



Kalikanzaros six



DIVINE MADNESS

As you have heard before, "This is Divine Madness, or just plain madness--as the case may be." In simpler language you might call it the editorial...

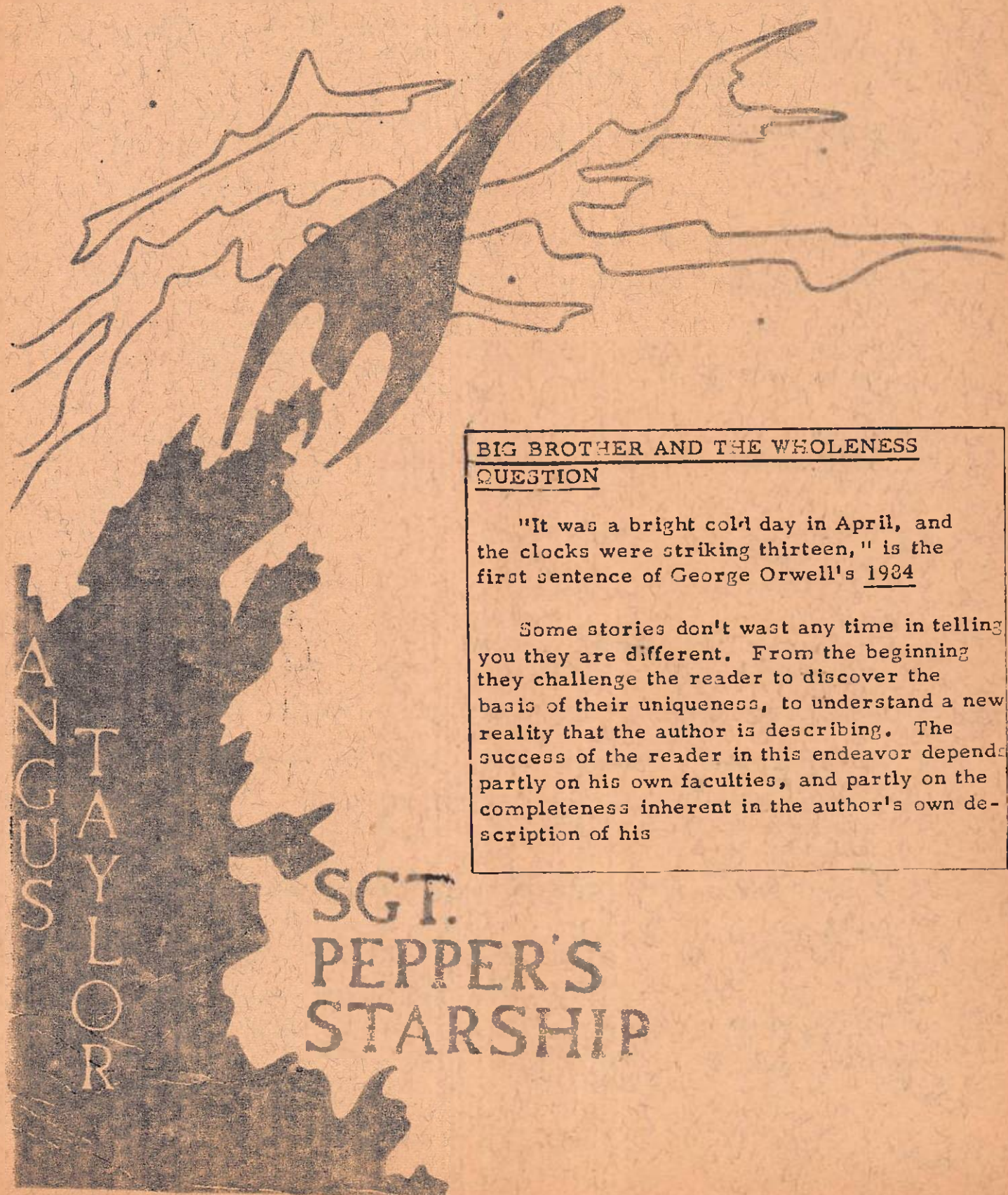
What Science Fiction needs is a magazine--or could it be an editor? It's no secret that the magazines publish far too much inferior material (to be euphemistic about it). The specific diseases of each magazine are common knowledge, but no one seems to have a cure. A step in the right direction, though, might be the arrival of an editor who edits, controls his magazine, moulds it into a whole and a unity. John Camboll did it once, during one of the classic reshaping of the genre--I feel that any current success of Analog is due more to this than to the quality of the stories; with very few exceptions. I have found the material in Analog to be unreadable for the past couple of years. Mike Moorcock has tried it in New Worlds, but he seems to be shackled to, and by, the untenable position that literature, good writing, and unusual (taboo breaking, perhaps?) themes are incompatible with most science fiction and with most traditional story telling values. He seems to think that a revolution is necessary--there must be a complete turnabout. I doubt this very much. I like quite a bit of what would be called "New Wave", but I feel that there is room for much more...and that there is much room for improvement of the quality of sf, both "old" and "new" wave. (I'm not debating, here, the relative merits of the "typos," but only digressing).

What we need is an editor who can blend the forms and present a variety of types and styles while unifying the magazine into a whole: a "total experience" so to speak. We need an editor with some graphic sensibility as well. Bad layout, design, and art (and even printing--Galaxy Publications are notorious on this count) can destroy the image or the feeling of a magazine, whereas the right appearance can pull magazine together. (Did I hear someone shout, "Practice what you preach!?"?)

In the end it all boils down to a financial problem as much as anything else. Such an editor wouldn't come cheaply (assuming you could find one in the science fiction field) and he would need quite a bit of money to buy what he wanted, or needed, both fiction and art. Ah, well, sf does not command the market necessary to draw such money.

From here I could naturally lead into a discussion of commercialism vs. art, but that seems to be a moot point, and I refuse to digress any further.

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ANGUS
TAYLOR

SGT.
PEPPER'S
STARSHIP

BIG BROTHER AND THE WHOLENESS
QUESTION

"It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen," is the first sentence of George Orwell's 1984

Some stories don't waste any time in telling you they are different. From the beginning they challenge the reader to discover the basis of their uniqueness, to understand a new reality that the author is describing. The success of the reader in this endeavor depends partly on his own faculties, and partly on the completeness inherent in the author's own description of his

new reality. A letter by A.E. Leven in *Kallikanzaros* #3 maintains that, "A writing of any sort should be complete in itself: everything that the reader needs for assimilating the piece should, if it is within the author's power, be included initially." This is almost universally accomplished in mainstream fiction, which generally assumes the viewpoint, or "world system", inherent in the reader's culture. (Sandy Pearlman, in *Crawdaddy* #11, defines a world system as a "comprehensive way of doing things, of looking at and organizing them.") But since the science fiction author so often works through the mode of different cultural contexts, his problem is to make the reader familiar with these without destroying the flow of the story.

DANGEROUS VERSIONS

The most obvious, and least satisfactory, method of doing this is through conversations between the story's protagonists explaining the situation in which they find themselves. This method is illustrated at its worst on the covers of most comic books--("Say your prayers, Garbage Man, not even you can clean up our electoral process now!!" "GASP! When Campaign Manager unloads his latest batch of rubbish our national psyche will be as polluted as Lake Erie!!")--and at a somewhat higher level in the main conversation between Montag and Captain Beatty in Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*, to give an example. The second method is to work in background material gradually, in bits and pieces, as we are always being told Robert Heinlein does. Both these methods ideally provide the reader with all the clues necessary to a complete understanding of the story's context within the framework of that single story. There is a danger here that by not making a radical enough break with the "real world", an author may sacrifice some of the essence of science fiction for sake of better communication with the reader.

THE TERMINAL BEACH BOYS

But there is a third method, one that assumes a cultural context other than the reader's own, but does not provide him with an understanding of that context within the framework of any single story. This is the world-system method of writers like J.G. Ballard and Cordwainer Smith. The existence of Ballard's own world-system is attested to by the similar setting of some of his stories (*Vermillion Sands*) and by the similar psychological and symbolic landscapes of his stories, but most particularly by the logical processes of the Ballard Universe. Ballard has constructed a self-contained universe with an interior logic not necessarily explainable in terms of our universe. This interior logic cannot be understood through any one story, but only through a process of gradual assimilation. Through his many short stories and through the four novels in which he successively destroys the world by air, water, fire and earth, Ballard builds an overall framework within which the individual stories may be understood.

A WORLD-SYSTEM OF DIFFERENCE

Now, the sf field has its own larger world-system, which differs from that of mainstream writing. The sf world-system is general, scientific, society-oriented, while that of the mainstream is individual-oriented. The average sf reader grows up with the medium, becoming an addict at an early age. This makes it hard for the average mainstream author to write good sf because he is not familiar with the conventions and the world-system of sf. In this sense there is a parallel between sf and rock music.

THE SQUARES OF THE COUNTRY

Rock music, the distinctive art-form of the second half of the 20th century, is deeply embedded in its own cultural context. This is what Richard Meltzer means when he writes: "The unit of rock significance is the whole of rock 'n' roll," in CRAWDADDY #8. An older generation that has not grown up with the new music finds it practically impossible to comprehend the rock world-system, a fact that has been recognised by Marshall McLuhan (Note: War and Peace in the Global Village). Sf and rock are both environmental. Each has its own general world-system and therefore a fairly identifiable audience. But the rock audience is much larger, since the rock world-system is oriented to the whole post-war quasi-Western cultural environment, while the sf world-system is essentially that of the scientist. Only a small portion of the population is scientifically-oriented, while, on the other hand, about half the population of most Western countries is oriented to the post-war environment.

BRAVE NEW WORLDS

Sandy Pearlman contends that the essence of science fiction is the summoning of alternative world-systems. In which case, parallel-world stories might be considered the quintessence of the sf plot, though not necessarily of the sf form. In The Man in the High Castle Philip Dick goes out of his way to indirectly note the sf quality of the book by reference to its alternate-world counterpart, The Grasshopper Lies Heavy. The implication of The Grasshopper Lies Heavy is, of course, that one world's science fiction may be another world's science fact. (Which brings us to John W. Campbell and ANALOG. But we won't go into that, other than to note that Mr. Campbell seems to be the best evidence we have for the existence of alternate worlds, since he apparently lives in one.) Pearlman thinks that the Beatles have bypassed science fiction, since their world-system is not an alternative one. Except for the exploits of George Harrison, he reasons, the Beatles have been content to view our world critically without offering an alternative.

THE DOORS INTO AUTUMN

If it is doubtful that the Beatles have in fact summoned an alternative world-system, it is none the less undeniable that the Doors have accomplished that very feat. And, so, perhaps, it is not entirely coincidental that the Door's songs are reminiscent of some of the darker fantasies of Ray Bradbury. For the Doors do indeed inhabit "that country where the hills are fog and the rivers are mist; where noons go quickly, dusks and twilights linger, and midnights stay...that country whose people are autumn people, thinking only autumn thoughts," to quote from The October Country.

THE TWAIN SHOULD MEET

The eclecticism of rock is probably its most outstanding feature. Rock synthesizes without being synthetic, unlike science fiction, which too often is synthetic without synthesizing. Is sf's parochialism inherent in its world-system or not? Rock has demonstrated the possibility of a world-system which is not isolated, but draws from without. The "New Thing", however you care to define it, may be pointing this direction. Writers like Ballard and the late Cordwainer Smith may be leading the way to a kind of writing that is science fictional in form as well as in content. But it

(continued on page 25)

THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER WAY TO DO IT
 TO DO IT
 to do it
 TO DO IT
 to do it
 TO DO IT
 to do it
 TO DO IT



by Hank Davis

Writing a story is like living. It involves making choices. In a story, as in life, the choosing of one possibility often results in unequivocally rejecting another; or several.

(I was tempted to say "always", rather than "often", at least as far as a story is concerned, but I am reminded of Sturgeon's Law, which states: "Nothing is ever absolutely so.")

Don D'Amassa, however, has demonstrated a way that a writer can have his cake and eat it too. And eat it too. And eat it too. And eat it too. And eat it too. In KALLIKANZAROS #2, he took one idea and wrote five articles around that idea, varying the ending in the first three and switching the scene in the other two. "Variations on a Theme," the quintet was collectively titled.

He did not, however, exhaust the possibilities of that idea. All writers are thieves. Hear the Master:

"That's the way with writers; they'll steal anything, file off the serial numbers, and claim it for their own."

--Robert A. Heinlein, Glory Road

So herewith, to be followed by embellishments, is:

THE SIXTH VARIATION

"I see that you don't have a telephone."

"No, no. Don't know anybody to call. I keep to myself. Don't go to see anybody and nobody comes to..." Martin stopped in mis-sentence, realizing that someone had come to see him, for the first time in recent memory.

"Of course, I already knew you didn't have a phone, Mr. Martin. I wanted to call you and let you know I was coming. Looked in the phonebook--no number. Very unusual. So I wrote you a letter. It seemed so odd, writing a letter. Everyone phones nowadays. And the Post Office clerk had difficulty finding the rates for a letter. He had to search for almost an hour before he found the list"

The visitor's cup of coffee continued to sit unmolested on the table. Martin was irritated. Without friends, a man living alone falls into a comfortable pattern of actions and disposition of resources. It becomes usual to keep only one cup clean

and washed, while others gather dust. With time, consumption of both necessities and luxuries level out to a constant state and supplies may be purchased in set amounts at regular intervals.

The visitor's letter came and threw everything off scale, adding a new, obstinately sidewise pulling vector to the resultant along which Martin had been proceeding with tranquility. A visitor must be made comfortable, so the couch which has served for storage of magazines must be cleared. And another cup must be washed. And extra coffee would be consumed, meaning that the monthly trip to the market for a new bag must come at least a day sooner this month. And next month. And the month after that... little things. Small cracks in the wall of Martins world.

And the visitor sat there and didn't drink his coffee.

"What does the Post Office do, if nobody sends letters any more?" Martin asked, hesitantly. He had not known about the situation. He never wrote to anyone. There was no one to write to.

"Advertising, mostly. Magazines. A few parcels," said the visitor. "But no letters. Why write letters, when you can phone anywhere in the world for a small sum. Letters are slow. They're a clumsy form of communication. With a phone, you can see whomever you are talking to face to face. There's absolutely no reason for using a letter."

"After a phone call is over, it's gone. You can save a letter."

"Why should anyone wish to save a letter?" asked the stranger.

Martin was not used to being forced to view matters through the eyes of another. He felt like cowering, running away. Here was his home, comfortably set up the way he wanted it, being exposed to another's harsh scrutiny, being seen by unloving eyes. Having his habits, his thoughts, the things he loved, judged by others had always been painful...

"When you were in school, Mr. Martin--"

...even in school. First grade had been painful. He was the only kid who hadn't worn a leather jacket. His consciousness moved backwards through the tracks of his memory, like the phonograph needle moving through the groove of a record, but backwards, travelling outward to the beginning. He heard;

Mother: But why don't you want to wear leather? You want to be like the other childers, don't you? Do you want them to make fun of you? Come on, wear it.

Himself: (But only a dimly remembered mumble came through. Nothing remained but the impression of unequivocal negation, adamant refusal. Mumble, mumble, NO!)

His consciousness, apparently searching at random, but within definite parameters, found:

So fragile. He handled it carefully. How could it fly when--surely--the weakest wind would shatter it?

"Whatcha got there?"

"Butterfly."

"Lemme see it."

"Okay. Be careful...Oh! What did you go and do that for?"

