Patrol from out of Cincinatti on World's Lowest Wages 710AM) Seems there was this librarian- I think she was a librarian- who read and told stories of two kids named Skipper and Buzzy Baribee( wow! Whata memory) Anyway, one continuing character was Arabella the Dancing Bear.

Good grief! Between the ages of 7-11 I used to get up before 8:30 AM on Saturday to listen to radio. That was before TV invaded Maine (On Dec. 22, 1953- five days before my 11th birthday) I also listened to Straight Arrow and Bobby Benson of B Bar B, with Don Knotts as Windy Wales, Teller or Tall Tales, and there was The Green Hornet and Space Patrol, plus Buster Brown (with Smilin' Ed McConnell before the days of Andy Devine) and Johnny Dollar( played by Frank Lovejoy and later Mandel Cramer) and Suspense and X Minus One ( recently revived- you can hear it on the fourth Sunday of each month at 7:30 PM on NBC Monitor, WTIC 1080 AM to you)

Think of all those tre kies ou there who don't realize that Star Trek was not the beginning, but that Dimension X predates it by all of fifteen years.

I must have been grotesque at the age of eleven. Imagine an eleven year old Howdy Doody fan. Oh, it lasted all of two months, but that is a bit old- like five years, or maybe six. For a solid month I sat in TV showrooms wit my sister and brother hypnotized by the boob tube. Watching westerns. old movies. Watching Kukla, Fran, and Ollie. Becoming a Dave Garroway fan( yes, I had a case of intellectual egotism even when) One Saturday we went to a double feature and stood in the snow next door to the theatre for two hours watching old westerns. We got yelled at when we got home, but there was soon a set at home so we didn't have to watch out in the cold.

The reason I mention this are the Ray Bradbury episodes on X Minus One. Bradbury saw such things and realized that the next step was a wrap-around tridee room that made alien zombies out of kids. In those days it seemed to be accurate. But today kids grow up with TV and think nothing of it. They walk up to it and they walk away from it. It's just there. They take it for granted. Not so in those days.

Put this in your GEE WHIZ FILE: For the price of one ninety minute TV special, NBC radio could have produced enough weekly episodes of X Minus One to last more than tw ty years! The networks really made a mistake putting all their \$\$\$\$ into TV Twenty years later they are just beginning to realize that. ABC Radio will have a dramatic series On saturday ts this fall. Check it out.

If you like constructing myths perhaps you'll like APA\_H. The H is as in Hoax. This apa is made up of pseudo religious freaks. There are a great number of Herbangelists and one George H. Wells of Riverside, NY propagates the faith for Rev. Anal Roberts. I'll send in your name to Elliot Weinstein for speculation. You may decide to become a Herbangelist. You can have your own territory or join my group, or Barry Smotroff's group or David Shank's group.

I think I've written enough. It's getting hot around here. I just opened a window to let some air in. Fans are crazy. Why write a letter when you can telephone. I know your number. But I think it's Dollard and Miller's approach-avoidance conflict that's at the root of all this, the battle between solitude and wanting to meet folx. Letter writing let's you communicate when and where you wish.

## BOOKS

CAGE A MAN by F.M. BUSBY SFBC \$1.49, Signet, 95¢ (?)  
reviewed by WARREN JOHNSON

I believe that this is F.M. Busby's first novel, but as one reads the book, it's difficult to believe that. It's that good.

Barton is a 'tough' guy who is transported by some super science device to the planet of lobster-like creatures that are approximately the same size as humans. He learns that he has been taken as a specimen for experimentation, and that he is to be studied in what seems to him to be a torture chamber. He is beaten mentally and physically, but there remains one thing in him that lives: the desire to be free.

This desire grows so strong in him that, although he is in pretty bad shape, mentally and physically, he risks his life in an attempt to flee. He breaks out of his jail-torture chamber, and then kidnaps the daughter of the planet's ruler. He steals a rocket and takes off for Earth, with the lobsters right on his tail. He manages to get back to Earth, where he is treated (and debriefed) but his real trouble is his mental state: He thought himself to be going insane while he was in jail, and now is on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and must 'pull himself together.' This is the real conflict in the story: Barton trying to rebalance himself mentally. He is given moral support in this by the daughter of the lobster's kings, who has had plastic surgery etc to make her look human, and they ultimately fall in love.

But in the end it is Barton that does the pulling together, and his success is stated by the doctor towards the end. "Barton, you came home broken, like Humpty Dumpty. And gradually, you have put yourself together again. No one else could have done that for you."

This is a dramatic struggle between a man's will and the forces that attempt to drive him to collapse. Highly recommended.

\* \* \*

Toads may give you a wart, but I've never heard of one giving anyone the clap - Ed Cagle

### IMPERTINENT EDITORIAL ASIDE CONCERNING THE PARENTAGE OF THE PRINCES OF AMBER

The Amber books by Roger Zelazny have been among my favorites of recent years ever since I first read NINE PRINCES IN AMBER, and I was overjoyed when I learned that there was to be a sequel, and now LOCUS says that the series will go to five books, which is excellent - Corwin is one of my favorite characters in sf and fantasy. But I've discovered what I fear is an inconsistency in the books, and I'm going to delineate it here for you.

On page 55 of NINE PRINCES, the hardcover edition, a line reads "And I realized, with that, that we had shared common parents (Random and Corwin) which I suddenly knew was not the case with me and Eric, me and Flora, me and Caine and Bleyes and Fiona."

But on page 63 of the sequel, a line reads (Corwin to Benedict) "Of course, you and Eric are both my elders, but while Faielle, mother to Eric and myself, was his wife after the death of Cymnea, they -"

Thus Corwin is both Eric's full and half brother's, which is obviously impossible. Which is he? This passage gained my attention the first time I read THE GUNS OF AVALON, and it's been bugging me ever since. Have other fans noticed it? What's the real story on this, Roger?

# The Zine Scene

ADRENALIN#2 (John Carl, 3750 Green-tree Lane, Butte, Montana 59701. T usual or 25¢ 40pp ditto) Full of reasonably amusing articles by Brazier, Cagle, Balazs, Svoboda, and others. I think the best is Aljo's, an amusing thing about commercialism in fandom. Also a long, good, letter, zine reviews, and a nice editorial. The zine has FOUR things by Brazier. Try it.

PARENTHESIS#5 (Frank Balazs, Box 1007, Colonial Quadrangle, Sunya, Albany NY 12222. usual. 10pp mimeo ) a good personalzine. Notes on Dunsany, hoaxes, God, homosexuality, and other interesting things. Parts of letters scattered all throughout. Also the Who's Who questionnaire that I've seen about thirty times already. I enjoy it.

