



BELLOWINGS OF A BOHEMA

I shall return!

Uh, it would seem that little phrase has been used already, so it would be out of place for me to use one at this time. So I won't. Skip the above paragraph.

I realize a few of you people who may be receiving this journal for the first time will be expecting, as you read this lead-in, to get to the meaty part of the editor's comment pertaining to the world about him. If you've seen BAB before, you know this won't apply. I go on about my problems, like not having an article come out on the bottom of a page, or not being able to stencil artwork properly, or some other plaguing predicament that Enthralls You All. So what's the problem? Well, I don't like the long time between the first and second issues of BAB. It took me altogether too long to send it out, and it grew to an altogether too large size. I've run off most of the pages prior to starting on this "editorial", and have come up with the usual problems. Like The 15-16-17-18 Incident, of which you will read much more as you progress in this issue. I was hit with a typewriter that wouldn't "function", and not having another available, and not having the initiative to rent one, or some other idiotic way of gaining usage, I took a brief gafia, and enjoyed myself. I enjoyed myself only till I had to get back to fanning, of course, and then it was hell!

As I said, I don't make with witty outpourings like Andy Porter or Dick Geis, but the sympathy may well up in you a bit.

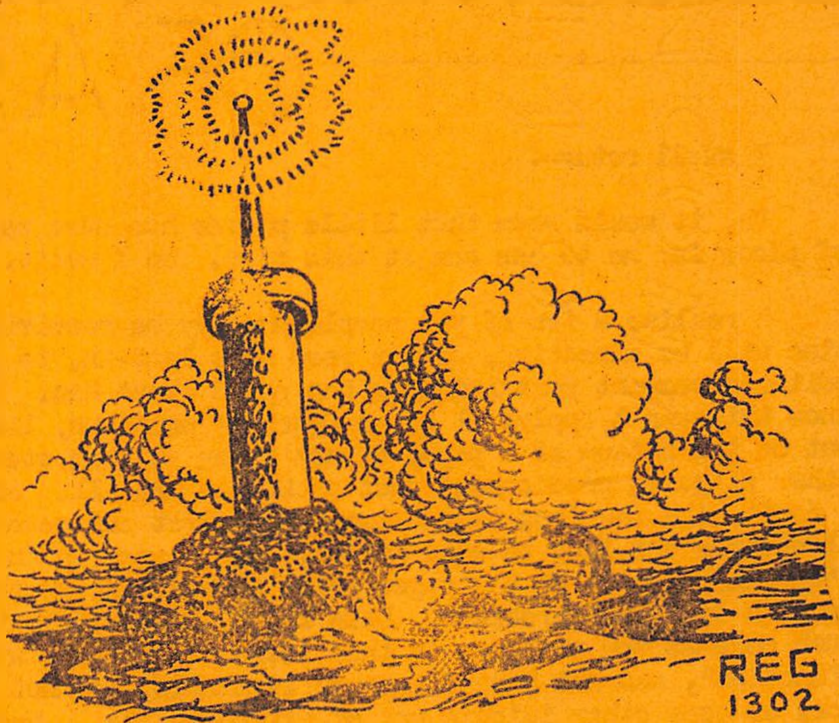
Next problem: I did do a few fanzine reviews in this issue, but you'll also notice that they didn't cover a great many zines. This isn't from not receiving many mags, but arose from the fact that BAB was growing...uncontrollably. The letters were yet to come, and....well, some of those I wouldn't dare chop. It was between the reviews and the locs, and the reviews stopped at five pages. I was really planning on going over every fanzine I received the way I did with the few I did go over, but the damned things wouldn't stop coming in, an event I don't dislike. But it's hell when trying to review those monsters. So, the plea goes out. WHO WANTS TO REVIEW FANZINES? It's only a part time job, to be sure...snicker. I had originally asked Leo Kelley if he'd like to take the post, but he had to decline, though he did say he'd like to start a column in the pages of BAB, as I had also suggested to him a few months ago...in other words, when BAB I was fresh. (Some of you may also be saying to yourself, "A new column by Leo Kelley? But he's had stuff for two issues....." Yeah, is the only answer. It's simply a matter of semantics...)

If anyone feels like attacking the problem of the fmz reviewing, we could see what could be worked out. And I'm sure I'll have to pick from At Least a dozen of you who will be striving for the position. But the job will be given out based on all facts concerning the people involved, and when all facts are accounted for, I'll throw them away and pick the person I feel like picking. If no one wants to do it, then....owell!!

Is there a change in this issue? Yes...of course. I'm not screaming DE A BOHEMA!!!!!!!! all over the place like I did with #1. I think it has Served Its Purpose, whatever it may have been. Anyway, the spiel about picking a different person from each issue who had done the most and who would therefor be allowed into The Brotherhood. It was a abscically weak idea, though some felt the idea was fun, while others thought it was really crappy. The majority thought it was crappy, in fact, so it's being dropped. The over-use is being dropped, but not all of the out-

er signs of Bohemadom will be dropped, for those who thought it was silly but fun. I won't be picking Bohema members from each issue, though. That was too much...and too dangerous. However, I will tell you where Bohema came from:

It was, simply, a team yell at a place where I used to mess around in the summer. We had a softball team, and they were eventually tagged The Bohemas. A song was composed, and performed regularly, and the softball team didn't do badly. We were the city champions in Waukegan, Illinois. Ray Bradbury would have been proud!!



Soooo....Hooray for Dunham!!!! Let's see who gets all hopped up about not having that explained to him this time around....

A new Ass Editor has been latched onto this time, and I hope he stays for a long time. It's none other than Bill Marsh, famous for his works of art appearing regularly in BAB. I know the way many of you praised his work the last time around, so now My Buddy is going to help me. At least that's what I keep telling myself....and Bill!!!!

So, if you have stuff to push in our direction, you can send it to either one of us, but the locs will have to come to me, and so will the artwork. Ahhhh...he's just a guy to hang around, that's who Bill is. I run the stuff off, so I better get the artwork, but send Bill articles if you're near him. Ghod...how is this rumpus explained. Bil is the West Coast Editor, so if you live on the West Coast, you send it to the person you want to send it to. In other words, you figure it out.

I had a lot of stuff to write about when I started to write this, but they all seemed to nudge against the bottom of this stencil along with this other stuff I've been talking about. (That should be wrote, but nobody else uses the proper form, either, and I Must Conform!) Anyway, contrary to probable popular opinion, I didn't use everything I had. Let's see...I have some more Racwain poetry, a poem or filk song from Jan Slavin, a couple pieces of fiction; luckily it's short...hear me, peopleit's short!!!, a Gary Hubbard article, which you should all look forward to after you really thought his Zelazny short was serious, some Comic Book Criticisms from Don Markstein, who's backing St. Louis in '73..I guess he's co-chairman of the bid or something, "Drugs and Science Fiction" from New Orleans' Neo-Pro. Just noticed I wrote St. Louis above instead of New Orleans....what's the difference? A Nova review from Robert Willingham, a Faith Lincoln condemnation of Daniel Keyes' latest book, and possibly from Faith, her thoughts on Anthony's Omnivore and the same and Margroff's The Ring, and the Anthony Villiers books from Alex Panishin, and Leo Kelley's article. So get your letters in as soon as possible, because I want to get #3, and the locs may be the only holdup, along with interior art. Artists, you have a target right here. I gobble art for breakfast...it shows. Smock....smock...smock....

BEA BOHEMA 2

This is The Return of BeABohema, properly called BeABohema 2, or "That BAB that just came out!" for those of you brave enough to do so. BAB is put out at intervals...yes!...intervals. The latest interval was rather long, but I hope to make the next one a lot shorter, so get those damn locs written and sent! Let's say, a month till next issue, and then remember when I said #2 would be out. But let's pretend it'll be out in a month. This is the December, 1968 issue. The date right now...December 12, 1968. 4:59 P.M. I'm sitting in my room with a Royal-Ultronic....ah, enough of that. BAB may be had by sending a loc, contribution of anything, trading, or sending money. I think the price will go up to...ah, 40¢ with this issue. So send a loc or contribute if you're money-mad or your last name is Thoreau. Stuff goes to Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St, Quakertown, Pa. 18951, or Bill Marsh, P.O. Box 785, Sparks, Nevada 89431. Yeah...this is Lunney, of course. Bill hangs around like a vulture... And finally, this is Deutsch Noodle Press Publication 5. © Francis G. Lunney 1968

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Thought I'd forget the covers, didn't you?.... Well, the cover is from Jim McLeod, and the bacover is from the pen of Bill Marsh. The bacover is devoted to Dwain Kaiser, may he hang it on his wall....

CONVENTION FANFARE

leo p kelley

The fans wait for months. They send in their membership fee. They eagerly read the progress reports and skip a few lunches at school in order to salt away, not peanuts, but pennies so they'll be able to make the trip to the convention, if not in style, at least not exactly as a medicant monk or nun.

Their friends have ribbed them about wanting to make that crazy science fiction scene. Their mentors have warned them away from late hours, pot parties, hard liquor and soft sex. The fans smile and nod and mentally make no notes of these admonitions and put downs.

And lo, the great day arrives.

And so do they--at the convention. They check into the hotel, line up and register for the con, scan the program book, find old friends, case the huckster room and finally attend the first con session.

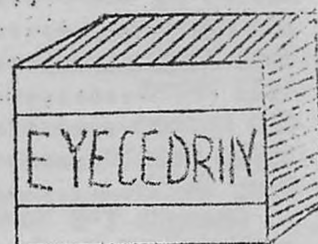
From then on, they're pretty much forgotten about while the pros orbit around them and the program almost totally ignores them as far as active participation is concerned.

Which is a shame since fans are one of the names of the science fiction game. The program, carefully planned and full of pros, passes them by--by and large. Once in awhile they may get to ask a question but often nobody has thought to provide a microphone for the floor so most of their peers and sometimes the one queried doesn't hear the question and it gets lost in the proverbial shuffle.

Or there's a party where they are told they can meet the pros. And a few fans manage to do just that. But most of them have a choice of simply watching the pros cluster together or they can burst in and bust up and announce, "I'm Zack Winslow and I like science fiction!" This usually gets a look that says, "So what else is now?" Or maybe merely a nod because they've been mistaken for a bus boy.

The fan, at too many conventions, tends to be viewed from the podium or platform as something akin to a cash register. He is asked to bid for this or that item in the auction or to buy an hour of a pro's time (what an incredible conceit, that!) or shell out for art or other materials in the huckster room. He is not soon as the bulwark, one of them certainly, of the science fiction field, without whom the pros might as well pack up their carbon paper unless they want to write for their neighbors or their progeny.

Shouldn't the fan be, if not exactly courted at cons, at least recognized for who and what he is by the con committees who planned the pro-



SORRY SR

gram and the pros who grace it?

If the answer is a mild or even an enthusiastic "yes", then let's consider some ways in which the fans can be made, for a strange change, King of the Con. Or, at the very least, a substantial pretender to the throne.

Let the con committee choose a panel of fans to debate the contribution of the New Wavers to science fiction. Pick for the panel two fans known to favor this Upstart and two known to turn off when its very name is whispered. Let the pros and the other fans sit and listen to the circus that will result from the discussions of these representative fans.



Arrange for audible question-and-answer periods after each session featuring the pros. Allow enough time to hear the thoughts and ideas of that very articulate and intelligent minority--science fiction fans.

Could the SFWA or the con committee (or someone) arrange for professional tapings of each session and a rental or lending library that would then make the tapes available on a circulating basis to fans who didn't or couldn't attend the convention? This could be done for a nominal fee and financing shouldn't be too difficult to arrange.

Why not present a panel of fanzine editors who would discuss what they do and why they do it in their magazines, after which a pro or two might comment on the role of the fanzine in the science fiction field and what's right and what's wrong with the average fanzine?

The con committee could persuade (con?) publishers into giving away free copies of one of their current titles to attendees. The manufacturing cost to the publishers would be miniscule and the promotion value (not to mention goodwill) would be tremendous.

Host a "Meet the Neofan" party on the first night of the convention to introduce and welcome those arrived among us for the first time. Maybe a brief cocktail hour, studded by the appearances of pros?

Consider staging a contest for fan artists at the convention where they could submit their own alternate jacket or cover designs for, say, last year's Hugo or Nebula winners? We might help launch a new pro artist this way. Certainly, the encouragement wouldn't hurt.

Now don't get me wrong! I've got nothing against pros. In fact, some of my best friends are pros. But let's keep them in their proper place. Sure, we can feature them at the conventions. But let's also give proper place to the fans who support the science fiction field--or culture--and find out what they think, what they're reading, what they like or don't like and why and what they'd like to see happen in science fiction art and literature.

This would benefit everyone. From one point of view, it's just plain good marketing. Manufacturers should listen carefully to what their customers have to say. (And publishers and pros are manufacturers) Customers should listen to what the manufacturers have to say. They should travel together down what is obviously a two-way street. Everybody would benefit from this kind of valid dialogue.

Nobody learns anything talking to himself or a closed circle of like-thinkers. Unless he's a mystic or a madman. Most of us--fans as well as pros--are neither. Each of us has a contribution to make to the field and a lot of fans are not being given a sporting chance to make their full and potentially valuable contribution.

This then is a plea for greater emphasis on the role of the fan at the science fiction convention. He's as important as any pro. Let's turn the convention into a real dialogue so that fans won't have to be content with doing their own in-group, peer-group, primarily inbred thing in their fanzines, their club meetings, their interpersonal correspondence--and at their conventions.

Let's have more FanFare of a participatory character at upcoming science fiction conventions.

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The Fiction of Leo P. Kelley

SCIENCE FICTION

Short Stories

"Dreamtown, USA"	IF:WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION	February '55
"The Human Element"	IF:WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION	June '57
"Any Questions"	FANTASTIC	October '62
"Love Conquers All"	STORYTELLER (A Brit. Anth.)	November '63
"To The Victor"	FANTASTIC	May '64
"Bring Me Candy And Bring Me Cake"	STORYTELLER	November '64
"The Once Upon A Time Blues"	STORYTELLER	December '64
"The Handyman"	AMAZING	June '65
"O'Grady's Girl" (Fantasy)	MAG. OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FIC.	December '65
"Coins"	MAG. OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FIC.	November '68

Novels

<u>The Counterfeits</u>	Belmont Books	January '68
<u>Odyssey to Earthdeath</u>	Belmont Books	To be released in '69

OTHER SHORT STORIES--SUSPENSE, MYSTERY, ETC.

"The Bargain Hunter"	SAINT MYSTERY MAGAZINE	December '63
"The Smile of Soo Ling"	SWANK	September '67
"The Tenth Trouble"	ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S MYSTERY	March '68
"Jurisprudence"	ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S MYSTERY	September '68

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QUANDARY is rising in clever plastic disguise!!

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Robert Bloch is a clever plastic disguise!!

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Jack Gaughan lost his clever plastic disguise!!

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Harry Warner Jr. publishes in clever plastic disguise. He publishes off the side!!

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Ted White doesn't like it!!!!!!

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Norman Spinrad doesn't like it!!!!

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Ted White likes it!!!!!!

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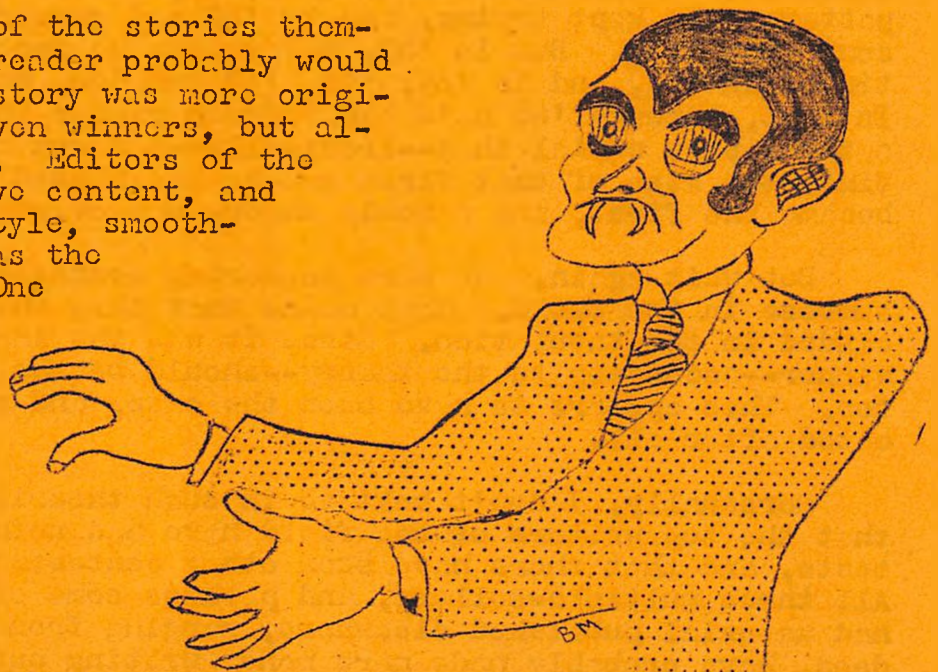
EIGHT WRITERS

Once upon a time, back in the dismal ages of 1954, there was a contest. It was for short stories and was limited to college undergraduates and was sponsored by a prominent science fiction magazine, so it seemed like an excellent deal for a bright young man in college who was fascinated by sf. So he wrote a story, the first he had tried for a commercial market, and entered it. He was not so naive as to be assured of a win, but he did hope for a chance at publication, and at least it offered him a way to gain evidence as to how he stood as a writer. And by comparing the story that did win with his own, he figured to learn in some limited way where he had gone wrong, and improve thereby.

Months went by. At last his story came back with a polite note: his entry had been among the top ten, but there was no winner. So much for his various expectations. Nothing had been said in the contest notice about there being no winner; he had presumed that the best of the entries received would be adjudged the winner, and considered the outcome to be editorially dishonest. He was more naive than he had supposed. He should have known that editors were a breed apart, not governed by the rules of society.

Meanwhile, another sf magazine had seven winners--of a similar but unannounced contest. This compounded the injury, for he had never been given the chance to enter. It seemed that this second magazine had gone to a number of colleges soliciting entries--but never bothered with his own college. Thus he had entered the contest that wasn't serious about having actual winners, and had missed the one that was. Circumstances, not for the last time, had squeezed him out. But he was ornery; he kept on entering contests, and they kept on being winnerless, for nigh on thirteen years. You might have thought he'd have the sense to quit, but you underrate the power of suggestion. You see, in the stories he read, the man with guts and courage and determination always eventually prevailed over those who merely got the breaks. In fact, this was one of the field's most sacrosanct taboos: right must win out. So he kept trying.

What of the merit of the stories themselves? An objective reader probably would have decided that his story was more original than any of the seven winners, but also more poorly written. Editors of the day valued finesse above content, and facility in writing--style, smoothness, clarity, etc.--was the primary determinant. One might question that this was as it should be, since it leads to what we have today: a field seemingly glutted by facile mediocrity. Another firm taboo: a poorly written story could not see print, no matter how worthwhile its content. Our would-be



writer still had a lot to learn.

But what of those who were successful? Did they go on to become prominent in the field? Was the washout ever able to close the gap? Just how valid an indication of potential were these contests? Let's make a study.

#1, the winner of the valid contest, was at that time a bright lad of twenty. One could say that he graduated in due course, married, had several attractive children, went into insurance and became highly successful thereof. One could say that #3, a GI of twenty-five, went into advertising, etc. But such mundane details would be tedious and beside the point. We are concerned with their success in the single field delineated by these contests: science fiction magazine writing. Did high placement in a contest indicate a similar placement in the field as a whole? Let's see, adding the washout as #8 for comparison. True, he was a washout from a different contest--but the result would have been the same had he entered this one.

Yes, #1 did sell more sf stories to the magazines. He had appearances in '59, '66 and '67, and was still going strong through '68. He had at least five sales in addition to his winning entry.

#2 stalled; he never appeared in an sf magazine again.

#3 appeared in '57, '62, '64 and '65, then seemed to lose steam.

#4 never appeared again after his contest story.

#s 5, 6 and 7 really stalled: not even their contest stories appeared in print, and nothing followed them.

So it would seem that, generally speaking, contest placement was a fair guide to later success, since #1 had a total of six stories at least, while #3 had five, and the three bottom entries never got off the ground.

But wait--we have forgotten #8! How wet was his wash-out? Alas, a fine theory, virtually authenticated herein by statistical means, must suffer. #8 had not read this article, and therefore did not follow the pattern. He kept trying, and by '62 had garnered thirty rejections, some insulting. But in '63, belatedly, he appeared in print. He continued in '64, and in '65, '66, '67 and '68, making up for lost time. In fact, through '68 he'd had fifteen pieces in sf magazines, the last a three part serial that--ironically--had won a contest award several times the size of that first one he had missed out on. Thus the last became the first, and a noble theory was overthrown.

But wait again. We were pondering contests, and their relation to success in the field. That means that this third contest should be included in the tabulation. Since it was the largest of the three, its winner--according to the theory--should be the most successful elsewhere too. This appears to have been the case, and so the theory is vindicated after all.

Personally, I don't believe in such theories. We must bear in mind that the top writers of the field have had nothing much to do with contests, and that there have been other contests not mentioned above. All three multiple-sellers, and perhaps some of the others too, have had material published elsewhere, ranging from stories to novels--indeed, have probably made more money writing outside the sf magazines

than in. So let's forget all this nonsense. It has no personal relevance.

PS--Hello, #3, alias Leo P. Kelley. Greetings from #8, alias Piers Anthony

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 ((M. Anthony was advised of M. Kelley's story in the November F&SF. The article was written prior to that one story. He replied, "...I don't think any change is called for, except maybe a footnote calling attention to his F&SF story." And this is it.))

((Another note, and quote: "One correction you should make, however: I said that over the years the contests were winnerless. Not so; #8 did enter an NFFF contest once, and it had a winner. But that is a complicated story in itself, worthy of its own article; remind me if there should be a reader demand (ha ha). No one not a fan would believe what happened, anyway." Anybody care to hear the story, direct from the horse's straight mouth, or the other way around? Let's have some reader demand, then. What would we all do if Piers became a Bohemian?))

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 The preceding article was not editorially mutilated; just changed a little
 Ran off the edge!!
 +++++

MERRY RAGNAROK

"The walls will eat you some dark night and spit your
 meatless bones behind the Coke machine!"

----S.J.W.

Gone, all gone.
 Gone the days of wine and roses.
 Gone the nights of thistle and of thyme.
 Gone those wild perverted dreams,
 Swallowed in the jaws of time.

Gone the days we strode godlike down the halls,
 And watched the sinners being eaten by the walls.
 The money-grubbing Coke machine knew me,
 For there I paid the awful price and drank my fill.
 Then swept the bones away.

Gone the mystic crazy horse.
 Where yesterday became tomorrow's half-sister.
 Gone Dagmar's moonlit tits.
 God! How I miss her.

Gone the magic motor pool.
 Where we sanf the president's misdeeds.
 Gone the far-off snack bar,
 Which filled some of our needs.

Gone the room with the broken locker,
 Which held the dreadful truth behind its flimsy veil.
 Where sometimes the three-foot sergeant came to wail.

Gone, all gone.
 All is gone.
 And I am sad,
 And lonely,
 And horny

-----Scuzmother-----

NORMAN SPINRAD BY

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Within the dank, clinging gloom of the mausoleum, in a corner where a single sulfurous smelling taper dispelled the full opaqueness of the eerie murkiness with a wavering aura of amberish light, a tall, gaunt and morosely stooped apparition bent solicitously over two tiny caskets; therein reclined a pair of smaller replicas of the hovering figure. Norman Sinbad, Chief High Vampire of the Bronx Chapter of Fiends Unlimited, hunkered over his niece and nephew, Hermione and Herman Neckripper. He had just concluded tucking them in after a busy night of initiation into the pleasures of sanguivorous indulgence and his luminous eyes flickered with demonic pride in the propensity and enthusiasm the youngsters had displayed in the execution of their natural infamies.

His ruby lips, the only hue-filled feature of an otherwise colorless physiognomy, slithered into a jagged leer. "Breeding tells everytime," he commented to himself.