Which was more horrible: the crushed insect? or the obvious but senseless intentionality of the crushing? or the smile on the face of the boy? the frightening smile smile? smile like the smile on the face of the visitor, who said: "Mr. Martian? Are you with me?"

Martain snapped back. "Sorry. Woolfathering. Living alone does that to you."

"As I was saying, Mr. Martin, in school you had a good record of attendance--"

(Why not? Martin thought. Better having something to do in the presence of cold, hard classmates and teacher than having nothing to do in the presence of cold, hard mother.)

"--but, curiously, the days you missed for illness were always the days when pictures of your class were taken. All the way through school, until you were a senior."

"Yes, I was never in a school annual."

"And there is another interesting coincidence concerning you and a camera. The procedure of photographing babies shortly after birth of positive identification had been instituted a year before you were born. But when they photographed you--or tried to--the camera jammed. And they didn't discover until days later, when you were gone from the hospital.

"And when your identification picture for school was taken, Mr. Martin, the camera again jammed. And this fact was again not immediately discovered. And when it was discovered, a routine report was filed; and the report was misplaced. Several times during the next twelve years, the lack of a photograph was discovered, and reports filed; and each one was misplaced."

"Are you accusing me of--?"



"No, Mr. Martin. We are quite sure that it was mere chance that has resulted in no photographs being taken of you in connection with school. Anything that can happen is liable to happen, especially when you have enough people. We have many billions on earth now. You have merely experienced a long string of coincidences tending toward the same end. And there are other coincidences in the string, such as the matter of that contest that you just happened to win, giving you an income for life."

"What does that have to do with--"

"You don't have to work, Mr. Martin, so you've never had to get a work permit. If you had gotten a work permit, your picture would have been taken."

"You seem to have been concerning yourself with my life a great deal."

"You never travel, Mr. Martin. You have, since you were born, never left the city, so you haven't acquired a passport--another item that would have required your being photographed. Unlike most people you haven't acquired a firearm to protect yourself, which would have required your obtaining a license, for which you would have been photographed, and would have required your agreeing to the installation of a surveillance telescanner in your home as a check on you in addition to the homing transmitter built into the gun."

(So strange, Martin thought. Permits for firearms. Bloodshed was common, but it had to be regulated.)

"And you don't have a phone, as I've already observed,"

A phone? Why have a phone? People everywhere are the same. So cold. Why talk to them; or see them? Why see them even on the steevee? Nothing on the steevee anyway but wars. And the sports. (Memory: When I was very young, football games were different. The players wore protective padding, instead of playing unprotected, and using brass knuckles and knives.) And the music. Harsh, screaming sounds with cutting edges. He had liked other music. Auditory memory: "What do you want to listen to that old dyrupy stuff for? Christ but you're old fashioned--"

--old-fashioned in many ways, Mr. Martin. Have you ever wondered why?"

Martin stayed silent, shifting slightly in his chair.

"Have you ever studied magic, Mr. Martin? It's an old rule of magic that the image of a thing can effect the thing itself. As a voodoo doll can effect the person for whom it is an image, for example. Or a necromancer's knowing your real name. Your name has power over you. In magic, the map is the territory. It is bad luck to break a mirror because the mirror has the image of oneself within it. Injure a mirror and you injure yourself."

Martin fidgeted in his chair, moved sidewise, testing. Of course it was there. He couldn't feel it, but he had never felt it before. It had to be there.

What if it weren't?

"Back when there were savages, Mr. Martin--"

"There still are savages," said Martin, relaxing somewhat. If it weren't still there, nothing could be done.

"Primitives, then. When there were primitives existing simultaneously with a modern technology, there was almost an invariant reaction when they were presented with a camera. They refused to be photographed, afraid that the camera would steal their souls."

"Not very logical," Martin said. "the eye itself is a camera. Light induces chemical changes in the retina, and the electrical impulses are carried to the brain."

"Not the same, Mr. Martin. The eye of a man or other animal wouldn't steal a soul. It already has a soul behind, staring out through the window, so to speak. Only a soulless eye, such as a camera, can pull forth the soul. There is an old legend of mirrors. If you stare into one too long, the reflection, the dead, unliving reflection will pull your soul from your body."

"You sound as if you believed all this."

"Belief is not necessary when you have exact knowledge, Mr. Martin. The dead and soulless eyes of the camera and of the television-telephone have spread over the earth in this generation. Now that we are in the majority, we know what we are."

"I would have known--"

"How, Mr. Martin? Again, we know what we are. You have no stereo-vision set and you read no newspapers, but, even if you did, you would have found no overt announcement in them. No full page advertisements announcing, "We the human race are now without souls." It would have been as pointless as announcing that, "We, human beings, have one head apiece." Consider the way that wars became more widespread and terrible, simultaneously with the development of photography and its becoming less of a curiosity and more of a standard practice."

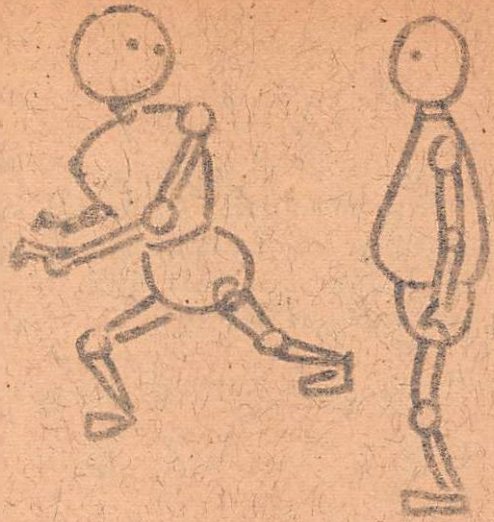
"So you've found out about me."

"We've found out about you, Mr. Martin. Almost a year ago. We've had a world-wide lottery running since. I won."

"Won...what?" Martin edged to one side of the chair. "You're going to kill me?"

"Not at all." The visitor reached into the inside pocket of his jacket and removed a camera. "What could be more soulless than to steal your soul?"

He raised the camera, but Martin was faster, pulling the pistol up from the depths of the old-fashioned, over-stuffed chair. The camera was well built and only the lens shattered. The blinded camera slammed back audibly against the



ing: the visitor takes the picture, pulls the tab (it is, of course, a one second Polaroid), removes the picture, sees no Martin in it. "You goofed," says Martin, opening his mouth to reveal fangs. End.

Before, the story was something that might have showed up in THE MAGAZINE OF MEDIOCRE FANTASY AND BORING SCIENCE FICTION. Now, it's a candidate for WIERD TALES. Of course, it's coming along fourteen years too late, but....

Another change, still using the elements that are built into the story, could involve the visitor. Martin is the last man on earth with a soul. Who would be interested in the last man on earth with a soul, other than Old Scratch himself? So Martin would earlier have been irritated by his visitor's refusal to remove his hat, as well as by his ignoring the coffee. At the end of the story, the visitor says, "I'm glad I found you. Business has been terrible lately," then whips off his hat to reveal the horns, and reaches under his coat not for a camera but for a contract, which he hands, with a few promotional pamphlets, to Martin, and says, "Tellya what I'm gonna do..."

Being disgustingly lazy, I find that version very appealing. It would require very little rewriting.

Suppose, instead of throwing in the towel, our boy Martin says, "Nuts to J.G. Ballard. There is no substitute for victory. Fifty-four forty or fight. Remember the rutabaga. Take that, you cur!" and lets the visitor, as well as the camera, have it. Then he heads for the door, and...

He can't. Not without a rewrite. Throughout the story, he has come across as a loser. (If he hasn't, then I've failed in my writing, because I meant him to.) He could be transformed into a winner, however. After the incident of the crushed butterfly, he could have bloodied the other boy's nose. Instead of reacting to other people's coldness with a neutral sort of withdrawal, he could react with contempt. And he already had a little spirit; he refused to wear a leather jacket. (At this juncture, I wish to say that I have nothing against leather. Leather looks great... on Diana Rigg.)

Now that he's a winner, or more forceful, at least, he heads into the street, and the zombies are there in force, raising their cameras. He escapes, and suddenly we have the kind of story that Keith Laumer does so well. The plot, basically, is: runrunrunBANGrunrunrunBANGrunrunrunBang--Victory! It could turn out that there are other people on earth who have not been photographed. Maybe the zombies keep certain people unphotographed and have an annual lottery, in which Martin was this year's prize and the visitor was the winner. So Martin sets out, searching for those other people. Naturally, the first one that he runs across will 1) be a girl who 2) comes on like gangbusters.

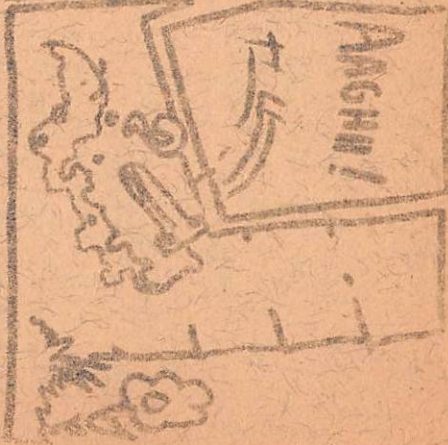
Suppose that the destruction of the soul-stealing photograph releases the soul to return to its original possessor. Comes the climax, when Martin uncovers a building where all the photos are stored. (Never mind why the evil zombies have put all the photos in one building. Villains are always doing stupid things.) He blows it up, and the white hats win.

These permutations don't exhaust the possibilities. There's always another way to do it.

(continued on page 25)



MOOF =



SPASH





END



Gargoyle

by
jack
gaughan

It came as quite a shock and a revelation to me when I discovered Kley. I drew as I thought the pen would like to draw; sketchy and scratchy and with splatters and sweeping swashes because (I don't mean to sound so damned "arty") these qualities seemed to be in the pen wanting out. I used to do tight and disciplined things, but there is more to a drawing than a highly polished technique. Technicians are a dime a dozen (almost literally). With the newest photo techniques, a line "drawing" can be made from almost any copy; duplicating the effect of a scratchboard or any other type of drawing; tight and slick and controlled. I admire, on the other hand (which is not to say I do this, I merely try), an artist who can put down a swing, a feel, an atmosphere, a gesture, or an emotion.

I should be used to it, hardened like a steel casing, but when I'm accused, as I often am, of being sketchy I cringe back because I feel that a drawing should be fun and not labor. It hurts a little too, because it means that I have failed to amuse. I think a sketch can convey a sense or an immediacy that a highly wrought drawing cannot. It shows a sort of familiarity and expertise with the subject... because, you see, a sketch won't come off unless one has studied and is familiar with his subject. And besides... it's fun for me. Unless it's some rush of a bomb job, my sketchiest sketches of aliens or spacesuits or whathaveyou are the distillation of numerous sketchbook studies made before hand (some of them pretty tight) so that I can become familiar with the subject.

To compete on a professional level with the professionals one must make use

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of their technical facilities. I worked for years without models of poses because I felt it was cheating to use them. But it is physically impossible to compete with the big guys for the market when you force yourself to work too long and too hard on what is, after all, a commercial product. I retain, I hope, integrity and honesty and aptness of thought and all that jazz, but I think that now that I've learned to draw I may avail myself of these facilities. Leave us not fool ourselves; this is a job and it is here and now with all the techniques of here and now. You may have to strike a compromise with whatever arty integrity you have, but you don't have to sell out entirely. I look upon the demands of most jobs not as limitations, but as challenging problems. Like, I want to write a symphony--but I gotta write a string quartet.

Everything an artist does adds to his "vocabulary." I still think that the limitations of one media or another can be interesting problems. Work with 'em, don't try to subdue 'em... There is an art (gained from experience and knowledge that "this too will pass") to doing a job. Young people cannot realize this because for the most part what is happening now is all they can realize... whereas an old duffer like me may have been kicked around a bit and know that whether it's good (like a new girl) or bad (like a toothach) there is going to be another, different day beyond today. Somehow we'll survive in spite of everything. When confronted with this new and ever brighter younger generation I sometimes think that the only advantage I have over these really brilliant kids is that I'm somewhat of an old f--t.

How do you improve your art? My absurdly simple device is demanding, but, I think, effective. DRAW. Draw all the time. Draw from life. Draw somebody walking by until you've trained yourself to put down the gesture of walking in less than ten seconds. OBSERVE. Go to a store. When you get home, draw from memory... then check and do it again with another subject until you've trained yourself to observe. Learning to see is the biggest hurdle in learning to draw. I once told Dave Van Arnum to learn to see what he was looking at.

I've been asked about being "shackled" to a story-line when illustrating. You're in shackles the moment you label your subject matter as sf. But I don't go along with "Shackles." It implies evil editorial beasts trying Ayn Randishly to subdue the creative genius. This is utter nonsense. Rembrant sold his paintings... he didn't set out not to sell them. Was he then shackled by the whims of his clients? I like being an illustrator. I like somebody to say to me, in effect, "I wrote this story Charlie, let's see you draw the buggy BEM I've dreamed up."

A good friend, Grey Morrow, said when a fan came up to him and all but kicked him in the shins, telling him how he disliked this or that drawing, "You win one... You lose one!"

The only artist I know who can do a tight drawing that swings is Frazetta, and he's a rare bird, that one. Frank almost busted me in the mouth once because I told him drawings were so full and active and they looked like they were done easily and without sweat. Boy! Did he let me know how he sweats. That guy works!

There are few editor's taboos. The late A. A. Wyn of Ace thought that snakes repelled people. He avoided sex on the covers, and if it got into the story it meant that he hadn't read the book carefully. Mr. Guinn of GALAXY snarls at the mention of BEM's on his covers. They're running scared for the most part. Pyramid

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won't let me do anything but 'campy', thirtyish covers because they've sold books (the E.E. Smith series) and "What has sold will sell." I don't find this particularly villainous on their part because six months or a year from now they'll have some other "new" theory of marketing.

My earliest drawings were printed by Gus Willmarth in the SF Advertiser under my own name and the name Frank Jonbrian. My first job was a jacket done when I was sixteen or so for a horrid little book (it was a horrid little jacket) called People of the Comet. I was a late starter and had my studies interrupted by the army and I ain't none too smart and it's only recently that I'm beginning, just beginning, to feel like something other than a very fortunate amateur. I'm still learning and have one heck of a long way to go. But it's a fun trip...

Damon Knight (Big Daddy) took me to task for my "sketchy schtick" and one New Years invited me up to his place for a bash. I went all prepared to have a knock down, drag out fight only to find that he said he'd been studying the drawings and thinking about the "immediacy" of the sketch and had changed his mind. And I was all primed for a donnybrook. What a letdown..!

Sketches are deceiving. The sketchiness is not the important thing. The important thing is that each sketch (mine too, but more particularly Kley's) evidences not so much a free and sketchy style, but a familiarity with the subject matter. Kley knows what the ball of the foot looks like when bearing the weight of the human body. This knowledge and familiarity with (and of) the subject is the result of much work and study. More work and study, in fact, than the knowledge of technique entails. That's what is evident in a good sketch. Knowledge--Observation! In my opinion this is more important than any laborious technique. And a laborious technique won't work either unless one knows what he is drawing. Otherwise it is merely copying; and any dime store camera can do that.