THE PASSING PARADE#4 (Milt Stevens 9849 Tabor St. #3 Los Angeles CA 90034. usual of 25¢ 23 pp) The highlight of this zine has got to be a two page spread of many of the LASFS members. 58 little photos in all, along with several pages of commentary on the subjects. There's also another installment in what Bill Bowers call THE WORLD AGAINST TED WHITE. That makes for good reading, too, tho not having seen previous issues, I can't figure out whose side to be on (tho I'm inclined to be on Milt's. And Ted's tone is too condensing all throughout "Milton, this was not a wise move on your part" which should automatically turn people against him) Also zine reviews, letters, and a piece on Milt's job in law enforcement (that's what it sounds like, anyways, but he works with computers and such and gets time to read STAND ON ZANZIBAR) One last word on white. Lovely quote from Milt: It is undoubtedly your (Ted's) ability to read carefully which has made you the highly paid editor you are. A really good zine. Get it.

KWALHIOQUA#8 (Ed Cagle Route#1 Leon KS 67074. usual or 50¢. about 45pp mimeo) A very funny zine, especially the parts written by Ed himself, who just might be the best fanwriter around. Funniest, anyways. Articles by Bangsund, Brazier, Franke, Heeves, Delap, Chandler and many others. News of what happened to Sy the toad when Ed moved. Good letters. A few news notes. Not too much art, but with written material this funny who cares? Get it.

WOODEN NICKEL (Arnie Katz 59 Livingston St Apt 6B Brooklyn, NY 11201. 2pp mimeo. not generally available) published for "the amusement of fifty perceptive and witty people" Me? It's a damn good very fanish personalzine that appears about weekly. Notes from letters too. It's concerned with (in the five issues I have) Skeeba zines without staples, Burbee, the Worldcon, stoned TV watching, and other things. If there's any way you can get on his mailing list,

LOCOMOTIVE#2 (Ken Gammage 7865 E. Roseland Dr. La Jolla CA 92037 and Brett Cox Box 542 Tabor City NC 28463. usual or \$25. 12pp) About 900 times better than the first ish. Ken did rewrite his

editorial this time, and it's pretty good. Brett also has one, which brings up various things that they hope will fuel discussion. And then there's letters. LOCOMOTIVE looks like it just might fulfill it's function of being a loozine. Most of the zine is in about average quality ditto, but the parts done in mimeo are superbly reproduced.

OUTWORLDS#17 (Bill and Joan Bowers P.O. Box 148 Wadsworth Ohio 44281 37pp 75¢ printed loc, contrib, arranged trade) Not as much of a graphic trip. A lot of this issue is Bill talking about OW, the changes its been through and the changes it will undergo (offset in a few issues) There's an old reprint by Dick Wilson, columns by Poul Anderson, R.A.W. Lowndes, Ted White (The World Against....) and a short lettercol which is mostly pros on White and Ellison.

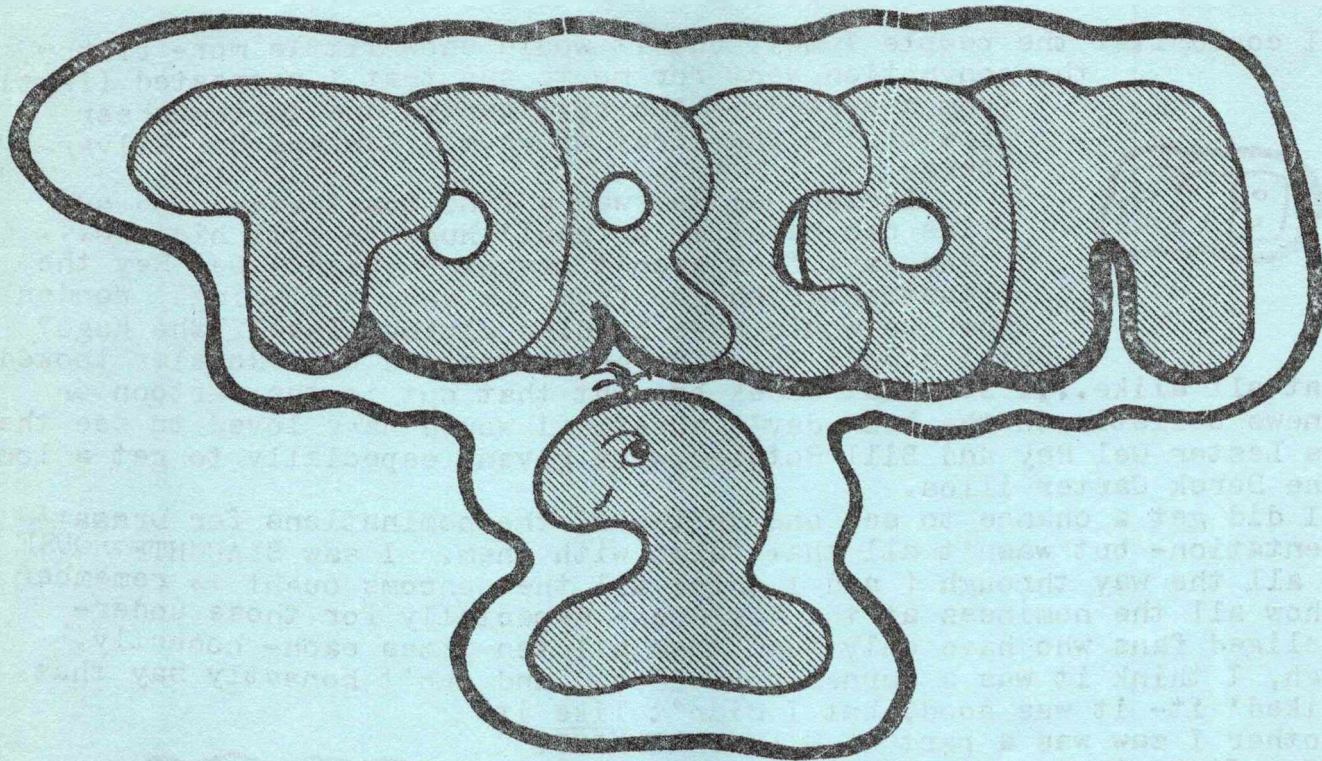
MAYBE #32 (Irvin Koch 835 Chatt. Bk. Bldg. Chattanooga TN 37402 19pp offset usual or 50¢) I can see why it annoys Bowers. MAYBE HAS a plethora of information about zines, cons, etc. but it's so haphazardly organized that it would be hard to refer to in the future. There's also an excellent illo by Alicia Austin.

TITLE# 19 (Donn Brazier 1455 Fawnvallery Dr. St Loius MO 63131 32pp usual or 25¢) At last I begin to see what everyone's been talking about. Title has a few articles, with the best by Roger D. Sween on E. Howard Hunt's literary career. There's also pieces by two people that I've been getting mixed up: Fredric Wertham and Richard Shaver. This cleared it up for me. Wertham sounds all right; there is a lot of crap in comics. Shaver's just a pure nut. But he's funny to read. Then there's about eight different lettercols around the zine with comments on about everything. If I get more time over the weeked I'll have to loc it. I think I'll enjoy it more when I've seen more issues and can thus relate to it better.

TABEBUIAN#8 ( Mardee and Dave Jenrette, Box 374-Grove, Miami Florida 33133. eight 1/4 size pp, or 2 legal size- it's one sheet but folded, so it comes out in a pb size format. offset. 6/\$1 or the usual) This was interesting: Miniscule type on nice yellow paper, with short locs, review of RENDEVOUS WITH RAMA (finding sexual symbolism there) notes on education and swingles. Shorter than most, they say. I think they also sell it on newstands: the copy says 10¢ on it. They sent me four, saying to "Share them with kindred spirits" I like it.