He addressed the baby monstrosities in a purring sibilance. "Okay, Kiddies! Now snuggle up in your nice, cosy, bat-wing lined coffins, like the sweet little fiends you are, and Uncle Normsie will tell you a bedtime tale before you settle down for a long, long sleep till next full moon." With that, the demon launched into the following tale:

Once upon a future time there was a handsome and very wise Prince of Fiends...Bart Fraden was his name...and his vampirish mistress, the lovely Sophia O'Hara. Along with the Prince's chief butcher, Willem Vanderling, they had established a perfectly delightful and hellish kingdom centered on the rock known as Ceres, out in the "asteroid belt". Well, as happens sometimes to the best and cleverest of fiends, the misguided and accursed forces of lesser evil put the heat on the noble trio and they were forced to flee the solar system itself, and see their beautifully malevolent kingdom fall into the hands of the screwed up forces of relative good.

Not to be discouraged, and knowing that eventually darkness and evil are bound to triumph over the forces of good, the trio...armed only with their marvelously malicious ingenuity and a spaceship chock full of the most deliciously mind-blasting goodies, by way of drugs, that the solar system provided...meandered through the outer galaxy for a new place to set up shop in pursuit of pure evil. With unerring genius they discovered a potential Utopia of wickedness...the planet Sangre. It lacked only the guiding genius of Bart Fraden to complete and magnify its depravity!

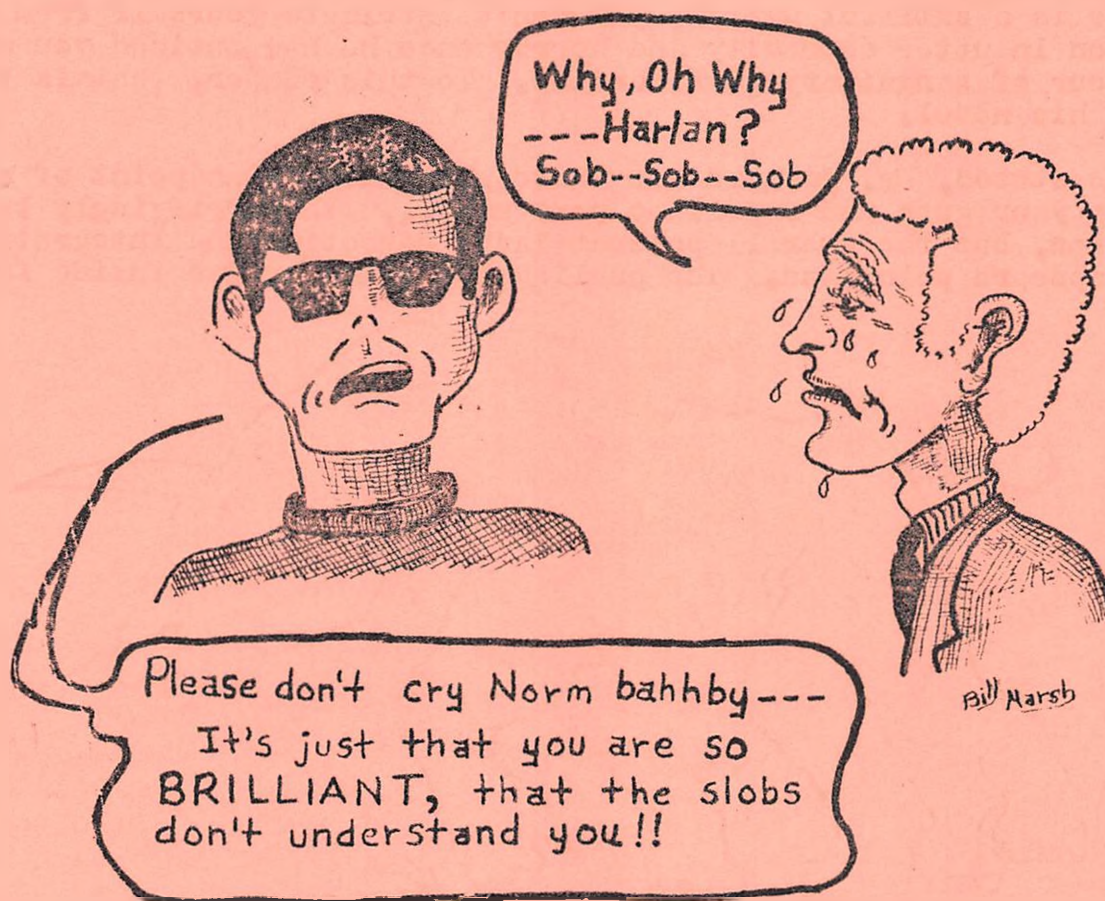
So, with a missionary zeal that can be achieved by only the most devout disciple of His Satanic Majesty, Fraden...with his natural genius reinforced by a thorough knowledge of Old Earth Russian and American diplomatic and military history...set about to depose the dilettantish tyrant, Moro, a second rate ghoul, who, with his lethargic organization, The Brotherhood of Pain, was doing an incompetant job of developing to the ultimate the inherent potential of Sangre for sheer unadulterated evil.

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Well, after brave Bart went into action, it was no time at all until Sangre was completely drenched in blood and mayhem, sadism, orgy and general and unchecked depravity became the democratic prerogatives and norms of all inhabitants...and no longer selfishly confined to The Brotherhood of Pain and their lackey military caste, the Killers. For you see, children, wickedness can attain only its most ultimate flowering in an equalitarian setting. So it was that fair Prince Bart disposed of his henchmen Vanderling and the old Sangrian ruling clique and brought a truly hellish and Utopian order to the fortunate inhabitants of the planet Sangre, establishing himself forevermore as the supreme entrepreneur of evil throughout the galaxy!

Then Prince Bart and the lovely Sophia left Sangre for other environs, taking with them their enlightening gospel of evil to spread the true and abiding darkness of wickedness to other deserving galactic beings in need of saving from the chaotic forces of good...and lived evilly ever after.

The vampire, who had been thoroughly engrossed in the wicked wonder and spiritual uplift of his tale, glanced down at the soundly slumbering abominations in the caskets. "Hmmm...the darling little beasts are asleep! Must have missed most of the story. Say, that story is pretty good for something I made up on the spur of the moment." The malevolent mind within the high-domed skull ruminated further. "Think I'll write it down and mail it to one of the juvenile book publishers. You never know...one of them might buy it. It's tough for a respectable vampire to make it these days what with all the wars and amateur blood-letting going on...the stupid schmucks don't even feast on their victims, either. All that perfectly delicious blood going to waste! I'll do it, by Satani! It takes the bucks to finance an appetite like mine these days!"



the Berserker won the trick,
As he clove in two;
the Pict"

cover of the Double-
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tises the novel
in words to this
effect, as por-
traying the "ul-
timate disastrous

consequences of Fraden's supposedly harmless desire to lead a society to a better life." Now, admittedly, it is well known that blurb writers...in common with fan reviewers...have an egregious propensity for faecal excess in their ruminations, but if Norman was aiming for any Aesopian effect with this novel, the preceeding moral would be the logical one. It doesn't come off.

Fraden, the chief protagonist, is too much a caricature. He embodies, in an unrealistic degree, the possible cleavage between willful dedication to self-power and the most vestigial moral sensitivities. In what might be his "new wave" type enthusiasm to get away from the stolid, dehumanized props that attempted to people the hard-ware slanted doings of the "old thing", Spinrad may have swung to the other extreme and Bart Fraden emerges as a too emotionally flexible character to be believed. Fraden comes over as a pure monster. He retains insufficient humanity to enable us to identify with him.

It is possible that the youngsters, those at the younger extreme of what constitutes the juvenile book market, may possess sufficient moral callous and aplomb in the face of mayhem and gore to understand a Bart Fraden. They might really dig The Men In the Jungle. After all, we have subjected them from the toddling stage to a daily depiction of both factual and fictional grisliness via the omnipresent tube and we must not forget for a moment the wonderful ability of the human organism to adapt. Perhaps the race is fast approaching Fradenism and most of us are dangerously unaware of it. Could that be the lesson that Norman Spinrad is trying to hammer home to us with the considerable shock value contained in this volume?

Hmmmm... I wonder!!

[illegible]

baycon lack-of-progress

report no. five

DALE

A.

GOBLE

By this time nearly every fanzine of any relative merit will have published the names of the Hugo winners and numerous great, and less than great, discourses on the highlights of the Baycon, so I feel I can safely dispense with repeating these and get on with the real meat of the thing; The Lowlights of the Baycon. The opinions expressed herein are not represented as being authoritative, objective, kindly, or any of that stuff, but are my own petty, biased, and completely personal opinions. After all, John W. Campbell has made a fortune publishing exactly the same thing for years.

I don't really agree with the practice of fanzine editors to allow anyone to take pen in hand and proceed to tear up anyone or anything, but Christ, who am I to fight the system?

The 26th World Science Fiction Convention did more to recruit new members into the ranks of fandom than anything done by anyone in the past decade. Unfortunately, it seemed to be recruiting (a bad word in Berkeley, by the way) them from the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco. Not since the Japanese started making science (shudder!) fiction movies has the field suffered such indignity. Let's face it, fans. The last thing we need is a decrepit hotel full of flower children representing our worldcon.

The foresight and planning that went into Baycon was conspicuous only in its absence and matched perfectly the facilities offered by the Claremont. The Gaslight Room, center of most of the scantily planned activities (the panels, the speeches, the films and the auctions), was generously endowed with an abundance of pillars, lined down both sides of the hall, effectively isolating forty percent of the audience from the stage and also from the rest of the audience. The hotel is old, which in itself is not bad; it was built before the concept of air-conditioning was practical. It was also built without the concepts of ventilation, circulation, or breathable air in general. And some of them flower children are plenty powerful in a closed (hermetically, I believe) room with four or five hundred other people. Their presence seemed to color the air and for the most part, people seemed reluctant to mingle freely, possibly in fear of catching something.

It may sound as though I didn't enjoy myself. Please put that notion out of your thoughts. When I wasn't commuting from our hotel (the very limited facilities of the Claremont were booked since at least last May), or dodging the riots, or trying to find a place to park, or a drink, or a place to sit or hear or see (getting more than two of the three was impossible), my tear-gas filled eyes beheld some pleasantries.

The artwork, both display and auction material, was very good, with illos and paintings by pros like Freas, Gaughan, Bok, and Finlay, and a fine selection of fan art. Walt Daugherty did a commendable job of auctioning off everything from Freas originals (up to \$103) to several

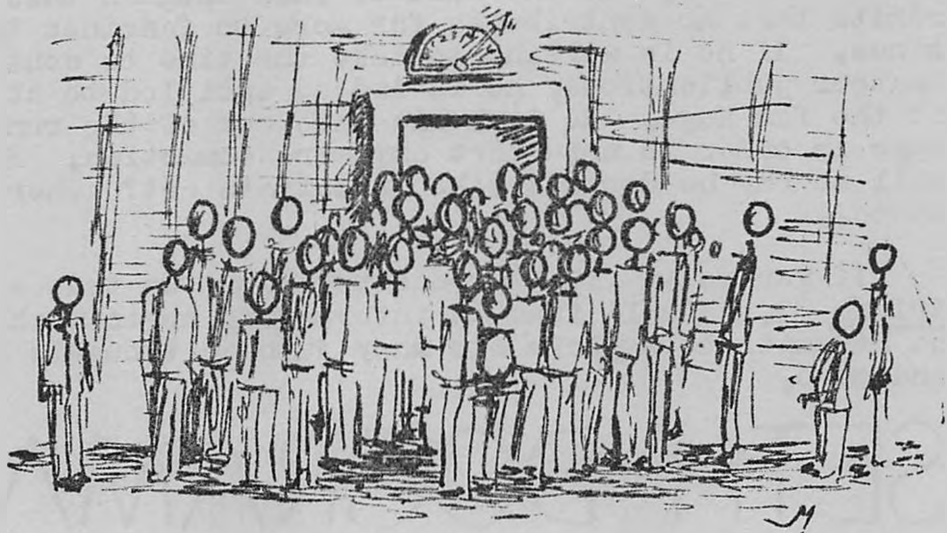
sets of Spock's ears (up to \$15 a pair). STAR TREK was well represented with a very professional looking display, which included some props and several set paintings, many other paintings and sketches, a large spread by the ST Fan Club, and the screening of some old episodes, including the first making of "Where No Man Has Gone Before", which was filmed as a pilot, but refilmed with a new ship's doctor and a less emotional Spock before it was televised. There were two short collections of ST filming bloopers that were hilarious beyond belief. Other films shown were "The Mummy", "Dracula", and "The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad". The screenings were repeated with different combinations each night, so con members always had something to watch, or at least a dark place to sleep. And of course, when one tires of everything else, he can watch Harlan Ellison's performances.

John W., the Campbell and Fred Pohl did an interesting panel act. JWC put on what has got to be The Best Performance by an Actor in a Fantasy Presentation for this year and all others. He expounded on how His readers shape the policies and style of His magazine. Seriously, children, Big John doesn't set the pace and publish only His type of stories; He reacts to His readers' tastes and prints what His readers want to read in His magazine. Lester del Rey tried to raise a few points of difference but he was overshadowed by Big John's overwhelming personality (with some help from the PA system). Generally the discussion consisted of JWC making statements about the publishing policies of the prozines today, and Fred Pohl amending them to make them ambiguous enough to be swallowed.

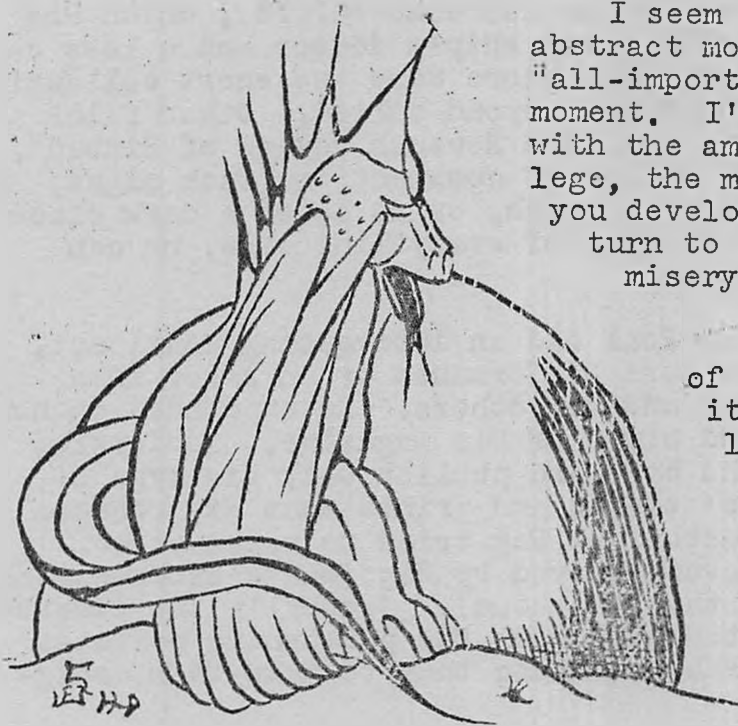
The Baycon enjoyed wide coverage in the local papers; two columns wide, to be exact. The Oakland Tribune printed one photo and a hundred words or so in their Sunday edition. Ellison appeared on a local talk show early Monday morning (much too early), and a devoted Sacramento fan made two appearances on our local monster movie show since then, relating his experiences at the con.

The Masquerade Ball was another piece of beautifully performed confusion. Aside from the lack of planning, the whole thing was mostly mediocre. A vast minority of the costumes were well planned and beautifully executed, but generally they gave the impression of flower children in street clothes. The band was loud. And just to prove that the human body can endure far beyond the limits of belief, our love people added the fragrance of burning incense to the already stagnant air of the overburdened ballroom.

The Banquet exemplified the planning and thought that went into the Baycon perfectly. The Banquet Room was designed to accommodate five hundred, so they sat places for seven hundred and sold seven hundred and ninety tickets. We stayed at the Durant (more planning) so we arrived for the Banquet when the line (yes, line up for a banquet) was wound



BULL ARTIST



I seem to have fallen into one of those abstract moods when fandom seems to be the "all-important thing, at least for the moment. I'm told that such moods vary with the ammount of work you get from college, the more work the more "fan soul" you develop. You forget all else and turn to fandom as an outlet for your misery. Today I am quite miserable.

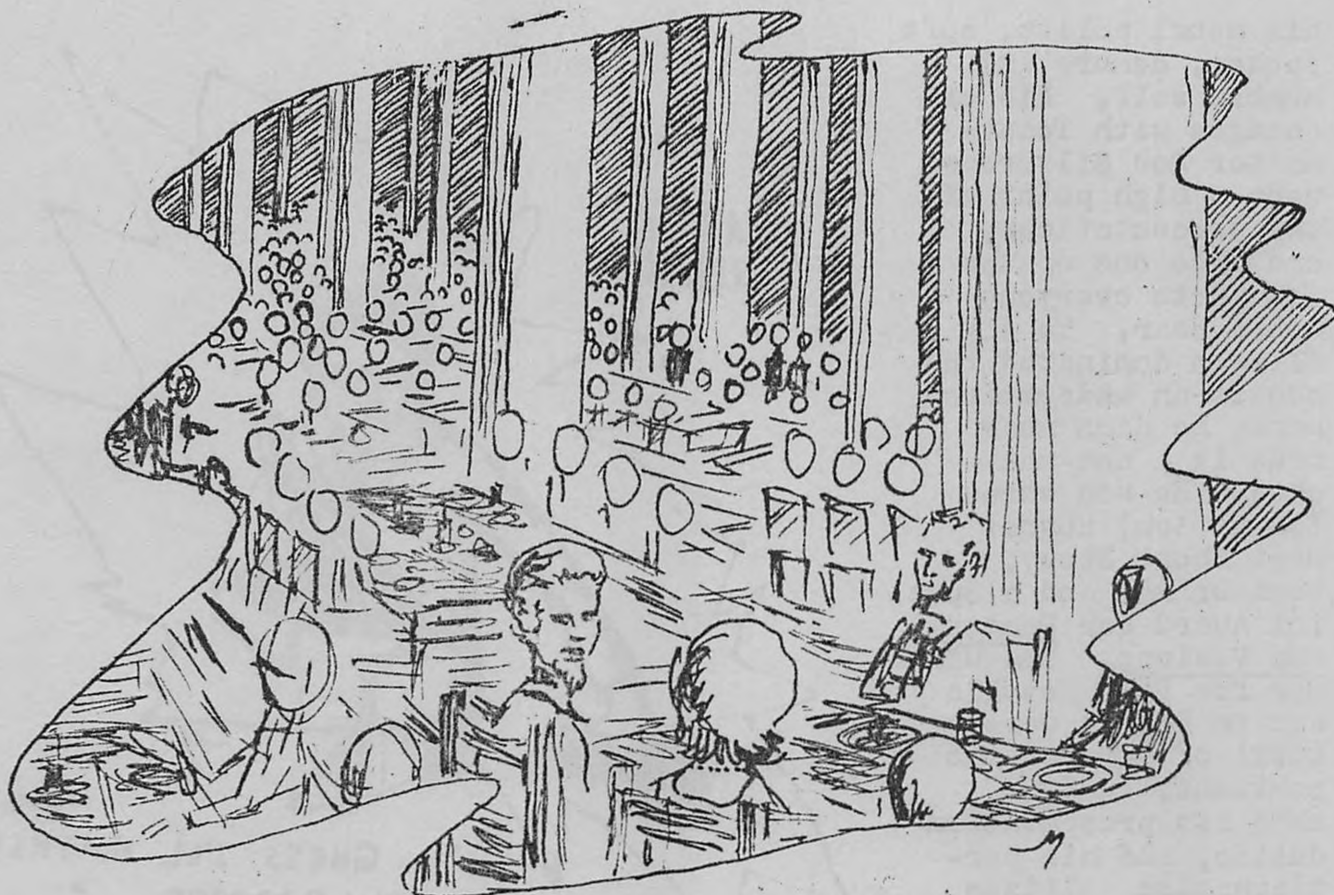
This is to be an opinion column of sorts, generally using art as its theme. Art reviews, if you like. Not strictly any kind of art in particular, but rather a fairly wide scope of art having to do with fandom. Yes, fan art is included along with all the pro art (and artists) in comics, prozines, etc. This installment will include both pro and fan.

I am always amused at the fights between pro and fan as to whether or not the pros who have contributed to fanzines should be allowed to get Hugos for best fan artist. Jack Gaughan has been more or less fighting a crusade to let us know that he considers himself a fan. I also feel he should be granted the opportunity to pick up fan Hugos. Jack is without a doubt one of the fastest artists I've ever seen. He is (if you don't already know) a very pro artist who does book covers, interior decorating of books, and work for prozines (GALAXY, etc.). Lately he has been popping up in a very wide variety of fanzines: Arioch, Sirruish, Exile (ahem!), BeABohema, Psychotic, The Proper Boskonian, Fantasy News, and Niekas to name just a few!

Jack says that he is a fan artist as well as a pro artist. He also says that there should be a distinction in fandom between FAN and AMATEUR. A man can be a fan and a pro whereas he can never be both a pro and an amateur. In the case of Jack Gaughan this is obviously so. He admits that he contributes far more to fanzines than he sells to prozines. If he is willing to take the time to contribute good art to amateur publications, he is indeed entitled to at least have a chance at the fan Hugo. He took his name out of the running for this year's Hugo in order to not start any more commotion. He is a good man. Now tell me why he doesn't like Frazetta's art? There's no accounting for taste...

If you would like to read some more on this subject, get a copy of Arioch #3. You'll find an interesting article there by Gaughan in which he attempts to explain his many jumbled thoughts on the above material and more.

SETH DOGRAMAJIAN



...IS THIS THE BANQUET...OR A
MEETING OF THE CALIFORNIA COMMITTEE TO
SAVE THE REDWOODS?!!

through the lobby and out the front entrance. Seems like the tables were on a first-come, first-served, might-makes-right, basis; our ticket numbers in the low fifties meant nothing, so we waited another thirty minutes or so while they were setting up more tables. But the table settings were nice; our particular bed-sheet had only two holes in it. The meal was good when it finally arrived but, of course, cold.

The Banquet Hall was a gothic beauty and designed for dancing, not presentations. Pillars were strategically placed to obscure the view of ninety-nine percent of the audience. About the only thing I could see was Terry Carr leaning around a pillar trying to get a glimpse of the stage, and he was practically front-row center. The coffee and ice water were available as promised, and there was a bar conveniently located in the Banquet Hall; unfortunately it closed just before dinner was over. The one that stayed open was at the other end of the hotel, and in the typical ass-backward manner of the Carenot, they ran out of everything but Schlitz.

Our Guest of Honor, Phil Farmer, spent the time allotted for his speech, and an extra hour, reading from Sam Moskowitz. At least that's what it sounded like back where I sat; the hall had the acoustic qualities of a bird cage and I could understand about three words out of ten, which was enough to bore me. Pity on anyone who could hear the entire sermon, if there was anyone who could do so. However, it was a good opportunity for the half-hour trek to the bar and back.