Depending on the research (which is not provided the illoer...he must do his own or be an expert on some subject to begin with--as Schoenherr is with animals) a book containing about twelve fullpage black and white drawings takes about a month to do. Consider, reading the book, getting the roughs ok'd and the jacket design settled--then doing the finishes. I just did a book on Custer that took three weeks to research, and I didn't draw everything I researched. I made myself familiar enough with that era and it's costumes and lamps and inkwells and architecture that I could sketch them with almost contemptuous familiarity. It will pay off in the long run, however. Some day, some where, someone will see this book and know what went in to it and I'll get a better job for all my labor. It is not good practice to have less than your best efforts (no matter how bad they may be) in print. (Yeah, I know I should practice what I preach--nobody's perfect!) People tend to remember mistakes. Thus, if you have a book with ten bad drawings but one great one, people will remember the bad ones and consider the great one a fluke. You cannot make excuses. Stand and deliver, sir.

I'm a late starter because at sixteen I knew many fine-art things, but damn little about my craft. I was thirty before I discovered pigment chemistry and the immense technical

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puzzles of painting. I was sort of artsy-crafty for years. Now I have to make a living at it and I find the demands challenging and interesting and endless.

Fandom is not harmful to the adolescent. However, in any field, any enthusiasm, there are those who hide behind fannishness rather than face social responsibility...fandom is not at fault for merely being there to provide this hiding place or outlet or whatever it is. It's a social club...a meeting place where one can function solely in the fannish environment without regard to the real world; or it's merely a social structure / club for interested hobbyists who are more than casually hung up on their subject. All "fandoms" have their dedicated nuts and recluses. A large Laurel and Hardy fandom exists...some of the members cannot talk intelligently about anything else. There is a fandom for just about any damn thing. As with any "cross section" of society, each has its nuts and each has its sane ones and each has its mere hangers-on. That's the way it is. "Censure not fandom."



I do futuristic skyscrapers by doodling free swinging lines and finding shapes in them, or by having my nine year old son build things with plastic blocks and by adapting his results to architectural forms. Anything can be made into Architecture with just a little inventiveness...a bookshelf full of books, a pile of junk, the stuff which accumulates on desktops...ancient architectural forms. All it needs is a bit of effort and some imagination.

Hannes Bok had several agents, but he'd cringe at the thought of doing demanding work for somebody else. He almost did a series of Breck ads, but chickened out. Agents (or art representatives) are no damn good. They take 20 to 25% of the price of the job and do nothing in return but scrounge around for jobs. I do my own scrounging and keep the 25%. The last agent I had was a little creep who kept trying to get me to do lesbian books. It gave me the creepy crawlies. I have an agent now (he got me, not I him) who had a job from Signet and needed an artist. I did his job from Signet and now I can't get rid of him. A fella from Beverly Books said he would like to use me if I would get rid of that pest of an agent. Great agent! He annoys clients! Besides, what do I need him for? I still deliver the jobs, and any communication between the client and me gets all bollyxed up by the idiot middleman.

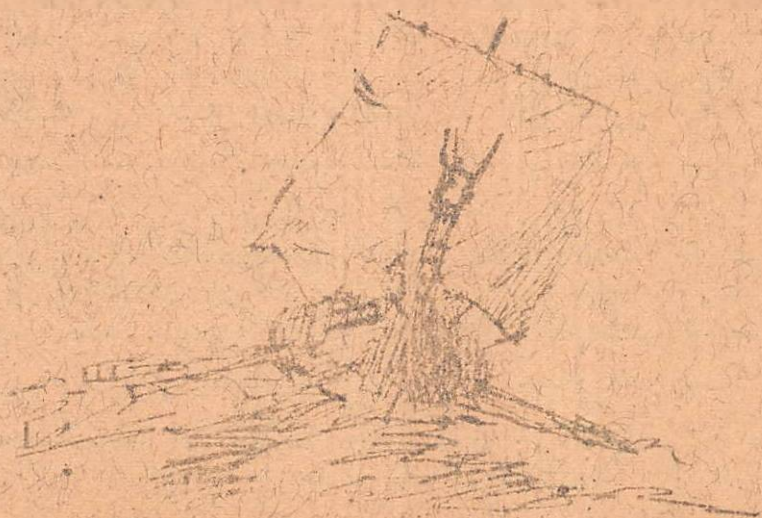
I often draw my alien critters like police mug shots; from the front and side, to get an idea of how he'd move. Sometimes I do "stoboscopic" drawings...(like animated cartoons all jammed together) of an alien or a beast walking or sitting or jumping. Just to get an idea of how to make a critter move...seem loose and alive.

There's no theory to my drawing. There used to be...I called it a theory of essential movement, assuming that everything had a gesture and a movement that could be put down as a sort of shorthand symbol. I now try to analyze why I see what I see and put those things down. In a line drawing I reduce this to the essential black. Trace a photo and draw only those things you see as black and see the result. The middle tones are often unnecessary. Of course, you must choose a contrasty subject.

I tend to draw in tones and areas rather than lines, though I love the line for itself. Often a beginning artist limits his vision by trying to imprison everything in an outline. Look around. Things are in tones; one against the other, one blending into another. I think a line should be used as a line rather than as a diagram for a form. Forms can be described by tones. They can be described by lines too... witness the oriental painters and draughtsmen, or Cartier.

I'm for anything to increase communications between working (and Sunday, for that matter) artists, but I'm agin so called experts (like so called me) pontificating. Any preaching I do is to be considered as merely tossing out of thoughts or sharing experiences. I'm no expert. An expert knows it all and has stopped fooling around. I'm still fooling around.

In four days I had to read all the stories in the second issue of **INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION**. It was rough. Not because the stories were bad (as a matter of fact, even the poorest of them had a sort of rough hewn vigor missing from our more polished science fiction) but because the famous flu bug had just settled down for a stay. The schedual for illustrating the entire magazine was pretty tight to begin with, but with the bug it was sheer hell. Here's what happened... The first issue of INTERNATIONAL SF did pretty well. At least it was in the **black**. When I was told this there was a tone of surprise in "Galaxy's voice" (which is to say, Judy-Lynn Benjamin, Fred Pohl's assistant). No one had seriously contemplated a second issue. There were hopes, but no one really believed. Well, since I had done the whole first issue and since I had a Hugo or two (ahem) and since a Hugo issue of IF seemed to be out of the question (Heinlein, Vance, et al were too busy to contribute stuff to a special Hugo issue and it would have been pointless without them) and since the second issue might be out by convention time, I was given the job of doing all the second issue too! Damned flattering, and the work was welcome. So I was asked to do a cover (at the last moment...they had one by someone else but





changed their minds for some reason unknown to me) which meant that there would be no time for sketches. Just, "Do a cover!" So I did a cover. It was purposely similar to the first cover in that there were flags on a spaceship, and accidentally similar in that I illustrated a situation in a Polish story that was similar to the situation in the first cover (which I had just "made up")--a spaceship orbiting a planet, star, or what have you. I keyed the painting to orange and yellow by painting the background in those colors. I painted the planet in the same colors, simplifying the patterns of continents and cloud forms to make a sort of perspective design. I had fun drawing the continents with paint and imagining how they'd work with a land mass here effecting another there...how a chain of mountains might break off from a land mass into a series of islands, etc. None of this would sell the book, but I enjoyed it and I think it added a sort of authentic feeling to the painting. Then I had more fun (I know that sounds sort of giggly, but I hate to be bored so I amuse myself while painting. Why make work out of it?) imagining air flowing over this planet and about the oceans and the mountains...picking up moisture and dropping it and swirling. Again, it just looked like an orange planet with clouds, but I thought about it and I think there's that old "authenticity" again because of it. The thing was simplified to almost poster flatness, but I approached it in what I thought was an sf-ish manner. Next I transferred a drawing of a fairly primitive (no Flash-Gordon-art nouveau space ships) ship and over the orange, yellow orange background I painted it in white. Thus, we had a white silhouette over the orange mess. Then, using Liquitex Matte Medium and burnt umbur paint I drew the spaceship in tones of translucent brown. This allowed me to put in more detail than I usually do because even though I was using paint I was drawing the ship and its details and shadows and forms much as one would with a pencil. When that was done I began "glazing" with tints of blue thinned with the matte medium, adding local color and depth to the brown. The brown where it was dense and the blue give the impression of black, so again I was drawing as well as coloring. (It just looks black, but the camera sees it as a sort of muddy dark purple-grey.) Then I tinted lightly with yellows and reds which varied

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the blue and brown. Then, because the camera cannot be fooled as easily as the eye, I drew the whole thing again in glazes (so to speak... washes would be more accurate) of black matte medium. This allowed me to make the dense black shadows black for the camera. It was pretty much done by this time, so I went back over the shadows with a thin application of opaque paint in the orange-red range to simulate reflections of color from the planet and tie the blue ship into the orange background. I figured to do everything but the ship in the orange-red range so that the blue ship would really appear to be floating above the surface of the planet. I saved my most violent value contrasts for the ship, too, so that it would seem to float.

Then I read the rest of the stories and made sketch notes of them for when they were to be illustrated. I finished reading, and making the notes, and then made page layouts for each story. I was given a list of their titles and notes telling me that I had a third of a page for this... a half page for that, a heading and a page for that, and so on. I laid out ~~the~~ headings on tracing paper, rearranging the type they had sent me and combining it with the drawing. I don't get to choose the type... I must use what their typesetter sends, so I sort of stuck with what I get. I make accurate type layouts right over the type proofs and figure a drawing to go with the type. Then I started the drawings... I had them all penciled on tracing paper. Then the flu bug hit. It was a Friday night. Saturday I began inking the drawings on rough stratmore over the tracing paper--working on a light box. The bug was making me groggy, and in a half dead, half hypnotized state I inked and I inked and I inked. At the end of the day I had done only three drawings for one story. I had just doodled at this thing (a story called "Ysolde") until I had made each of the thousands of lines



in the darn things with loving care. I had blown a whole day in one story, and there were perhaps ten or more to do and deliver before Monday. The drawing was tight, hard edged, and not the greatest thing in the world. But I'm sure it pleased someone. Late Saturday I was bushed. Sunday I set out to do the stories. All of them. I wanted to vary the styles as much as possible, and do more than just illustration. But my brain was being dissolved by the flu. Gosh gang! How is Little Orphan Annie going to get out of this one? Well, Daddy Warbucks failed to appear and I just had to bull on through the work. I sat down and did one job at a time without thinking of the next one. And they got whittled down... one at a time... slowly. Some I did with ink blots, some with thick pen, some free and loose, some very tight, some very cartoony, and some on scratchboard. Working straight through to about ten at night I got to a point where all the drawings were finished... then... I had to take the photostats of the type (which had been supplied to me) and rubber cement their backs, cut them apart and paste them to the drawings. By then I was working almost blind, and dead tired, and sick as a dog. Then... I had to carefully clean all the rubber cement from the drawings.

Finally it was done. And I looked at the job. I couldn't see it. So I sat and watched part of a really awful movie on TV and went back to the job later. Some were good, some not so good. One was bad, but it was for a bad story called "In 2112," by J.U. Giesy, and looked like I was commenting on the story--so I let it go at that. There was a

good range of styles, and I think something to please just about everybody (with the exception of a Batman fan). There was probably something to annoy everybody also, but that's why I tried to do as wide a range of stuff as my fevered mind could jangle.

Monday...I staggered up...weaved down to breakfast...the sight of which revolted me. My wife said, "You're not driving any eighty-ninety miles to New York today buster!" I felt she was questioning my manhood, so I made up my mind that "By God" I would drive to New York. Then a guy on the radio said the garages in New York were on strike. The city was a mess for drivers. There were no trains from here to there, and I was too sick to get into one of those drafty or too hot, smelly buses (I spent half my life on a bus going fifty miles to school, and I abhor the sight of one.). While I was making up my mind to brave eight million people who seem to have sixteen million cars, my wife called GALAXY and said I was sick and she'd be driving in and...so GALAXY said "Mail 'em special delivery. So they'd be a day late, they were a week late for other reasons." So I just sat there and let my eyes glaze.

The buildings I draw are not functional. But really functional things seem to be so darned simple that I go ahead and draw goofy ones because they're more interesting. Functional boxes are glass crackerboxes designed by Skidmore, Owens, and Merrill. Believe it or not, I have a reason (or rationalization) for the goofy buildings besides, "They look science fictiony!" I figure that if it's far enough in the future, and technology has advanced so that one needn't worry about economy of space (see big U.S. cars versus small foreign ones) and a thing's useful function, perhaps a new era of baroque-ness will be upon us. Already, in France, an older architect is designing buildings that look like blobs of melted and then cooled volcanic rock. Great globby ovals, and textured, irregular shapes. So it's not square and not efficient! Neither am I! Of course, carrying this too far becomes a problem if you are drawing or writing about the distant future for now people. John Jakes wants to write the slang of the future, but when he does it seems to have so little reference to now that nobody understands what he is trying to say. I'd dearly love to do what I think might happen to architecture in the distant future, but it would just appear to be surrealistic blobs and flat planes and baroque spirals and all kinds of nuttishness having little relationship to today...it would be unrecognizable. So I use what you might call, more or less, "conventional-

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BEEN
SICK.



futuristic" stuff.

Dick Lupoff went so far as to write a few chapters of a book in futuristic jargon. The first reading is sheer nonsense. The second reading reveals characters. The third reading reveals, of all things, a plot. So who reads a book three times? He shelved the project... it was a damned well wrought few chapters though.



Quick, what would a wizard use?

If whiteboy wish to depict wizard Umbopo he must use bones an feathers and sheep guts, skulls and pig blood. If your thinking of the standard Wlat Disney (per, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice") then you've got all the paraphernalia and accoutrements of Alchemy; alchemic symbols, astrological symbols and charts, stuffed animals (whose blood, dust, ashes, or eyeballs were believed efficacious) like alligators and owls and frigs and lizards. A whole library full of books on the medicinal properties of herbs which were belived to have magical properties too. (Mandrake root is a good one.) Manuscripts with ancient writing and Beelzebub's signature. I have a book reproducing Beelzebub's signature somewhere. There are lots of things to clutter up a wizards home with. A wizard needn't go around looking like a dunce, some other medieval costume will do. Wizards were also the scientists of their time and had lots of little pots and bottles (some with embryos of little animals preserved in them) and tubing, and, of course, a place for a fire to melt metals and cook evil preparations...

One of the problems of drawing a bulky spacesuit is drawing it so that a man fits inside, I usually doodle a sort of stick figure man then build a suit around him. When you draw the suit and the man at the same time you tend to draw the suit as a thick figure and make the arms and legs proportional to the suit and not the man.

A discipline is an application of a rule. There are tried and true (but not necessarily universal) rules for drawing (proportion, perspective, anatomy, light and reflection, technical manipulation of materials, etc.) which become disciplines when they are learned and applied. I'm agi'n' firisnstance, young'ns learning tricky or flashy technical tricks before learning the rules. The human figure is proportioned so. You can legitimately break the rule only if you know the rule. You can discipline yourself to hit a baseball (a fantastically complex set of actions) or to draw with a pen. You can train your hand to react to what your eye sees and draw accurately as easily as you hit the ball. That's another kind of discipline.