KWALHIOQUA#9 (Crazy Ed, see above) Not as good as before. Quite a bit shorter- only 22pp. Ed's account of his birthday, stuff on that pioneer of American Journalism T.H. Walnut, notes on another of Ed's hero's, Milford Poltroon, lots of Wild Pickle stuff. Ed isn't as funny this time, I think. Brazier says that another issues is to follow close on the heels of this one, so that the 12th will be the first annish. Hope so. Also articles by Piggot, Bangsund, Old Bone, and others.

Other zines of interest that I've been getting include GANNET-SCRAPBOOK, published by England's Gannets. I liked it a lot and hope that more issues are soon forthcoming. Also KRATOPHANY from Eli Cohen, good repr on blue paper with lots of nice art, more WOODEN NICKELS (it's become like clockwork; every Saturday I go home after the game and it's waiting for me) ECCE from Roger D. Sween, which is of interest to bibliographers and librarians, a profession which I think I could really enjoy, if it was a BIG library, like at a university.



by SHERYL BIRKHEAD

Well, Torcon 2 is now over. I suppose there's a whole lot and yet not much I can honestly say about it. Oh yeah, I was there- at least I think I was.

Hmm, I don't think this con will generate any elevator stories and THAT is a major achievement. Oh sure, the service was a bit slow, but YOU try crowding 3000 fans into an elevator and see how fast it'll move.

The convention was huge. As far as size is concerned, I can only compare it to the other two Worldcons I've been to (Noreascon and LACon) and it was still a lot bigger in comparison.

I think I'm about the worst possible choice as a con report writer. I'm petrified of people (yeah, I know these were fans and not people, but..) and met many (for me) more new faces than I ever have at any other convention (or even group of conventions) I tiptoe around a lot and try to people watch.

I did see a bit of the program (although I usually see MOST of it) but I don't take notes, so I'll Root out the mimeo sheet from the concom (most generously run off by the Gestetner people who had a room there!) Ah yes, speaking of mimeos- the Coulson's stopped off at Bill Petit's to pick up a mimeo and I now own( or will as soon as it gets home) an electric mimeo--Whee!



I could list the people I met, but it would show little more of how the convention went for me to say that I retreated (fast) from a seated-in-the-hall party due to the sheer size of it- the first of whom I saw was Bob Silverberg.

**BNF**

Lester Del Rey was a fine toastmaster, and now Ike can revel in a 'real' Hugo to call his own... Who says fans aren't psychic? Wasn't Del Rey the Toastmaster choice from the very beginning? Wonder how Ike would have handled giving himself the Hugo? But I didn't think Derek Carter and Bill Rotsler looked

at all alike...I see that Derek brought that out in the cartoon on the news bulletin on the last day's sheet. I would have loved to see the books Lester Del Rey and Bill Rotsler were given- especially to get a look at the Derek Carter illos.

I did get a chance to see one or two of the nominations for Dramatic Presentation- but wasn't all that taken with them. I saw SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE all the way through ( and I think all the concons ought to remember to show all the nominees at the Worldcon- especially for those under-privileged fans who have only seen them all ten times each- honestly, though, I think it was a darned good idea.) and can't honestly say that I 'liked' it- it was good, but I didn't like it.

The other I saw was a part of SILENT RUNNING. ABOUT a five minute slice of it. About then the guy in front of me stood up and I didn't want to bug him about sitting down- because quite obviously HE couldn't see, so how could I expect to see?

**PEOPLE**

I guess that is about it really. It was a darned good, smoothly run convention. The hotel and concom deserve a round of thanks, and I can only hope the Worldcons run as smoothly in the future. Size- yes, it was Huge, and I don't know what or if anything ought to be done about that aspect. I'd hate to see the Worldcon collapse from sheer size, but it can't be made an invitational or such like. Sigh, I guess we have to expect growing pains-'cause after all, SF is now a legitimate source of reading material, and you might catch ANYBODY reading it.

**FUN**

## APAC

Lately, a few apa amilings have been making their way into my mailbox. Here's a report on them.

The largest is MINNEAPA. It's biweekly, and the OE is Mike Wood, 1878 Roblyn Ave. #3 St. Paul. Minn 55104. The only mailing I have is #28, which ran 153 pp and came in two sections, but I joined on the strength of that mailing alone. People here are Wood, Leigh Edmonds, Tom Digby (PROBABLY SOMETHING# 462- Wow!) Matt Schneck, and a lot of Minnesota fans that I never heard of before, but will get to know as I read the apa. There's no minac here- you get any mailin you have a CONTRIBUTION, as well as the one immediately following. Mike will act as an ag for mailing and printing of zines. Major topics of conversation this time included fast food places, Torcon, and sex. Matt Schneck had a 32pp zine that went on forever with it's mc's, there was a sf quiz by Warren Johnson, and a Herbangelist comic strip by Larry Brommer. The entire apa is dotto, which makes it a bit hard to read, but all in all it's a good thing, and I think I'll enjoy being in it.