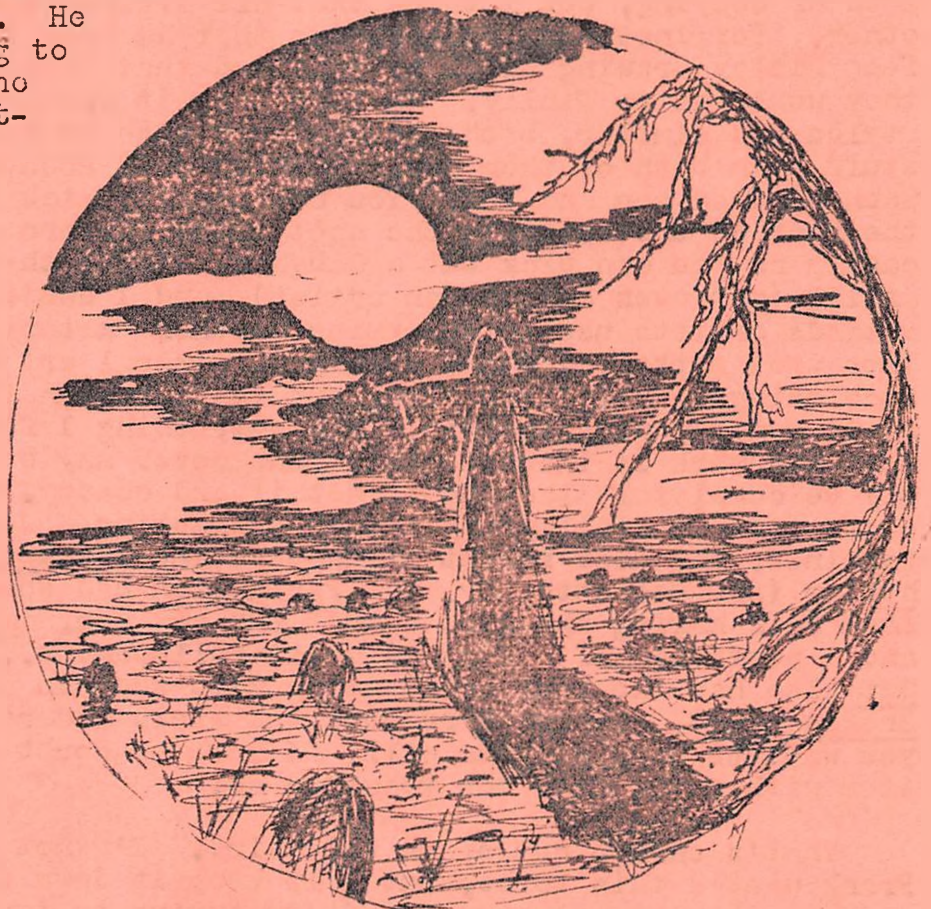
Harlan Ellison, science fiction's 34 year old child prodigy, was

Since I mentioned Frazetta I might as well also mention the cover on the new Conan book by him. The book is Conan the Avenger and is one of the most enjoyable of the series. As for the cover...well...he done doed it again. It employs a sorceror with a dagger in the right hand and an incense burner on a chain in the left. Of course this fella has a long flowing and a black beard, and he is standing over a gorgeous half-nude girl on an altar of some sort. At the base of the altar you find an an alligator (crocodile?) and a lovely squid floating around in a blue murky substance. Conan is rushing out of the nothingness behind the altar in about the most spasticated pose Frazetta ever put him in. This Conan has all the usual attributes with the skull cap and arm (wrist) band, etc., and the most usual of all features being the Frazetta given muscles which appear on Conan but not on the anatomy charts. Frank uses muscles on every figure he does (a sort of trade mark with him), but they do look good (sorry, Gaughan baby!), or at least give the appearance of strength. As with many Frazetta covers you find all the morbid shades of blue, green and purple floating around making the cover a very sinister looking thing.

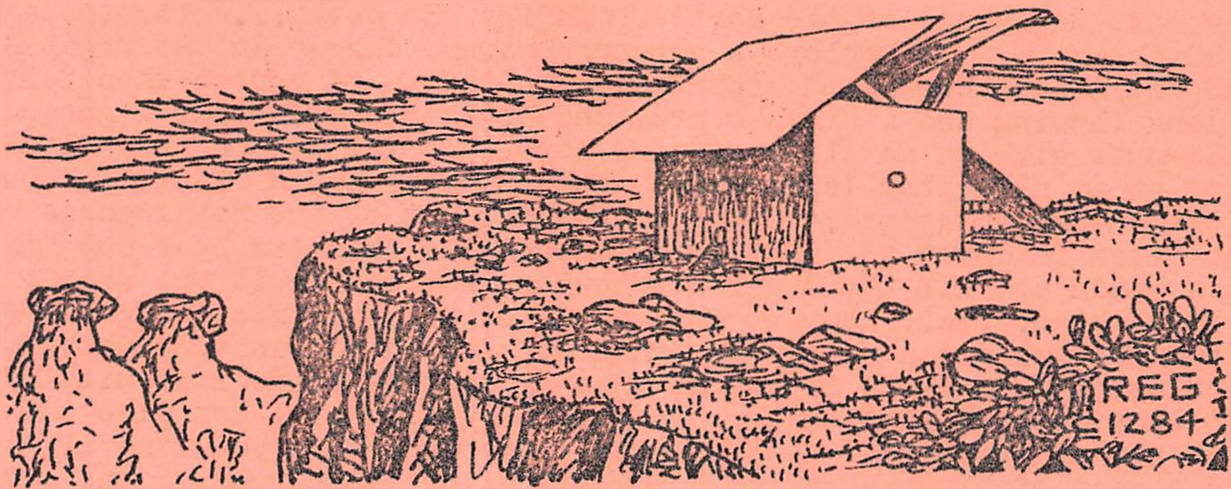
I am told that there are two more Conan books due out in October. By the time this sees print we ought to know for sure.

I had the fortune at the last SCARPeon to sit and talk with Jeff Jones at which time we throw a bit of bull about quite a number of things. Jeff was an occasional artist in fanzines until within the past few years. He turned pro and is now doing, for the most part, paperback book covers. He once did a beautiful strip for Larry Ivie's MONSTERS AND HEROES: "The Dragon Slayer". However, it seems that Jeff doesn't like doing comics at all, not even the black and white ones. When I mentioned a few of the other strips I'd seen done by him he seemed to have forgotten half of them. 'Tis indeed a shame that we've lost him as a comic artist. His stuff was really ghreat. He likes more than anything to work with color 'cause he says it's easier and better looking. (Probably more bread in it, too.)

For a while there it looked like Warren Pubs had him doing material for CREEPY but Jeff says there is big financial trouble at Warren and they couldn't afford to pay their artists. An obvious result of this is the way CREEPY and EERIE have taken a dive (qualitywise). I almost cried when they stopped using the big Frazetta and Morrow covers. Damn Warren...!



Inevitably the big question came up: are



you trying to copy Frazetta? I'm sure most of you have seen examples of Jeff's color stuff. When it first came out (or at least when I started to notice it) I was immediately drawn to it not because it was a Jeff Jones cover but rather that it looked like a new Frazetta cover. Jeff tends to use a very similar style in color, and he even uses the weird muscles that Frazetta is so famous for. It is getting to the point where I am now able to distinguish between a Frazetta and a Jones at twenty paces. Maybe he does have his own style and eventually will break away from this seemingly enough innocent copying. Jack Gaughan in Arioch also mentions that the styles are similar and says that Jeff should "let Frazetta be Frazetta". Agreed...almost. I don't like the idea of copying, but I think that all artists tend to copy from one another. For instance, Jack claims that he used to be able to draw a perfect Finlay drawing until he realized that if people wanted a Finlay they would go to Finlay. In this case it seems that though the two styles are similar, both men are very much in demand. I like to see stuff from both of them now. I think Jeff does have an original style when he uses pen and ink. You can usually pick out his material from the rest of the crowd in the spot illos for pro sf zines. Almost as easily as you can pick out a Gaughan. Being that I'm no professional artist (not even a good fan artist), and I don't know all the correct methods artists use to determine whether material is copied or not (for that matter, I don't even know general art methods, if there are such things), all I can bring out is that even if Jeff Jones is copying, he is popular nevertheless. The only thing I find wrong with Jeff is that his work is inconsistent. One cover may be beautiful and another may be completely lacking in detail and beauty. Perhaps this is because Jeff is still young and experimenting. Jeff also contributes to fanzines, the most recent examples being Trumpet (Tom Reamy) and Perihelion (Sam Bellotto, Jr.). Perihelion had some very nice spot illos from Jeff making the zine a must for art fen. Trumpet had a color cover and a portfolio of black and white full-pagers...all quite ghreat. Trumpet also has the best comic strip I've seen in many a year called The Broken Sword. George Barr does the strip and really makes it something you want to hang on your wall. I have no doubt it will be a collector's item within the next ten years or so.

That's enough out of me this time. I'm not entirely sure how long Frank want's this to be, but I'll keep it down for this ish, anyway. Besides, college just opened and I'm trying to impress my teachers by actually doing work! Ghod! I must be stoned to say that! +++++

JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN

BY ROBERT BLOCH

By the time you read this, JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN will be on the air. For that matter, what with the current panic in television programming circles, it may have come and gone.

All I can say is that, for me, it was fun while it lasted.

Some time in early May, I was summoned to Twentieth Century-Fox studios for a meeting with Jack Fleischman and Joan Harrison. Mr. Fleischman I'd met several years before in connection with an abortive fantasy series project; Miss Harrison I'd known since the days when she produced the ALFRED HITCHCOCK shows at Revue. They spoke, somewhat hastily and vaguely, about a new series--an anthology of offbeat fantasy shows, to be programmed by ABC network under the joint aegis of Twentieth and Hammer Films. And did I have a story which might be suitable.

After a hesitation of three-fourths of a microsecond of a second, I said that I did--and started to tell about it. Miss Harrison, who was departing for London in two days' time to start setting up a production unit there, suggested that I write up a treatment and mail it on to her; they liked the idea sufficiently to buy it on the basis of what I'd told them. This I did, and about ten days later my agent received word that the network refused to do this particular yarn; it was "too far out". So I forgot the matter and went about my business (which happens to be necrophilism). In my spare time I tinkered with the script for a show I was currently working on.

Tuesday, May 21st, my agent received a call from London. JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN was interested in one of my old stories, "The Indian Spirit Guide". Was it available for television?

That it was, but I told my agent frankly that I couldn't see how anyone could make an hour-long show out of the yarn. He informed me that this was my problem--since they wanted me to do the adaptation. Moreover, they wanted me to come to London for the job, and would like to see me there bright and early on Thursday morning.

This, of course, was out of the question. I didn't leave for London until the weekend.

I amused myself during the flight by outlining an amplified story treatment of "The Indian Spirit Guide", and it was fortunate that I did, because on arrival I discovered that Joan Harrison and Jack Fleischman had been wrestling with the problem and had paralleled my thinking. But this wasn't the only problem they were wrestling with; the network had set down certain restrictions as to the kind of show they could do, they were faced with an early start-date and had no scripts approved as



yet, they were trying to get studio space so as to form a production team and start shooting, they were interviewing actors and directors and technicians and writers, they were struggling to find not only office-space but personal living-quarters in an overcrowded city, and they were facing the problem of quota-restrictions which limited them to the use of one American actor per program and only a few American-written-scripts for the initial segments of the series.

All of which worked to my advantage; I rushed through a story treatment, they rushed through a network okay, and I settled down to write the first draft of my script at the Dorchester Hotel without lot or hindrance. By the time I finished, they were established at MGM British studios at Boreham Woods; I went down there to lunch and we briefly discussed a few changes for the second and final draft while I ogled the star of the first episode, Miss Carol Lynley, across the table.

By the time I'd done the second draft there was a general feeling that I should remain and do another script; again I was asked for a story and again I came up with a notion. However, the network wheels were moving slowly, and

it appeared that it might take several weeks before approval would be forthcoming. As an alternative, they asked if I'd be willing to adapt a Richard Matheson story, "Girl of my Dreams", and set to work immediately. It was, in my opinion, a good idea--but again, expansion was necessary. I came up with a treatment and set to work; this time I was able to move into Hammer Film offices down in Soho. I was able to send for my wife, too, so that we could do London together while I completed the assignment.

So while Julie Harris was already appearing in "The Indian Spirit Guide" on the studio floor, I was alternately slaving away in the Soho slums and living it up in the posh West End; a wonderful Jokyll-and-Hyde existence.

My wife and I have loved London ever since our visit to the Worldcon in '65--and we renewed our affair with the city and its citizens. I'd seen John Brunner several times and visited the Globe on the proper Thursday evening; Alan Dodd came up from the country to see me and also to see Eleanor; we spent several evenings with Ella Parker--at one party Al Lewis brought a breath of home, and Chuck Harris brought a breath of Scotch. We "did" the ballet, concerts, theatres--prowled the shops and the neighborhoods, rode the busses and the Tube, and even took a train down to the country to spend a day with the Karloffs at their cottage. We also spent considerable time with Christopher Lee, who had stayed with us during his visit to Hollywood. I saw Messrs. Rosenberg and Subotsky and advanced plans for a follow-up film to the three I'd previously done for them. London weather was foul; cold and rainy throughout. But the bookstores were wonderful, the record shops rewarding, the restaurants great. And I did my thing--the script--with-

out let or hindrance, once more.

Before I quite realized it, August 1st popped onto the calendar and we were ready to leave, after ten weeks of Anglican activity.

It wasn't until I returned that I realized I'd been out to the studio on only two occasions; that my conferences on script had been limited to a few additional phone conversations and a charming visit with Joan Harrison's husband, Eric Ambler; that I'd been given every courtesy and consideration and had been treated like a full-fledged professional partner in the enterprise instead of a "writer" in the Hollywood sense of the despised term.

Naturally, all this tends to prejudice me in favor of the series. Insofar as I was able to detect, Hammer is lending its name and the supervisory presence of Anthony Hinds (whom I never met) to the enterprise. Jack Fleischman and Joan Harrison are in charge, and both have a knowledgeable background in fantasy and suspense, plus long and successful experience in injecting the necessary "production values" which this type of show requires.

The networks have, for some years, stoutly insisted that the "anthology concept" doesn't work today in television. They have also taken a stand--a hysterical public posture, rather--against "fantasy" on the adult level and "violence"; imaginary violence, that is, as opposed to the wholly-acceptable actual violence of newsreels, documentaries and sports events. Thus JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN is a singularly apt title for this venture, for it is a journey into an unknown realm of television entertainment. How long this JOURNEY will go on, I can't say.

But I had a very pleasant trip.



... so you want to be by ken scher a soldier

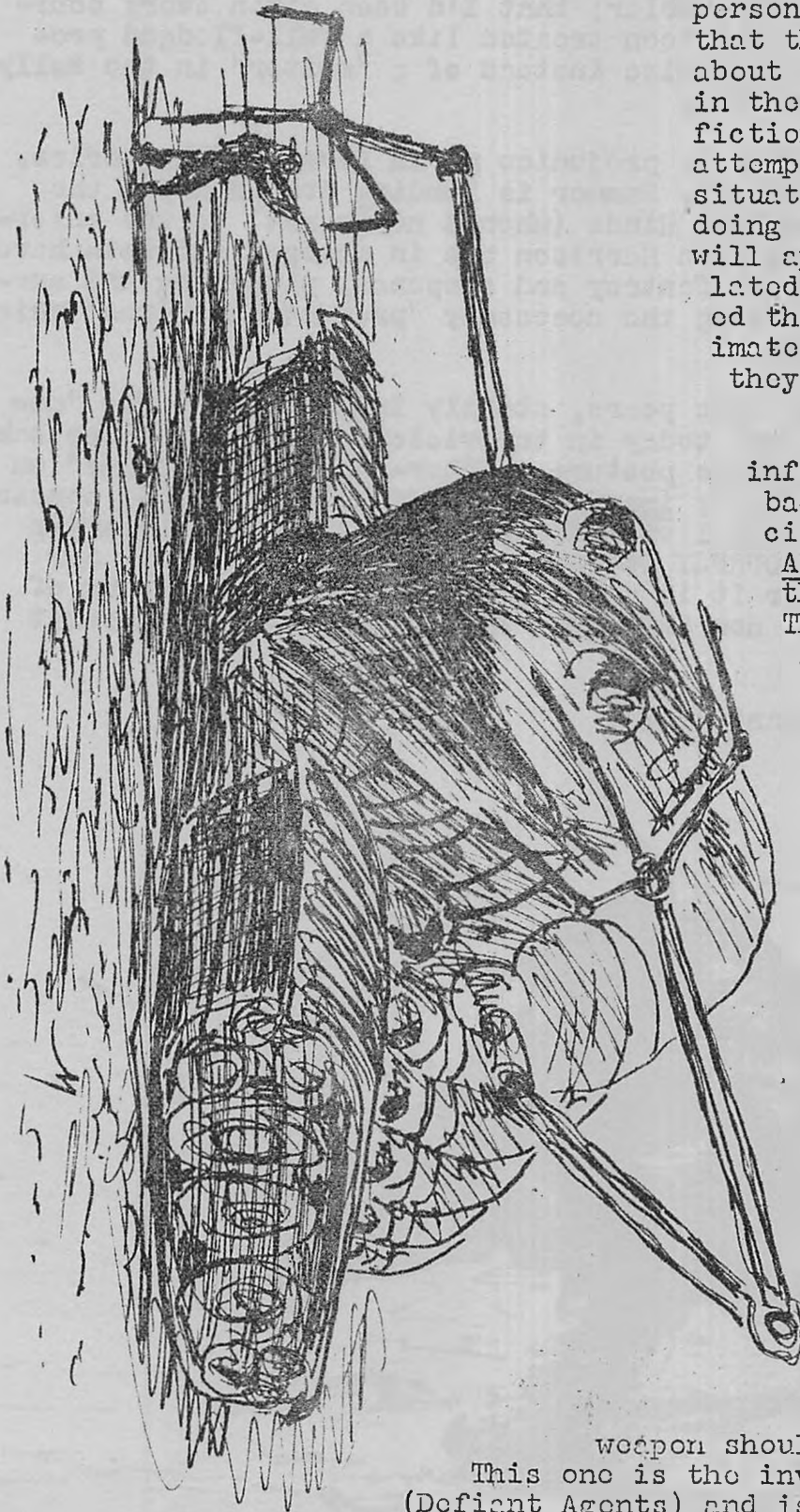
With all the fur flying about Robert Heinlein's "war-mongering" personality, it occurred to me that there has been little said about the weaponry involved in in the warfare of modern science fiction. Therefore, this is an attempt to rectify the present situation. I am not, however, doing a master's thesis, so this will apply to infantry-and-related-fields only. I have placed the advances in the approximate order in which I think they will come.

The first of the modern infantry types was invented back in 1928 by Philip Francis Nowlan (Armageddon 2419 A.D.) and is represented by the original "Buck" Rogers. This fair gentleman went flying around in his jump-belt (he used anti-gravity, but let's not be picky), kept in contact with his base with a walkie-talkie, used rocket-propelled tactical atomic weapons (how much more tactical can you get than rifles and pistols?), wore a camouflage uniform, and had a wealth of sharp edges all over his rifle for close combat. (There's an amazingly prophetic scene of an American gutting an Asian that is quite satisfying for anyone who does not mind vivisection.)

With an abundance of atomic radiation going around, it's not surprising that the next

weapon should be a result of mutation.

This one is the invention of Andre Norton (Defiant Agents) and is alive; to be precise, it is the prototype of the later "beast teams", consisting of animals whose mutation-increased in-



telligence has been stimulated by selective breeding; they are able to communicate with a few sensitive people by a rudimentary form of telepathy. Carnivores are the most common type of animal used, for obvious reasons.

Realizing that even peewee atomics are too dangerous, the by-now-united Terran military establishment returns to more conventional weapons, thus allowing a return to active participation in combat by humans. Utilizing a combination of knowledges gained from remote-control prosthetics (would you believe waldos?), the powered exoskeletons used to allow men to function normally on Jupiter, the jump-belt, and a lot of unrelated military micro-electronics, they came up with Heinlein's powered armor. The powered armor gave otherwise unaided humans the mobility of the jump-belt, combined with the ability to carry greater amounts and varieties of weapons, combined with greater amounts and varieties of communications and detection gear, and a fair amount of armor useful against radiation and conventional weapons (Starship Troopers).

About this time, humanity got into its first interstellar war, and needed a method of gathering intelligence less detectable than a man in armor and more communicatively reliable than the proto-"beast teams" telepathy. As a result of increased genetic knowledge, the "neo-dogs" (Heinlein, Starship Troopers) were developed. A combination of natural and synthetic genetic material was used to produce a creature with near-human intelligence which could talk, and reported to the human part of the man-dog team. Starship Troopers gives part of the progress of the development of the "neo-dogs" into the beings needed for the job.

Going from one extreme to the other, the Terran command developed a gigantic, heavily armed and armored (though much larger and less maneuverable) version of the powered armor, the "Bolo Combat Unit" (as written about by Keith Laumer). Totally grounded, the tons heavy unit could be used either manned, controlled by a computer either by programmed instructions or radio orders, or a combination of both. Working from power cells of incredible efficiency, and able to get power even from energy weapons used against it, the damn thing was pretty near unstoppable.

Getting disgusted with the necessity for all the expensive machinery, the military commands of the several Terran-derived stellar empires decided to try improving the people, rather than the gear. The result was the improved "beast teams" (as seen in Beast Master) comprised of mixed species, with high intelligence and full telepathic communication (Catseye). These were used in conjunction with the genetic Dorsai soldiers (Genetic General by Gordon R. Dickson) to form teams that could search out targets, destroy them, and fade into the background with (hopefully) no one the wiser. This was all right for those planets which did a lot of field warfare, mostly the more primitive ones; the more advanced planets developed human (?) warriors which could function without the "beast team" (Heinlein, Beyond This Horizon) possessing physical and mental powers that made the team superfluous.

The future history of weapons encompasses as much as the past has, simply expanded to a greater degree.

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Forgiveness is begged for the drawing on the page opposite. Well, not the drawing, but the placement. I didn't know it was too big till I had it electro-stenned, and I wasn't going to throw it away!!!--FL.

DO ANDROIDS SNOORE WHILE DREAMING OF ELECTRIC SHEEP?

BY
FAITH
LINCOLN

Philip K. Dick is a man who knows his science fiction and how to write it. His latest novel, Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?, shows this to good--too good--effect. His inspiration seems to stem not from--as I first suspected--Walter M. Miller's "Conditionally Human", but from an anthology featuring that 1952 novella, all the contents of which seem to have been slurred together by typographical carelessness. In fact, the novel represents a very good example of artistic indecision, the nearest comparison to it being the erratic motion of Prufrock's "pair of ragged claws/ Scuttling across the floors of silent seas."

Consider the opening: the wife, though sarcastic, calls Rick Deckard a killer, because his job entails the legal destruction of synthetic life, i.e. runaway androids; his rebuttal cites the advantages of the advantages of the occupation. Substitute neutroid for android and if that isn't Miller, what is?

But then Dick cuts loose to mold the fascinating world of 1992: a sparsely habited, post WWII dying planet, in which animals are nearly divine status symbols; there's the battle between Mercer of the empathy boxes (where one can tune in and experience his martyrdom) and the gadfly comedian, Buster Friendly (a possible android); and finally, the androids, incapable of empathy, are dangled as carrots to lure men to colonial worlds. In this world Deckard must find and destroy six androids. At this point in the book I've already forgotten the opening gambit and expect a rare addition to the sci-fi/detective canon and a new light on "What is human?" These hopes fade away when we learn Decker has a list of suspects to test, then ray down.



REG
1301



There follows a quick cut back to my first suspicion when a dying cat, accidentally delivered to a mechanical animal repair shop, is replaced with an electric one. Any minute I expect the unknowing husband to dash in, waving a gun, and screaming, "I want my cat! You killed my cat!" We wuz robbed.

The story progresses, or rather digresses when Deckard is arrested during the interrogation of a suspect. At police headquarters, not the one he knows, there are no familiar faces, not even a record of his existence. Is he himself an android with a false set of memories? Ah, hah! The hunter becomes the hunted. A cliché, but given to a craftsman... Alas! 'Tis a false start.

Wandering back to "Conditionally Human", Deckard gets very close to an android. There's even the promise of an impending "Which is witch", but it amounts to nothing. All this shifting of gears does not embellish the plot at all; quite the contrary, it proves extremely irritating.

There are, as one may well expect in a Dick novel, some highly effective, but sheer carelessness, nay stupidity, totally ruins any effect; a stupidity that could have been stayed by an ever-so-cursory job of proofreading by the author. Take a look at Chapter 18, where Buster Friendly's denunciation of Mercerism coincides with the android's, Pris Stratton's, mutilation of a spider:

"I can make it walk." Roy Baty got out a book of matches, lit a match, and held it near the spider, closer and closer, until at last it crept feebly away.

"I was right," Irmgard said. "Didn't I say it could walk with only four legs..."

"Pris, with the scissors, cut yet another leg from the spider."

Any force exerted by that last scene quickly hollows two pages later when:

"...again he thought of the corpse of the spider with its FOUR (emphasis mine) remaining legs."

At which point I jumped up and hollered, "Oh, come on now! I know New Wavers may not know science, but this??? Gah!!! Not even in the New Math!"

More ample proof of the author's carelessness is evident in just these few examples: 1) Deckard's buying of a pet. One pitch is given that a goat can butt, protecting itself from animal thieves, attackers, and strangers. Yet the android, Rachael Rosen, encounters no resistance in hurling it off the roof; 2) Fornication with androids is il-

EXPLORING THE CREATIVE

MIND OF IRWIN ALLEN

TODAY'S
TOPIC:
'LAND
OF
THE
GIANTS'

by
leonid
doroshenko

To truly understand and appreciate Irwin Allen's new program, one must realize that one is dealing with a devout, religious man, whose mission is not to entertain, but to use the tube as a pulpit from which he can reaffirm and spread his undying belief in the essence of Ecclesiastes--"There is nothing new under the sun"--as well as castigate "the false messiah of science."