The disciplines son't come asking to be accepted. You have to go out yourself and grab them. You even have to read

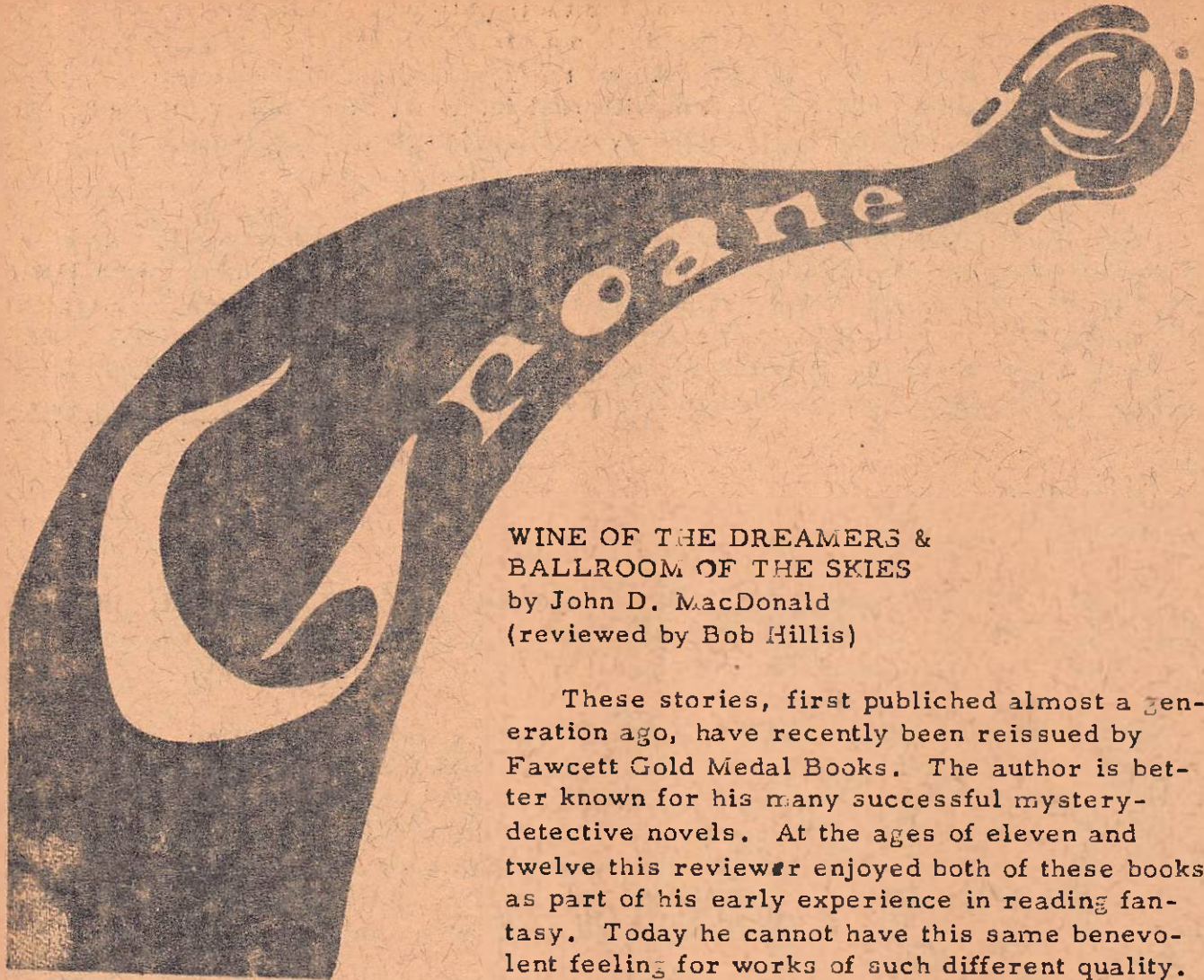


HURRY UP MABLE!

YOU KNOW WE HAVE TO BE

IN COLUMBUS IN 1973!





WINE OF THE DREAMERS &
BALLROOM OF THE SKIES

by John D. MacDonald

(reviewed by Bob Hillis)

These stories, first published almost a generation ago, have recently been reissued by Fawcett Gold Medal Books. The author is better known for his many successful mystery-detective novels. At the ages of eleven and twelve this reviewer enjoyed both of these books as part of his early experience in reading fantasy. Today he cannot have this same benevolent feeling for works of such different quality.

They are both totally different fictional applications of the "Conspiracy Theory of history" which holds that since men are inherently decent and rational beings, the indecency and irrationality which so dominates human history must be blamed on some outside force. The name of this sinister outside power of course changes with the prejudices of the theorist, but even so, the basic premise of the theory itself is open to serious question in light of our present knowledge of social anthropology and human psychology. But except for the reader with a serious commitment to these fields, the stories require no more temporary suspension of disbelief than most good stories of any kind.

I hope that Wine of the Dreamers was the writer's first effort in our field. This reviewer suspects that MacDonald prepared himself to write sf by reading two or three random pulps. The result is almost worthy of the dark ages of the Ace Doubles. Frankly it is very difficult to be deeply concerned with any character or event in the book. Occasionally there are well done passages of description, but any reader can predict the outcome of the novel at least 80 pages in advance.

The second book, however, is still worth reading. The author returns to the format of the mystery novels which he did so well, and at the same time engages in the speculative thinking which has always been the strongest aspect of the science

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fantasy novel. Unlike the previous book, the secret masters of the galaxy, while not benevolent, have quite valid reasons for their policies. While always knowing more than the protagonist, the reader does not himself learn the complete truth until the closing pages. The reader follows the development of the plot and of the personality and talents of Drake Lotin with real interest. The author presents his ideas indirectly as integral parts of the ever moving story. Even the second time through, this reviewer had a real interest in the outcome.

Since these books have been reissued, it is possible that the author is considering writing more novels in the field. If that be so, I hope he overcomes his belief that "the pretentious and overly grammatic speeches made by the actors are typical of the genre." The type of dialogue referred to was a major flaw in both books. He was fortunate to overcome it in the second. The field can use more efforts like Ballroom of the Skies, but has had enough potboilers such as Wine of the Dreamers.

NOVA

by Samuel R. Delany

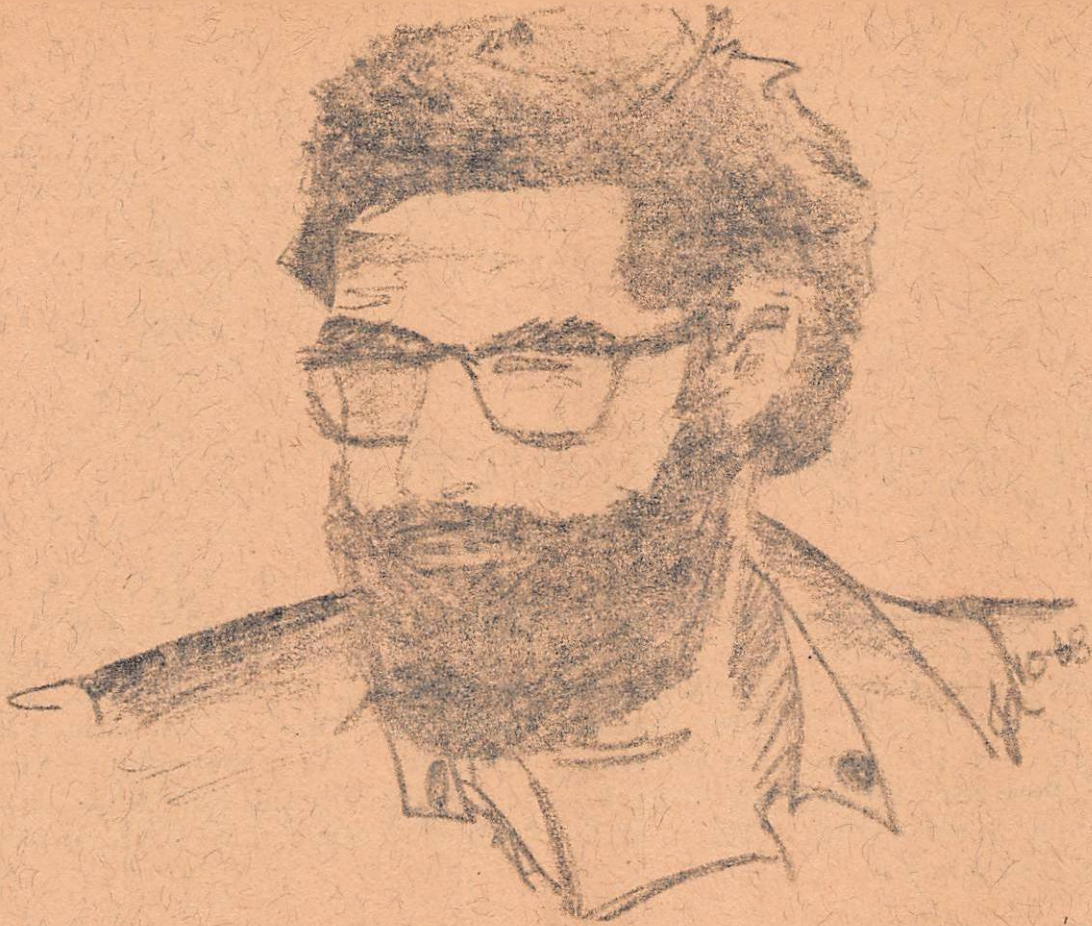
(reviewed by John Ayotte)

Samuel R. Delany's latest novel, Nova, is easily his most successful. In it he exhibits the restraint and discipline that were lacking in his earlier works, and reveals that he is still developing and maturing as an author.

Nova does not appear to be as complex as The Einstein Intersection, and on first reading it doesn't seem to be as ambitious. I suspect the simplicity is only an illusion created by the increased clarity of Delany's expression. The success of this novel may well be that the complexity and ambitiousness are so skillfully rendered that they disappear from the surface and become natural, integral, and unnoticeable parts of the novel. The Einstein Intersection, on the other hand, was flawed in the obviousness of its ambitious complexity. (It was a superb novel in spite of its flaws.)

I'd like to emphasize that Nova is structurally a novel and not an extremely long story or novelette as is all too commonly labeled a novel in the science fiction field. There are a number of important characters, each with its own identity and background. Each is pictured and developed to the limits he merits. Each may be empathized with, sympathized with, or even hated. The characters complement each other and clash with each other. The delineation of one helps to delineate the others as their similarities and differences become apparent. They are all questing for life or a way of living it--some succeed, some fail, some go on searching. They learn from each other, or fail to see what is there before them. The ideas in the novel are many and varied, and some are even important.

There are two elements of the novel that I feel have been greatly over-played thus far. Judy Merrill, in her review in F&SF emphasized them particularly. One is the supposed parallel to the Grail Legends (on which I must take the word of others--I'm not personally familiar with them) and the other is the Tarot Lore. Fortunately, any parallels to the grail are not integral (though they may reveal, or add a new dimension for someone who is familiar with them). If they would have been too important to understanding the novel it would have suffered (possibly as the mythos hurt The Einstein Intersection by its overprominence). The Tarot I'm more familiar with, and what was there was interesting and enlightening, but not really vital. Delany has created something independent of the works he has drawn



upon, and is more successful artistically because of this independence. The myths almost seem like something Delany tacked on because he feels that he is expected to write in the mythopoetic idiom. It's an interesting technique, but an author must not let it dominate him or his works will suffer.

SIRIUS

by Maf Stapeldon

(reviewed by John Ayotte)

This Penguin reissue of a book published in 1944 is interesting, though in the end it must be judged a failure. It promises at the outset, and through great portions of the text, to be an interesting study of a mind alien to humanity, and in the process to make revisiting statements about the nature of man himself. But, by the time Stapeldon runs the course of his, at best, tenuous plot we discover nothing but a highly eccentric human personality transplanted into the form of a dog, and observations of humanity that are somewhat trite. It is a credit to Stapeldon's ability as a writer that the book surmounts this as is eminently readable.

Fortunately, Stapeldon is able to create the necessary suspension of disbelief in the opening pages. By presenting Sirius, a dog with intelligence on a human level, at the outset as an accomplished fact, he is able, later, in the more or

(continued on page 61)

5 O'CLOCK SHADOW

It was in May of 1966, months before my first contact with fandom at Tricon, that I read my first fanzines. I wanted to get more of an idea of the scope and the nature of fandom, its tone, its ambitions and its abilities. I couldn't have picked two more representative and diverse fanzines than I did. One was advertised in F&SF, and came in its own specially printed envelope. The other had an ad in the first Tricon Progress Report, and it arrived in a regular manila envelope, its name mimeo'ed in the corner. The contrasts extended through the style and material of both magazines.

The first was Amra, the second; Double:Bill. That's quite a pair, and the contrasts between the two are pretty basic.

Let's look at Amra first. Amra's purpose is, basically, to discuss sword-and-sorcery fantasy. S&S's overriding problem, limited subject matter, has effected Amra greatly, and it has adopted S&S's solution.

The solution is baroqueness. As S&S writers found the novelty waning from their simple plots, they added complexities, twists, and snares. They added greater horror to their dooms, greater beauty to their women, and greater wonder to their scenery. Ornamentation became the byword of S&S. Fritz Leiber is a prime example of the baroque stylist. The Grey Mouser and Fafhard travel through adventures that are filled with colorful and unlikely detail of scene and event, all the while combating each other with a dry wit that is almost Roccoco in its indirection and subtly.

Amra is the baroque fanzine. It's Roy G. Krenkel illustrations, heavy with fillips and filligree. It's limericks. It's the look of the contents page. It's reviews and re-reviews of S&S, science fiction, historicals, and even Tarzan books. This all adds up to the prevalent flavor of S&S. Even George Scithers' editorial style; the "gentle readers" appellations, the editorial "we", and other stylizations build the image.

Scithers' 900 plus subscribers are looking for the flavor of S&S, of course,

JERRY Kaufman

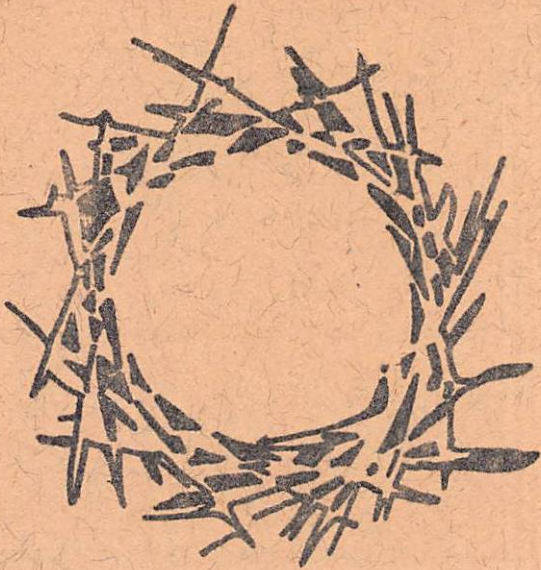
but, most of them are looking for more than that. Many of them have had no other contact with fandom, and aren't looking for an amateur publication produced for the sheer hell of it. They're looking for a semi-serious, at least, professional magazine. Schiters is equipped and ready to give his readers what they want. With the same feeling for formality and detail that made him parliamentarian for many conventions, he orders Amra into a fairly constant format, almost like writing a fugue. He marshalls the Krenkel artwork, the professional reviews and articles, the occasional letters of information (never comment), neatly and crisply lithographs it on smaller-than-standard pages (making it look as though it bursts with material), and mails it out in professional looking envelopes.

A genzine is for an equally specialized readership--those fans who don't specialize, but retain strong interests in science fiction, fandom, and publishing. Genzines are published for the sake of publishing, and are read for the sake of reading them. They're more likely to be a reflection of the editor than of any subgenre of science fiction.

That is certainly the way of Double:Bill. It's a genzine, unmistakably, as it swerves from humor to science fiction to The War to strange Argentine statuary. Bill Bowers, serious, sometimes morose, sometimes sardonic, and Bill Mallardi, cheerful, loud and overwhelming, combine their natures to provide Double:Bill with a mercurial editorial personality that will print unfunny humor and good critical articles, widely varying styles of art, and results of all manner of fannish projects. The letter column, edited by Mallardi remains fresh and interesting, and, except during Bowers' incarceration in the Air Force, full. The material is heavily fan-produced, the repro is excellent mimeo, highly appreciable, but not professional. Double:Bill is quite unmistakably a fanzine.