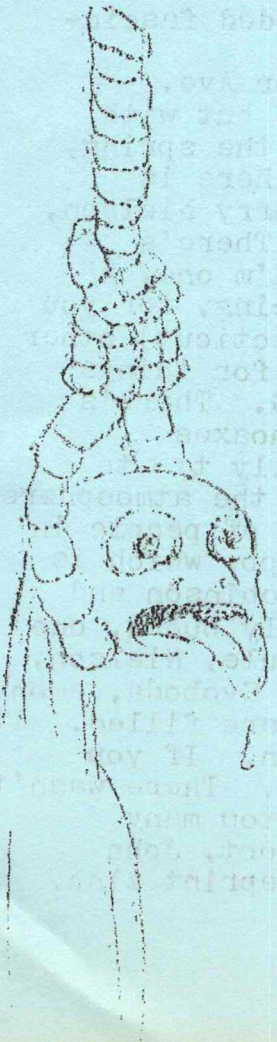
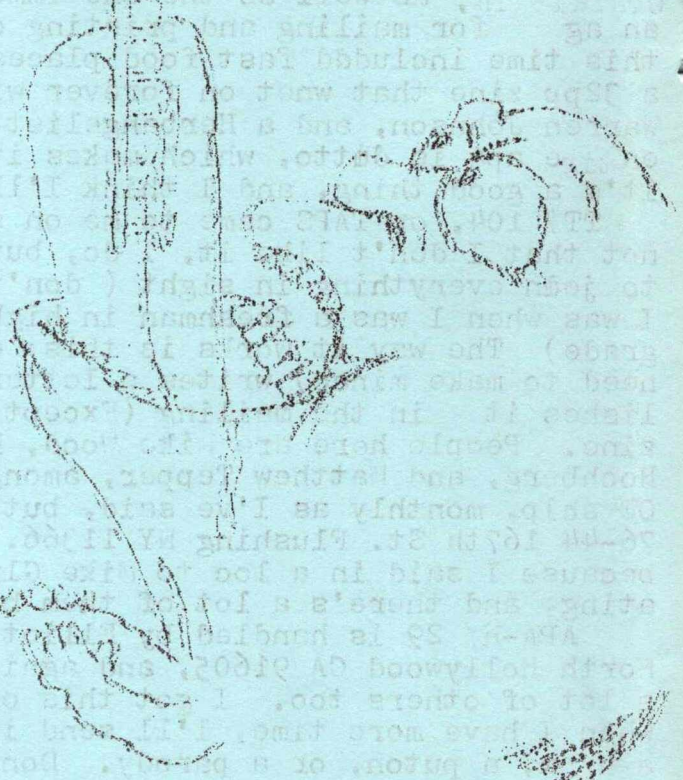
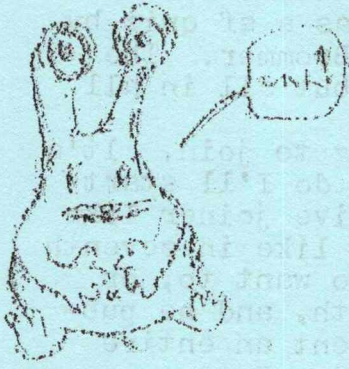
TT# 104, or TAPS came to me on spec, and I'm not going to join. It's not that I don't like it, I do, but I'm afraid that if I do I'll start to join everything in sight ( don't want to be a compulsive joiner like I was when I was a freshman in high school, or (shudder) like in seventh grade) The way it works is this: everybody (or those who want to, or need to make minac) writes a letter to the OE of the month, and he publishes it in the mailing (Except that Meade Frierson sent an entire zine. People here are Mike Wood, Mike Glycer, Aljo Svoboda, Norm Hochberg, and Matthew Tepper, among others. The apa rotates it's OE ship, monthly as I've said, but the OE for November is Lou Stathis, 76-44 167th St. Flushing NY 11366. Don't know why I got this- maybe because I said in a loc to Mike Glycer that L.A. Fandom sounded fascinating, and there's a lot of them here.

APA-H# 29 is handled by Elliot Weinstein 7001 Park Manor Ave. North Hollywood CA 91605, and again, it's mostly LA Fandom, but with a lot of others too. I got this on spec too, and maybe in the spring, when I have more time, I'll send in a contrib. Everything here is a hoax, a puton, or a parody. Donn Brazier, Dave Shank, Larry Nielson, and others are all represented here through their hoaxes. There's a Ranquet proceedings, quite a bit of Herbangelist stuff (I'm one, bV the way- knock you heads on the floor three times when locking, for you adress the High Priest of the Herbangelist Church in Connecticut) other pseudo religious stuff, a LOCUS parody, and advertisements for things such as Tribbles and a magazine called FEMMEFAN CONFESSIONS. There's also a comic strip: SHMUCK ROGERS. Anybody interested in hoaxes should join this. My only peeve is that some people actually try to write serious mailing comments about it, which doesn't fit the atmosphere.

RAPS #34 (or KIDAPA, as I think of it- there are a lot of people in it my age or younger) is my first apa. This mailing is 92pp, which is deceptive, since two things for a total of 48pp, by John Robinson and Meade Frierson are not apa oriented at all. It's a friendly bunch, one that I'm glad I'm in. People here are Ben Indick, Ian Maule, Nielson, Sheryl Birkhead, Ed Connor, Frank Balazs (the OE) and Aljo Svoboda, among others. There's a limit of 25 members, of which 22 spots are filled. It's monthly, with a one page per quarter minac. Easy to stay in. If you want a small, very friandly apa to be in, this could be it. There wasn't a whole lot of substance in this mailing, so I can't make too many comments as to what's going on, but Frank has a Torcon report, John Robinson a zine devoted to fanfic and poetry, and Meadea reprint zine.

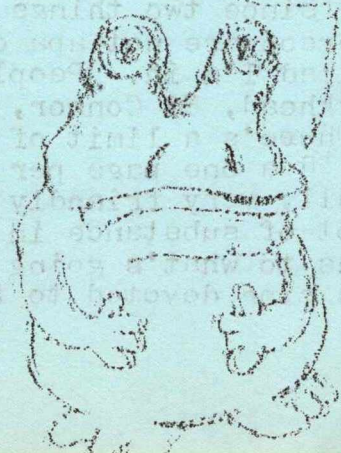
WILLIAM  
BY JOHN

THE  
WILLIAM  
BY JOHN



WOW!

WOW!





YOU

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 FRANK BALAZS Box 1007 SUNYA Albany, NY 12222
 

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I think the bacover should have been the front cover- it would have looked much better. You really don't need the title on the cover.

One thing that Jim overlooks about NIGHTWINGS is the obvious Jack Vance influence. In fact, Silverberg wrote the story very much influenced by Vance, striving for a Vancian tale. DOWNWARD TO THE EARTH was also influenced by Vance's TO LIVE FOREVER, says Silverberg. I'm not too surprised by this as authors are often influenced by their contemporaries, and furthermore Vance is a better writer than Silverberg hands down.

What's chocolate pudding got to do with anything, anyway?

Offset covers!! You ought to be kicked out of fandom, you know that, don't you. Offset covers indeed. I won't even discuss the electrosten-ciling. I hate you.

(Now that you mention it, I do notice a Vancian influence in NIGHTWINGS. It's all very decadant, as a lot of Vances things are. I like chocolate pudding. It's no different from the talk of a pumpkin in MINNEAPA. Don't you like chocolate pudding? Now that I get my electrostencil free do you hate me even more?)

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 MIKE GLICKSOHN 32 Maynard Ave#205 Toronto Ont. M6K 2Z9 Canada
 

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STRIPE is looking better with each issue and with a bit more quality artwork you'll have an attractive publication. Speaking of artwokk, that uncredited drawing seems to be the work of Randy Bathurst. And on the same topic, let me be the hundred and first to tell you that the new abysmal cover on DUNE was not done by Schoenherr. He did the original cover and the idiots forgot to alter the credits when they changed. Jack is quite literally incapable of painting anything that static or porrrly envisioned.

Warren Johnson obviously doesn't understand the collecting spirit! People like us are going to buy books no matter how fast we can read them, just as we continue to buy original paintings no matter how quickly we can look at them. There's a pleasure in the mere ownership of some things as well as the pleasure of being able to enjoy them whenever we wish to. Even if instant reading were a possibility, private libraries would still abound but would perhaps be larger than ever.

ORGANA sure doesn't sound like an award-worthy novel, at least not from Doug's plot summary. It might make a great LOST IN SPACE episode, though.