Though the two facets of the producer's/director's/creator's convictions are prone to intertwine, the first is the more obtrusive, making itself evident in the very beginning with the make-up of the passengers and crew, a motley composition which bears remarkable resemblance to another Irwin Allen octet, "Lost in Space":

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1) The Big Brave He-Man | 1) The Big Brave He-Man |
| Captain: Steve Burton | Captain: Prof. Robinson |
| 2) His Faithful Slave: | 2) His Faithful Slave: |
| Dan Erikson | Don West |
| 3) Cowardly Crook: | 3) Cowardly Crook: |
| Fitzhugh | Smith |
| 4) A Boy--Barry--and | 4) A Boy--Will--and |
| 5) his dog | 5) his robot |
| 6) He-Man's Woman: | 6) He-Man's Woman: |
| Betty Hamilton | Mrs. Robinson |
| 7) Another Woman: | 7) Another Woman: |
| Valerie | Judy |
| 8) Tycoon | 8) Penny? |

No. 8: blasphemy of blasphemies! An incongruity!

Yet despite this parallel, this is not a "Lost in Space" side-trip blown up into a weekly series. The roots are much deeper, reaching back ten years, to the time when Marshall Thompson emerged a pygmy from a mysterious blast. Later episodes were devoted to his exploits and hairbreadth escapes in

a "World of Giants." Today, a sub-orbital flight passes through the traditional "mysterious cloud," emerging either shrunk or in another dimension; later episodes, of course, are devoted to exploits

and hairbreadth escapes in the "Land of the Giants."

But getting back to the premier, the vessel crashes in what appears to be footage from 1960's "Lost World." This suspicion is soon confirmed by the comeback appearance of the giant lizard which has been unemployed since Captain Crane blew up "Midnight Island." After encountering an automobile and a giant, the ship takes off, only to land in another part of the forest.

Again the Captain ventures forth and



barely escapes a gargantuan tarantula. He is joined by one of the women and, as expected, they are easily captured by a scientist, a distinct Dr. Cyclops type despite all his hair.

Meanwhile, in true "Sea View" tradition, the spaceship has blown its open-circuit wiring (insulation seems unheard of in this series genre) after an encounter with a roaring kitty cat. While the ship is being re-charged, the tycoon and the faithful slave set out to rescue the missing duo. There follows a heart-rending scene in which Barry learns of Fitzhugh's cowardice--the trusting child thought him a brave soldier--and shames him into action. Why, that gimmick hasn't been used for twelve days--not since CBS axed "Lost in Space!"

The remaining passengers now gleefully abandon the ship (their only means of escape) and join in the search. Needless to say, success is theirs, and as the episode ends, all are looking for the misplaced vehicle. They have now joined the illustrious searchers of television: Will Sonnet, Dr. Kimble, David Vincent, and--loast as well as last--the Robinsons.

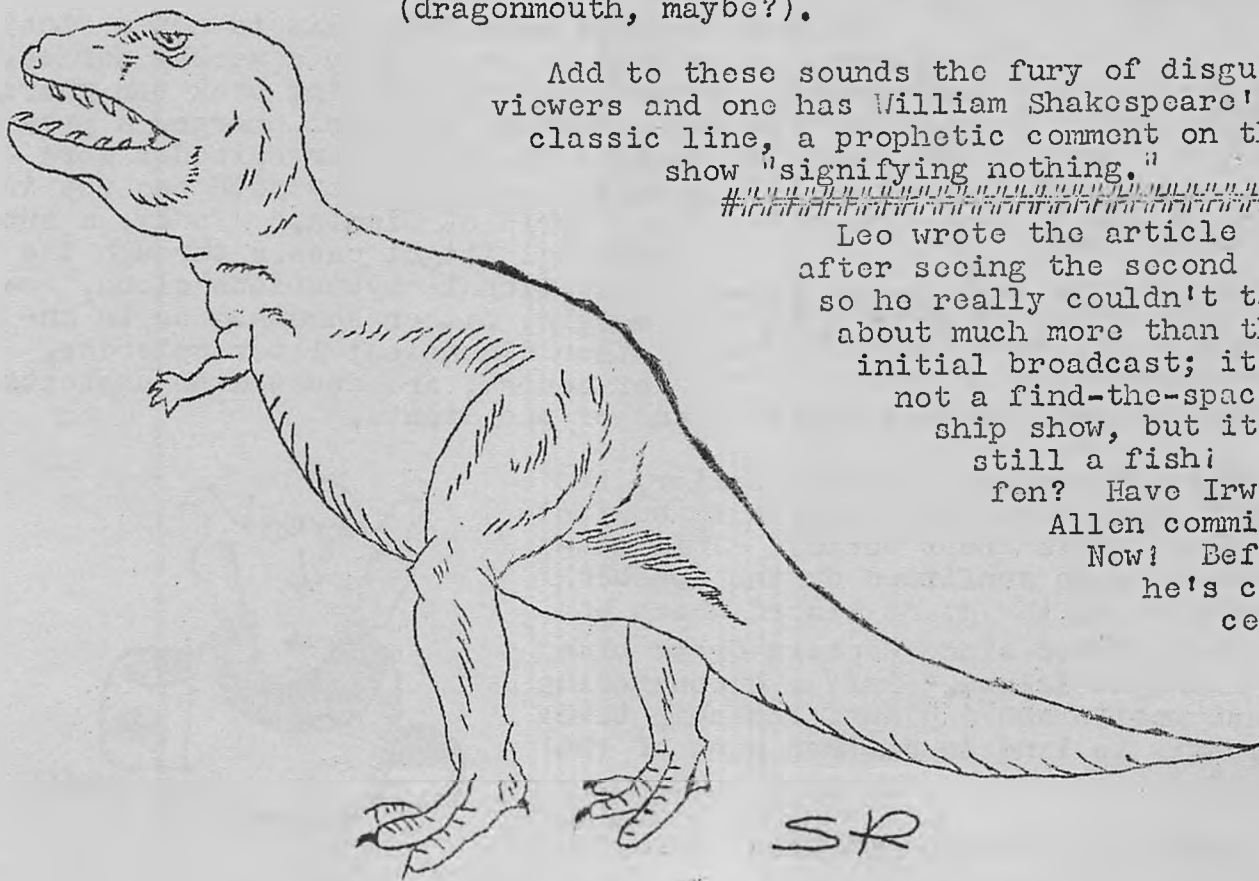
This "adventure" gives many instances of the second tenet of Allen's faith: his uncontrollable antipathy for concrete scientific facts. Through the medium of his mind the most firmly established knowledge becomes mutable, subject to limitless change. This is most evident when it comes to proportions: tarantulas, lizards, cats and dogs are all enlarged to the same size. They're big, aren't they? What else could the public want?

But Allen is full of surprises. He actually startles the viewer when he bothers to give different animals different voices!! (So what if they're not very accurate? They're different, aren't they?) The dog lets out with an amplified bark; the lizard hisses; the spider screams; and the cat growls like a lion (dragonmouth, maybe?).

Add to these sounds the fury of disgusted viewers and one has William Shakespeare's classic line, a prophetic comment on this show "signifying nothing."

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Leo wrote the article after seeing the second show, so he really couldn't talk about much more than the initial broadcast; it's not a find-the-space-ship show, but it's still a fish! Right, fen? Have Irwin Allen committed! Now! Before he's cancelled! Duh!



NEO'S PAD

BY STEVE LAWRENCE GOLDSTEIN

The Master of the Vortex (The Vortex Blasters, Pyramid, X-1851) by E.E. "Doc" Smith is one novel by this great author of space opera that should not have been resurrected following his death. It says on the cover that this is the final adventure in the Lensman series. In a way, it is, since it takes place in the Lensman universe, but it does not really take part, actively, in the series.

For those of us who are uninitiated to the wonders of Smith's Lensman universe, the Lensman series is a group of six novels which tell of the future of man. Primarily, it deals with the two warring alien cultures in our universe. One of them, the Artecians (the good guys), was born into this universe naturally. They have tremendous mental abilities. The Eddorians, on the other hand, are invading our universe from the outside. They wish to take over the entire universe. The Eddorians ally themselves with various marauders (the criminals of Boskone) and start on their conquest. They do not know much about the Artecians, but both groups of aliens know that a full-scale war could very possibly destroy both races. Since direct battle is at present impossible, they both seek to ally themselves with creatures in the universe to aid in overthrowing the other. Of course, man gets into the middle of the battle. Luckily, it is the Artecians who contact selected men. These men are given the famous Artecian Lens which gives them powers far above those of normal men. These are the Lensmen, members of the Galactic Patrol. Throughout the six books, Smith follows the exploits of a few selected characters such as Kimball Kinneson and Worsel, and pits them against Eddorian strongholds. Fast-paced and inventive, this series is a landmark in science fiction, but not surprising from this author considering his other great, the Skylark series. But more of that at another time.

The story of the Vortex Blaster takes place during the time period before the end of the war. The main character, Storm Cloud, is an inventor who lost his family when a loose Atomic Vortex destroyed his home.

What's an Atomic Vortex? you ask. An Atomic Vortex happens when an atomic reaction goes wild and becomes self-sustaining like a miniature sun. These energy pools are attracted to worlds where they slowly eat their way to the core. There's no way to stop a Vortex, and many attempts to stop them just help to create more of them.

Storm Cloud is not an ordinary human, however. He has a brain that



is better than any computer on Tellus (Earth). The only way to stop an Atomic Vortex is to nullify it with the same ammount of energy as is presently in the Vortex. The trouble is: any any given time it is impossible to tell exactly what the level of energy is. Impossible for all but Cloud, of course. His brain can compute quicker than a computer and by looking at the current energy of a Vortex he can predict what the energy level will be ten seconds from now, thus giving him time to drop a "duodec" bomb on the Vortex.

While blasting Vortexes, Cloud meets many a zany character who joins Cloud on his ship, and he is also involved in numerous galactic and worldly plots to overthrow governments. Unfortunately, when Smith wrote this novel he did it in stages. The novel is actually a series of short stories that were never connected together very well. The seams show once in a while. It would have been better had Smith written it as a series of novels as he did with Skylark and Lensmen stories. The plots he has here should never have been cramped into such a short form.

There are many poor sections in this book. Every few chapters is a story in itself. This can and does get very confusing at times since each story has different characters. Every other page a character is added or killed. After a while you need a "Who's Who in the Vortex". At one point in the novel, characters from five different races are introduced at one time. Smith describes each one, tells you their powers and names, and expects you to remember the info for the rest of the book. To make matters worse, he isn't consistent in what he calls each character. One time he will call one person "Vestia" and then "The Vegian". With so many characters roaming around, this gets confusing.

The individual stories in the novel have good plots, but as a whole it lacks, from being planned as a series of short stories rather than as a unified novel. It shows the breaks where one story ends and another begins. The ending of the novel is even stranger. The story ends with the meeting of an utterly alien race of creatures made of pure energy. Smith builds up throughout the novel to the meeting with these creatures who create the Atomic Vortexes and as soon as we meet them, the story ends. The main character--Cloud--is revealed at the end to have the most powerful mind in the universe (outside of the Artecians and Eddorians, I guess) and then the story ends without his his using it to any degree.

Another gimmick that he overuses is the element of chance and coincidence. A character may suddenly enter the story just to perform a certain needed act, and then he is dropped from the story. This shows poor plotting if Smith needed to resort to this form of thing whenever a character got into a tight spot. His other novels do not use this as much.

As I said before, this story--or series of stories--could have been as great as the Skylark series had Smith planned them as novels instead of limiting each segment to two or three chapters. You just begin to get used to a character when he's dropped. I would save my 60¢ and buy Smith's other stories instead. If I get a chance, I'll tell you neos among us about the Skylark series nextish, if ye olde editor approves. This is Steve Lawrence (Goldstein) signing out.

Have you taken your Odyssey to Earthdeath???

BY R.H. RACWAIN

FIT

Things never seemed right. It was nothing I could ever put my hands on; things just never seemed quite right. You know what I mean. Certain things just...fit, and others just don't. Then maybe again, you don't know. Anyway, with me everything just didn't seem to fit. Grass shouldn't be green and houses shouldn't be built upward. In fact, there shouldn't be any grass or houses at all.

I didn't fit either. The school system was all wrong, and they thought I was. I mean, who can stay still for three hours or more. And worst of all was having all that garbage knocked into my head, so much of which was instinctively wrong. My parents...well, I didn't fit them either. I wasn't interested in playing with their insipid toys or smiling at them when they made odd faces or tickled me or the like. No, we didn't fit.



And I thought that when I got older I would meet those who would fit with me. I was sure I would. I was wrong, very wrong. The older I got the less I seemed to fit, and the less everything seemed to fit me. I was very sad, and lonely, too.

I later found out that my parents were not my parents at all. I was an orphan, or at least they had never been able to find my parents. I was found on a doorstep, and later taken to a home for those like me. Apparently, they didn't fit either, or so I thought when first told about this. I was younger then. My parents had almost sent me back many times, for I did not fit and caused them much grief. I was sorry for this as my parents had always treated me well and I meant them no harm.

I grew up and became what they considered to be educated. I went to school and suffered their stupidity for the sake of my parents. I wanted to rebel, and tell them how stupid they were, but I was silent. At last I was free. But then the military got me. They wanted me to kill others; they also did not fit with me. I could not kill; not on an individual basis, anyway. So they became very angry with me. They put me in a room where a lot of brass heats or is it hats, I forget; I digress, talked a lot and asked me a few things. Then the brass heads were there no more and I was put in a little room. And they gave me food, terrible food, even for the food in this place, which also did not fit. They made me work, a stupid work, which even among work that did not fit was still stupid. So I worked and I ate and nothing would fit. Sometimes I would not do the work which did not fit so they refused me the food which did not fit. I was very, very unhappy and even more sad than before.

This went on for some time and I thought a lot in my spare time. I thought and thought and still nothing would fit. But I discovered a

lot about myself as I thought. I discovered I could kill and I discovered that I could be vicious. So I called the guard over and told him to let me out, and that I could kill. He laughed, and laughed. I grew angry, I killed. How did I kill? I do not know, I just killed. And then the bars were apparently there no longer and I walked away.

I walked for a while and I thought. I thought about not fitting. I thought about myself. And I discovered that I myself am the highest purpose. I was tired after walking so much and I lay down. When I woke up I found myself in another room. This room was stronger and it was made of steel. Some men were staring at me from a small window on the wall. I wanted to be free. The walls dissolved. The men ran. See the men run!

But the world still did not fit and I walked on. Then I met some tanks and planes. I did not like the tanks and planes. They dissolved. But the world still did not fit, and my actions had not changed that.

Then the rockets came and I did not dissolve them in time. After the explosion I was very tired. Then I felt the surge of the return of my lost and forgotten power and at last I said, "I will make it fit!"

+++++

"I Fell Asleep In Poetry Class And"

An obscene scene seemed to be centered on
The sounds of sorority sisters' soul-searching.
Sibilant syllables sailed softly South Seaward.
Sisters strapped down on the decks.
A loose rope--
A long arm--
My hand hamly grabbing;
It, a syllable, "om", was soon under my feet.
Om, short for "ominous", "omnipotent", "omnivore",
But the beauty in strappings was looking for God.
I caressed her antennae and wondered at nothing
And let her off at the First Church of Christ.
Then om was expanding
I had no time; there was no time om was time
And space the girls were gone no om no om was them the
pronouns Loosely lose their meaning for om is
sexless thank (blank) the bell is ringing and
I'm sinking through the stream of my inified
Consciousness and I'm awake at
Last.
I haven't been able to look an alliteration in the face
for a week.

--Jerry Kaufman

+++++
A GUIDE TO THE READING OF 15-16-17-18: I know that everyone's brain is
croggled, but live, somehow.

If you read the editor's bit first, you're hear. If you don't, you may have had it tough, so here's how to read the jumbled pages. Simply read page 15, and skip the next side, going to the sheet with 16 on the top. Tricky. Then turn the page for 17; when done with 17 back up one sheet for 18. Then skip the 16-17 shett (going forward) and resume reading with a regular 19-20-21-22...hopefully. Argh, a clumsy mimeo.

TEN MAGS TO DOOMSDAY

Yea! Let it be said that when the number of fmz reviewed in this small-spot is exactly eleven, the world has met its end. The corflu will harden; the mimeos will croak and split a drum; the ink will spill; the paper will rip; the stencils will tear (actually they'll be torn by Ned Brooks...he uses ditto masters!); and pages 15-16-17-18 will be grumped up. Nay, the world shall be torn asunder. For what is a fan-ed without his thayng.

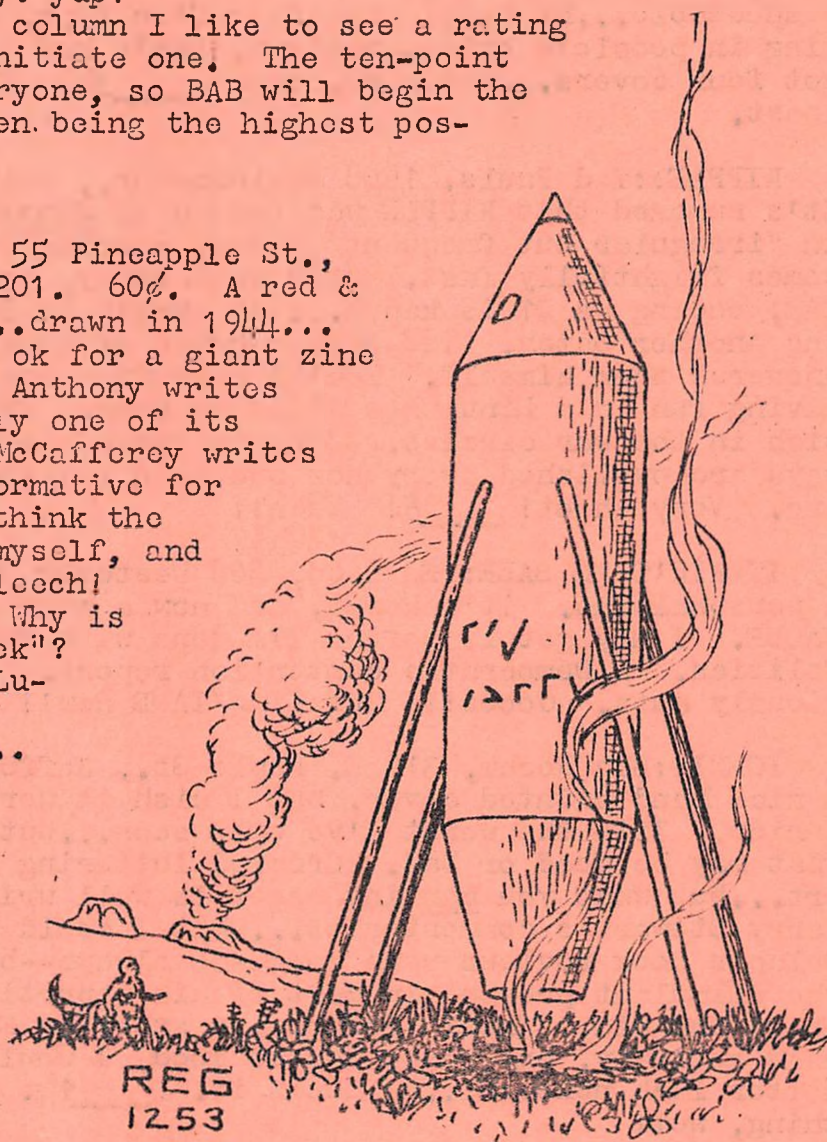
This will supposedly be the fanzine review column, but I have a bigger feeling that I'll talk about whatever I feel like talking about at the moment. It doesn't have to remain in this form, of course. If you don't like the way I do it, complain and I'll change. Or get someone else to do the reviews. Or do them yourself.

I had originally written out a big spiel on each fanzine, but at the rate I was going I was actually going to break twenty pages. Neither you nor I can take twenty pages of reviews; needless to say, I junked that idea. Sooo...I'm composing on stencil. Goody! the pessimists will say. And I say: yup!

Whenever I read a review column I like to see a rating as much as not. So, I'll initiate one. The ten-point system is being used by everyone, so BAB will begin the seven-point fmz rating, seven being the highest possible rating.

And so:

ALGOL 14::Andrew Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt. 3-J, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201. 60¢. A red & white Richard Powers cover...drawn in 1944... before he turned pro? It's ok for a giant zine like this: 66 pages. Piers Anthony writes about Chthon which was really one of its year's better books. Anne McCafferey writes about her Pern stories; informative for those who care to know. I think the stories are rather boring, myself, and surely not worth a Hugo...bleech! Dick Lupoff reviews books. Why is it called "Lupoff's Book Week"? Maybe it should be called "Lupoff's Weak Books." After all, One Million Centuries... John Bangsund's "Nova Espresso" is as confusing as Nova Express was...at least, the two pages I was able to get through. Nebula Awards Banquet speeches...eh; fiction...very readable; letters...highlights seemed to be Redd Boggs (sic)ing Andy and Andy (sic)ing back, and a comix fan



trying to put down the entire lastish--she failed. Hey, Andy: you say you'll go for "arranged trades". Let's see if you can arrange one. I'll give it a rating of 5½. Next issue has Spinrad's "The Bug Joack Barron Papers", something to not miss.

HOOM 2::Bee Bowman, 1223 Crofton Ave., Waynesboro, Va. 22980. A Tolkien zine, primarily, but it'll go for anything in the realm of fantasy. I can't stand Tolkien, but the zine is enjoyable nevertheless. Bee makes the thing interesting, and it is almost a personality zine. Almost. It has the personality, anyway. HOOM goes through N'APA, so I wouldn't know how much it's cost if you're not a member of that organization. The zine has a few columns, including an absolutely bad one by Joe Zalabak. I don't think you can really blame him, though. He's depending upon the readership to supply him with subjects for the column, and... Give HOOM a 4½.

THE NEW NEWPORT NEWS NEWS 4::Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va. 23605. You get it if the envelope in which the zine is sent to you is addressed to you, and at no other time. It was Published In Hasto. I don't know what a regular TNNNN looks like, but this one is almost a poetry zine. I thought Ned Brooks was a stodgy old collector, but it looks like he's a hunchbacked poet using a helluva lot of pseudonyms. We've got Sharon Ann Towle, Frank Denton, and Alexis Gilliland, and Mark Owings, too. Dean Koontz wants to make science fiction respectable...ho hum. Directly after that, Ned Brooks advocates spitting in people's eyes...violent, isn't he? Snicker. Fanfic. And he's got four covers...not hero, tho. 3½. N'APA, too. This one, at least.

KIPPLE::Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore, Md. 21212. 20¢. It's rumored that KIPPLE was once a sf fanzine. Hmmm. Published on an "irregular but frequent" basis, meaning about every 2½ weeks. KIP comes frightfully fast. #153 came today, and he'll be getting this BAB, seeing as #1 is kaput...the supply is depleted and I'm not printing another batch. Ted Asks a bunch of questions all the time, and answers them himself. You'll know from reading KIPPLE that Paul isn't having fun in a Minutemen training camp. The war journal can keep you high in the war circles. John Boardman has a regular column, and essays are published every now and then telling us how cold-blooded we are. Very ghoot! 5! Yeah!!

IT AIN'T ME BABE::Ed Reed, 668 Westover Rd, Stamford, Conn. 06902. A personalzine. It's kaput, and now a part of Ed's genzine, L'ANGE JAQUE. I may get it before I'm done with fmz stenciling, soo... Politics. A Democratic convention report. Interesting, but he's obviously nuts. Gooee!! Got L'AJ/IAMB now!! This is 2½.

ICENI::Bob Roehm, 316 E. Maple St., Jeffersonville, Ind. 47130. 25¢. A nice hand painted cover, but I wish it were possible to read the interior. It's the worst I've ever seen...but I haven't seen too much. That may be good or bad. Crooked lettering guides...poorly stenciled art...but what you can interpret is well written. I liked some of Larry Stewart's commentaries...what I could read, of course. Richard Delap's book reviews were good--as always--but his film reviews lacked the stimulant present in most of his reporting. Fanzine reviews... short and old. Ahem! Poetry...a story by Mike Zaharakis which I couldn't read entirely, but parts looked good, I would guess. I hope Bob has better luck nextish...he needs it. 1½. I seem to paste ½s on everything, wot!