And therein lies a distinction. Compare Telemann to Copeland. Telemann is elegant, polished, precise, formal, cold, aloof. I can appreciate it, while I allow it to slide to the bottem of my mind. In other words, I ignore it. Copeland is warmer, more human, more involving. It isn't so much his use of American mo-

(continued on page 46)



hippocrene

Former issues of Kallikanzaros have struck me with their imaginative, original, and experimental verse. I personally have been influenced by Frost, MacLeish, and Rexroth, and my style, basically calm and conservative, bemoans heavy imagery experiments. That does not mean that I am unable to appreciate this kind of poetry, and I hope to be able to continue including it in Hippocrene. (Note the title change for this poetry section--an editorial change seemed to require it.) Those among you who write as stuffily-conservative as I are also welcomed (yea, beseechingly begged) to show that some themes can best be realized in that style.

My poem in this issue answers "Ars Poetica" and should show all readers and future contributors where I look for acceptable poetry.

The next issue will see a longer column here, and I include this only by way of introduction as the new poetry editor. I do not plan to continue the articles on mythopoetics that my predecessor began, but will start a series on contemporary poets.

tem owens

to buddah, the asthetic

The earth turned up a feathered dragon
Beast of twilight time undone,
Sitting in a covered wagon,
Basking in the even sun.

The dragon's caustic voice and candid
Sang a twilight madrigal,
Sitting on a warm veranda,
Time permitting for a while.

The earth turned out a feathered dragon,
Beast of morning sage unsung,
Having but one voice to play on,
Singing each part one by one.

For sixty years the dragon rendered,
Singing parts to madrigals,
Till his twilight theme was ended,
Time permitting for a while.

The earth turned down a feathered dragon,
Beast of love and hate undone,
Sitting like a tethered pagan,
Basking in the even sun.

All sixty years in contemplation,
Time enough to dream and die.
His truth is that all love's like dying,
My truth is that all dragon's fly.

the prisoner's essay

Cold, and caught between
the warden's insistance
and his own desire for existance,
spelling out his life
in a cage of castration and fear,
his pen was lifted,
his life revealed.
In the distance
fourteen hounds began to howl,
and the frozen moon
seeped in between
the pillars of persuasion;
and white Vega, the falling one,
disappeared into a cloud-clogged sky.
As the prisoner's frame
fell across a hundered stories
to the court below,
the prisoner himself flew.
One after another
thirteen hounds ceased their howling
and fell into a deep sleep.
In the stone white courtyard
the body and the essay
covered up with snow.

KALLIKANZAROS #4 PAGE 43 LINE 4 (with apologies to Lloyd Kropp)

((...a novel that begins, for example, with an atomic blast that shatters the hero and then reassembles him in another dimension five million years in the future does not lead an intelligent reader into an interesting world of images and ideas...))

He never really saw it
The swiftly dropping doom that erased his existence.
There was no time to feel it
The unthinkable blast of energy that shattered him.
His body cells could not even protest
Before they were reduced to atoms.
It was a shock so great as to shake
Space and Time itself.
The feeble energies that had once been organized life
Leaked away
On an alternate time line
In a strange, incomprehensible workshop.
"We have brought you back to life." (Cliche)
"We are??? and require??? of you." (Vagueness)
"You will soon be quite comfortable here." (Improbability)

Leigh Couch

UNTITLED

I sent the bells of Ragnorak
A'tolling in the mists.
I touched the face of destiny
While she mumbled of her trysts.
I sensed the fall of universe,
The death of laughs and fears--
And lost the hope of Overman...
In the taste of bloody tears.

Dale Davis

SOFT RAIN (in the Chinese fashion)

Soft rain falls onto ugly sidewalks;
Quite water flows in ugly gutters.
Wandering through the streets, splashing through the puddles,
I wish for the return of my lover.

Jerry Kaufman

QUESTION

Find a deciduous deception in a gymnospermous sphere,
One dozen who saw it lied about it.

Fossils crawl across needled neurons,
(so hope no one finds out)

Really they do because they can,
Do not because they cannot,
Call it: I don't want to,
Very pretty.
Believe it.

Red is a good reason--so is blood.
Find a carcass that only a vulture could find,
(black is not a good reason)

Dig a hole--climb in--all the way up and in.
That's nice.

Hold it.
Keep it.
Then after it's gone...
 look some more
 but never start before
12:15 P.M. on Saturday.
Never on Monday.
 (most of all don't worry about ...)

Fly by
Discover a relic
 Better
Put a penny in a bubble gum machine,
Win a prize that never heard of you
 Best
You never heard of the Mesabi
That's why it's red,
Isn't it all so mysterious?
You wish

FROM EYES MADE WISE WITH
DEATH I WATCH

From eyes made wise with death I watch
The years unmake the music of my life,
Theme and melody stripped away,
A senseless pulsing rhythm alone remains
Held in dying memories.
Who answers a cry for purpose?
I follow a flame through darkness,
Unknown, unthanked, unsatisfied,
I perished without the sunrise.
But along the road I heard a song,
And healed a broken bird...

--Dick Byers--

REVOLUTION

I

Look upon them:
They are planning your doom:
He scribbled empty words
On empty pages,
But the words will not always be empty.
Some day they will fill with hate.
You remember hate, don't you,
As a dark stream running through your veins
When you were young.
She, lying with the bitter poet,
Will teach your children of love.
You remember love, don't you,
As a dark stream running through your veins
When you were young.

II

On the streets of Prague,
In the jungles of Viet-Nam,
At the stockyards of Chicago,
You have batten upon our heads,
You have kicked our groins,
You have lifted goblets of our blood
To our thirsty, lusting lips,
And you thought that this,
This, this alone could stop us.
You thought you could kill the poet.
You thought you could gag the girl.

You were wrong.

We shall remember.

We shall not forget.
You shall remember.
You shall not forget.
Like the phoenix,
We will rise again.
And if you beat us down,
We will rise again.
And if you stake our hearts,
We will rise again.
And if you burn our coffins,
We will rise again.

We will rise again.

On the streets of Prague,
You will see us marching,
Carrying black torches
Against the sun,
In the jungles of Viet-Nam,
You will see us marching,
Carrying our dismembered arms
and legs
Against the sun.
In the stockyards of Chicago,
You will see us marching
Carrying our broken hopes and
shattered dreams
Against the sun,
Against the sun,
Against the sun,

III

Look upon them--they plan your doom.

--Lancaster York--

Follow the white line down the middle
Keep the cactus where it belongs
Who painted the line?
Did you?

They asked,
Nobody believed.

Concept of absence...?
No---won't do.

Nothing...
Will.

Never.
Never ask.

Just sense, or in-sense.
Just before the end...
 (you may learn)
How does it come about?

M. C. Breece

TIMES SQUARE : A MILLION PEOPLE CHEERED

Standard of standards
of
the
Blind mind
can
make
the
worst
of
An in good time

Peopled with peoples
who
are
Riddled with riddles
in
a
Puddle-less muddle
the
world
takes
us
in,
Some uncircular circles
which
we
count
One by one

one thousand nine hundered sixty-eight
one thousand nine hundered...

M.C. Breece

WOMB : BOOM!

I

Good Pope,
giver of life
where there is too much life:
giver of death,
as the womb
becomes a bomb
and goes boom
in explosion
of population,
what will you do
in your impotence?

II

Good Pope,
giver of hope,
what good words have you
for those
who have not Sunday's take
and
who will have pains
of hunger
because little ones you have saved
eat and multiply
without restraint--what words,
good Pope, what hope?

Epilogue

The Hot-Line ringeth--
what news from Abpve?

--Dalzell--

THIS POEM'S A PART OF ME; PERHAPS IT'S A PART OF YOU

This poem's a part of me;
Perhaps it's
Part of
You.
But if it's just a part of me,
And not a
Part of
You,
I've scribbled on a blank page.

I won't try to love for you
Or cry for you or die for you.
I don't think
I could.
I don't think
I should.
I don't think
I would.

I'll just say I've felt that way before,
Once when you cried,
I cried too.
Once when you laughed,
I laughed too.
But if you never did,
Or I never did (laugh
and cry, that is),
Then this poem's a part of me,
But not quite yet
A part of
You.

CASSANDRA AND AIAS

When I touched you
I felt you were
Cassandra, crying, clinging
To Pallas Athene. But wisdom wasn't there.
As I remember you told me it would happen.
I couldn't believe you. It was just a touch.
I, like Aias, did not need to touch you.
I did not mean it.

Tom Owens

The business session at the Baycon was one of the most significant and productive Worldcon business meetings ever held. Some of the actions taken there will effect all of us in fandom, and some of them will annoy the hell out of many congoers.

First of all, the Hugo ballots will now contain another category of professional fiction. The novella was added (on a motion by Harlan Ellison, I rather with the support of the SFWA) to the existing list. The award structure for the Hugos and the Nebulas now agree, meaning that voeting on your favorite story should be a bit simpler. The wordage limits nor novellas are from 17,500 to 40,000, placing it between the novellette and the novel.

Since the awarding of the novella Hugo was made retroactive to include the Baycon, the basic Hugo list is now eight (short story, novellette, novella, novel, pro-artist, prozine, fanzine, and dramatic presentation). From this base, the current con committee can add two Hugos (and it now seems mandatory to award both Fan Writer and Fan Artist, which is a good thing as far as I'm concerned) and/or drop one (hopefully, any category that doesn't show some signs of life and interest from those who vote--less than 10% of the total vote, say, would be dropped).

The Baycon committee informed me that they can (or at least could) get die cast aluminum Hugos for around \$20, including base and engraved palte. These are good looking Hugos, and are quite a bit cheaper than the hand made ones that Ben Jason has supplied in the past. Even the full list of ten isn't likely to bankrupt the con committee anymore.

A move to cancel the four-year rotation plan adopted at NyCon 3 in favor of a return to the old three-year rotation was defeated. Then a motion to annul the four-year rotation in favor of a five-year plan (four Worldcons in the US, then one overseas) was made. After some rather heated debate from both viepoints (including some very good replys from Dirk Schnee, the Heidelberg representative at the Baycon), this motion was passed. So, now we have the following timetable for Worldcon sites for the next several years: 69-Midwest

—LARRY SMITH—

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(in St. Louis); 70--overseas (Heidelberg seems most likely); 71--East (Washington, Baltimore, and Boston bidding at last count); 72--West (LA and 'Frisco and possibly Seattle bidding); 73--Midwest (Columbus, Toronto, and Dallas seriously bidding now, New Orleans, Chicago, and Minneapolis are possibilities); 74--East (New York, Atlanta, the losers of the 71 bid, and possibly Pittsburg bidding); 75 (Melbourne is making noises down under, and perhaps England will feel like another go). Beyond that the rotation would follow the pattern given (unless revoked or changed, which could happen at any business session in the future), but my crystal ball won't even let me guess realistically about who might make a bid.

I'm all for the five year rotation plan. It gives foreign fandom a Worldcon about as often as they currently seem really ready and willing to host one, and it spreads the burden of traveling overseas to bid around to all of the US regions--eventually.

The current debate about a proposed "continental-con" to fill the Worldcon slot when it is out of the US has some good points to consider. (This matter wasn't discussed at the business session, but it fits well here.) The Worldcon is currently the only convention that a majority of US fandom feels is really worth getting to (even the larger regionals draw most of their attendance from three to five hundred miles of the con city). Unless (and this is as unlikely as hell, what with regional pride and the problem of deciding which existing con in a region would get the plum) one of the existing regionals would inherit the prestige of the Worldcon, when it is out of the country, some sort of national convention would probably develop spontaneously. I personally would prefer to see a new convention started to cover the overseas slot in the rotation plan rather than some haphazard thing being dreamed up on the spot. The biggest problem is the decision of who would host and run this national convention. The suggestions that follow will probably be screamed about for months to come, but I think they merit attention.

First, pick one city, in an easily assessable location, with several hotels large enough to hold a con of over 1000 attendance; and which hasn't had a Worldcon in the last few years. City selection, which would have nothing to do with who ran the con, (see below) could possibly be done by simply submitting a list of eligible cities and letting the fans voting at a business session or a consite voting session or a special meeting select the one they want without any politicking (presumably, all cities eligible would have someone at the con to answer questions, and provide some sort of information sheet). The committee to run this continental con could be drawn from the list of prior Worldcon chairmen and committee members. The city hosting the national convention would, by itself, be ineligible for the next Worldcon to go to what ever region it's in, but the region would not, as a whole, lose eligibility. The points favoring the above are: it wouldn't upset the rotation system or the plans of the bidding committees for the US regions; some sort of organization and continuity would be assured; there will be a con in the US every year that will draw all the fandom that would normally attend the worldcon, but couldn't afford to make the trip overseas; no one region would be favored (or excluded) in the selection; no one area would have to come up with two competent convention committees two years in a row, or become ineligible for the next Worldcon rotation. Problems include: insuring a fair selection; making the assumption that anyone that ever had anything to do with running a Worldcon would want any part of another; the possibility of goofs in overselling the city; and so on. I'm sure that there are other points that need discussion, so let's hear from you.

There is a matter that is bound to raise hackles all over fandom, but I think it was one of the wisest moves that convention fandom could have taken at this point. I'm refering, of course, to the motion, made and passed, that anyone who wants to vote on where the next Worldcon will be held must pay at least two dollars into a joint fund (which goes to the winning consite) in order to vote. Those who are going to vote will have to buy the equivalent of a Supporting Membership in the next Worldcon (no matter who wins) to be able to vote. Some neofans are going to cry "foul" (and one rather stupid sort has already done so, at the Baycon business meeting, protesting discrimination against neofans, and the like at the top of his lungs, behaving like an infant in front of all of us) and claim that



the older fans are not playing fair. To put it bluntly: TOUGH SHIT, Mack! I've now seen three consites in a row chosen by voeters who couldn't have given half a damn about where the next con was really held, but who felt just as entitled as the rest of us to vote (this is not to argue the merits of any of the three cons, by the way, I may go into that some year when I'm safely dead and out of the running). If you want to pick a worldcon, pay up. All of us are going to have to do so, which should eliminate any basis for that cry of "discrimination" which has already been heard. If you can't afford an extra couple of bucks, how in hell did you make it to the worldcon, anyhow? Any true fan; fanzine, convention, club, or generally orienten, will have the same right to vote as any other true fan, no matter who he is, or how long he's been in fandom. The only people getting the axe are those who seem to have done their voeting on a sput-of-the-moment basis, if they had any basis at all. If these people decide they want to vote, at least their having some hard cash riding on the outcome should make them pay attention to the quality of both the bidding and the voting.

Yet another change has been made in the consite voting. All consites will now be selected two years in advance of the actual con date (until this is repealed, which I hope is never). I.E.: the 71 consite will be chosen at the St. Louiscon in 69, the 72 bidders will be up in 70, 73 on the east coast in 71, etc. This move in no way affects the rotation plan discussed above. What it does do is make life considerably simpler for the bidding committees, who now have an extra year to play with when they're negotiating with a prospective con hotel. For those of you who've never been on a bidding committee, things have been getting tight in many of the larger cities in the US of late. We're now talking of a Worldcon of over 1000 attending, and this means that a hotel with more than 400 rooms is necessary to give us the 350 or so we need. Hotels this large are also in the market for other conventions which choose their consites as much as ten years in advance. We've been lucky so far, but under the old one-year-in-advance system it's quite conceivable that no

bidder could come up with a suitable con hotel inside the next decade. Two years is a bare minimum, but it's much better than the old way of doing things. I might also add the overseas consite will also be chosen at the St. Louis Con, thus making twp consite selection votes necessary, and also two joint voteing funds. After this, things will revert to normal, with one consite selection at any given worldcon.