The idea of the semi-professional Hugo is essentially unworkable because of the extremely limited number of potential nominees. I don't know if the victory of ENERGUMEN in this year's fanzine Hugo balloting is the last gasp of the small circulation fanzine, but I hope not. It does seem to indicate that at least it's possible to compete against the bigboys and rather deflates the arguments of those who claim that Hugos are becoming indications of circulation and little else. Since I've been much ~~amidnt~~ in this group, I've rather defeated my own arguments, an embarrassing situation, I admit. However, it does seem to have killed the possibility of any reform in the fanzine category at least for another year. Perhaps an aroused fandom can still influence the Hugo voting to a degree recently thought impossible? I might attempt a discussion of why I think we won someday, but not here and certainly not now. The factors that led to the Hugo for NERG could possibly do the same for GRANNY or PRE or even SFC so let's hope that the Day of the Monolithic Fanzine is not yet upon us.

My disagreement with Dave Locke's idea of a Hugo for the best individual piece of fanwriting stems from the very fact that often the best single piece of writing comes from someone not all that active in fandom. For this reason, there's a very strong chance that circulation of the piece will be in some fanzine with a limited print run and hence the article will in essence be unavailable even if it gets on the ballot. With the majority of voters in the fan categories basically unfamiliar with the much of the fanzine scene, this seems to be making the award even less meaningful than it might already be. If a fan wants to cast an informed vote in the fanwriter category as it now stands, chances are he can find at least some of the writing of each nominee. His vote won't be as well considered as that of someone really active in fanzine fandom, but it'll be a lot more meaningful than if he can't find the specific piece on the ballot. The only answer would be for the con to reissue each nominated piece of fanwriting and distribute it with the ballots. With everyone screaming about the increased cost of con memberships, I don't see any con in the near future too eager to undertake such an expensive task. (And with about 3000 copies of maybe up to 30 pages of writing to be printed and mailed out First Class, don't kid yourself that this wouldn't be an expensive proposition!) And I haven't even touched on the inherent problems of nominating individual pieces of fanwriting when the print run of current fanzines ranges from 30 copies to 2500!)

(Your reasoning is superb. I can only fault you on one thing. The print run of THE ALIEN CRITIC#6, which arrived here today, about a month late, was 3000. But that's a very minor point. Thanks- Mike)

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Sheryl Birkhead 23629 Woodfield Road Gaithersburg, MD 20760

CCest Moi- you ramble nicely, wish there had been a bit more to it, though. I mean, only one page- barely got decent eyetracks on it.

Dick Patten's little piece is very nice indeed. In fact, we have a radio announcer's Freeloading Society around here already- at least that's what the announcers say-- it is most enjoyable to sit back and listen to them spin out yarns about momentous feats of freeloading. But, if everyone is going to be a Freeloader, who the heck is going to be the Free-loadee?

I can't say that I always agree with your analyses in the Fanzine review column, but I also must say that I find such columns to be immensely interesting. I believe I have seen all but one of the zines you talk about and I like the concise synopsis of what is going on inside. Somehow I get the impression that most zines run a fanzine column, but I don't think most of them are as clear as yours. I really hope you can keep it up and expand to cover the multitude of zines around. There is a book out or going to be out about the fanzine (I think it costs \$0.00) and I am seriously thinking about buying a copy- just out of curiosity if nothing else.

(I think I can keep on doing a zine column. This time I added a page of apa reports. Do you readers like them? The book is out, by Fredric Werthan, published by some University Press in Illinois, and is for ten bucks. Maybe I'll get it someday.)

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Harry Warner 423 Summit Avenue Hagerstown MD 21740

You realize, of course, what a dangerous precedent you're setting by going out for the school team. If your example should spread throughout fandom, Labor Day would be doomed as the traditional date for the Worldcon, because none of the younger fans could be sure that the first game of the season wouldn't occur around that weekend. Actually, you

aren't the first fan to play football, but I can only think of one or two others who have done it in school. Now in my day, long ago, all fans were such physical wrecks by the time they were eight or nine years old that football was out of the question.

Warren Johnson underestimates capitalism. Book people will find a way to remain prosperous, even if everyone becomes psychic enough to read books by touching them. After all, the record industry now sells its lp albums in a way that was unthinkable not too long ago, encased in shrinkwrap so the customer doesn't even see the record itself until he has paid for it, and knows what the album sounds like only if he has heard it over the air or knows someone who owns a copy. If the book industry faces this kind of crisis, I can foresee book stores which keep all their stock completely hidden from the view and touch of customers. The person who decides to 'buy' a book by touching it will sit in a comfortable chair and after awhile the book will glide towards him on an endless belt, stop at his lap and then slide away rapidly as soon as his touch has signalled contact to the belt's electronic controls. He will have paid the price of the book for this moment of touch.

I've known a few people like Dick Patten's friend. But every instance with which I've been acquainted has turned out to be either someone in the good graces of the Mafia or an individual who is on the mailing list of the local public welfare department.

I feel sympathy for the opinion that the giant circulation fanzines should compete separately from the small ones, but I still haven't seen any explanation of how it could be done, as a practical thing: who would verify circulations, rule on a fanzine that underwent great growth in circulation during the year, and so on? One round-about way to achieve the same general ideal: if a fanzine is nominated for a Hugo this year, then it's ineligible to be nominated for the next two years. That would permit most or all of the big zines to compete against one another one year, then would leave the way clear for the smaller ones the next two years, because there aren't that many big ones.

(Part of the book industry is already doing something like you mention- a lot of porn is kept in plastic bags which aren't opened until after you've paid.)

A couple of flaws in your idea for the Hugos: What about a zine that is nominated one year when it hasn't reached it's peak, reaches it in it's ineligible years, so that it's the best in the field, and then dies before it can be eligible again. ENURGUMEN could be used as an example, though one could argue that LOCUS would have been ineligible during NERG's first year, and then it would have won, and so on to infinity. But that flaw does exist. And what's a big zine? Is it a category with zines like PRE And GRANNY and SFC, along with TAC, ALGOL, LOCUS, RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY etc, or is it just the latter?- Mike)

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Grant Canfield 28 Atalyaa Terrace San Francisco CA 94117

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The only thing, actually, that really interested me in this issue was the fanzine reviews. I might point out that in the review of STARLING, you got the name of one of my collaborators wrong. It's JAY Kinney, not Jeff. Unless he's changed his name since Thursday, that is. Obviously you haven't seen much of Jay's fanzine cartoons, or you would surely remember his name. He's one of the Best in the Biz; there's no one can touch him, Rotsler included, when it comes to piercing pretensions, nipping them in the arse, as it were.

A quote from your review of OUTWORLDS, if I may: "But then, I've never understood what's so avant garde about putting a frame around an illo, any-

way." I was rather amused that on the Very Same Page you put a frame, albeit circular, around an illo yourslef- and a Jeff Schalles illo at that! Did you realise you had done that, I mean, on the same page as that statement? Ist strick me as a moderately funny juxtaposition.

(Sorry, Grant and JAY. There is a JEFF Kinney- I believe he plays football for the Kansas City Chiefs. As to the frame, yes, I realized that I had put a frame around the illo on the same pages as that statement. I forget, though, whether or not I had just left a big blank space and wrote the text around it, or whether I had actually done the entire layout before I wrote it. Anways, at the time I still didn't see what was so strange about putting a frame around one. I thought it would be the natural thing to do. Now I can see why it hasn't been done much, and why it is considered avant-garde. It's about ten times as hard as just putting the illo on the page, and so people just didn't bother to do it! It took me almost a half hour to get the circle right and almost center the illo!