TH CAVORTING BEASTIE:: Warlock, Ltd., 1419 W. Donald St., Waterloo, Iowa 50703. 20¢. This zine suffers from an acute lack of material, and, I'm afraid, personality. It could be that too many people have a hand in this...and it shows it. Some good art and it's well stenciled, but there's not enough of it. The green atmosphere adds a gloomy atmosphere to a nothing zine...and I should know! CB should use yellow. Mainly fiction and poetry except for some fanzine reviews. And to quote the editor: "incomplete and unsatisfying", I'm afraid we have another 1½.

CINQUEFOIL:: James F. Koval, 7626 Balfour St., Allen Park, Michigan 48101. \$\$\$, fiction, articles, essays, anything. This is a good zine and definitely my type, tho perhaps not carried out as well as others have been. It is a firstish, tho a continuation of the dead TRYPOD. New Wave oriented it is, as the fiction reflects. A probing story by Bill Kunkel is hard to understand at times, but you know you've hit the mark when you reach the ending; what the mark is you don't know. An article on the Byrds proved interesting, but mostly for those who know a bit about the group and their background. Dangerous Visions is reviewed...again. There's a photo of Marlan Ellison...Mein General looks stoned. Looks as though he's about to fall out of his chair, in fact. But of course not... Koval takes some quotes from the Les Crane show that had Ellison, Spinrad, Bloch, and McNeely. Some of the uninteresting parts, I think. Koval thought they were striking, I guess. Langdon Jones' "The Eye of the Lens" is investigated by Fred Wolven, and it captured the pulse of the trilogy. Appearing in NEW WORLDS, it may not have been read by many people, but I believe it's appeared in a Judith Merrill anthology. If you can pick it up, you should. I read it through at 2 in the morning, so the atmosphere may have been perfectly set...no distractions. But it is important to have some understanding of the New Wave, 4½.

NEUTRON:: NEUTRON, Box 10885, Atlanta, Georgia 30310. 50¢, I think. The price isn't listed. Uh, no--if you want #3 DON'T SEND MONEY. You'll get a notice of publication by postcard. This is an offset zine, but it really looks sloppy. I mean: I've seen better mimeo. The thing is infested with stills from movies...principally 2001 and PLANET OF THE APES. PLANET pics make up the cover and backcover...about the same in quality as the rest of the zine. I suppose this is the major fault, in addition to not having enough readable text. Glen Brock, the editor and publisher, can draw, but it looks like he won't do it for himself...and the result is NEUTRON. Film reviews: 2001...not much of a review of the plot (yes, dammit?! it had one!!) or special effects of the movie, or even the philosophic background everyone wants to attach to it. It sticks to talking about the world of 2001 as depicted in same. The PLANET REVIEW is about the same...a description of a flick from the movie and an explanation...as if it could compare to 2001. Then paragraphs on THE POWER and FIVE MILLION MILES TO EARTH. The book reviews are boring, too. Brock has some fiction with "Integration"...a sequel to "Segregation". More New Wavish stuff...and I liked it? A Southern Fandom report doesn't do much...we learn about Jerry Burge and his art portfolio, and WHY NOT ATLANTA IN 1969? Why? A one letter lettercol...and we end up with an ad for an office supply store; the zine must have its greatest circulation within Atlanta. Some of the pics are rucked up, but they're good enough to have...if Brock could get more contributions and replace the photos with artwork, he might have a good zine. 2½

NOLAZINE 7:: John H. Guidry, #5 Finch St., New Orleans, Louisiana 70124. A \$ for three issues. The Deep SouthCon issue, so the entire issue is



devoted to Dan Galouye, the GoH at DSC. Along with #7 comes the DSC Program Booklet and an art folio of full-pagers by Stan Taylor, Doug Wirth, and Tom Palecki. Get those if you can, and get every issue of N-ZINE for the Stan Taylor illos. Regular N-ZINES are serializing a novel by Pat Adkins, and it's better than any other fiction you'll find in the zines. And that includes the crap in ANALOG and some of the other clinkers... Of course, Taylor is illustrating the novel...it's offset or lithoed or some hairy repro process. New Orleans in '73? Yeah! NEW ORLEANS in '73. But Toronto...money is worth 10 or 11% more in Canada...hmm? But to this issue...get the next one. Don Markstein has already said #8 is out...and he thinks I have it...but the USPOD has stepped in. I'll probably have it to

review, though. And...I don't think this issue can be had unless you're a DSC member, and it's a little late. But it has a bibliography of Galouye and excerpts from reviews of his books, and reactions from various people like Heinlein and Zelazny. This ish gets a ___3, but the cover gets a ___6½. Yeah!, it's a Stan Taylor.

EN GARDES 3, 4, and 5::Richard Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Michigan 48234. Dick sent me all three in trade. Obviously a human person. It seems as if Schultz is going insane--he says he has too much material, the poor guy. #3 hit 56 pages, with photo-cover and -backcover, as have all the zines. With #4 Dick found himself with a cover saying 50¢ on it, but he couldn't picture a fanzine of 90 pages going for 50¢, so he made two issues out of it. Only thing is, #4 has about 60 pages, while the other "half" has 86 pages. Snicker. BAB should be in such a jam! Anyway, EN GARDE is the Avengers zine, and the zine zine if you're not an Avengers fan. (That's what I meant to say, but you figure it out.) I haven't been able to get through the almost 200 pages of Avengers material contained in these three issues. But I Will! #6 will be the Anish or the Monsterish or something. Schultz says--in #5--that the price will be at least \$1.25 and border on 145 pages. I wonder who can write so much on one tv show...but there are articles and reports on others as well. THE PRISONER is the current pet, I'd say, though I haven't had the chance to watch more than one full episode. I wonder if we have any Irwin Allen fans out there! There seem to be enough Avengers fans, of which I am one. If you get a petition, SIGN IT. Yeah...the skids have been applied...better this than STAR TREK. ___5½.

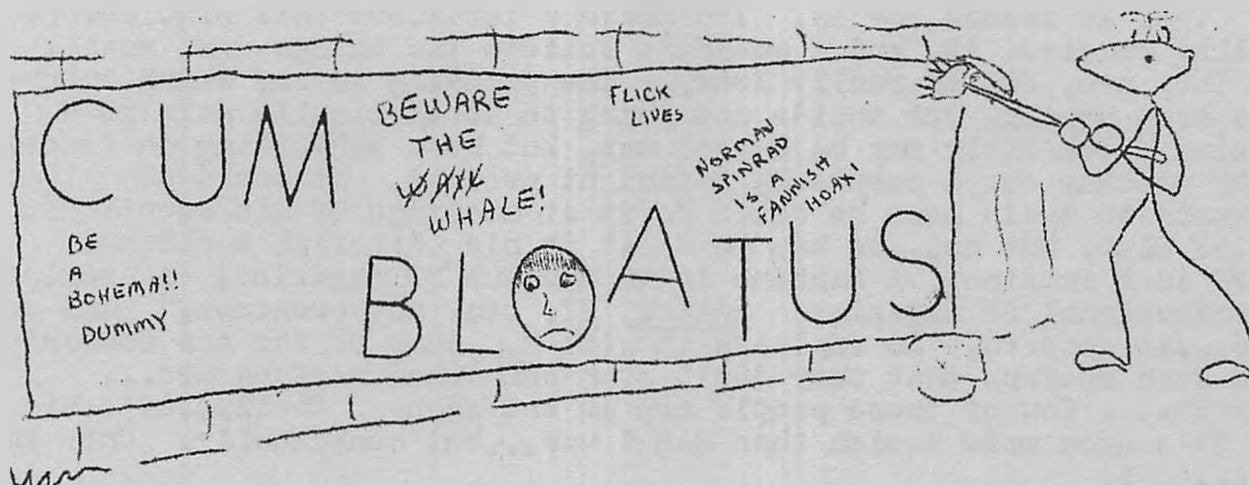
EDGAR #1::Gordon Linznor, 20-41 Linden St., Ridgewood, New York 11227. 30¢. This is a half-size offset zine of satire and humor devoted to the wonderfulest person in the world: Edgar. It is also one of the funniest mags I've ever seen. It reads like MAD at some points; at others it vaguely reminds you of HELP...but it has EDGAR to boot. The opening strip is called "Assassination Industries", and though it slowed down on the second page, I was warped by the beginning, and it actually made me laugh, something most "funny" zines fail to do. There's a drawn out satire of "The Mervy Mervy Show" that can be applied to any of the rash of syndicated talk shows abounding today. The artwork is good, and would probably be better if the offset were better. A bit weak in some places. But the real pith of the zine is its variety of smaller strips. "Edgar Walks the Dog" won't be beat; "Edgar the Magician" knocks on a few po-

SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER: Don Blyly, 825 W. Russell St., Peoria, Illinois. 15¢, 20 issues for \$2. I'd heard a lot about this zine before I actually received it, and I couldn't believe the things were really true. They are. SFN is really lousy. The printing is ok, which everyone has been saying, but that's not going to automatically make it a great zine. Don Blyly may be a good man, but he's exhibiting an idiotic sense by putting out a purposely deficient product. It would seem that if he wants to train neos he would do it at meetings of his Peoria High School SF Club, but no...he has to do it in his editorial ramblings. "The SFN is a fanzine. A fanzine is an amateur SF magazine. A prozine is a professional SF magazine. Analog, If, etc. are prozines." And so help me...it goes on. He explains it with "...some of the new subscribers are such neofans that they don't even know what neofans are..." I'd say that a few of those people are in sad shape. Owell...it's his zine. It's even more neoish than BAB 1 was...but continually. Only in Peoria... 1.

PALANTIRI::Gabe Eisenstein, 1753 Rosemary Rd., Highland Park, Illinois 60035. 30¢. Gabe recently broadened his fanac into the sf area...previously he was making the rounds of comix fandom. PALANTIRI is a continuation of Gabe's old comiczine COMICLUB, and shows a few of the hold-over characteristics...he's still got some comic notes and he's got a list of comix for sale and junk like that. From what I've heard of COMICLUB (I've never seen a copy) it must've been funny to look at...I mean pitiful or something like that. He had pencils and membership certificates and everything. Sort of like being a bohema...ridiculous! Bad offset...but the kid can write. Later issues should evolve into something near great, if Gabe can control the look of his zine and get more contributors. 3½.

L'ANGE JAQUE::Ed Reed, 668 Westover Rd., Stamford, Connecticut 06902. 35¢. This is #2. Yeah...#2. He made it. And did he... He has a Dean Koontz frontcover and a Dick Bergeron bacover. Hey...Dick said he was sending me a cover, but...??? And WARHOON...??? DICK???!!! Anyway, this thing is dittoed, and you can even read it. But Ed goes in big for multi-color stuff...and other people complain about it. I could care less. But he won't buy a mimeo...so he always goes for a lot of fancy color. Dummy Reed, eh? He doesn't have an awful lot of artwork, but somehow it doesn't show (???). A very genzine, with wild wanderings. The material is all over. The stuff is continued all over the stuff, and you scream when you can't find the page. Some fiction...an article...a poem. Is the lettercol the best part...?? Yeah, why not? One from Norman Spinrad in reply to a non-review of a book of his written by myself; one from Jack Gaughan; a funny one from Faith Lincoln, and her loc and Ned Brooks' appear twice. Ed explained that occurrence to me at Philcon...but I couldn't understand. At least he didn't have a 14-15-16-17 incident; for that he can be happy. Oh yeah...a loc from Dean Koontz and George Inzer. Ads for Humphrey...quotes from everyone. You might not understand L'AJ but you'll like it. Along with L'AJ comes IT AIN'T ME BABE 2, which is the end of IAMB as a separate entity. Get L'AJ so you can get IAMB. Who's that... IAMB is a zine in which Reed seems to just keep writing till he's ready to quit. Comments on politics...sf, sometimes...fanzines...NEW WORLDS...Sam Moskowitz: WAR! Harlan will lead us, read that Sam...a Jack Gaughan letter...a Richard Labonte letter...and quotes all over the place. It makes the zine almost unreadable, but you don't give a damn when you're reading it. I have a coupla pages in there too...but I'm the sane one. D'you hear that? I'm sane!! Billy the Kid was an adult delinquent! A couple of weird zines...for weird people.

I have more zines...but I'm quitting. See BELLOWINGS...who wants to rev
low?



Norman Spinrad
8346 Kirkwood Dr.
Los Angeles, Calif.
90046

I don't know what to make of Ed Reed's article, since he seems to be agreeing with most of what I've actually been saying while disagreeing with me for saying it. I think there may be two reasons for the paradox:

First, a year has passed since I said some of these things, a year during which there have been some changes and perhaps even some changes that are the results of some of the things I've said.

Second, some of the things that are represented as being positions I have taken are not positions I have taken but rather positions that other people claim I've taken.

Foremost among the latter is the erroneous notion that I have not allowed editing on Bug Jack Barron. Avon has not had to "pacify" me nor I them. What Ed Reed and others who have said that I refused to allow editing of the fail to understand is the crucial difference between editing and rewriting. Editing is the prerogative of the editor; rewriting is the province of the writer. In my view, an editor may say, "I will buy this book as it stands, but I have some suggestions that I feel might improve it." This was Avon's position on BJB. And most of George Ernsberger's suggestions were valid and I made the minor revisions accordingly. The book as it will be published by Avon is exactly the way I want it and exactly the way they want it. But had we not been so totally in agreement, the contractual understanding between us was that my word would be final.

Another legitimate position for an editor to take is: "I will buy this book only if certain changes are made." It is then up to the writer to decide whether he will agree to the changes and sell the book or disagree and seek another publisher.

What I do not consider legitimate is a situation all too common among sf publishers (but rare among "mainstream" publishers): a contractual agreement that the publisher and/or editor may rewrite a book himself. The writer should have final say over the form of the book. The publisher may then decide to publish or not to publish that particular book. An editor's function is to advise and counsel the author on revisions, not to make the revisions himself or to dictate revisions that must be made. An editor who feels he must do rewriting on someone else's books should satisfy his creative urges by writing a book himself.

As to the market situation: I addressed myself specifically to the American sf magazine situation. Amazing and Fantastic were and still are to a great extent unreliable markets, and at the time I surveyed the sf magazines, were under SFWA boycott. Worlds of Fantasy did not exist, and at present its survival is an open question. Stellar has still not published its first issue. ((And never will.)) Even New Worlds lurches along from one economic crisis to the next. The situation is not as bad as it was a year ago, but we have not reached the millenium.

Also, I never said it was impossible to make a living writing only sf. In fact, I have been doing so for nearly four years. What I said was that it was impossible to make a living writing only short stories (sf). This forces many writers whose natural forte is the short story to concentrate on novels. This hurts others more than it hurts me because my natural form seems to be primarily the novel.

Finally, I do not believe that it is lack of recognition that destroys writers, but too much recognition for unworthy work. I firmly believe that Mr. Reed is wrong when he says that "many Old Wavers have great stories but can't tell them." I think he is wrong in supposing that the "New Wave" has a monopoly on literary quality. I believe there are a great many writers who are generally considered "Old Wave" who could turn out stuff in every way equal to that of the "New Wave" writers if they didn't get such easy recognition for work that is unworthy of their talents. I think Dangerous Visions proved this, if nothing else. A creative editor continually pushes writers to new heights (and so should a creative fandom).



A bad editor (and a bad fandom) encourages writers to stick with what in the past has proven to be acceptable to the readership. The ultimate proof of this is television, with its worship of the Nielsens. No art can grow as long as those in the marketing and production end of things believe that the writers' work should conform to some kind of nebulous notion of a consensus of the audience's taste.

((Editors comments will be enclosed by what they are enclosed by at this moment.

**Agreed, for the most part. That is one reason why most people consider the New Wave to be the literary arm of sf (those with any sense, at least). To some people, that which is different is best...which is true for the person who is sick of the same style in writing, a style which has become bogged down in the Campbelllesque patterns of the early '50s. All the same, there are Old Wavers who can handle a new theme...but they are rare. Those who can handle the same theme in a different way are even more rare, and those who handle the old themes in the same ways abound. It's a field hindered by tradition; it's a field in which there should be no tradition. **Often, taste isn't dictated by what the mass audience wants, but by what the editors (or those in the production field) think the audience wants. But how do you explain away the case of If? It continues to win the Hugo... ** I'd say you're lucky to be able to make a living with sf, and you're obviously staying clear of the regular sf mags...haven't seen anything by you for a long while. But you haven't been producing an astounding number of novels, either. In fact...a miniscule number...???)

Mike Montgomery
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87110

Ah, how wonderful it is to see a fanzine that prefers bad art to no art at all; a fanzine that prefers bad short fan fiction to bad long fan fiction. And, although you don't state so in this case, you obviously prefer bad fan fiction to no fan fiction at all.

Interesting is the news of the formation of the company (what to call it?) "for the purpose of providing new and unusual ideas for television and the movies." I hadn't previously heard of this. Star Trek is certainly the best thing at the moment, with nothing approaching it in sight ((The Avengers?)), but I certainly do hope improvements can be made. I wonder, however, if anything worthwhile could make it past television's preliminaries. It has become steadily more incredible that Twilight Zone ever made it past the screening. ((A better show, I would think, would have to be The Outer Limits. I'm currently going through the entire series as it's being rerun locally. I can't understand why it's been condemned by fandom-at-large.))

The difference between a good writer and a poor writer is whether or not the writer can take an old idea (and there isn't that much to write about, after all) and rework it to make it interesting. If the same old story line can be disguised well enough, it makes for a good story. Zelazny is a good writer, or, in any case, he writes entertaining stories. I don't suppose Hubbard took the time to read "A Rose for Ecclesiastes" or Lord of Light, since they don't fit in his nice category. "A Rose for Ecclesiastes" tells the things Leo Kelley wants--what happens to a character. Lord of Light is an excellent idea plus an entertaining style. But we needn't con-

42 42 oops...

sider those...

Oh, I get it, Bohema. Had your explanation been any less lucid I might not have understood what you meant. You mention a university which reminds me once again of an experience I had regarding Bohema. I was waiting near the Education Building to see my advisor when up he popped with no notice at all. It was a windy day, and many of the sheets which covered the windows in that area had been ripped to shreds by marauding bands of vandals and were being blown about. My advisor stooped down to pick one up and, holding it daintily in two fingers, exclaimed, "Bohema." It broke us all up. So I know just what you mean. Bohemas make good walls and you can even construct bridges with them. If there's anything fandom needs it's a Bohema fanzine. Ever since then I've had leprosy.

Joe Drapkin The article on Spinrad was interesting. It was much too sarcas-
577 E. 91 St. tic. Sarcasm is the last resort of the weak. Spinrad, Ellison and
Brooklyn, N.Y. whatever others there are of that breed are all chronic complainers.
11236 Their complaints should be taken with a grain of sand. They will
 keep turning out some good, and some verry bad stories no matter what
they say, and they will be printed.

I disagree muchly with the article about Zelazny. He is perhaps the best the so-called New Wave has to offer. His style is so distinct as to make old themes seem new. I agree that he is not as wildly experimental as other authors, yet such stories as "He Who Shapes," "The Keys to December," and "Angel, Dark Angel prove that he is a writer of something more than soap operas and old movies. Particularly the middle story. It raises the question, "Does God have a moral obligation to a race he creates?" He is a man of great intelligence and greater talent. I seriously expect him to be a great man in future years. ((Future years...so what is he now? Zelazny holds the distinction of being one of the two writers who are regarded as being New Wavish by some people, and not by others. The latter won't label them as such simply because, "Anyone who writes New Wave can't write anything worth reading." The other person is, of course, Sam Delany.))

R.H. Racwain's verse is poor and his concepts worse. What brash... It certainly does your zine no good to have him around.

Seth Dogramajian Many thanx for BAB 1. A very good first effort to say the
32-66 80th St. least. I must admit that when I first saw it I thought it would
Jackson Heights, N.Y. be an all offset zine from the size of it and the Gaughan
11370 cover.

The Gaughan cover...quite ghreat. Shades of Tolkien with sf background. The funny thing about Jack is that he can make a rush job look like a masterpiece. He's about the fastest artist I've seen. Also a great guy fanwise.

Of course, once I spied the color paper hiding under the offset cover I realized that it was a mimeo production. This meant that either it was going to be a real beauty with lots of good articles, well printed, etc., or it would be like my zine.... a wasteland of meaningless articles and great art with poor mimeography disguised with a lovely cover. Your zine turned out to be neither.

I'm trying to kick the habit of commenting on each individual article whether I liked it or no. That makes for a dead letter unless you can really make some sort of constructive criticism. Harry Warner is about my fav for making useful comments on individual stuff. Anyway, most of the articles did please me somewhat and did make pretty fast reading. Glad to see that you're not totally against fan fiction. As of late too many fen have been coming out of the woodwork with a definite repulsion for fan fiction. They give the excuse that they can buy pro fiction (which is for the most part better...obviously) instead of fan fiction for about the same price. I find it beautiful to watch budding young writers try to build themselves up in print. If we can encourage that sort of thing we might have quite a few good pro writers coming through. I hope so.

Lately I find myself buying prozines (Galaxy, If, etc.) not on the basis of who the writers are (though that does count an awful lot), but rather who the artists are. "Praps this is just one of my own peculiar tastes," said I to myself. Yet I

found that a close friend of mine who is also in fandom, Gene Klein, was doing the very same thing. I wonder if this is going to become a general trend. The increase in good fan art is very evident. Might this increase soon show in pro art as well? I think it already is. ((I doubt if many people buy mags strictly for the contents, and if any buy strictly for artwork. I doubt if either one influence too greatly. There must be a large crowd of people who buy the mags simply because they're on saleas if it's a habit. I'm like that...I have subs to the major mags that don't reprint old garbage, and I'm not influenced by anything...but interior pro art is getting rather crappy, and I haven't been a fan long enough to compare past and present fan art.))

Lee Hoffman Received DAB #1, and it was a whizbang first issue. Even com-
Basement ment provoking. That's mostly because some of your writers have said
54 E. 7 St. a few things that I can disagree with--or use as take-off points--and
New York, N.Y. I have the time to do so at the moment.

10003 Ed Reed, for instance, says, "It is true that you can't make a
 living writing sf SOLELY..." Well, if by "you" he means Norman Spin-
rad in particular and not "you" in general, he may be right. I don't know Norman
or his circumstances well enough to judge. But I know a number of other writers.
In the Fanoclast circle alone, I know that Ted White, Alex Panshin and Chip Delany
were all living on the proceeds of their sf as of last report. Outside of Fanoclasts,
I don't know enough about various writers' lives to make definitive statements, but
I suspect that a few at least live on their writing.

As to Ed's statement, "It is a rare writer in any genre that can make a living
at writing ONLY. Swallow some pride and write a science text: look at Robert Sil-
verberg." I think this is misleading, if not actually in error. I doubt that all
of us who live by our fiction writing are really "rare" writers.

I've been living in modest comfort on the income from my books (mostly Westerns)
for several years now, and have a much fatter bank account than I ever had before.
I get the impression Dick Geis lives by his writing. And I have reason to believe
that there are plenty of others.

Of course, it may be a pretty rare writer who can make the kind of money writing
that Richard S. Prather has. But to my knowledge, Silverberg didn't achieve his
financial success through science texts. I don't think he did much non-fiction at
all until after he'd become established--by writing lots and lots of genre fiction.

Mr. Bloch went to Hollywood to write genre fiction, albeit for the fillums. I
think Jerry Sohl did the same. And what do you suppose Harlan Ellison was doing all
those years before he took up editing anthologies?

Ed says, "Spinrad is unfortunately right in his feeling that a good deal of sf
is slanted toward the juvenile..." I dunno whether or not this is true, but if
it is one must assume then that there is a reason. Like maybe publishers can make a
profit by publishing for the juvenile market. Or maybe they can't get enough good
adult sf to supply a market.

Well, both Ed and Norman seem to feel that Norman's books are good adult sf,
so let us see how well they sell. If they go like Hell-on-Wheels, the publishers
should come clamoring for more. If they don't sell that well, we can all speculate
on why the postulated vast potential market for adult sf didn't respond. ((It won't
sell. At least, it won't sell to regular readers of sf. Sf people are set in their
ways, and can't get beyond Isaac Asimov juveniles. Bug Jack Barron will probably sell,
with the right packaging...meaning a cover pertaining to the tone of the book, but
not to the theme. But it won't be called sf, will it?))

Is Gary N. Hubbard trying to imply that there is something wrong with the old
movie plots? If so--Foosh. Most of those basic plots have been around since B.C.
and have served many of the world's best writers as well as its worst ones. My own
feeling is that the skeletal structure is far less significant than the way it is
fleshed out. The good craftsman does it in ways that give the story a freshness and
new validity.