Beginning with the St. Louiscon in 69, all classes of membership will cost us more. Attendinf members will have to pay \$4, supporting members and overseas members \$3. These membership increases were made by joint agreement of the St. Louis and Columbus bidding committees at the Baycon, and both Ray Fisher and I signed the agreement. This is not a mandatory increse, since the next bidders could simply go back to the old fees. However, suicide is messy, and that's about what cutting the dues would amount to. Running a bid is expensive (Columbus spent about \$1200 on the bid, and another \$2500 in personal expenses connected thereto; St Louis came off a little lighter, but not much), but running a Worldcon is much more so. The last conventions have covered their expenses, I think, and managed to pass along some funds, but the break even point has also been going up pretty steeply of late. I can't see the Worldcon ever getting much beyond, say, 2500 registered and 2000 attending, and the cost of postage and other fixed expenses will kill the excess funds made from more memberships at the old level within the next three years or so. The new rates are a good step, but they may go even higher very soon. And, after all, where else can you go a five (or six, if you come early and stay late) day convention, and, failing all else, drink your four dollar registration fee? Any comparable convention I've ever heard of starts at \$25 and goes zooming into the stratosphere from there. I'd say we're still getting quite a bargain. In any event, it'll be interesting to see the balance shects from NyCon 3, the Baycon, and the St. Louiscon and compare the income, expenses, pass-on monies, and so forth to see if I made my point (the convention committees are going to issue a final report, aren't they?).

Since I let the cat out of the bag earlier in this column, I'll go ahead and make it official: Columbus is again bidding for the Midwest Worldcon. We'll be making our bid in 71 for the 73 Worldcon. ((Pause for certain elements of fandom to drag out their whetstones, sharpen up, and again cry "Charge!"...)) Bob Hillis, John Ayotte and I are foolish enough to try once more, and we think that most of the ghastly errors and feuds of the past few years are behind us.

I'd like to thank, publically, all those who gave me a hand in making our bid for the 69 Worldcon. There are an awful lot of you, and I am most sincerely grateful for your support. I'm even greatful to Ted White: he made one hell of a fuss about it, but he did manage to point out that there are some things that are just not done in fandom; unfortunately, usually just after I'd finished doing them. I hope that all the feuding and furore will die down in the next year or so, and that we can go back to being friendly with all elements of fandom. Making the bid was fun, and I'll see you at the next convention, whenever and wherever it's held.

 ARE LINOS REALLY NOTHING MORE THAN FANNISH GRAFFITTE?????????



FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

PABLO

My first World Convention on the American continent was an interesting experience. For one thing, it was the largest convention I had ever attended (the 1965 Worldcon in London was a much smaller affair of five or six hundred people) and the huge size meant that there was always a great diversity of people wandering about the hotel, to meet and talk to. And further, there were many people at the convention who I'd heard of long ago, but never met before...interesting people that I was glad to meet at last. The room parties were marvellous, especially as a thoughtful committee had laid out all-night movies downstairs in the convention hall to keep the fringe fans and the monsterers out of the way of the dedicated trufans who were partying and boozing their way through the night on the upper floors. This arrangement worked very well. The expected chaos caused by the small size of the convention hotel in relation to the convention never seemed to materialize, although to someone domiciled in one of the satellite hotels it would have been more noticeable, I suppose, than to such as I, who were lucky enough to get space in the main hotel. The Costume Ball was supported by no less than three rock bands at maximum amplitude-- I admit that I made the mistake in choosing a table twenty feet from one of the large loudspeakers the band had set up, but my ears survived the ordeal somehow and I watched the accompanying light show and the costume ball itself with great enjoyment. There were some marvellous costumes. The Banquet the next day had the usual lousy, expensive food, but the Hugo award proceedings themselves made up for it, especially with Harlan Ellison hamming it up. The convention came to a fitting end with the tournament on Monday afternoon organized by The Society for Creative Anachronisms, and although I was only half in the real world by that time (I had 16 hours of sleep in over 5 days) what I was able to comprehend I found most effective (well, maybe I wasn't so far gone as all that...) both as spectacle and as fighting (the competitors certainly were not gental with each other, and they needed the helmets and padding). Yes, I enjoyed the Baycon very much, and if the St. Louiscon is going to be as good, then roll on 1969.

San Francisco is a great place, quite apart from the convention. To ride on an actual cable car was something of the fulfilment of a personal ambition for me; it's something I've wanted to do for a very long time, although until quite recently I thought I'd never get the chance to do so. But there I was, hanging on to the outside of a genuine S*A*N*F*R*A*N*C*I*S*C*O*C*A*B*L*E*C*A*R. and revolling in every moment of it. I never knew about the turntables at the end of the line before, though, where the passengers get out and help turn the car around...that was a pleasant revelation. I hope San Francisco never gets rid of its Cable Cars, although I suppose they are mostly a tourist attraction nowadays, rather than an efficient means of transportation, so are none too susceptible to abolishment. San Francisco still has streetcars, though, which I was I was suprised to find, pleasantly suprised; even if they are standard PCC cars, a streetcar is a streetcar ~~is~~ a streetcar, and one of any kind is welcome enough to such as me these days.

One of the beautiful things about San Francisco is its natural setting, facing the Bay, flanked by the Golden Gate and Bay bridges, with Alcatraz sitting out there

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in the middle of the water for all the world as though it should be covered with playful seals instead of a grim looking prison and lighthouse building. There are other things, too--the climate; the restaurants of Fisherman's wharf; the Chinatown area with its bilingual streetsigns (a phenomenon I have noted before only on Irish railway stations)...I guess I saw only the things that any other tourist sees, but it was enough to burn San Francisco deep into me. I must go back and visit it again one day...I would even like to live there for a time...Then I think I would find out what San Francisco is really like; whether it really is such a great place as it seems to be. I think that it is.

One shock on the way out to California was to look down on the approach to O'Hare Field in Chicago and not be able to see the ground because of the evil smog which hangs over the city. Down on the ground, on the aerodrome itself, it looked all right, but from a couple of thousand feet up I got to realize what the atmosphere is really like. It's a scary sight.

Change of subject.

I recently acquired a dulcimer.. This is a musical instrument of Appalachian origin, distilled out of ghoul knows only what twisted memories of ancient European instruments, ending up with an unusual looking (and sounding), but easily learnt, kind of stringed bagpipe. By this I mean that it has four strings, but three of those four are drones, sounding the same note all the time irrespective of the note being played on the fourth, or melody string. Hence, a stringed bagpipe. But it doesn't really sound like a bagpipe, of course--the sound is very distinctive, and has to be heard to be known. As I said, it is easy to play, and a couple of hours practice found me filling the air with selected melodies.

I was originally inspired to go out and buy a dulcimer by hearing the instrument used by Richard Farina on the record "Judy Collins' Fifth Album"--I was so intrigued by its strange sound that I just had to have one for my own. So now I have one, and spend the occasional happy hour playing it, for my own enjoyment. I guess I'm a sucker for unusual musical instruments: I now have the dulcimer, a recorder, and a clavichord, though the latter is back in England and thus somewhat inaccessible at present.

(continued from page 31)

tifs as it is his willingness, his ability to put more of his personality into his music. Telomann is stuck with the need to use formalized styles and stylized forms. Copland isn't.

Amra, like Telomann, is perhaps more accomplished. Douglas Bill still has me for a customer-correspondent, because I like being involved. It's what I joined fandom for.

And that's the bag I'm in.

(continued from page 2)

Originally this editorial ran on for some six pages, but this is all that is left. The rest was written when work on this issue was first begun, and has become terribly dated. In fact, I learned something very valuable from rereading the old editorial, and I think that those I write from now on will be much better and longer lasting. I hope so, anyway.

feathers or lead

Arthur C. Clarke
touring the country when this was written

I guess Angus Taylor is quite right: 2001 confirms his diagnosis. (But is it true of "Rescue Party"?)

I'll send his article to the SF fan club in Moscow.

--For those with short memories, these comments refer to the article "Ends and Means--the long and short of it" by Angus Taylor in Kal 3. JA--

Louis Morra
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Most of the things in Kal 3 were interesting. Zelazny's speech/article provided some interesting vitriol. The interview was what mainly interested me, however. Good sf--Cthun, Lord of Light, et al and most of the Hugo and Nebula winners--have already blended into the mainstream of American literature, except that it is not realized in many cases. The borderline cases like Hitchcock and Rosemary's Baby already mix in, and always will, but I think it will take a little more adult sf to bring them together.

Robert Willingham
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So you feel that the letter column "is the heart of any fanzine." What makes you say this? Letters of comment are usually opinions set down on paper by a fan who has not pre-organized what he has to say. Because of this, locs are generally not as well written as, say, a story, poem, or article. Since these locs are inferior, they shouldn't be the center of anything. They may be an important part--in fact, they are--but not to the extent of being the "heart" of a fanzine.

I suppose now you're going to say that the purpose of fandom is communication between fans, that fanzines are a media of communication, and the loc is the best way to communicate in a fanzine. Crap; an loc may be the easiest way, and therefore the most common, but it is not the best. How could it be when essays like "Literary Criticism and SF" (by Lloyd Kropp in Kal 4) are being written? Isn't something like this obviously superior?

Shouldn't the superior products of fans, such as the essay mentioned, and poetry,

and fiction, be the heart of a fanzine such as yours, which is dedicated to the stuff?

And remember, should you feel like disbanding Kal; the number of locs does not necessarily indicate the amount of interest in a zine. I say this because a fanzine can be highly interesting and worth reading (and yours, in my humble opinion, is) but lack the quality which causes rivers of comment from the readers, the element of controversy. Controversy draws the greatest number of locs, not interest. I wouldn't doubt that many read Kal and enjoyed it immensely, but because it contained nothing very controversial, and because they didn't want to write an loc saying, "Good! Keep up the good work," or somesuch trivia, they wrote nothing. But that doesn't mean that they didn't appreciate Kal or that they would like to see you quit publishing--it simply means that they had nothing worthwhile to say.

However, a measure of interest in a zine is the amount of subs and contributions that come in. As you said, you seem to be receiving ample amounts of both of these. Ergo, there is an ample amount of interest in Kal. So keep it coming!

As I mentioned above, "Literary Critiscism and SF" was a very good piece. I hope half the fan reviewers who read this take it to heart; I'm tired of reviews like "This book was so bad I didn't finish it..." I bet some people felt that way in the middle of Moby Dick (stray thought that just entered my head: today I say a paperback of good cl' MD, and it looked like it had fewer pages than Dune. Well, I thaupt it was an interesting digression.) or War and Peace. This kind of review isn't much help and it gives the person reading the review an unfounded poor opinion of the book. If you want to read good reviews get Miller's WSFA Journal; Gilliland does very good ones.

Poetry is an intimate thing, with the poet and with the reader. Therefore the way a person interprets a pome is intimate and will probably differ from the way another person interprets it. But is a poem is good it will at least cause the reader to have some definite interperatation. Jerry Kaufman's poem was good, the best in the issue, and I got quite a bit out of it. In essence, it is a poem of "we" versus the "Grey House." When "we" attacks the "Grey House," it shuts up and crumbles; when that happens, "we" has failed. Which gives rise to the thought that "we" in the first place wanted to conquer and use the "Grey House" for our own purposes. Now that's all simple interperatation; the important thing is: what does "we" represent, and what does the "Grey House" represent? This is for the reader to decide. A decision shouldn't be too hard since Kaufman spells it out with referances to "buggy-whips" and "Hand-printed-bibels," and I'm not going to spoil the readers fun by giving him my interperatation and thus take away his sonse of discovery (old style sf has SOJ; poetry has, to me, SOD).

...not enough fiction, excellent repro of art and titles, good art (ospecially Ayotte and Lovenstoin), enlightening loc by and about Gaughan The Man...also, liked the combo of Vonnegut's speech and Gaughan's fine portrait (and I'm not kidding about it's being a good portrait--it looks exactly like the photo of Kurt on the local library's copy of Cat's Cradle...)

--Yes, the letter column is the heart of a fanzine. You jumped to conclusions when you interperated my metaphor. The articles and such that you mention might be considered the brain. It is only through the letters of comment that an editor can discover what is liked or disliked about his publication. If he is not publishing only to satisfy his own ego (and that is a big part of it, to be sure) then he wants to know what people think of his efforts; not generally wether it's liked of disliked, but specifically what is right and wrong with it. Locs are therefore the blood that feeds the brain and keeps the fanzine going, and the letter column is the heart. JA--

Mike Montgomery
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Sandra Miesel's article showed some interesting things about The Dream Master; was it written for some college class?

If I had never read any other sword & sorcery stories, had never read Tolkien, hadn't just finished Norton's Witch World series, "The Way Under the Mountain" would be excellent. I acknowledge that Dick Byers' creations are original and all that, but after reading so many that are similar...

The best sequence of all was the battle. There was more room to develop the story though, so that is probably what makes it superior to the other sections. The whole thing, however, shows a very evident improvement over "The Library of Dirizan" in Kal 1.

Lovenstein's work is excellent, some of the best of his that I've seen.

What Darroll Pardoe calls "over-provision of facilities" is just a time schedule that is set up for the convenience of the public. The airlines could wait until there were enough people to fill a plane, but many customers would have to wait quite a while. People want to know when they are to leave and when they are to arrive at their destination. I suppose it did give Darroll an excuse to knock another Americanism, though.

John, your illustration for Bhimpalasi is excellent. The Katuzin is also the same, as usual. All the poetry is good, but "Inferno" is unimpressive. "Assault on the Grey House" is probably the best, although I'm torn between it and "Plug..." "Plug..." can't match the imagery of symbolism of "...House;" but I identify with the latter.

I agree with Lloyd Kropp's viewpoint. The trouble is that it is much easier to write subjectively about books than it is to criticize them objectively. Another prohibitive factor is that objective criticism of the type Lloyd has in mind almost of necessity takes more space and time per book, which isn't a thing to entice reviewers to examine books in that manner.

Mike Montgomery (again)

Is it true that the Secret Masters of Fandom supported St. Louis instead of Columbus? It must be so. Of course, there is the possibility that the Secret Masters aren't really the Secret Masters...

It seems that I read a similar article to Ron Smith's elsewhere. At any rate, I do agree with the section of his article which deals with "thought literature." True, force feeding is a bad method, but if you want the grade there's no way out. I think that most people with any experience in literature courses tend to develop two different ways of evaluating: one is what they themselves get out of what they read, and the other is the standard set of ideas that they reserve for class and tests.

But then Ron Smith says: make symbolism obvious. If you try to make it non-obvious you probably won't succeed. But if the author is successful, Ron, the story becomes so much more enjoyable. If the effort is a success, it's worth the extra work.

Everything Leigh Couch says in her first poem "Greeting" is true. But my re-

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action after reading it is, "So what?" True, but irrelevant and uninteresting. And "Where I Live," while interesting, is worthless for the most part. Rediculous reasoning, but it's not too hard to pass it off as valid in a stream of consciousness structure like that. Everything Dale Davis says is true, but only because he's stuck himself in his Cave. Get out of your goddamn Cave Davis!

I was prepared to fight it, but I found myself roally enjoying Rod Goman's story. The description of Mraf finding himself in George's body was incredible; I have some suspâcions regarding Rod Goamm and the research work he might have done for this story.