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Loren MacGregor Box 636 Seattle WA 98111

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Warren Johnson, whose name I seem to be seeing a lot recently, has the incredible quality of making me want to thrash him on sight every time I read something of his...the pieces are generally harmless, but by Damn, he sure is a source of irritation. His littl piece is fairly good as far as it goes--which isn't, very--but... Ah, me. I promised myself I wouldn't get into an argument. I just wrote a three page chastisement to Chris Sherman about an incredibly obtuse Johnson article he printed. I won't do the same here.

The piece is good, actually. It's much better than I would have imagined Warren Johnson could do, bawed on what he has done that I've seen. I just don't happen to like it...

Doug Leingang has a smooth, readable style that makes reading his book review a pleasant thing. He also makes me wish I had the book, which is also a pleasant thing. He doesn't tell me who or what Electron Books is, or where they originate, though; I've never seen them in the stores. Consequently, I don't know where to buy them. That is not a pleasant thing.

You weren't able to finish DAVY? How could you. How couldn't you? Why didn't you? Pageborn and his DAVY rate top in my book. I would almost sooner reread Pageborn than start with anyone else. Say, do you happen to read the newly revived SATURDAY EVENING POST? Anyone who thinks sf is not respectable, accepted middle class literature now might be interested to know that that magazine not only reviews AN EXALTATION OF STARS, but recommends it and sells it on its POST book list/book service.

I don't know about homo freeloader, but I do know that my brother finds almost as much money a week as he makes in salary. He works in a kitchen, and he finds money on trays, in the coke machines, in the sandwich machines, on the floor... as well as on buses and street corners when he heads home each night. Luck like that I could use. I remember once- and this is honest-for-real-true-- that I was walking along and kicked a rock. Underneath it was a quarter, and I started to show it to my brother in triumph. He'd followed the rock as it bounced down the road, preparing to kick it again. Instead, he bent down and picked up a \$10 bill; the rock had just happened to come to rest on top of it.

If I find a pen, either the ink runs out in my pocket, or it's out of ink entirely.

Cy Chauvin- cough, cough- do you know what the circulation of ENERGUMEN was? I do. About 250. It won against ALGOL and LOCUS. Next question.

(It wasn't that DAVY was bad, it was just that it was slow moving for the first half, the part I read, and since I only had about a half hour each day for reading (somehow in the middle of June you don't feel like doing anything intellectual, it seemed to drag on forever. If I

had had the time to read it in a few days, I probably would have been able to finish it.)

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Cy Chaavin 17829 Peters Roseville, Michigan 48066

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I really dug Sheryl's cover. Neat. The bacover was good, too. It looks like a lot of the pages inside were printed offset. VERY EXPENSIVE- why not use electrostencils, or generally abandon artwork in the interior of the zine? I liked your interline about the icebox doors made in Hagerstown MD best, and really laughed. Also chocolate pudding. Don't know why it was funny, but it was at the end of your editorial.

Re your comments about voting 'no award' for the Hugo: If you look in the rules, you will see that there is no mention of the Hugos being a best of the year award- rather, they are officially called "Science Fiction Achievement Awards" This implies that if one thinks that none of the nominees are true achievements, and deserve recognition as such, then you should vote no award.

(I don't know whether the pages with illos on them last time were offset or not. The printer had both an electrostencil machine and a cheapie offset thing where he could make the offset master in about a minute, and they cost the same, so I said he could use whatever was quicker for him.

You're right about the Hugos. But if they're for achievement, how come we can't vote two things in first place? Or can we? On the ballot, I mean, not for a result- ties exist anyways. Because often there is more than one nominee deserving of an award- look at this year's novella and novelle categories.)

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Roger d. Sween Box 351 Platteville WI 53818

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Lebanese, huh? Well, if it was left to me, I'd say Gorra was Irish, and Michael hints at it strongly; SURE AND BEGORRAH confirms it. Or is it one of those transmogrified names. Ken Ozanne tells me his family name was originally Hoazanna.

I concur that TRIPE is self deprecating. Laughing at yourself is one thing, but to continually put yourself down is offensive. When you have so many thousands of words to chose from, why pick such a rotten one. Rather STARSHIP TRIAD, STARSHIP TRIBUNE, STARSHIP TRIBUTE, STARSHIP TRICADE, STARSHIP TRIDENT, STARSHIP TRIERARCH, STARSHIP TRIFID, STARSHIP TRIGON, STARSHIP TRILL, STARSHIP TRIMMER, STARSHIP TRINE, STARSHIP TRIO, STARSHIP TRIP, etc. To me a title should be unique, pronounceable, and meaningful, the title is the flag you fly over what you think and say- a summary of intent stamped on every cover. Do you think so little of yourself to carry such a banner? Then so shall we.

Thanks for the heavy covers. I wish Donn Brazier and following all did the same. It protects and preserves much better (I am of the archival mentality) And you have good repro- on alternating facing pages; the others are cruddy. Why should this be when cleaner pages are so easy to come by. Either let them dry on one side before doing the other or slipsheet. But bless you for not using twilltone.

My penchant for the romantic in art find favor in the very nice McCleod illo on page 1, his other on page 16 is desultory in comparison. Schalles is capable of some fine technique, but he wastes himself in these imbecilic cartoons as do Rotsler, Canfield, and their ilk.

(I am Irish on my mother's side. Michael comes, however, from my father's father. As far as I know, Gorra is not Anglicized. SURE AND BEGORRAH comes from something an English immigrant who manages a restaurant around here said to me sometime when I was making a delivery "Sure and begorrah, it's Mr. Gorra." I don't think the repro will be as inconsistent this time. But how does one slipsheet?)

Book: Frank ... October 11, 1941

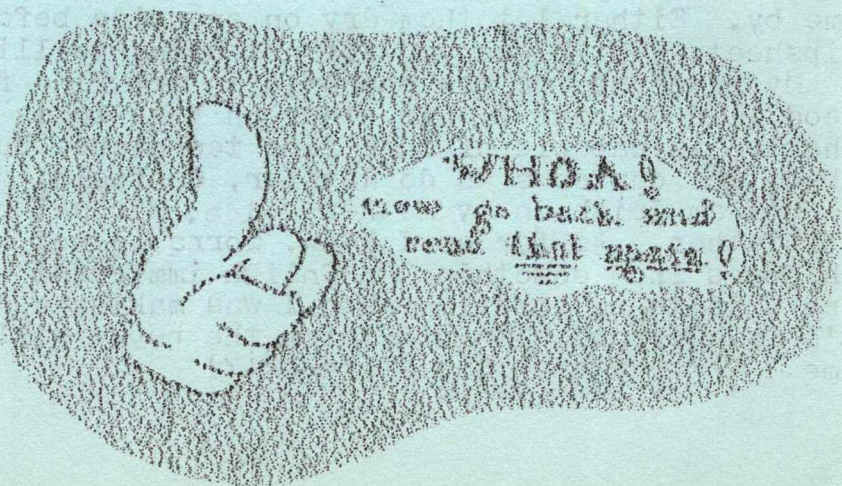
... but ... great improvement! ... and ... are quite decent and you handled the ... very well. ... in still your weakest point, but obviously you are learning quickly and ...