Leo P. Kelley's article is fine, except that he seems to be way behind the times.
The new fad in Westerns is good Indians. (Westerns are as faddish as sf.) Hardly
anyone these days would dare write a Western with the old-style Evil Indians and the



hero who doesn't gamble, drink, or kiss girls. And more than one heroine has been sleeping around lately...(except, of course, on TV).

Similarly, there seem to be plenty of heroines sleeping around in sf these days. And plenty of heroes with characterization of sorts. Some of them wear funny hats. Lots of them go around busily having thoughts and feelings about things.

A plot can almost always be boiled down to: Protagonist has one or more problems, protagonist triumphs over problems, or is defeated by them. The essence of a story about people as opposed to a story about things or ideas, is that the people have internal problems as well as external ones to deal with (or maybe only internal ones).

But feelings, thoughts, and internal problems still are not enough. Old movies have a stock set of internal problems for their heroes...the big game hunter who's lost his nerve, for instance. The movie about him may be magnificently cornball, with lots of chomping on the scenery, breast-beating, and soul-searching. It will probably climax with something like a rhino charging the helpless heroine, the hero standing his ground, killing at the last moment, and going into a clinch with the heroine, while the orchestra plays happily-ever-after music.

But the same basic plot could develop into a sensitive study of the hero trying to decide what the hell he is capable of doing about the things that are bugging him, eventually meeting a Moment of Truth, probably Finding Himself and mastering his own character flaw during it--and if it is an arty-type movie, likely getting himself killed doing it.

Sf writers in general have given far less characterization (good or bad) than old movie writers usually did. There are characters in sf who would react to Kelley's green rain by observing that it is green, and going no further. Some would stop long enough to make a chemical analysis. But there are many who would have thoughts and feelings about it. And some who would get all personally involved, like Kelley's son-of-a-teetotaler.

The s-o-t is potentially a good character. He is faced with a strong internal conflict--his desire to get drunk on the rain as opposed to his conditioned fear of doing so. But how will the writer put this over to us?

Will he simply tell us about Sam Hero's background, or will he make us empathize with the inhibitions and make us accept that they are firmly grounded? Will he relate them to Sam's character and behavior in general, or will they be employed only in this one scene and then never noticed again? When Sam is confronted with the problem of deciding whether or not to come in out of the rain, will we be made to feel the internal conflict? Will Sam be soundly motivated in his decision to go against his lifelong training and try the rain, or will he do it solely because the writer figures that's what should happen next? And what effect will it have on his character in the long run? Will breaking this family taboo be a step toward character growth, or will it result in a nice new guilt complex for him to cope with? Or will he forget it completely once it's over?

Good characterization is more than just giving a member of the cast thoughts and feelings, or even a funny hat. It involves solid motivation, and follow-through.

There are sf writers who are trying to do good characterization. But one of a

writer's many problems is that he can never escape from his own preconception of what he is writing. He can't ever read his work with a fresh and objective point of view. He already knows what he meant to say. And he can't always judge whether he has put his point across effectively. He may sincerely believe he's done deft characterization. But the guy reading the work may not see it that way at all.

I think most writers, especially in a field like sf, are sincere in what they're trying to do. John D. MacDonald expressed the belief that no writer does a bad job of it on purpose. He may, for financial reasons, be writing within limitations he doesn't really approve of, but he'll usually write the best story he can under the circumstances.

What a writer reads--what he has read most of his life--will influence his writing. If he's spent his years indulging in fiction that lacks characterization, he isn't likely to come through with much of it in his own work. This isn't a matter of being imitative on purpose, but is conditioning. Intentionally or not, writers are influenced by what has gone before and especially by what they've experienced in reading, so writing evolves.

The evolutionary trends right now seem to include attempts at more and better characterization in sf. It may take time, and it may take a lot of hunting around on the stands, but I think Kelley can find the kind of human sf he is looking for, if he tries hard enough. I know that under the debris of hot lead and acrid gunsmoke, I've discovered a surprising number of damn fine well-done human Westerns. Not perfect, maybe, and not a high enough percentage of them-- but they're there.

I think the good sf is there somewhere, too.

Gabe Eisenstein

1753 Rosemary Rd. I haven't seen too much of Norman Spinrad's ramblings (one night say that any was too much--Ted White might say it anyway), Highland Park, Ill. but from what I have seen he impressed me as one gigantic crybaby. 60035

So Doubleday wouldn't publish his book, as with hundreds of other sf writers, many superior to him. Revolutionary he may be, but that doesn't mean he's good at the same time. As far as the prozines go, I'm lucky to see one on the stands at a time around here, so I grab it. This argument about commercialism forcing a juvenile slant is too worn for me to talk about any more; that's been the main gripe of comic fans since there have been comics. At least New Worlds exists; the only thing comparable in comics might be Witzend, or maybe Mad, neither of which would make it as comics, so sf people should be grateful. Also be grateful, Mr. Spinrad, that Dr. Wertham hasn't seen one of your books, or we'd soon see a national campaign against science fiction.

The disregard for veracity in speculative writing shouldn't be so lightly brushed off, I should think. A writer always struggles to make his characters and settings believable in normal writing. Why shouldn't he do the same when the background is a little more difficult? It can still be made human. Read about the work Gene Rodenberry went into in making Star Trek authentic. Or how about 2001? It is essentially a speculative--as opposed to science--fiction, by its ending and plot. But the technical accuracy was unbelievable in its scope, and made the end more believable to someone who would have laughed it off without the realistic build-up.

Leo Kelley's hypothesis about Westerns and sf stories is ostensibly sound, but there are two things to consider. First, it applies strongly only to pulpy stuff of twenty years ago. Second, it is so general that some of it could apply to any story one might write. Good fantasy should not be trans-



posed horse opera, and perhaps somebody could use that to check themselves in the future.

At the risk of making a foe of Faith Lincoln I will say that whatever it cost you to print that sheet, it was wasted. ((Faith says she will be putting the sheet your loc is printed on for her dog...not as good as newspaper, but the thought's there. She said it, not I...vicious Faith.))

Mike O'Brien I liked BAB. Send it again.
 158 Liverpool St. No.. Put down that Begaton Blaster... Just kidding....
 Hobart,Tasmania Actually (I almost said "frankly"), I do like Bohema...
 Australia oops... I mean BeABohema. Bohema is the ~~disbelief~~ belief, BeABohema
 7000 is its official journal; right? ((Wrong...BAB is the journal, but
 Bohema is the person...who cares what the belief is?))

I liked the Mike Lunney piece. Everytime somebody mentions Marvel Comix, it reminds me of the time I was at the 1968 Melbourne SF Con and fell in with a group a comics fans. One of them asked whether I had any old Marvels. "Oh, yeah...Fantastic Four No. 3," I said casually. Their reaction was stunned silence; seems I'd outdone them all and I wasn't even a real comicfan. ((Wouldn't astonish too many people around here, I'm afraid...entire Marvel collections are getting to be common....))

Interesting piece on Spinrad. I'm astounded the New Worlds serial of Bug Jack Barron got past our Customs people. They're nearly as puritanical as the South African inspector who impounded a book bearing the provocative title Black Beauty.

Out of the other pieces I pick Faith Lincoln's piece as my favorite. I tink it is der most. (Ha.. A German accent from an O'Brien....)

Now for the most interesting part of the zine: the "WHY" column. I'm used to people sending me zines through NFAS (I nearly said "strange zines", but I realized you might misinterpret that) but I dunno yu at all, so wy should yi consider mk0'b a good bet for a contrib?? ((Ya know....I've been trying to decipher that last sentence for the longest damn time, and it just came to me. The answer is....Why not??))

Richard Delap Thanks muchly for the copy of BeABohema #1, though I must in-
 1343 Bitting form you that you started out somewhat on the wrong foot. It is
 Wichita,Kansas' a habit of mine to turn immediately to the Receiving-Reason page.
 67203 I don't know if you purposely intended to shock or not ((I did.)),
 but it did. Aggghhh...I'm Ted White....????.... Well, hell, I always say I'm very
 broadminded, but this tests my limits.

But then I'll put up with a lot when someone presents me a copy of their fanzine (and heaven knows I get dozens of them) that sports a Gaughan cover illo, especially when it's as fine as the one you used. Good show.. (Jack drew it...)

Re Bellowings...yes, I do believe that Ted White should be allowed to become a Bohema if he performs an act above the call of duty...like being kind to someone with no specific reason to be so. But then, as they say, snowballs in hell...

Though I don't agree completely with all the comments of Ed Reed's in the Spinrad article, it was a short but quite readable piece of work. I agree that Mr. Spinrad should be annoyed that The Men in the Jungle was hardly acknowledged. I have been trying to get a copy from the SF Book Club for several months, and despite the fact that I ordered when it was first listed, they keep sending me polite little notes telling me that it isn't available. (They also offered me Zelazny's Lord of Light after 5 or 6 letters bugging them about the fact when my original order wasn't acknowledged. Now I'm glad I didn't buy it, despite its Hugo win, cause I checked a copy from the library and read it....Bleh....)).

As to Mr. Reed's comparison of the literary qualities of Analog and If--balderdash.... Analog proudly displays pages and pages of what is often pseudo-literary quality (though a genuine exception like Bob Shaw's "Light of Other Days" occasionally appears). If is juvenile? You don't have to be a very good writer to get into If? It's true you have to be a good writer to get into Analog, but you often don't have to be a good storyteller. Also, I don't get the idea that New Wavers publish better literary quality that "makes them more readable than the Old Wave story with its hack writing". But then maybe I'm one of these oddballs who can find both good and bad in Old and New Wave writing. A Good Story should catch, hold and satisfy

the interest...the method of doing it isn't important as long as it is done. I don't see the great distinction between Galaxy and If either, but Reed's heavy (and greatly unfounded) condemnation of If is rather annoying. Otherwise the article is ok. ((One reason for If's remaining lousy is that they've been winning the Hugos for these past three years...they've latched onto a formula. Print stories that are usually the same boring lines, and peddle it to kids. The walk-in voters at the cons think it's tradition for If to win the Hugo, so they vote for it, too. ** One difference between If and Galaxy is the rate paid for stories. Galaxy pays more. That is to say, you get more per word if it appears in If than if it does in Galaxy. (Starting rates, that is.) When you get paid more, you'll work harder. If you're normal, that is. ** Do all the stories in If or any other mag hold your interest? I find myself skipping entire issues of certain mags...but never F&SF or NEW WORLDS. Mean anything? To me it means I'm tired of space opera....))

Hubbard slams Zelazny for nearly everything but what he should be slammed for-- Lord of Light. Talk about stock melodrama and cliché characters...LoL had them in spades. As for the work Zelazny has done previously, I liked most all of them (especially the novel He Who Shapes, or The Dream Master if you prefer that title) and don't see them in at all the same light as does Hubbard.

In The Final Frontier, Leo Kelley seems to feel that sf, as the "black sheep" of the literary family, needs stronger characterizations. May be, but do fans in general agree with this attitude? Several recent novels are terrifically strong in characterization (such as Lafferty's Past Master), then are greeted by jeers from the fans who loudly proclaim that they don't understand such stories.

I try to be as kind as possible to fan-fiction, but Faith Lincoln's The Minatory Mimosa confused me utterly. Was she spoofing the New Thing, or attempting it seriously? Until I know that, I reserve judgment, though to be perfectly honest, I doubt if the opinion I presently hold will change a whit. ((The Minatory Mimosa...well, I understand it a bit after Faith's explanation. But of course, you don't have any such thing to gauge the story by. In effect, Pistle was the child all of us are. He grows us in a world of hypocrisy, with an understanding of nothing. He worships Matt Dillon, but then discovers Dillon isn't a real person. His faith in the world is lost. He crumbles the picture, but thinks more of the action...perhaps Dillon is yet to be found, and the picture...still crumpled goes back in his pocket. The atom bomb salesman should be obvious...wholesale slaughter...))

Patrick Strang PO Box 567 Balboa, Calif. 92661 I know a fugghead who is always spouting off about whatever happened to the good old days? sort of story and who decries the awful bad things that are happening to good old science fiction, the engineer's haven from reality, where the egghead scientists who don't understand practical problems are put in their place, the Internal Revenue is foiled by some masterly scheme of the hero that would have flopped in real life, the UN is unmasked as a conspiracy of the lefties to take over the world, is smashed by the hero, who may be a broad-shouldered pioneer-type asteroid miner--etc., and etc. Why a lot of misfit asteroid miners should be the repository of all that is Good, Free, and Non-socialist is something I have never understood and perhaps ties in with our myths about the Wild and Woolly West. Especially since I have read about some of our pioneer types, such as Hugh Glass and Jim Bridger, I can't understand how such kinked up people could be ideal models for...but then I should not tear down the national legends.

The fact is that I couldn't come up with a rebuttal to this mourner of the loss of technical details and impossible heroes from among us. Leo P. Kelley has provided that rebuttal. and in my opinion BAB should imitate the American Rifleman and the Reader's Digest and provide reprints to send to unappreciative types who think that science fiction and fantasy should have been left in the gee-whiz age of the '20's and '30's. ((Carry on a practice started by fascistic mags like the two you mentioned??? Pshaw....))

Hubbard may be right about comparing Zelazny's plots to old potboiler movies, but such comparisons could probably be made with any author. Plots have quite a bit of sameness, and this can't be well avoided. ((The argument may well be applicable to every author in existence, but that doesn't make the argument any less relevant in the case of Zelazny...I should think. ((Purity??))))



Now that BAB has torn into so many authors, I might suggest something that all the Hippie-choppers and Peacenik-scoffers indulge in to a great extent: make some positive statements. Or change the name to DAB. You'll scare all the newfies away. Or else reduce fandom to a chopping nest of Bohemas--a horrible thought. ((You and Piers Anthony....))

A mere reader like me shouldn't offer editorial suggestions, but I will anyway: Keep up the good work. It's a pleasure to see a different sort of fanzine, more serious, but at the same time SERIOUS seriousness, not the Baker Street Irregular sort that I enjoy, but too much discussion of what the coinage of Gonder was, or what Conan's father looked like is too much.

"The Minatory Mimosa" hit a sour note with me, perhaps because so many other zines are doing satires, apories (parodies in English) and funny pieces on the interesting theory that a short humorous thing is easier to do than a short, serious thing. Corn, maybe, is easy to write, but true humor takes talent, REAL talent.

Of course, so does a short-short serious piece, or any sort of ultra-

short writing. This places the editor in the position of having to decide whether or not to accept corn, serialize, or maybe drop fanfic altogether. MY worthless opinion is that a magazine that comes out maybe four times a year is no place to put a serial. And most zines have budgets that are too skimpy to allow fifty-odd pages of story, aside from the charges of favoritism that would result if one author got so much space.

On the other hand, it would be a good thing for budding authors to get into print and get some comments for their work, and it is my own experience as a budding author that there is much less of a psychological block involved in writing up a story for BAB or NIEKAS than there is in writing when you think that the piece will end up under the beady stare of John Campbell or Fred Pohl. Maybe some authors need that pressure to become perfectionists, for the other side of the coin is that the fear of a big-name zine will push the writer to do his best.

But lest I get too esoteric, I'll stop talking about writers' problems. DAB, you were really good. Keep on being so...

Michael E. Dobson Loved the cover. Probably the most worthwhile thing in the 214 Lafayette St. issue. How in the hell did you get a Gaughan cover? ((I asked.))
Decatur, Ala. R.H. Racwain is not a great poet. He is not even a very good
35601 one. The lines rhyme, that's something. I guess. But the whole mess is one total irrelevancy.

Ed Reed, Gary Hubbard, and Leo P. Kelley all are very good writers. The articles are of high quality, and pretty much correct.

Faith Lincoln, now, is something else again. "The Minatory Mimosa" ranks among the best fan fiction I've ever seen. The story was humorous, clever, intelligent, and just plain damned good. Print more by her.

And then we have some twerp named Frank Lunney. Who can't write. Who is often silly. If you'd clear him out of your fanzine, you'd have a damned good fanzine. The first part of Bellowings of a Bohema is quite silly. He refuses to define the

term bohema, then mentions a bunch of names and says why or why not they will be admitted. This sounds like the ravings of a neo that's been in fandom about a month and a half, rather than a fan who's been in for over a year. Frank, you can do better. I've read your stuff when you are doing better and know that you could make BAB into a pretty damned good fanzine if you'd just write as well as I know you can. ((I haven't been a fan for over a year, I am a neo by almost any standard, and I can't write to satisfy myself, and I satisfy myself before anyone Out There. I have yet to do the former....))

Redd Boggs Starting from the title
P.O. Box 1111 itself, BeABohema is just
Berkeley, Calif. a little to cute to be in-
94701 stantly palatable. Meeting
 the invitation "BE A BOHEMA

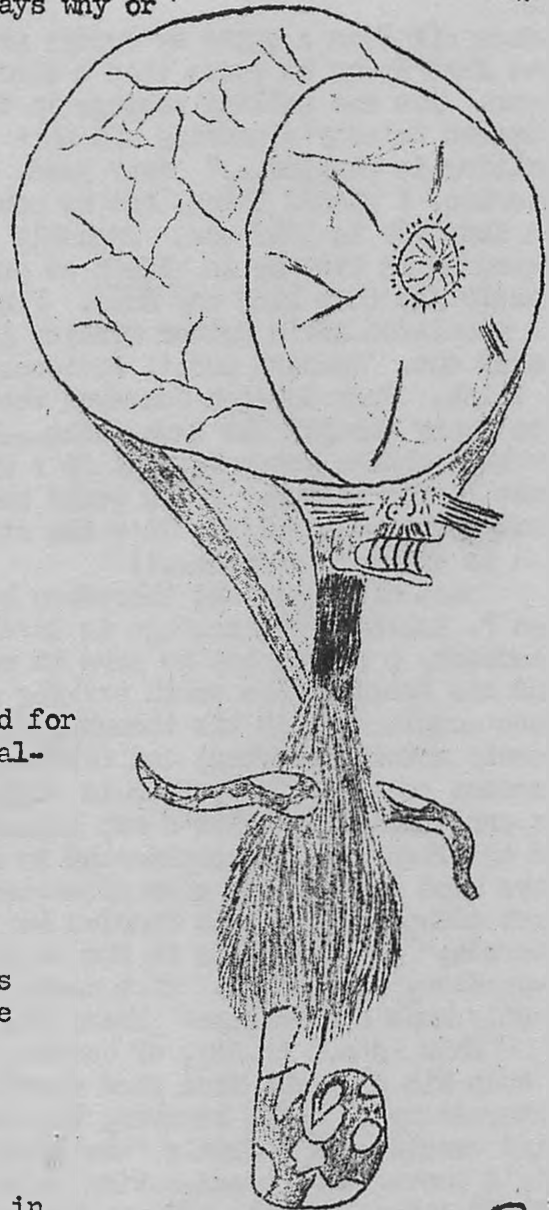
.....((The typer with no exclamation points))
--with eleven tumescent exclamation points-- so
daunted me that I crawled under the bed and stayed for
three days. The rest of the magazine, when I final-
ly went back to it, was more pleasant despite oc-
casional exhortations elsewhere, such as on page
16: "BE A BOHEMA....." with only six exclamation
points.

Who is Regis Toomey? ((He's an actor. I
guess the only role I remember him from is that
of a sergeant of police in the tv series, "Burke's
Law".))((He was also a semi-presidential candidate
))

Mike Lunney's page was of some mild interest
as a bulletin from another (not-very-exciting)
world. You say that Mike "doesn't like Marvel"
after all, despite the fact that he wrote two-
thirds of a page about Marvel that was supposedly in
praise of those comics. What happened to Mike is the
same thing that happens to many people who have enjoyed
a particular work or field uncritically for a long while. The time comes when they
sit down to write a page in praise of that thing and suddenly they are forced to see
it critically for the first time. Often it turns out, under this scrutiny, that the
long-admired thing isn't as admirable as it seemed before. Or, of course, it could
be that Mike is growing up and putting aside childish things like comic books, though
of course I don't know how old he is. ((I wouldn't call comics childish; it's just
that the great bulk of the readers are kids. What kind of people make up the bulk
of sf's audience?))

I liked your lineup of articles. I don't entirely agree with the conclusions
reached in these articles, but at least they are serious looks at current science
fiction, and such articles are rare in these days of crap about "Star Trek" and
"2001." Ed Reed criticizes Norman Spinrad, but apparently agrees with Spinrad al-
most completely. Where he doesn't agree with Spinrad, I don't agree with Reed. In-
cidentally, I can imagine what James Joyce might have said about an editing job on
his book that made the title--as you and Reed have rendered it--Finnegan's Wake.
((When you look over the list of corrections Joyce made over the original edition,
you find the editors made a few mistakes of their own. It may have been pure chance
that they didn't add the apostrophe to the title.))

Gary N. Hubbard's "Late, Late Zelazny" is significant in that it is one of the
few fanzine articles that doesn't fall down slobbering at the very name of Zelazny.
However, I don't entirely agree with Hubbard any more than with Ed Reed. Hubbard



B

takes off from a quote by Budrys praising Zelazny for his "literary" writing style, but from there he veers into a discussion of Zelazny's plots, which isn't quite germane. The one telling passage in this article is Hubbard's "...the only difference between Zelazny's writing and that to be found in the old pulps is that Zelazny's writing is purpler..." Very good. Zelazny could have sold to Thrilling Wonder Stories, I should think, but he wouldn't have been deemed in the top rank of writers in the 1939 to 1943 era. Probably the reason for the unreasonable adulation he has received is that he is almost as good as the writers of that time, and you can't hardly get that kind any more. Finally, I'm horrified at one of Hubbard's phrases: "A misplaced movie writer working in a media..." My god... ((Oops... And now it comes out. Hubbard wasn't serious. It was a joke. Not many people realized this, I think. Buck Coulson remarked that Gary was funny in a review in His Mag. Possibly Tom Reamy thought the same thing...he's reprinting it in TRUMPET, I think. But Hubbard thinks Roger Zelazny is a writer of importance, and he wants everyone to know it was in fun. It would seem that you can't write a satire any more without having everyone believe it's the straight poop. Something's wrong...or someone thinks BAB is entirely serious..))

Most eloquent, and therefore best, of the articles was "The Final Frontier" by Leo P. Kelley. His message is hardly new, see for example De Camp's Science-Fiction Handbook, p 215ff, but he says it well. There seem to be only two reasons why "man" and his feelings are worth talking about in literature: (1) because man is a lot more complicated in his thoughts and feelings than animals are--stories like Black Beauty notwithstanding; and (2) because the author and the reader are people. These reasons seem not to pertain in science fiction. Science fiction, as Kelley says, is concerned with "what's out beyond," and one thing we can imagine that's out there is an alien race as complicated in its inner existence as man himself. Thus, there have been some pretty good characterizations of extra-terrestrials in science fiction. Just offhand: The Roman Candles (or whatever they were called) in Simak's "Masquerade," the Immortals in the Skylark stories, the monster in van Vogt's "Cooperate --or Else," and so on. What matter if the humans in these particular stories were pretty much stereotypes? These non-human entities made the stories memorable.

This is not to say, of course, that I disagree completely with Kelley; indeed, I echo his plea for more good characterization of people in science fiction. It is interesting to note, however, that Kelley's idea of good characterization of woman-kind consists of a female "who doesn't end up with a soulmate because deep down she's shown to be a man-hating bitch." Hoo-hah. But it's almost safe to say that in all of literature the only worthy characterizations of women were done by women writers.

I enjoyed Faith Lincoln's "The Minatory Mimosa" (the title gives no clue to what the story is about). This avant-garde thing is more fun than most. It reminded me (since I'm an egotist) that I once wrote a story as surrealistic as this, which was published in Max Keasler's fanzine, Opus--about 1951 or 1952, I suppose. ((Redd, you were the only one to realize the non-existent connection of the title and the story. That was another test, actually. Either most people knew the connection and didn't bother with it, or they didn't know, and didn't care, or they couldn't find out what it was, or something....))

The interior artwork has some possibilities; and Jack Gaughan's cover is OK, except that he copped out when it came to drawing the feet of the two human figures. Oh well, why work hard on a drawing for a goddamn fanzine?

Faith Lincoln	You gave it a good try and your first ish isn't disgusting.
P.O. Box 303	The cover was good, but all the other illos were terrible.
Irvington, N.J.	Just disgusting. You should have forgotten about 'em.
07111	Though a little smudgy, the repro was above that of a crud-zine, somewhat:

This comix stuff is pure shit. Who cares about comix? You're trying to put out an SF fanzine--so you put a comix column in--go off and join capa-alpha and satisfy your weird urges.