On the other hand, "At Carnival Time" was largoly a failure because it was too predictable.

Jack Gaughan is perhaps in the wrion business...he should be a writer. Vory entertaining. I dearly love all those people who look for strange symbolism in things, and, upon finding something, say, "Boy is this person ever sick. Something is wrong with anybody who would do this. He should see a psychiatrist." And those people aren't uncommen oither.

If I told Rod Goman that Hendrix has a single out on which he does Dylan's "All Along the Watchtower" would he believe me? It's true. Hendrix is very successful with it, although I expected a pretty fross result.

--I don't know about the Secret Masters, but Smoffing seems to be a communicable diesese these days. JA--

~~~~~  
Terry Joevos  
30 Thompson Road  
Sheffield, 11 England

I suppose I ought to begin this letter with a gripping account of how I noarly participated in the single-handed Atlantic uacht race. Actually, it isn't vory thrilling, what happened was that I saw the notices saying that the "Observer" (a British news rag) was organizing a race, I said to myself..."You could enter that!" Admittedly, I don't know the first thing about yachting, but I could have entered. But, I didn't.

So, instead of that, I'll say many thanks for K-4 (Isn't that a mountain somewhere? Or am I thinking of K-2?? However, no douby you will eventually be mistaken for a dog when you got to K-9, so may I be the first to make the pun.

Enough of this intelloctual chatter, first let me say I liked the nice thick feel, but wasn't so taken by the artwork...what was that on the cover?? Venice by Moonlight, or Picasso as seen by accident?? I liked the Trufan character, but didn't dig the script you gave him...how about giving him a pep pill. Best artwork was page 13 by Loventstein. Give him the gold plated lollipop.

"Love is Madness"...apart from the excossive verbosity and esoteric (and otherwise) referonces, this was way over my head...I read a thing for enjoyment, and when you start roading all sort of meanings and allusions into it--which the author probably never even thought of--then I quit. Incidentlly, I wonder if Sandra noticed Zelazny's recurrent use of the letter "e." This occurs in virtually every line of each of his stories, and I suspect, strongly indicates his early exposure to the vowels commonly used in the English languago. It may even indicate a veiled admiration for the ancient Greeks as they also used the letter "e" or "epsilon." He



probably has a mathematical leaning, as I have frequently come across logarithms to this particular base. Yes, you can certainly read quite a lot between an author's lines.

"Point of View"...Pardoe. This I liked, partly because it wasn't as pedestrian or pedantic as 90% of fanzine contributions. It had a nice, swinging, style with which it put things across nicely. Only complaint was that it was too short.

"Assault on the Grey House"...In my book, poetry is for the birds unless it is either comicoomic, or narrative. Either way, it should rhyme. Ergo, this gets the rating of a highly derogatory bundle of rubbish...1st class...pages 24 and 25 were even worse...Hell, I can write tripe like that with one eye closed, and a chunk of watermelon in my left ear...watch.

Breathing...we did it then,  
                   but they  
                   outdid us  
                   So  
                   black  
                   black  
                   ...bla  
                   c  
                   k.

Sorry, but for me, the biggest use for a piece of poetry is in the smallest room.

Vonnogut...rah...rah...rah...the bestest damn thing in the issue, and if I were giving out George Medals (or Victoria Crosses) I'd hand him (and you) a bucket full. Incidentally, I bet that after he said the sexiest book was The Rosy Crucifiction, the damned thing would be booked from here to eternity by would-be-readers.

"Literary Criticism..."...So Aristotle wanted plot in his stories did he. Bloody good bloke, so do I...but where the hell has the plot gone in the modern sf story? Out the window...which is probably why so much rubbish is now flooding the market under the guise of "the new wave in sf." After all, if you dispense with plot, it makes it a damned sight easier to write a story...any clot can do it...as so many are doing.

Watch it Jeeves, you're mounting your hobby horse again. Let's get back to something safe, like...why did Doc Smith like to use names for his aliens which ended in "ix" or "ax"...or who told Mike Moorcock that he could edit a science fiction magazine.

Now I'm getting controversial, and at my age, that's worse than getting ulcers... or hiccups...cc - free copy of Impluse.

—Well, we hear from another country...both literally and figuratively...not only that, but there's more to follow. JA--

Terry Jeeves  
 address above

Very much thanks for K-5...(it still sounds like a mountain).

I find it rather hard to pick out my favorite item, so I'll just say that I thoroughly enjoyed Jack Gaughan's free-wheeling column. Apart from the general enjoyment of reading the piece, it was refreshing not to have to put up with either "BOY-



AM-I-GOOD" techniques, or goshwow, listen to me use the latest slang...dig it with, cool it keep, where it's at, and suchlike rubbish. More power to his elbow.

In the fiction line, I throughly enjoyed Rod Goman's light hearted, "Day in the Life." This ran smoothly and entertainingly from start to finish, which is a rare thing in fan fiction. In contrast, I didn't even read the "Farflung Farrago" column by the same writer. The pop scene leaves me cold...in my book, Pop is slop, so I just gave this piece a cursory glance and moved on to greener pastures.

Similarly, I didn't read the poetry column. Established (the stuff we went through in school) poetry bores me to tears, and this modern stuff which doesn't even scan or rhyme is the last word in codswallop. Yes, I know the "with-it" wisr guys will deplore my ignorance in not "understanding" their high faluting stuff...but... and here I throw a challenge to all of them. Neither do they, and I can prove it. They say that their stuff means something, OK then here is a short verse by that master poet (me). Submit it to three different lovers of modern poetry and ask them to analyze it. Naturally, don't tell them it is rubbish, and I'll bet you get three sincere interpretations of the symbology...go on, try it, I dare you.

ESPRIT

Beneath that carvon shell which hides  
Dark squirming life

of unknown tinge

Abandoned, heedlessly to strife--and thrall unending

Gray, gray, gray...oternal lake of day

But over upward reaching more

To some unguesses of goal

Above one's grasp

Somosay!...?

On the other hand, I got a great deal of fun reading the Marcon transcription, someday I hope to TAEF, and attend one of these affairs in person. Untill then, such welll prepared pieces wet the appetite.

--He rosts his case. JA--

---

Dwain Kaiser  
1397 N. 2nd Avo.  
Upland, Calif. 91786

Layout and high quality printing seem to be the thing in fandom today, and you excell in both. You do better than that as a matter of fact, you not only handle yourself well in the layout department, but you don't let the layouts and fancy printing take control of your zine. I think in fandom material should be above all, the printed word in the fanzine, not the artwork in the fanzine. A fanzine should be personal, AMATEUR, and not cold. Too often a good layout, or offset printing (in the case of RQ, Trumpot, and Shaggy) will cause a zine to become distant from the reader, lack that fannish feel. You make a good use od electrostencil artwork, and handle the printing of it with a masterly skill (I know from personal experiance how damn hard it is to get good black print from electrostencils when there are large black areas). And what is even better than that, you manage to put out a zine that a fan can feel attached to, one which he can assume a rolo in (a supporting rolo, at least he can send you egoboo if nothing else).

Trufan will never be great artwork, nor witty comment on the state of the uni-



verso, but then nothing in fandom will ever become immortal either, and who really cares. As far as a comment on publishing, it was quite well worth it.

Talk about fan fiction and such things in the letter column made me feel guilty. I have a hard to break habit of simply skipping over fan fiction in the fanzines I receive. I'm not sure when or how I picked up the habit, but I do have it. The trouble with a story like "The Worm Under the Mountain" is that there is nothing one can say about it besides "I enjoyed it,"--"I hated it," etc.

I've been gladdened lately by the news that sf is beginning to be taken seriously by librarians and such...I'm also amazed at the price tag paid by OSU, almost three times the worth of a magazine collection of that size. \*Sigh\* or perhaps librarians are more willing to pay the real value for books and magazines and us collectors are living in the by gone past.

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Ken Nykanen  
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Port Arthur, Ont. Canada

...artwork seems to be utilized in a supporting role--fiction illustrations were drawings inspired by the content of the story, title page designs for the poems and major articles, plus the miscellany of bits and pieces to offset the monotony of too much print. Within this context the work is competent and effective, my favorite being Katuzin's embellishment of "Inferno." I would like to see one or two full page pieces that are included entirely for their own sake, and not just to illustrate or decorate. (Art for art's sake.)

I was surprised to find that I actually enjoyed reading the poetry selections. The genre has long been utterly barren in this department. At least this has been my impression of the professional scene. Of the prozines, only F&SF seems to publish an odd poem, and of these most are of the trivial-humorous variety. Could it be that fans have been practicing this neglected art behind my back, and that sf may yet produce some verse to match its best prose?

I firmly believe that creative writing should always remain the central focus of fandom. All zines should allot some space to original stories and there ought to be many more magazines devoted exclusively to fan fiction. Every fan should occasionally attempt to produce something. We can't all be pros, but there surely is something within each of us that deserves expression, even on an amateur basis. The experience will at least equip us to criticize the works of others more intelligently. As for the aspiring author, I'm sure that publication in any form is more useful and encouraging than an endless succession of rejection slips. Fans should be able to offer much valuable guidance and assistance (the pros just can't afford the time), and the readers of fanzines are potentially the most sophisticated concentration of sf critics available anywhere.

This has all been said before to no discernable effect. We're "sercon" to the opposition--they don't agree with these opinions, or they just couldn't care less.

But, consider what will happen when the current crop of "Golden Age" pros cash in the old typers? A couple of the prozines feature stories by previously unpublished writers. While the readers generally agree that this is a commendable policy, they also feel that these stories are the worst in the issue. But where else can new writers learn their trade? Who will replace Sturgeon, Heinlein, Bradbury, Anderson, etc? Will the pro editors be forced to choose between inferior material and an ever increasing proportion of reprints? Even the best of the science fiction magazines are



marginal concerns with small circulations. If the overall quality of the existing ones begins to decline the average reader will drift away. One by one the magazines will disappear from the market, and with their passing the entire field will be defunct.

--In spite of my editorial in this issue, I must differ with you on the state of the magazines. They're not that bad off, nor do they show too many signs of becoming so. I do hold that they are no longer the core of science fiction, and, in fact, feel that their passing would cause little more than a ripple on the surface of the sf world. Most major sf is being published independantly of the magazines already.

As far as the new generation of sf authors to replace the "old guard", they are already coming to the fore. Chip Delany, Roger Zelazny, Piers Anthony...to name only three. They learned their trade the same way as all authors throughout history, without the aid of amateur publication. I'm beginning to feel that the desire for publication in any form, and the urge to form writers workshops both stem from people who fear that they don't really have the talent to make it professionally. That's my most pessimistic point of view, because I must admit that writers forums and workshops are often very worthwhile. JA--

Chris Walker  
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Fort Wayne, Ind. 46807

The Angus Taylor poems are frustrating, as if you had spilled coffee on the page and only those fifteen lines survived. I don't mean to say that they're not complete, but they're inhumanly concise! Very, very interesting.

Dale's "To Mary Jane" reminds me of Phyllis McGinley's satiric verse--this is a clearheaded look at a subject that generally inspires grovelly word-patterns which qualify as poetry only to the ultra-polite or the ignorant.

I vote thumbs down on the art this. Exceptions; the Luv on pp 11&29, and Miller on p 27. And there's another of those Luv axmen on page 50! Lovonstein's Axe Period, they'll call it someday. Even Gaughan leaves me cold--maybe I'm just tired.

The Smith article; ahem...I tend to agree, personally, that line by line literary autopsies do more harm than good. It's fun once and a while to do on your own, but as a class effort the autopsy bit is pretty much busy work. But you have to have some intense lit. work somewhere along the line, and I guess high school is as good a place as any. And at least lit. classes get people to read! I'm in an especially accelerated English program (High school senior at the moment) and I swear (it's something to swear about) I don't see how these high IQ (if you believe in IQ's) students can be so illiterate at eighteen! I mean, no one in my class had heard of (let alone read) Boccaccio, or Abelard, or Spencer...I wonder what the superslow classes are like? Ron's title is right, Johnny doesn't want to read. At least lit classes make him.

Hank Davis  
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Loyall, Ky. 40854

Kal 3: "Fallout" (gee you sure like to change the title of your editorial around; and the lettercol title too.) I must disagree with you in regards to the Hugo and Nebula; and the latter being superior. For one thing, it is (ahem) ridiculously easy to get into the SFWA. The sale of one story does it for life. Active membership is



contingent upon continued sales, but active status is not required to nominate a story. Moreover, only one nomination per story suffices to get it on the ballot. Result--in 1967, 30 novels, 8 novellas, 11 novellottes, and 34 short stories were nominated and voted on. While this doesn't strike me as too many, I can understand that the majority of the SFWA members would be disgruntled. Not everyone is such a compulsive reader as I...and thirty novels is a bit much--I only read 18 of the nominees and tried to read another but couldn't finish it (Arthur Selling's The Uncensored Man--Eccccch!). As a cop-out I might observe that all but four of the remaining 11 were hard covers which I didn't have and couldn't afford to buy. (One of those four was Arthur Selling's The Guy Effect...once bitten, twice shy, say I.) And sf pros (I mean real pros--not fledglings like me) do not spend as much time as you might think reading sf.

The SFWA members seem, in the main, to be disgruntled with the elephantine ballot, and a change is contemplated. Robert Silverburg has suggested in the SFWA Bulletin that the minimum number of nominations required to place a title on the ballot be raised to two, or "several." I'm skeptical. If at least two nominations had been required in 1967, the number of novels would have been reduced to five, with four novellas, three novellottes, and eight short stories. Except for the short stories, that seems to be a bit too thin.

I think that the best solution would be to have a run-off election. Trouble is, having two ballots would constitute a hellacious amount of trouble.

--I'm afraid that I must cut Hank off here. His letter ran eight close spaced pages of very interesting comment, but in the interest of actually finishing this issue (it's now March 23rd, and work was begun in the middle of last August) I've printed only a small segment. Much of it is dated now anyway, though not any more so than most of the rest of this issue. And enough is too much. Sorry Hank. Send as good an loc next time and I promise to print it intact. JA--

~~~~~

Larry Herndon
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Carrollton, Tex. 75006

One on Kal's highpoints seems to be excellent artwork; Foster, Lovenstein, Kinney, Ayotte, etc., and, of course, Gaughan--that's a darn good lineup of artistic talent.

I must echo what Harry Warner Jr. said in regards to the "three excerpts" in your #4...there simply wasn't enough story there! It was like being handed an arm, a leg, and a head, and being told "the body looks something like this, only all-together."

I enjoyed tremendously the two talks featured in the two Kal's I have on hand; both Vonnegut and Pohl come through as entertaining speakers, and Pohl especially so, since his talk seemed to be mostly "off the top of his head." He had some very interesting things to say about why writing isn't as much fun now days--I suppose trying to get a story past some editor could be fun after all. Geez, think what it was probably like in the boom days of the 50's, with dozens of mags and bundles of editors running loose...a writer's paradise!

That sf collection your library recently acquired sounds great, and is enough to make an ol' completist like me go into purple drooling fits. I'd always wondered what a "complete" magazine collection would cost, and must say, I was surprised that it required only \$10,500. I'd been thinking somewhere nearer \$20,000. Did this purchase include such titles as WEIRD TALES?