... for the ... your's please was quite easily the most ...

Book: ... October 11, 1941

I think that in the kind of ... I was publishing about your ... except that yours is much better reproduced and ... an ...

From the ... of your ... it's hard to say whether you've got ... each excellent ... (writing a couple of ... pages ...)



Isn't Jim Zychowicz a pseudonym for Douglass Leingang? Even if I'm wrong, I have a few things to say about the the review of Silverberg's NIGHTWINGS. It is a veritable catalog of sophomoric reviewing techniques. Following the sequence of the writing: Zychowicz begins by ~~cræebing~~ about the blurb. "When did we start caring about the advertising statements of people who skim-misread sf books. Then, Zychowicz prejudices against the book are so many that it makes me wonder how he ever came to buy the book at all. In a following paragraph, he quibbles about whether NIGHTWINGS is fantasy or sf- as if the distinction was relevant, which it usually isn't. At least never relevant enough to bother arguing over. And in his discussion of the book's style Zychowicz is more revealing of his own inability to analyze writing than of Silverberg's usage of anachronistic language. He dwells far, far too much on the insignificant details of the story- presumably a review whets your appetite for a story, help you decide whether to read it. A review does not retell the story. If it does, it's not a review but a synopsis. Considering Zychowicz' other elementary errors, it's hardly surprising to see an ignorant remark at the end: "Silverberg is one author worth watching, since I doubt that he has yet reached the crest of his talents...etc." If Silverberg isn't at the 'crest of his talents' after almost twenty years of writing, he probably hasn't got time enough to get there.

Now about the review Leingang's got his name appended to, it contains some of the same errors as Zychowicz'. For all the plot summary, it seems to me he ought to be able to say "Abla and Montgomery, newlyweds in a society where marriage and childbearing is limited, are banished from Earth, eventually coming to live among the Organians. Then he can rip off a couple of sentences about points of view or themes in Organian life- what the book is about, as opposed to a recitation of what the plot is about.

Your comments on the Carr anthology are far more sophisticated than the other reviews in the zine, which is encouraging, although I get the impression that you are building a review out of fanreviewers cliches rather than risking your own rhetoric in open battle. It's one thing to sound like Donald Keller because you experienced the same reaction to a book, but another to sound like him because you just like the way he sounds. Using models (not that you necessarily did) is fine, but hacking out commonplace phrases used and abused by every other sf reviewer is self defeating.

Your fanzine reviews show magnificent good taste and near-genius perceptive abilities.

(Does anybody want to tell me what tombstoning is? I have a lettering guide, but can't use it well-hence typing instead of big letters. I recently got (from Sheryl Birkhead) some rub-on letters, though, and you'll probably be seeing them next issue. I think Silverberg is still improving, and will continue to do so. And I've never read anything by Donald Keller- in fact, until I got Cy's Worldcon report, I don't think I'd ever heard of him.)

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Ben Indick 428 Sagamore Avenue Teaneck N.J. 07666

As a Lebanese, you are too solicitous of the feelings of the Irish about "Begorrah." The better pun is, I think, the way I have spelled it above (B'Gorra) I thought of other things as well. Gemorra, a rhyme but a misspelling, for Gorra purposes. But anyway, it's your problem. Make up your own funny name. I don't know why you bothered me with it in the first place. You did, didn't you? You didn't? Hmp.

Sheryl's frontcover is very nice, but with her talent she could really have done a pastiche on old time pulps if she'd wanted to. Hero with ravens, scantily clad broad, monster, etc. Very promising.

SP4 Bruce. D. Arthurs 527-98-3103 57 Trans. Co Fort Lee Va 23801

You're sixteen, eh? Damn, why are all these snot-nosed youngsters starting up their own zines like crazy nowadays. I'm twanty one, and am starting to feel like an old, old man. I hung around the edges of fandom for over two years before I put out my first fanzine, but nowadays: "Fandom? What's that? Is that so? Pardon me, but do you know where I could get these fanzine stencils I just typed upr un off?"

Ugh. Me smell hoax, Lone Ranger. Yes, ORGANA is, I think, a hoax. For one thing, I've never heard of Electron Books (But that ight not mean anything, I'm not that up to date on the publishing world. L. Oliver Green and John P. McLaren both have a ring of being made-up names to them. (But that doesn't mean anything. So do Mike Gorra and Doug Leingang) The plot and synopsis of ORGANA also sounds hoaxy (But so do lot of sf plots.)

Two things, however, reinforce my opinion. First, I'm almost certain that I've read a Leingang loc somewhere wherein he mentions that the last book he bought was in March '73. This doesn't make ORGANA impossible, he may have borrowed it, just more difficult. Second, Leingang actually sounds serious in this review. That ain't the Doug Leingang I'm used. to. Also, additionally, I've recently heard rumors somewhere that there's a movement on to nominate a hoax book for a Hugo, and I think ORGANA may be it.

( It was almost that fast with me and STRIPE. I'd known of fandom for a long time, and had been getting LOCUS for about a year, but within three weeks after I saw my first zine that was connected with fandom in any real way (ALGOL and LOCUS aren't, after all) (It was OUTWORLDS, and INWORLDS came with it) STRIPE#1 was mailed out. And if I'd remembered to go to a business machine store when I was in the shopping center, it would have come out earlier by at least a week.)

Doug Leingang Box 21328 BSU Baton Rouge LA 70803

The ocver was interesting, and I think I know what it's supposed to be... let me guess. That Jim McCleod thing is good. Skip the spac wasted by the toc page. You have 18pp, save postage please. Get rid of the envelope next time by not having hard covers. Not that I don't appreciate your time and effort, but I was faneds had more of an eye for practicality than beauty.

Sorry to tell you this, Mike, but you've been the end of a hoax-- the wrong end. There is no such book as ORGANA. No John P. McLaren. No Electron Books. Sorry, but them's the breaks. Fake book reviews are my forte, but fortunately, your's is the last one I wrote.

(I had extra money last time, and nothing to spend it, on, so I opted for offset covers. So what. I like them, most of you liked them, and I'll do it when I have the money around. Next time I might have them. I'll probably have them most of the time, now that I don't have to pay for mimeo and electrostencils, and I'll get them done cheap in school, rather than by a commercial printer, like the ~~ast~~ ones were. I like beauty in zines, even if it does cost more money. My intention as a genzine publisher is to produce an art oriented zine, and if I have to pay for it, so be it. I don't have any financial worries now anyways. If I was supporting myslef, perhaps it'd be different.

I didn't mind the hoax a bit. In fact, I was very amused by it. I've heard of the attempt to get a hoax book nominated, something that I don't think is very funny, but in spite of that, if ORGANA is the book, I'm still flattered that whoever was responsible (if it was more than just Doug) chose to do it in my zine. But if there is real movement to do it, I hope this shoots it down, because I don't agree at all with the idea. It'd cheapen the Hugos even more than they may already be chapaned, if such a book were nominated.