The only person who seems to know less about the promags and their doings is Spinrad, but I won't waste my time with pimps like him (little bit of his own medi-

cine.

What's Hubbard talking about? Sure some of Zelazny's stuff has movie-type plots. The usual term, though, is adventure/excitement plots. But the way he writes makes him great. He says Budrys and his ilk extol Zelazny's talents only because of his style and not because of his plots. But Hubbard doesn't say a damn thing about style. Zelazny's style would not be acceptable in pulps. Also, novels with complicated plotting such as Lord of Light would be rejected by pulp editors; even if they liked it, they'd reject it because the main readership of the pulps wouldn't take writing like LoL.

You say you don't like wasting stencil space...why did you print those "poems"?

Leo Kelley's article pulled your zine out of the pot of crudzines. It made some sense and I could read it. Much, much more than I can say for Hubbard and that ass Reed.

Well, if you work at it you'll get something out of it. Maybe some more of Kelley's stuff. How about seeing if the grand old man of fandom, Sam, would like to say some more things on the New Wave after his DIFFERENT which published J.J. Pierce's brilliant piece on how shitty the New Wave and mainstream have become. What a beautiful article....

Jack Gaughan Though, of course, I don't mind, as the phrase goes, "lending my
P.O. Box 516 talents" to BAB which seems like a funzine, I must hasten to advise
Rifton, N.Y. that I do not lend my support to (at least) two of your opinions.
12471

The least important--but most surprising "error" in opinion
first: In a small, private theatre on the 35th floor of the ABC
building in N.Y.C. I sat alone as the lights dimmed, the room darkened and the wall
I faced split in the middle, the sections sliding silently into the walls. I
watched a small orange-colored rocket-ship buck a storm in space and waited through
the hasty but somehow overlong introduction of the characters. The storm worsened,
the ship bucked and tossed and the control-board sparked and flared like cheap fire-
works.

"Oh God.." I thought, "Irwin Allen and his damned firecrackers..."

Then the ship landed.

Sunnuvagun....

The cowardly "villain" was NOT Dr. Smith but rather more human as played by Kurt
Kaszmar.

The special effects, seen FULL SIZED....and IN COLOR on a large screen were in-
deed far and away the best I've seen.

And it was a good suspense story.

No rock people....

Be prepared, at least in the first episode, for a surprise from, of all people,
Irwin Allen and his LAND OF THE GIANTS.

It may not be good sf but it's good tv... ((The first episode passed as something,
I would say. It's now lousy anything...the first episode of LOST IN SPACE was better,
tho. The form it takes now was inevitable if it's thrown out from Irwin Allen.
Might as well read the article in here somewhere about LAND OF THE GIANTS. I'm
not the only one who thinks it's crap, I should think.))

Now the other opinion...

You (referring to Gary Hubbard), like many others (I think), are over-reacting
to Roger Zelazny. I cannot go along with the implication that he is writing only
horror movies. "Damnation Alley" was a horror movie--you'll notice that I avoided the
temptation (in illustrating it) to make it look like one. But you missed something
if that's all you saw. It was a damned GOOD horror movie. We have all overpraised
Roger without, I think, understanding what he was about--now let's not, out of em-
barrassment, over-react to our own errors and take it out on Roger. In other words
I do not lend my support to your opinion of Mr. Z. ((Don't forget that it was all
a put-on, Jack. If you want Gary's own words, here they are: "If there is any re-
action from Zelazny, tell him not to worry, that it was all in fun, and I'm one of
his biggest fans. But IT'S TRUE, IT'S TRUE his prose is purpler than the sage in a
Zane Grey western." There you have it. He also writes, "...everything I write, say,
or do is partly a joke or a put-on. I don't believe in being serious." Beware...))

I'd like to read of Mr. Kelley's "flawed" characters, but as with even roast venison, not as a steady diet. But we could use a few people-type people in SF.

Chez. Now I'm a Bohema. Japers Pat.

I just spent the past several years getting over being somewhat Bohemian and have become, instead, a volunteer fireman...

Now I'm a Bohema.

Maybe nobody'll find out.

Well, briefly. BAB was fun and I enjoyed. Damned good for a No. 1. ((With your help, of course. Think what I would've felt like for the rest of the zine if I had been forced to do the cover....))

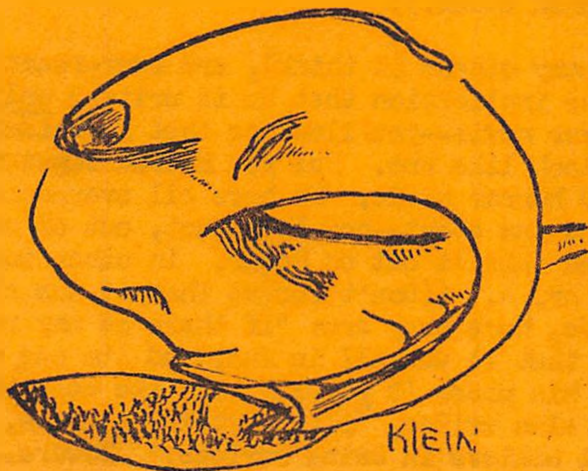
Piers Anthony ((I wasn't going to run all of this letter originally, but I have a feeling Piers wrote it to be published...it wasn't just for putting me down. So, I'll let you indulge in Piers's own indulgences...))

I had this fanzine, replete with determinedly neo-faanish lingo and interesting but superficial articles, earmarked for a post card thanks-but-no-thanks reply, but something happened on my way to the typewriter. A little nauseating something nagged at my memory...so finally I made notes for a--I don't like that word "contrib"--bution. (How come you say contrib and contribs, but not contribbed?) So I'll make a sharp short comment, then append my ~~story little essay commentary thesis~~ ~~trap~~ ~~only~~ ~~an~~ ~~idea~~ ~~little~~ ~~to~~ ~~read~~ ~~behind~~ ~~the~~ ~~elaborately~~ ~~fully~~ bution, after which you can sink back into the mire wence you emerged.

First, if you run any part of this letter, etc., in your nextish (Chod, I hate that lingo. Best remark on that I've seen--I forget who said it--was "To me, ish is what's on top of an undercooked fried egg" or something to that effect. Yeah.) please delete my proper name and address. That is, put "Piers Anthony" and nothing else. The purpose of this is to prevent other ~~people~~ ~~you~~ ~~to~~ ~~delete~~ ~~behind~~ ~~the~~ ~~elaborately~~ ~~fully~~ like you from sending me ~~I~~ ~~turned~~ ~~you~~ ~~about~~ ~~that~~ like yours. Savvy? ((Huh? Oh, sure. You're a bit late in deleting addresses, though. Like having PSYCHOTIC and the Yellow Zine and SHAGGY and GRAMFALLOON and everyone else printing your zine..well, if they wanted your address it's easy enough to find out what it is. Not from me, though. You might bite off my neck.))

You evidently feel that the way to success is through attacks on the better writers of the day, and you balance it nicely by choosing one who fights back--Spinrad--with one who doesn't--Zelazny. Next time I dare say your entries will be, respectively, Ted White and Samuel Delany. And if you live for your third, Piers Anthony and Larry Niven. After that you will no doubt change your name and abscond with the loc's to Lower Slobbovia, waiting for the radioactivity to diminish. ((Sure... You can interpret an attack into anything, can't you. Like, Leo Kelley was attacking all those incompetants who can't write characterization in their sf, and Faith Lincoln was lambasting the witless wonders of the world. As I've already quoted from Gary, he wasn't attacking Zelazny, and Ed Reed...well, he had that article. But it doesn't seem to be the worst thing possible to do..that is, criticize any writer. If he's any kind of professional writer, he should accept criticism, and, if

need be, the attacks some people will naturally shell out. But all offensive remarks inherently contain a bit of truth...at least. It's the weak knees who can't take it. I like letters like the one from you, for instance. If someone reads enough of BAB to be sickened, they apparently think something of it, even if it should be flushed down the can. This issue doesn't have an attack on Ted White...at least, not directly. Unless he takes Leo Kelley's articles as being directed against him, which is entirely possible. And Richard Delap



has been disagreeing with Ted White ever since the deal about Lord of Light came up in Coulson's Unknown Pub. Samuel Delany--well, the review of Nova is already written, and scheduled for next issue. Your third issue prediction: Piers Anthony is ready for the block with The Ring and Omnivore, possibly next issue. How did you know? I can't wait till The Macroscope or whatever it's going to be called comes out. Larry Niven--he's just too good, and it would seem as if nothing is planned, but I haven't seen Ringworld yet. I don't intend to take off for your Lower Slobbovia)original..(as I could care less about radioactivity. Apparently you don't like it when people who used to follow your stories fall out. Everyone who's reading this: you may be interested to know that I consider good ol' Piers to be among The Best, and he is Ranking High. Tsk...you can't get the bite on somebody when you like what he writes as much as you can when his prose makes you puke. Of course, some people puked over Chthon, but I didn't....like I said in the ALGOL review....))

I will say this, however, re your Spinrad commentary: the field would be neither as interesting nor as good if it were not for the malcontents like him who have the guts to complain when wrong is done. You seem to feel that the field is pretty wide, but you never get to see what is being rejected by the narrow editors, so you don't really know. (I am using "you" as in you-fanzine, not you-person.) And if you think Avram Davidson was a good editor, you never dealt with him in a professional capacity. If you are at all familiar with my work, you may have noticed a difference between my stories and my novels. The stories have to filter through magazine editors; the novels don't. If you prefer the novels, then you have some idea what you are missing in the stories, because I write the way I write, in either length. Certainly I am not satisfied, which is one reason I have almost stopped writing stories. Spinrad seems to have stopped writing for the magazines entirely, and I say it's too bad, though I endorse his stand, because he was very good in story length. ((Yeah...but there's just so much you can write about in the pages of ANALOG, as you must know about, taking into account your appearances in those pages. Spinrad, also, is one of the top writers. But he could be better. Anyone could be better, and will be when his mistakes, if he makes any apparent ones, are pointed out to him by criticism which says something. You can use Spinrad's own words concerning "a constructive fandom" to apply to one of the services fandom should provide.))

Actually, another article of yours bewails this very lack of depth--but fails to put the blame where it belongs. I say that in many cases the writers know what the readers want, and write it--only to have it intercepted and bounced by the editors. Look at the awards pulled down by the non-magazine stories, in books like Dangerous Visions. That should be evidence that there are excellent stories that people like, that can't get into print unless they bypass the regular magazines. But in novels, the taboos are much less stringent. You say, "Take...Oedipus" as an example of the type of characterization that is not done in SF. I say, why don't you read my own novel, Chthon? You'll find Oedipus, and not any glancing reference, either. But Chthon did have some trouble getting into print, and it would have been a waste of time and postage to try it on any of the magazines. I believe some non-taboo story markets are opening up now, and I certainly approve of these and mean to contribute to them. ((I hope so...I obviously don't croak when I see another story by you in a new pb or something.))

On your checkoff you failed to check "You write grouchy letters" for me. I demand an apology. ((It has been given....I've seen grouchier, though. Yes...you may take that as a challenge.))



Harry Warner, Jr.
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21740

This might not be the healthy loc that you suggested, because I've been on the sickish side in recent weeks. There won't be an independent contribution, this time, because I'm falling too far behind on locs to justify risking more time on articles for fanzines. But you will find congratulations on turning out an excellent first issue. Its brevity is a particular virtue under my particular circumstances of the moment, because I haven't had time to read and write about the mattress-sized fanzines in recent weeks. When a normal-sized one comes along, I can rejoice in the luxury of getting it read and loc'd in less than an hour.

The illustrations you put inside this issue are stenciled so well that you'd be foolish to pay for electronic reproduction of them. I'm quite concerned about the way fanzines are becoming a financial drain on the editors, because it's bound to keep some of the more insolvent fans from having their own publications. One good way to keep the cost of editing down is to do your own stenciling and stylusing, except when you have something almost impossible to do by hand, like the cover on this issue. ((Well, I defected to electro-stenciling...and my tracing of illos has become worse than it was in #1, as may be noticed from the illos I tried to do in this issue by hand....ugghh. Some were verily too complicated, though...))

Most of the material in this issue appealed to me, and some of it fitted perfectly with my own sentiments, particularly the articles by Gary Hubbard and Leo Kelley. All by myself, I figured out not long ago why fiction in fanzines is so different now from when I first began to get fanzines. It's because so many youngsters write their first stories under the influence of the fast-moving stuff on television, not an imitation of a favorite novel. I antedate television as a fan, you see. I'm pretty sure that Zelazny is old enough to have been influenced by some of the movies cited when they were new, and many of them have been appearing on television late shows in more recent years. (Of course, there's another basis for future changes in writing styles. CBS is planning a late night variety show to compete with those on ABC and NBC, and when it begins next year the traditional time for the late movies will have been usurped on all three networks, and the nationwide showings of movies earlier in the evening stay away from the older sort of film and those that might be too offensive to kids.)

The lack of real characterization in science fiction has bothered me as much as it does Leo Kelley. I suspect that readers and fans are as much to blame as writers and editors. Just think of all the praise that has been given to certain famous short story that struck me as a ghastly parody of this sort of bad characterization, the one about the prissy woman who causes the human race to die out because she won't go into a man's room. Doggone it, people behave out of normal custom when an emergency comes up, and the story struck me as just plain stupid. The mania to have everything predictable and explainable even extends to non-character matters. Look at all the arguments in fanzines over the meaning of the monoliths in the new Clarke-Kubrick movie. Not a single reviewer, to my knowledge, has even considered the possibility that these monoliths are supposed to be inexplicable. Everyone must automatically set up a symbolic function for them, or deduce some logical pattern for how they affect mankind. Maybe Clarke had some such meaning in mind--I haven't read the book version of the movie--but even if he did, the failure of reviewers to consider that they might be ambiguous is significant.

I haven't read enough by Norman Spinrad to make any ex cathedra pronouncements on his own fiction. But I am pretty much on his side in his opinions about the juvenile aim of most of the science fiction magazines and the harm that is done by many editors to the manuscripts with which they meddle. I haven't been enthusiastic about most of the New Wave stories I've read. But I've been even less enthusiastic about the attitude that an author does science fiction a grave injustice if he writes bad New Wave stories. Those who condemn them for such failures don't say similar unkind words about the enormous proportion of bad Old Wave stories among the total Old Wave output. Instead, they seem to feel that only great science fiction should be written with the New Wave techniques and this is an unreasonable demand. ((The general feeling is that New Wave stuff has to prove itself...but that Old Wave has been around for so many years that it must be good, and therefore it can be as bad as it wants to...but it won't be condemned as an insane way to approach sf.))

Anyone who feels uncomfortable buying comic magazines for himself has gotten the jump on the rest of us and is already living in 1984. Even in the days when the pulp magazines had bems threatening bosomy heroines on every front cover, I never felt the least embarrassment about carrying the magazines on a bus or on a walk. There are enough forces at work trying to censor reading matter. We shouldn't augment their numbers by letting ourselves develop nasty inhibitions of our own to hinder us from buying and reading anything that the outside censorship has left available.

Thanks for thinking about me with the first issue. I hope you reach that 100th Deutsch Noodle Press publication before I gafiate. ((I think I have plenty of time.))

Mike Symes
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Mattapan, Mass.
02126

I wouldn't place much faith in the Sturgeon/Sohl/Matheson/Johnson company because TV sf is now, with the demise of the total-minus-six PRISONER episodes shown, pretty much dead or dying. Television is afraid to do anything different, anything which doesn't follow the same standardized rules for success. Only a few movies and documentaries, and NET shows ("Flick Out" for example, though I suspect that's only a local show) are worth watching. I mean, look, what gets good ratings? Crud like VALLEY OF THE GIANTS. Do those people deserve, let alone ~~want~~, good, worthwhile television? STAR TREK has degenerated to an Allen Irwin level science fiction "camp". Movies, though not fantastically better, are our last hope, simply because with good advertising and distribution it is almost impossible for a film to fail financially. There is always, well, almost always, a certain large group of people who will see practically any movie, a large enough group to insure its commercial success. This is why I think films are a better field for experimentation.

Personally, I like the disreputable image of comics, though I feel that they are indeed at times a "legitimate Art Form" and like that there, because of the "underground" connected with it, especially Marvel, the only recent quality comics group. When you discover that someone is a Marvel fan, there is a wild tendency to shake hands, and engage in clannish in-group banter. Comics fandom, though, just turns me off. ((They're interested in money, old comics, money, info on old comics, money, original art from new or old comics, money, comic collections, and money. Comics fans are interested in comics, and nothing else...but money, of course. They aren't interested in people, which may be why it turns you off.))

Don't put Springer down; his work, especially in SHIELD 7, is "cool", in the best sense of the word: stylish, aware, sophisticated. Far less derivative than Steranko's, who borrows heavily from Kirby, Wood, and Eisner. Marvel's recent, grossly commercial, mismanagement is something to really complain about. Their recent overworking of Springer and their transfer of Steranko to X-MEN being examples of such. Steranko is not a suitable artist for a group strip. He should have been kept, at least bi-monthly, with SHIELD. Springer should have been given, say, a Jimmy Woo strip, which would fit his style perfectly. Just noticed "group strip" up there, lovely connotations.....

Ned Brooks
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A great cover by Gaughan, better than he generally does for the prozines. It looks as if Conan, Gandalf, and one of the Three Blind Mice wandered into a space opera. "A foolish consistency is the bugaboo of small minds," someone once said.

The only thing the name Spinrad brings to my mind is Bug Jack Barron, which I gave up on half-way through the first installment in NEW WORLDS. All I can remember is that is about the noisiest thing I ever tried to read, worse than Farmer's "Riders of the Purple Wage", and not nearly as interesting.

I think Hubbard is altogether wrong about Zelazny. The correspondences he finds between Zelazny's plots and some old movies are utterly insignificant coincidences. And Hubbard had to pick and choose among the Zelazny stories at that. What about "A Rose for Ecclesiastes" and the "Dilvish" stories? What about Lord of Light? Calling Call Me Conrad a "lost world" movie plot is like calling Lord of the Rings a "fairy tale"--it may be true in the superficial sense, but it has nothing to do with the merit of the book. ((I can't even begin to read the Rings books...though I did try to start with The Hobbit, which you've already warned about. So I'm feeble....))

Ed Cox

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It has been some time since I received BEABOHEMA 1, but better late than never. Trite, but it's always nice to receive a letter in reply to a fanzine and it always helps to receive the next... ((That part was going to be edited out, but it slipped in. I think Bob Vardeman would reply to that by saying something to the effect that words from the ASFS ghod should never be edited. Boo hoo...I await the fury of his wrath...))

As first issues go, it wasn't too bad at all. Your repro must've turned out better than you expected or else my copy was one of the good ones. Of course, the cover was excellent. Seems like it must've illustrated a story, as he's always sending sketches of what eventually turned out to be cover paintings or illustrations for some book or story or other. Otherwise, it could serve as a plot incentive for somebody to write a story. It's always an interesting challenge to a writer, for fanzines as well as prozines. ((To tell the truth, I hadn't used the mimeo for any printing before I knocked out BAB 1, for the simple reason that I purchased it just a little while before, and it was my first attempt at printing of any kind, so I figured I'd better apologize for repro in advance, just in case it didn't turn out satisfactorily. If it did turn out to be ok, I could always leave the impression

that I'm an imbecile. Apparently I left that opinion with a few people anyway. ## I don't like stories written around covers or illos that much. Usually they turn out to be rather inferior. "High Weir" by Delany in some late IF was an example...that was horrible. Piers Anthony can rejoice now...I've attacked Delany...and in the very same issue in which he predicted it would happen.))

Ed Reed's appraisal of the prozine field relating to some complaints Norman Spinrad has aired was interesting as a summary if not too informative. It didn't serve to refute Spinrad. In fact, the tone and attitude toward Spinrad was unfair and somewhat in poor taste. Nobody has any right to write "Perhaps Poor Norman is paranoid." Except maybe an analyst and that not for publication. I don't particularly agree with Spinrad's opinion of the field or his ideas concerning the aim and purpose of science-fiction writing. But I certainly owe him the respect for his right to his opinions, etc., and to observe this should I write about them. Reed overlooks this point. ((I

don't think Ed overlooked the point, but rather ignored it...))

The real gem in this issue is Gary Hubbard's analysis of the works of Roger Zelazny. That was really funny; cleverly put together and, at least in this appraisal, probably accurate. This is not to say that RZ set out to write these but among those that I've read, these comparisons come remarkably close to the old flicks!

((It just came to me...how to get an exclamation point out of this typer, I mean. Just tap the apostrophe above the period!!!!!! You are the *gh*od*!!!!))

On page 9, the bottom thereof, you ponder the phenomenal success with which many faneds make the articles come exactly to the bottom of a page. Well, I'm not sure that this is the case! Observe the number of fillers, plugs, illos, etc., that appear at the bottom of many a page. In some zines, these take the form of a quote from some old fanzine, or a book, story, etc, not even necessarily from stf as long as it is apropos or makes sense. In fact, the item with which you completed page 9 is a good example of how a lot of people make their pages come out even...

Leo P. Kelley over-simplifies an age-old cry of complaint in the field. I think the key to Kelley's misunderstanding of the situation (which is no longer universal in s-f), is that he expects the same treatment of people in science-fiction as in, as he illustrates, the works of Naughton, etc. The very fact that there are so many novels of the latter type exploring mankind in the known society of which is why s-f writers have attempted to explore the reactions of men to such things as godlings and nameless forces. Not because the writers don't much cotton to people (not



that it is cause for blame) but because they are interested in new situations, new reactions. Doubtless a great mass of early science fiction was preoccupied with this sort of thing and human characterization was notable lacking. Further, a tremendous amount of science fiction was ground out simply to fill magazines to be sold on newsstands in the same inspired reason that filled countless westerns, mystery, air war and romance magazines: to sell. Who cared about the motivations, stresses and overt interaction of some person to the society in which they were a part...or not a part...but should've been a contributing part, etc.; etc? Nobody! Sheer action, hero meets girl, saves her from villain, gets girl. It wasn't intended to be more than that and it did sell magazines to people who didn't expect or desire more than that.

This has, for some fraction of the field, changed. The "psychological", "sociological" science fiction story has been with us for over a decade. Some really interesting results have come about. Leo Kelley ought to read, if he hasn't, Greybeard, which comes to mind as an excellent example of some in-depth characterization.

The problem for Leo, as illustrated in his article, is that he already has the stories he's looking for! They are so basic, so simply directed to the human reaction, that he need only substitute World War II for Mars and he sure has got that Johnny-come-marching-home story by the score, and so on and on, for just one example. What I want is what it is like out there, as it might be unlike anything we've known before.

But enough of this. On to the rest of the zine. "The Minatory Mimosa" is not, I must say, the type of fan fiction that encourages a lot of people to keep reading such. I suppose it was all leading up to the punch line but...in mercy I will not dwell on the subject.

Re your editorial, it took one installment of VALLEY OF THE GIANTS to find that it was indeed just another coruscating control-panel opera. Absolutely abysmally bad. I've not watched it since. I saw the first JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN but have missed subsequent installments of the show due to oversight (as is the case tonight! 7Nov68), Olympic Games and so on. STAR TREK has also hit the skids and after a couple of the shows (excepting the season opener), I've forgotten to watch it, not being the motivated any longer!

So, thanks, belatedly, for the 1st issue of DEADONEMIA. I'd like to see the 2nd. Good luck with it. ((I'd like to see the 2nd, too....))

Larry Herndon
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Carrollton, Texas
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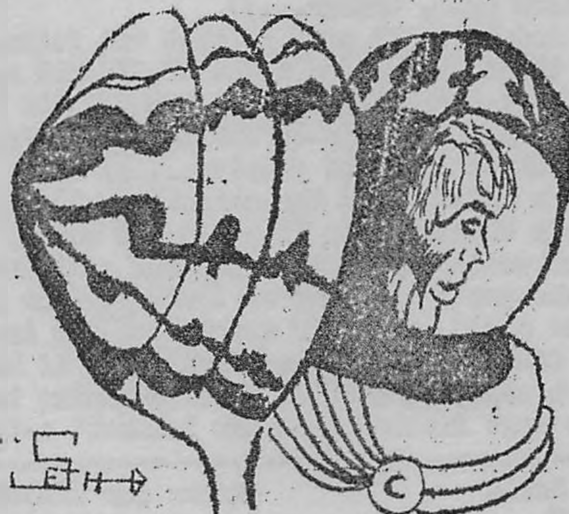
No, I'm not a pro, as was checked in your WHY I GOT THIS ISH column. I'm still a fan; always have been, and (even if I sold a dozen novels to Lancer or Ace or whoever) I suspect I's still be "just another fan." But...I see your point (scrawled all over the page...), yes, I did "sell" to Jim Warren's horror

comics. Well, perhaps the word sell is incorrect; I have yet to be paid, and my stories have yet to see print! I've heard, from various sources, that Warren was (as they put it) "a bit shift" in his dealings, and, in fact, that's why most of his good artists quit him over a year ago: he didn't pay 'em. But I'd always discounted such things; why an editor who didn't pay...? I never would have believed it!