The OSU collection is complete to the extent that the Day and the MIT sf indexes are complete. It includes everything listed in them. Sadly, this leaves out WEIRD TALES and a few other important titles. When things get rolling this should be corrected, but it takes time to establish a new collection in the framework of a major University Library. They are keeping up by buying all the new magazines, and are establishing a substantial holding in major hardcover sf both of British and American publication. When they will begin to fill the gaps is open to debate. JA--

~~~~~

Robert Gersman  
3135 Penn. Ave.  
St. Louis, Missouri 63118

Because of Snadra Miesel I might and might not read The Jewels of Apor, because the professional blurbs did not excite me enough to read it. Miesel's was more explanatory. Being a Simon pure, dyed in the wool, sword and sorceryite, I prefer my fantasy with blood and thunder.

Jack Gaughan's article on the travailles of an artist, his ups and downs as well as acquaintances and friendships with other, equally well known artists makes it plain that garret living is not humbug. But if you're not known, you have a well known grind.

I keep a file myself of clippings and pics, and know how it can multiply and quickly become obsolescent. The wonderful picture books they have today for children are good for artists, and they limit the number of pictures you need. Golden Books have a good selection. It's nice to know that places like NASA are willing to help on pictorials.

~~~~~

Jerry Lapidus
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Pittsford, N.Y. 14534

Dale on poetry reminds me--a movie version of "Flowers" is out, a thing called "Charly." Newsweek panned it, shame. Anyway. I've been trying to work up an article about myth in sf, the not in connection with poetry. To me, Delany is just about the only writer who's really managed to CREATE myth in sf, rather than use existing mythos. Zelazny, for example, has used the Greek and Hindu mythos perfectly and beautifully--but he HAS used existing ones. Delany, in virtually every serious thing he does, creates his own. In things like TEI, "Corona", "Driftglass", it's obvious. But it's present even in works like "Lines of Power," and to an extent, in "Aye and Gomorrah..." Something else about Delany's characters: virtually all of his important characters are non-human--not alien--but unhuman. The Bable 17 people, the "Driftglass" characters, the TEI people, the "Corona" people--all are at least "gifted" beings, and at most mutant, discorporate, "changed," or completely alien in body (Loboy). All, in other words, are larger than life while still allowing the reader to identify with them--the exact requirements for a mythic character.

Kaufman: Asking Sandra to do a detailed analysis of TEI is just too much; it's hard enough to do what she's done for relatively short works, like "He Who Shapes," or comparatively simple ones, like "Jewels..." But to do this kind of analysis on a work as complex as TEI must be a nearly impossible task. I too would LIKE to see such a thing, but I certainly wouldn't ask anyone to write it.

--An example of how some of the material this issue has become dated is the fact that

Zelazny has now written a book around a mythos he created himself. It's still a somewhat different use than that of Delany, but he has created his own myths. JA--

Sandra Miesel
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I especially liked Jack Gaughan's article. This and the Vonnegut piece earlier are the sort of relaxed, personal expression that comes over beautifully in a fanzine. The Marcon transcription showed a bit of what we missed. I think Pohl's right about author-editor interaction being the key to good writing. Considerable contrast in the poetry column. (My husband suggested that "Bhimpalasi & the mythopoeics" would be a great name for a rock group.)

Ron Smith's harangue missed more than a few points: There's more to reading than fiction (Me, I haven't read a mainstream novel since To Kill a Mockingbird and don't feel the worse for it.); bad teaching destroys any subject; and there's more certitude possible in literary interpretation than he admits. Writers of all pre-modern traditions used stock symbolic vocabularies so an accurate reading of these men's conscious meanings is possible. Some authors give clues in their non-fiction which can illuminate their fiction. Even totally imaginative interpretations may have some value, as the allegorical interpretations of the Old Testament.

Peter Hays
1421 Wightman
Pitt. Pa. 15217

I think the "Second Revolution" as the Most Noted Anthologer of This Year termed it, brought science into sf, but did nothing about the main thing wrong with it: most sf stories of those times (and all too many of those times) had little meaning; there was no satisfaction in reading them, other than to see Good triumph over Evil, and perhaps admiring the author's use of an interesting twist in the plot...which doesn't make for a bad story at all, but it can get boring after a while. The "New Wave" as many people try to label it, is merely a general movement to bring more meaning to the stories. This movement isn't in any way restricted time wise to the present of field wise to sf. The "New Wave" does not eliminate plot; it enhances it.

But there is more to the "New Wave" than that. Many stories that have been dubbed "New Wave" are attempts at new methods of written communication; hence, they are harder to read because we have not come in contact with that kind of expression before. While some of these attempts at communication are horrible failures, others are startling successes. In any case, authors of these type of stories should be lauded for at least trying.

The impact of "New Wave" has not been only in the literary field. Of course, I'm thinking of 2001: A Space Odyssey. The fact that this is the first sf movie that has been widely accepted by non-fans points, I think, at what was lacking in other sf movies.

Edward Rood
668 Westover Rd.
Stamford, Conn. 06902

On the old and new waves. I think that, basically, the new wave is trying to

introduce capable writing to sf. Have you seen the Oct. 68 Different by Moskowitz? The whole thing is an attack on the new wave by J.J. Pierce and Sall supports him. His ideas are pure shit though. He talks about romanticism but doesn't know what it is (he goes by Ayn Rand's ideas, GHOD!) he contradicts himself, makes little sense, and never even defines the new wave. He is paranoid about it, and Sall mentions that there is this society called the Second Foundation and it is trying to get rid of the new wave and that Pierce's paper is a sort of policy statement, and that Lester Del Rey is first speaker of the Second Foundation! They must be a bunch of fuggheads, because that paper is about the worst bit of criticism ever written by a fan.

Peter Singleton
Block 4, Broadmoor Hospital
Crowthorne, Berkshire, England

Many thanks for the copy of Kallikanzaros #4, which was flopped under my nose this morning by the human mail dispenser at the unprecendented hour of 7:50 am--ten full minutes before breakfast. This is a traumatic event on an empty stomach! I just had enough time to admire the striking cover before washing down my cornflakes and sausage (no, not together). After filling my slender form with that food, I promptly opened your fanzine and the first thing I observed was the three back pages, which had just at that moment parted company from the rest of the ish. Ah, sweet nostalgia! I remember with affection the days of yore when American fanzines arrived stapled from both back and front, which when gently opened, rewarded the prospective reader with a colorful flurry of overgrown confetti as the middle twenty pages performed acrobatics in mid air before coming gently to rest on the floor in a cloud of dust.

First of all, I read your Misinformation and I'm obliged to inform you that Yngvi is definitely not a louse. On behalf of the Yngvi Anti-Defamation League, I can assure you that steps will be taken to ensure the retraction of your grossly distorted statement. Yngvi himself claims that his continued stay behind bars is due entirely to a misunderstanding, which he hopes to clear up shortly. The prison associate who first perpetrated the damaging slogan has already been dealt with in a drastic manner.

Since you failed to check any of your little boxes, it is clear that my name isn't Buck Coulson or Dick Geis, and it isn't Pablo, except on alternate Sundays. I'm not even checked in your list of friends (sob) so what's happened to the great glorious brotherhood of fandom, the friendly microcosm where everyone is a firm friend of everybody else? This view of fandom lasted all of two weeks. Then I heard about Harlan Ellison and my illusion was whipped away like a used contraceptive in a gale. A terrible revelation for a sensitive thirteen-year-old not to face. Those days of innocent youth are lost forever, alas!

Since you accept Lecs in trade only if printed, I've decided to send you the Sep. 1968 issue of the London based Geographical Magazine, which has a face value of 3/6. My sub copy arrived this morning and I'll post it on when I've finished with it. I hope this trade arrangement is OK with you. We can work out similar deals for future issues of Kal. and G.M., is this sudden idea of mine appeals to you.

The highlight of the entire issue is certainly the transcription of Kurt Vonnegut's speech. After a shaky start, it developed into a fine discourse which must have been a delight to hear. The little scene he envisioned about a little man walking along a road, only to suddenly fall down a deep, black hole, reminds me of a television cartoon where, without commentary of any sort, exactly this event took place. Then the little man hopped out looking understandably disconcerted, and hid carefully behind a handy rock. He observed another little man undergo a similar mishap and the callous wathor chortled with glee, dancing around with joy at the poor victim's

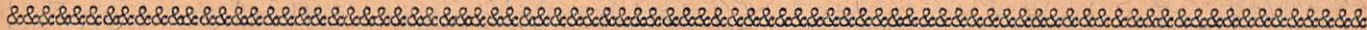
mishap. This curious cartoon then repeated the event with a third little man, and this time with two merry watchers. This went on until the fifth man, after climbing out of the hole, filled the hole in, and carried on with his journey down the long road.

I'm a keen reader of Vonnegut, with The Sirens of Titan and Cat's Cradle being my favorites.

I once passed up a chance to read The Carpet Baggors because I was in the middle of a terrific Heinlein story at the time...and the only books on Vonnegut's list I've read are Catcher in the Rye and Huckleberry Finn, but I've at least seen the long and interesting film version of The Brothers Karamazov, which should prove something, Ghu knows what.

My very close second is Darroll Pardoe's "From Another Point of View" and his reasons for going into exile make very informative reading indeed. I've never met him in the flesh, but I've always had a fondness for LesSpingo. I like his now offset format even though the print is too damn small for reasonable comfort; it must be a great saving on postage, though!

"Pardoe and the Magic Fingers Machine:" This is very intriguing, and more than a little obscure. I suspect a little autoerotica in this, unless I'm being too imaginative. I've often had the vividness of my imagination pointed out to me in the past.

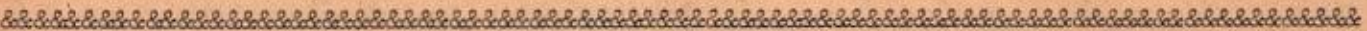


Peter Singolton
Block 4, Broadmore Hospital
Crowthorne, Berks. RG11 7EG, England

Please note the new "postcode" in my address, which is Morrie England's clumsy answer to your zipcode system.

Marcon 3...this is the fanzine scoop of the year, and well worth the time and energy expended in the patient task of transcribing.

As regards to who's for Ellison or who's opposed to him, I feel that it would have been much more to the point of Fredrik Pohl had taken the trouble to find out the audience's reactions to Ellison as a writer, not as a personality. I've followed the personal exploits of Harlan from the individuals who have met him, and his questionable antics have been finely detailed within the pages of various fanzines. Even so, I reserve judgement on anyone who I haven't actually met in person, as experience has taught me. I can't help wondering just how many of those noisily opposed to Harlan were reacting to their own evaluation of the man and how many were merely influenced by hearsay to the point of raising their voices just for the sake of making noise? On a similar basis, it is often the case to here someone loudly proclaim the merits of a book or story which they haven't actually read, and you go on to justify their insubstantial claims by assuming that "so and so say's this, so it must be true" without making the effort to evaluate for themselves. It so happens that in my book Harlan is a very good writer and if he really does trouble to advertise himself as a literary personage to every barber and storekeeper he meets, I can't argue with his description per se, even though his penchant for blowing his own horn might be regarded as being in slightly questionable taste. In other words, I don't allow opinions of Harlan the personality to cloud my own opinion of Harlan the Writer. Perhaps this seems obvious? Not so--it's amazing how many people automatically equate a person's personality with his artistic or literary output without just cause. I once criticised a neofan's artwork and the neo in question took this as a personal affront. He assumed that because I didn't like his art, I also didn't like him.



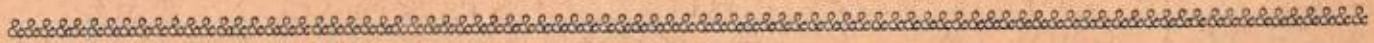
Harry Warner
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Your editorial contains what must be the two dozenth review of 2001 I've seen in the fanzines. I can't remember any other movie that has recieved similar attention. It's going to be like old home week when I finally get a chance to see it. Sight unseen, I keep wondering if the great mystery of the final scones might not simply mean that the last monolith caused the hero to conquer time, much as the earlier ones had encouraged man to conquer earth and space?

Sandra Miolol seems to be one of the most valuable fanzine writing discoveries of the year. She keeps this article about Dolany literate and learned without descending often into the jargon of mungans literary criticism. But I wonder if the "archtypical characters" she finds in Dolany's novels are really hsi distinctive set of characters? The catagories into which she seperates them sound as if they could be filled with equal ease from most of the Tom Swift or Andre Norton novels.

My eyebrows went up when Fred Pohl claimed that anyone who can make a living out of writing sf can live in luxury by writing in other fields. I suppose it was intended as a catch remark, in an effort to soo how alert the audionce happened to be. Because hardly anyone does make a living out of writing sf for more than a few months at a time. And I wonder how many of those few have used their capability to live in luxury off other types of writing? I can think of two or three in the past decade, no more.

I wonder if Jack Gaughan will win three Hugos at the 1969 worldcon? If he contributes two or three more columns and articles to fanzines as high in quality as "Gargoyle," I'd say he has a good chance to take home a fan writer trophy to go with the two for artwork. Bill Rotsler is the only other person in fandom whom I can recall with the ability to write and draw in the same personality. Lots of other fans have written and drawn well, but they've seemed to be different in the two capacities. Impish as an artist, serious as a writer, or superb as a craftsman with the pencil but slapdash and unbridled at the typewriter, for instance.



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less chronological flashback that occupies most of the novel, to present the story of Sirius' creation and maturation in terms which you can accept without question. Or, at least you can accept them until your mind wanders and you reflect a bit on their improbability. In fact, the book contains several important improbabilities, not the least of which are the reasons for keeping Sirius such a secret, and the methods by which it was accomplished. At best they are rationalizations to justify setting the novel in the recent past. (It was set in the period pœceeding and during WWII, and Written just after the war.)

In this book Stapeldon observes that man is a selfish, corrupt, stupid creature as a rule, and that the exceptions are few and unable to make much of a difference in man's actions. It's a pessimistic point of viwe, and one with which I cannot agree. However, it does have some validity. It is based on factual data, but the conclusion is not logically drawn. At least those who hold this view are able to see the surface problems, not too many people are capable of even that much.

Stapeldon even comments on the evils of Bureaucracy at several points as the lives of the central characters are complicated by its bumbling...particularly in respect to the war.

The most interesting aspect of the novel, however, is the study of the relation

ship between Sirius, the man-dog, and Plaxy, the daughter of the scientist who created Sirius. Their births are almost coincident, and dog and girl are raised as equals (as nearly as possible) by Plaxy's mother. There develops an extremely strong relationship that somehow transcends the brother-sister companionship that was evident on the surface. Eventually it even transcends the idea of love between two humans. In fact, the tie between Sirius and Plaxy is stronger than the tie between man and wife. It attains almost a spiritual level. It is an almost symbiotic relationship. They become dependant on one another and extremely involved emotionally. This develops to the point where they often refer to themselves as being one part of the creature that is "Sirius-Plaxy." It might be considered as a very low key statement of what Sturgeon developed in More Than Human.

Also of interest is Stapeldon's study of the phenomena of isolation. Sirius is a totally unique creature (one of the great improbabilities of the book, but almost excusable for the study it allows) and can never become totally integrated into human society. This is handled very successfully as you, the reader, find yourself empathising with his attempts to do so, then admonishing yourself when you realize that Stapeldon is saying that it isn't such a good thing to be human after all. Sirius is more alone than any human could ever be, and his terrible feeling of total uniqueness could almost qualify as the "tragic Flaw" that guides his life and leads to his demise. It is his "wolf-mood" usually brought on by his feeling of isolation that sends him wild and causes him to kill, in the end transforming him into little more than a hunted animal, a killer, that unrelenting "justice" must catch and destroy.