## THE LAST FETID BREATH

Done at last, and not a moment too soon.... the stylus on the electro-stencil cutter is beginning to wear down already... I think it comes from having to do whole pages of typescript. I'm afraid some of the pages won't come out as well as I would have liked because of this: I did five stencils today, and none came out perfectly. Ah well. Sorry, readers, contributors and artists alike. The caption on the big cartoon in "Beasties" is supposed to read "Hey! It's dark down here- are you sure this leads to the basement?" That one looks to be the worst of all, but hopefully there's enough of it imaged so that the ink will fill in the rest. I hope. By next issue they should have a new stylus. If they don't buy one, perhaps I will.

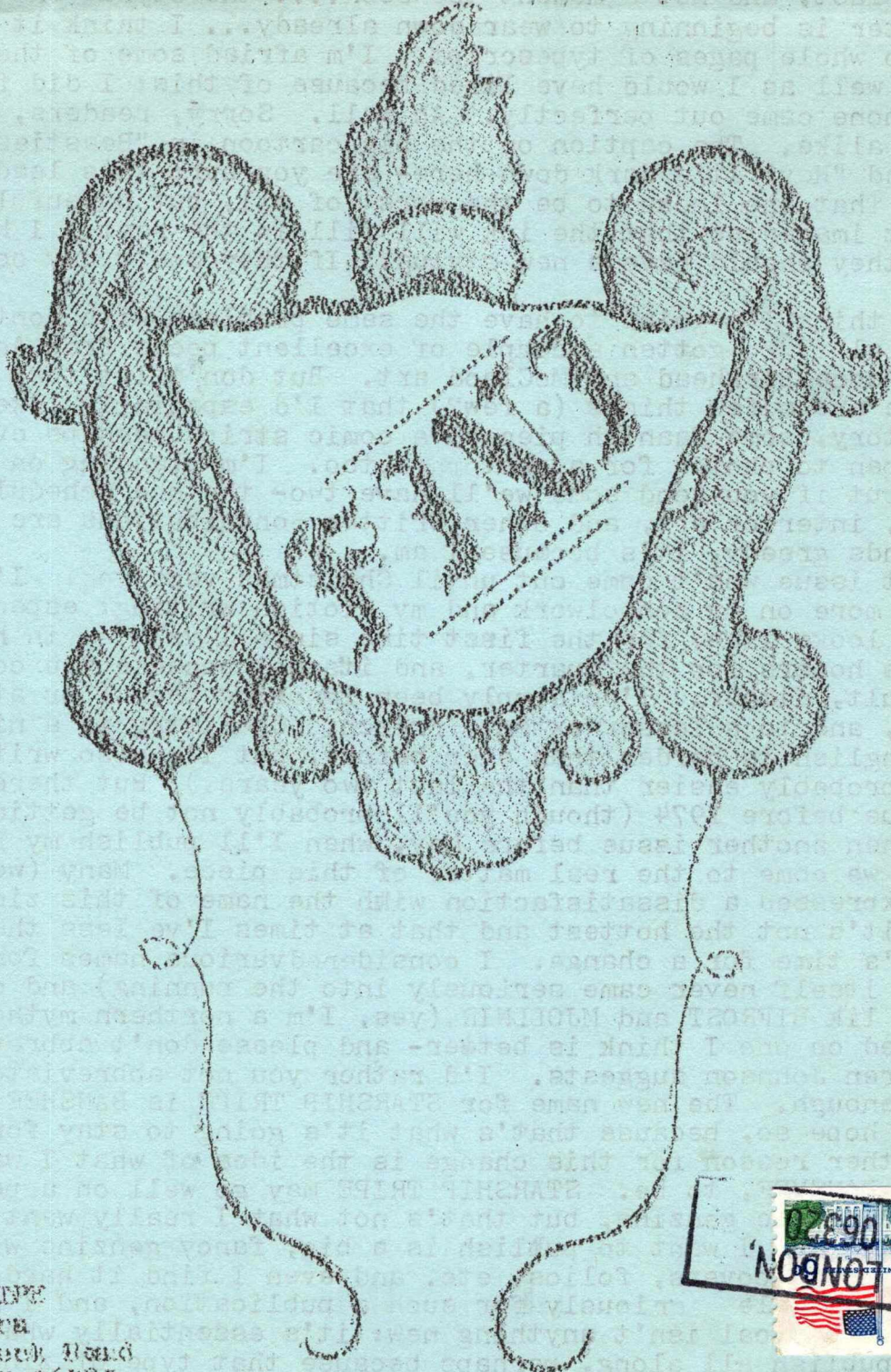
I don't think I'm going to have the same problems with contribs next time. I've already gotten a couple of excellent poems from Angus Taylor, as well as some Birkhead and McCleod art. But don't let that hold you back. There are a few things (a few?) that I'd especially like to print: some fanhistory, some faanish pieces, a comic strip, perhaps even a folio. I'm still open to photos for a photopage, too. I'm planning on having one next time, but if you send some we'll have two- the one scheduled is of me. Covers, interior art, and other written contributions are also needed. If this sounds greedy, it's because I am.

The next issue won't come out until Christmas vacation. I've got to concentrate more on my schoolwork and my fiction writing: especially the former. It looks like, for the first time since I've been in high school, I won't make honors for the quarter, and it's not because the courses are that difficult, either. I've simply been ignoring them (or at least ignoring Math, and to a lesser extent, French. Chemistry is a nitpicking subject. English is harder than ever before, but I'm also writing better. History is probably easier than the last two years.) But there will be a sixth issue before 1974 (though you'll probably not be getting it before then) and then another issue before May, when I'll publish my first annish.

And now we come to the real matter of this piece. Many (well, four) of you, have expressed a dissatisfaction with the name of this zine. Okay, I'll admit that it's not the hottest and that at times I've less than loved it. So maybe it's time for a change. I considered various names for STRIPE (which name itself never came seriously into the running) and came up with things like BIFROST and MJOLLNIR. (yes, I'm a northern mythology nut) but I decided on one I think is better- and please don't abbreviate it B.S. as Warren Johnson suggests. I'd rather you not abbreviate it at all, it's short enough. The new name for STARSHIP TRIPE is BANSHEE. Do you like it? I hope so, because that's what it's going to stay for awhile. Perhaps another reason for this change is the idea of what I want STRIPE to be. I mean BANSHEE, to be. STARSHIP TRIPE may go well on a personalzine or even a fannish type genzine, but that's not what I really want this to be. Frankly, what I want to publish is a big, fancy genzine with all the trimmings: offset covers, folios, etc. and even I find it hard to take that title seriously for such a publication, and I suspect you would too. This goal isn't anything new: it's essentially what I've been wanting to publish all along, perhaps because that type of zine was the first I saw. I think it's a change for the better.

This issue is long already; I doubt that I'll be able to sneak it by for twelve cents postage, since I'm not using twilltone (Man, I hate that stuff. It falls apart) but on the chance that I might, and so I don't outstay my welcome, goodbye, and WRITE!!!!!!

*Nike*



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