Until I got it first hand...

Perhaps he has some "policy" about not paying until the story sees print, I don't know. His letter to me stated very clearly that "payment will follow in 30 days." The 30 days have since come and gone, and no loot.

Like I said, I don't know. Meantime, let's keep me a fan, and



keep our fingers crossed! I appreciate being considered a pro, but wait till I deserve it. (har-ho! Then I will expect airmail, special del. copies of your zines!) ((Har-ho! again. Not even Piers Anthony....))

Yes, now, where was I? Oh yes, BAB #1... ((You remembered...))

Hmmm, that cover was worth it (offset)--and the best thing in the ish. It usta' be that I didn't care too much for Jack Gaughan's art...but now, as I've grown to appreciate him more, I really dig his art! And I certainly applaud the fact that he is now a member in ghoud standing on the Brotherhood! ((The first sf mag that I ever bought (IF) had a Jack Gaughan cover, and it was loaded with Gaughan illos. That was in '65....late '65. I hated his work, and thought it extremely crude...just a mish-,ash of lines. I kept buying mags, and kept seeing Gaughan art, and kept retching, but I wanted the mags. But...after a while, I saw more than a linear conglomerate. I saw some real skill..I think. Before I became a fan, I was already eagerly looking through the mags for more of Jack's stuff inside. The same thing happened to me when I first encountered Vaughn Bode's art. Bleech. Then it became better...and I saw some of his strips in the zines, and he really moves me now. I thought it was a crock when I learned about his defection.... In the comics field, the same happened to me with Jim Steranko...and John Buscema. I have to hate someone mightily before liking anything he does....))

Re Stan Lee: to my way of thinking, he (and Marvel) are simply too commercial, what with all the ~~junk~~ items they're offering in their pages. Photos of "Stan Baby" for a buck?? Not for me, thanks. I mean, they're really laying it on too thick; I fully expect them to start offering individual hairs from Stan's beard, now that he's cut it. \$1 a hair. A bargain. I'd hoped Marvel's commercialism would stop when the camp craze died out, but no such luck. And now it's affecting my enjoyment of their comics; call it my mental attitude or whatever, but every time I try to read a Marvel, I feel like I'm falling into some sneaky trap set by some Madison Avenue-type who wants to sell me scrap paper Stan has touched, or dirt he's walked on... And now they don't even answer the letters printed in the letter columns; gee, I guess they needed the extra time to think up more money-making schemes to con the wild-eyed neos who make up the largest part of their readership....

Pardon me while I feel sick in the gut.... ((They've started answering the letters again, you know. Now you can send them that pukey smelling paper that always springs up when you feel sick in the gut...and to think you felt that way while leaning over BAB.....))

Your editorial touched on JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN; hasn't that been a disappointment?? I've been faithfully watching the thing, hoping for something half-way decent, but no luck thus far. Bloch's story last week was interesting, but still not the kind of stuff I want. Suspense, a heaping dose of it; stuff like THE HAUNTING. Too bad it won't last past mis-season, because something good might develop if given time. ((Of course, it's been chopped. And it has been getting better. Paper Dolls was one of the best...of anything I've ever seen. The usual has been poor, though...))

And the real pity is that the failure of JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN will probably kill the chances of A TOUCH OF STRANGE making it on the air... ((Another movie on tonight...a pilot, possibly. SHADOW ON THE LAND, about fascistic America--no, not The Story of Chicago--, and the Underground. I have yet to see it, but I generally enjoy these types of stories....))

Re Spinrad and the market for the short tale: with all the "men's sweat mags" (as Jim Warren calls them) on the market today, it doesn't seem as if any good writer would not be able to find a market. Sure, they don't publish honest s-f, but the men's magazine at least pay for fiction, and that's the important thing. A writer could certainly supplement his income from s-f writings by churning out fiction for the men's mags. And then, if his latest s-f novel was too "far out" and didn't sell, he'd still have something to fall back on. And maybe he could sell the men's mags fiction that was "almost" s-f....

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Thanks for BEAUCHAM 1. Regis who? ((Toomey.))

Jack Gaughan's cover was truly cool, and, I am sure, an excellent rendering of a former student at Bohema U. and his in-

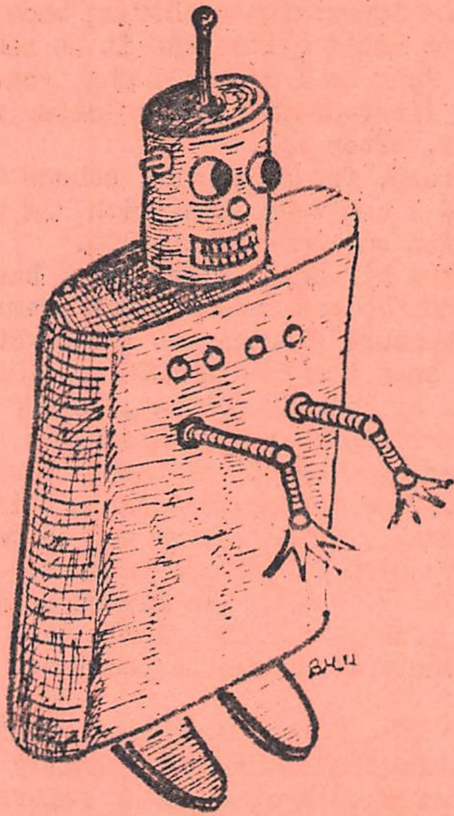
structor. But who is the big guy behind the instructor? ((Funny...that's the instructor, dummy!!!!)) Your editorial remarks give the impression of having been first-drafted on the stencil, what with sentences that don't quite make it as sentences, and so forth. I don't mind this so much, as long as I can tell what you're saying. It's your fanzine, after all. Besides, I'm first-drafting this letter now, so I don't have much room to kick; but it's my letter, after all.

Hot damn! Lots of stuff I can argue with. Ed reed, for a starter, echoes the general cry that IF is juvenile. I don't agree. And I can't go along with him when he says that "Most stories are bland writing (sic) with an 'adventure' plot." Since he offers no examples, I can't specifically rebut his contention, but I have been reading most of the stories in IF during 1967 and '68 and such has not seemed the case to me. There has not been a plethora of adventure stories, as I understand adventure stories. (Adventure stories? Has he ever seen the IMAGINATION and IMAGINATIVE TALES of the fifties?) And what does he mean by "bland" writing, anyway? No dirty words? No violence? Many of the stories are written in a nuts-and-bolts type of prose. Is that what he means? But there's nothing bad about that; it's just one of the ways of doing things. And he says "...the new writers can get into IF because you don't have to write very well." Nonsense. My own story was no world beater, but many of the best stories in IF lately have been by the new writers, such as John Rankine's "The Taste of Money" (Jan.), Jerry Junk's "The Edward Salant Letters" (April), John Thomas's "Publish and Perish" (June), and especially Lawrence Yep's "The Selchey Kids" (Feb. '68), which is the best novelette published anywhere so far in 1968.

He repeats the old cliché about ANALOG: Written for engineers. Bunk! What does he mean by "scientific romance"? As Moskowitz uses that term, a scientific romance is the type of story that Merritt and E.R. Burroughs wrote. Is Ed referring to Anne McCaffrey's "Dragonrider" series? If he is, how can he refer to ANALOG as engineer oriented? Were "Dune World" and "The Prophet of Dune" engineer oriented? Was The Horse Barbarians (which I didn't like) engineer oriented? In what class does Ed place James H. Schmitz's series about Telxey Amberdon? I imagine that he would consider Harry Harrison's The Time-Machined Saga humor, though I would hardly call it a "smattering." Poul Anderson's stories could be classed as engineer oriented, but they could also be classed as adventure oriented--and I hope that Ed is not going to call Poul Anderson's writing "bland"--and classed as people-interest stories, too. Jack Wodhams' better stories involve not just humor but complex technological extrapolation as well. ((You could have fooled me...but anyone could fool me!!!!))

Ed Reed is very fast with the generalities, is he not? As above and as when he complains that ANALOG is strictly science fiction. Really? How about "Dragonrider", the "Dune" serials, Harry Harrison's serials, and Christopher Anvil--how much science is there in a Christopher Anvil story?

F&SF is the best American sf mag? F&SF must have something going for it; any magazine that could con such divers and numerous personages as Basil Davenport, Orville Prescott, C.S. Lewis, and Louis Armstrong into thinking that it is the best sf magazine has to have something going for it. I've been reading F&SF regularly for almost as long as I've been reading AMAZING, FANTASTIC, FANTASTIC UNIVERSE (which is, alas, no more), and GALAXY, and longer than I have been reading ANALOG. Until recently, it always struck me as the least of the sf mags. That it is no longer in that state is due to the evil forces of Sol Cohen, into whose clutches AMAZING and FANTASTIC fell, thereby lowering them below even the standards set during those bleak years when Paul W. Fairman was editor. Stories in F&SF are "very well written" says Ed. I would say that they are smoothly written; that they are usually well polished chunks of vacuum. F&SF editors, from Boucher to Ferman, have always been suckers for the tribe morality play written up in a slick style and peopled with characters who might have crawled from under a wet rock and who usually get their just desserts. (And F&SF is not alone in being susceptible to this trivial type of story, as witness "The Doll House" in Dangerous Visions.) And they are also suckers for poor stories by big-name or medium-name writers like Robert Nathan and Russel Kirk. They have Zelazny and Delany, of course, but so do IF and GALAXY. And so did AMAZING and FANTASTIC before Sol Cohen happened. They have an occasional Larry Niven story, but remember what magazine he started in? IF.



"Most New Wave writers DO know how to write, where most Old Wavers don't," Ed says. What does he mean by write, now? Let us bear in mind the symbol write covers a lot of territory. It takes in Shakespeare and Norman Mailer, Homer and Joyce, Thomas Wolfe and Tom Wolfe. The writing of a story involves characterization, plotting, style, dialogue, viewpoint, pacing--and these are all interconnected. And there are many ways that the same story could have been handled. What does Ed mean by "Knowing how to write"? Many of the New Wavers (if there is a New Wave) have concentrated mainly on style at the expense of the other components of writing. The stories of J.G. Ballard and Philip K. Dick have no characterization worth mentioning (I expect to get some argument there). Thomas Disch is a smooth writer, but I can't see anything new about his stories, with the exception of his shoe-horning of literary and musical allusions into his stories. Murray Leinster and Poul Anderson are smooth writers, too; smoother than Disch; and if Poul Anderson puts in an allusion, it plays a part in the story. And what's "new" about Norman Spinrad? The Men in the Jungle is just a Johnny Mayhem story in novel length with twice as much blood and the volume turned up three more notches. Not one of the characters is real--stick figures all. The plot staggers along like a cross-eyed drunk on roller skates.

The description is poor--I didn't see any of the scenes. And the science--gaaaah! The "coordinates" of an orbiting spaceship? Laser beams that are visible in a vacuum? Norman Spinrad has to be a good writer. In spite of all the things wrong with the book, it carried me along and I finished with the feeling that it was well written--but I couldn't understand why. ((Some New Wave stories make you feel that way...))

Moorcock is bloody awful. The only good writing I have seen by him is in the "Elric" books. Everything else: "Behold the man", The Fireclown, The Sundered Worlds, The Jewel in the Skull, The Final Programme, those Martian novels he wrote as Edward Bradbury--ecccch! And his magazine is in his own image, even if it did break down a few months back and print a story by Fritz Leiber. (No comment on Bug Jack Barron; I'm waiting until I get all of it before reading.) But NEW WORLDS has "literary quality", says Ed. I wish he would define "literary quality" before he starts throwing it around. Literary quality, like the term write, takes in a lot of territory; and there is more than one kind of quality.

But I've jumped on Ed Reed long enough, so I'll shut up and give him a chance to fight back.

Some nit-picking about Leo P. Kelley's article: It doesn't seem necessarily bad if a character is predictable. In fact, if the author has done a good job of characterization I think that I should know the character well enough to be able to say what that character would do in a given situation. Philip K. Dick's stories mostly have no characterization and I can't tell what the characters are going to do next--but that's because all of Dick's characters behave with a complete lack of logic. Heinlein's characters, on the other hand, provide an exception. They are very real, but I usually can't tell what they are going to do--mainly because they are more logical than I am.

Also I don't consider "The scorn in which science fiction is held by some members of the literati" to be a "reasoned scorn". As Theodore Sturgeon has observed, sf is the only literature that critics insist on judging by its worst examples. And how many critics have "taken a look at a lot of sf stories..."? Not many.

Faith Lincoln's story was amusing, though I kept wondering if it was supposed to be a parody of the New Wave (whatever that is). But then, so many so-called New Wave stories are parodies of themselves. What is the New Wave, anyway? Most of the writers seem to think it's style. Judith Merrill seems to think it's "ideation" and keeps talking about how there's a revolution on. Harlan Ellison seems to think it's writing about "taboo" subjects. ((The New Wave is a different and sometimes radical method of storytelling, and only that. It involves the other various definitions you mentioned, but New Wave is unbounded...you can write The Way You Please, and not stick to the convention built up in sf in the past 40 years. And it's more fun too read, because some of it is so baaaaaaddddd!!!!!!))

Well, you said you wanted a long letter of comment. I may send you a book review, but probably not. The Army has told me "On Oct. 1, you will GO!" and I'm pressed for time. Would you believe a handwritten book review, sent from Saigon? Or maybe even Columbia U. Do they ever riot at Bohema U.? ((Of course not....they have no reason to do so. However, at monthly intervals, the entire campus takes a day off to clean out the Fish Tank.))

James F. Koval The best article in DAB 1 was Ed Reed's "SF Mags and Norman Spinrad". It is true that Norm is not always in the norm--
7626 Balfour St. but that he is always literally and openly active is a certainty.
Allen Park, Mich. I, myself, have read his caustic, nonetheless dynamically executed,
48101 letters in PSYCHOTIC...and have enjoyed them, as many of

his criticisms seem to bear a great deal of factual and personal weight; in short, his blatherings--personal or otherwise--are sincere and straight to the point.

I must also agree as to IF being aimed at the juvenile. It is, there's no question about it. But, believe it or not, altho I myself savor ECSEF and ANALOG, I still find certain issues of IF quite entertaining. I suppose that, even tho I've science-fictionally matured and graduated from IF to ANALOG, I've still retained a bit of that let's-have-a-little-juvenile-adventure spirit. Is this so bad? Apparently not, seeing as Ellison and Zelazny and Delany (not to mention van Vogt) still write for this "juvenile" publication and get their penny and a half per word. Even the efforts of Mike Moorcock's NEW WORLDS I applaud--but let's knock sf in a manner that will have the most lasting effect. Let's not discredit Mr. Pohl for what he thinks is right. After all, IF and GALAXY still reflect (the stories, that is) an essence of the American way of life. And if this is not entirely good from this standpoint alone, at least it is a magazine that will, someday, be willing to change --for the better. If not, it still entertains--and pays--somewhat. Muff said. ((Simply because Pohl believes what he is doing is right, that doesn't mean he should be lauded for his stance. Atilla the Hun thought he was right in killing and ravaging lands. Is it right for Pohl to so reduce sf to the heap of the stories he's been printing for a long time. Granted, some of the stories are good, but the great majority are bleechh.... And the bleech percentage is even higher for ANALOG. This month's arrival didn't look bad. An unusually good Freas cover illoed a Gordon Dickson story, which may even turn out to be good.))

The article by Gary Hubbard on Zelazny was interesting. I was glad to see someone do such a short but effective job of bringing home --or putting in--a speculative aspect to this writer's style and content. Zelazny is one of the last purple prose and romance sf writers, and it's not so bad when you compare some of his stuff to the kind of thing that was being written --and passed off--as "good" fantasy and science-fiction back in the late fifties and early sixties (where most of us picked up the sf bug). Primarily I am referring to the Ziff-Davis publications, AMAZING and FANTASTIC. They were



fairly good then, a time when a particular issue of AMAZING could seriously be compared to a certain issue of IF. They both printed new stories. Then again, Roger got his start in FANTASTIC, for it was in August 1962 issue that he has his first professionally published story, "Horseman!" (or something like that).

Whatever, if you must knock him, knock him as a writer--not as a person. Like Spinrad, he is sincere in what he believes in, and will help out any aspiring writers that come to him in need of help. I know.

 George Inzer That article/story/e-pistle/nightmare/freak out/whatever by
 Walker Hall Faith Lincoln...well, it just didn't get the nod from me. Maybe it
 116 Cox St. was so deep and surrealistic that my plodding mind just couldn't grasp
 Auburn, Ala. the full significance of the opus. However, my own snap judgment
 36830 of the thing was that it was meaningless. If it had left me any cold-
 er, you could have stuck a barber pole in my hand and called me Saint
 Nick.

It is very curious about Leo P. Kelley's article. I had just finished reading "High Weir" by Sam Delany in the October IF and it seemed to fit perfectly Leo's thesis. To a tee. Even down to the right planet. Well, I hope he's happy about that, because I'm not exactly jumping up and down with primevil glee over the fact. After I finished reading Delany's story I felt cheated. I read the thing, expected a story, and all I got was a case history of madness that happened on Mars instead of in Manhattan. I'm not attacking Kelley's position. I like a good story concerning psychology in stf, but please let it be a story and please let it be science fiction. The Delany drivell in IF was neither. Locale does not make a story science fiction or anything else. The ruins in that story were superficial and background since they did not bear directly on the story of Rimkin. Make that case history of Rimkin. As to Leo's charge that good characterization is often lacking in stf, well, I agree at least partially. But psychedelically colored characters are the very thing that I am against. This mania that's sweeping the world is ok for the few, but why foist it on the people who hate it? If you want to write about reality, don't write about psychedelically colored people. They are almost non-existent when compared to the multitudes of three-dimensional people you could write about. And let's face it...psychedelic is a stereotype as much as the Captain Future types, the Space Engineer types, and the Pirates of the Asteroids types. It's just that the psychedelic types are In and the others are Out. And In and Out doesn't enter into the judgment of true history. ((But would you like to read the story of Howard Everyman going to the bathroom? Without him being psychedelically colored, it would be a boring story.... Find out why he goes to the bathroom....))

 Robert Gersman Ramparts is one of the reddist of the so called Pink
 3135 Pennsylvania Ave. Publication, Commie inspired, activated, and sponsored.
 St. Louis, Mo. Jerry Sohl, Rich Matheson, Ted Sturgeon are not un-
 63118 known to me, having read Jerry's "Haploids", Dick's Shrink-
 : ing Man, and so many of Ted's, I can't remember any that were
 better than all the rest of his stories. George Clayton Johnson don't ring a bell.
 John Clayton is Lord Greystoke, or Tarzan to the uninitiated, but George, who's he?
 Idea for TOUCH OF STRANGE is great. Just write to that in care of IBC.

Irwin Allen has done quite well and if you don't like him don't watch. I'm for Irwin Allen, Irwin allen Irwin Allen. Have you ever been able to see Dr. Cyclops? (Yes...yeech!!)

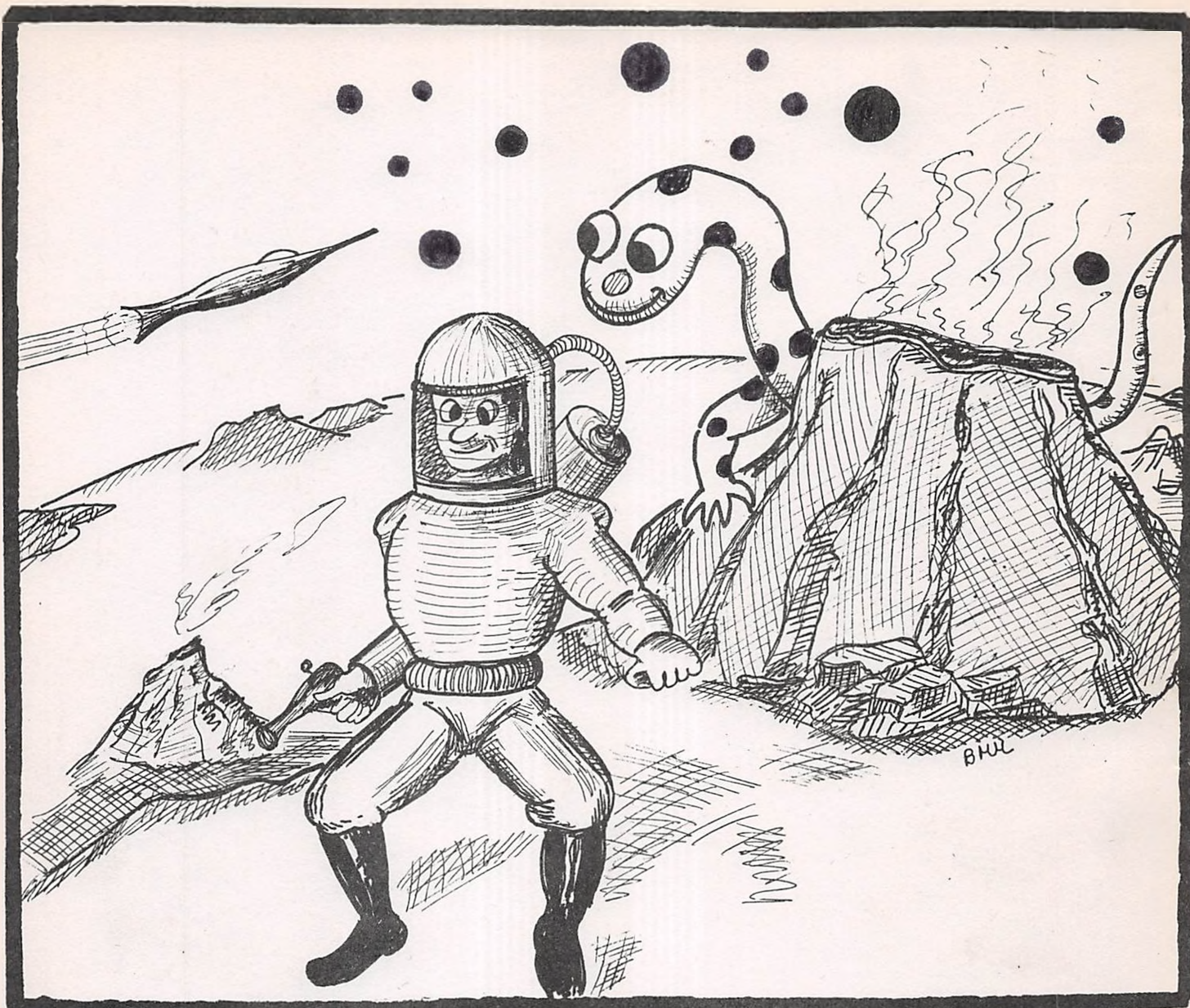
Everyone raves about Heinlein's Starship Trooper, but no one ever likes my favorite, THE PUPPETMASTERS.

Who's Norman Spinrad? Huff said.

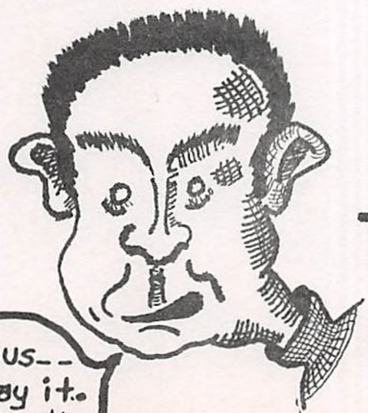
Zelazny, you could be right, thanks for explaining his stories.

I have no Faith in Lincoln as a storyteller. Leave out the New Wave symbolism, and tell a story. I'm sure there's a message, but please decode it.

 And that's it for this issue. It's taken a long time, and I hope somebody out there likes it. You want to cause some trouble..?? Write a loc, and set the spark..FL eee



БЕАВОНЕМА #2..



If it's libelous...
we didn't say it.
SPOILSPORT!!

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