

BEABOHEMA 4

This here thing is BAB 4, as you should be able to read directly above this line. Those who didn't know this was BAB have my sympathies and they probably have someone else's mag, too. I edit and publish it. Yeah...I'm Frank Lunney, and I reside at 212 Juniper St., Quakertown 18951, and you can get BAB by doing any of the usualt stuff, or paying 60¢...I think that's what the price is. Make it 2 for a \$ and that much for each extra copy. Bill Marsh wanted to be dropped as Ass Ed because he just about doesn't have time to even write me a letter. So... the new "extra" editor is Jim McLeod who'll be the Art Editor from now on. In other words, he gets your submissions so send all the stuff to 7909 Glen Tree Dr., Citrus Heights, Calif. 95610. I just noticed that I didn't say I lived in Pennsylvania. Now you know it. c Copyright Francis G. Lunney 1969. This is Deutsch Noodle Press Publication 8 and the date is June 9! I'm not faking the date as other's are apt to, either....ahem.

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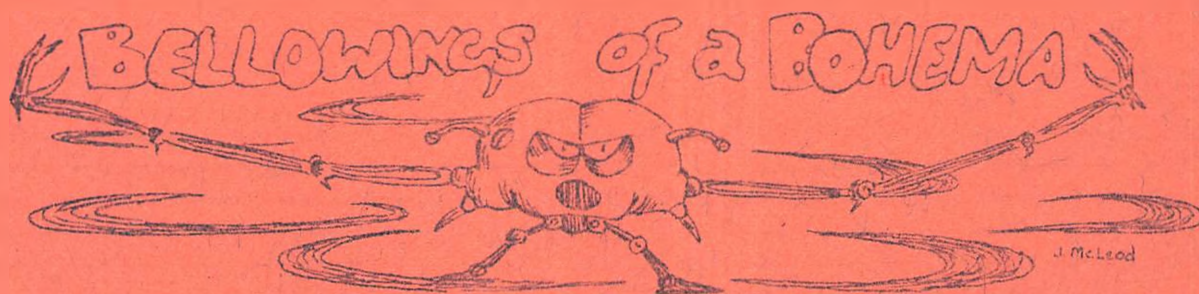
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Use this space to wipe your fingers!!

You don't want to smudge BAB, do you????

So it's time once more for this non-writer to pound something out on the page devoted to my thoughts in BAB, and the damn thing is getting harder every time, with people like Al Snider saying that there should be a page of the editor's writing where he should start some arguments and generally get the people involved with the personality behind the fanzine. Well, it seems that I have just a few other things to get out of the way first before I can get down to any serious writing. Heh heh..

Piers Anthony made a few dumb mistakes in his column, and being the good soul I am I had the whole column on stencil and run off before he could write back to me again. So...it should read that Seth Johnson introduced him to "fangdom", and the waiting list has one fanzine inserted wrongly. Namely...SF NEWSLETTER. It should read "WSFA JOURNAL" instead, and as Piers hinted, that makes a bit more sense. Too bad, Blyly... I'm trying to think of the other mistakes, but for the hell of me I can't remember what went wrong. Well, there was nothing major, so I'll let it pass, I guess.



Everybody can also be on the lookout for the next issue of BAB. Another heh heh in the works. It should be the annish, and if I wanted to try and be funny and copy a few othermags also trying to be funny I'd call it the Babish, or the radish or something, but I won't. It won't have anything out of the ordinary, in all probability, though I'm trying to get a four-page cover from some people, and I have a thingie from Joe Hensley (oh yeah, *hi* Joe, I never did answer you, did I?) and some artwork from Flinchbaugh and Lovenstein and more from Rotsler and all the other people who've been around for a while. Maybe a Mike Gilbert bacover or something, I don't know yet. So...the only way you'll be able to see how everything really turns out, you'll have to get that issue, won't you. SO YOU'D BETTER GET DOWN AND DO SOMETHING, because believe it or not I chopped the mailing list like a demon and I'm still sending out more and using more for postage than I've ever used. So...if this thing is going to rob me of all my fannish energy and fprce me to gafiate, as all annishes are supposed to do, then I'd better have a good reason for sending you a copy of it. Like, maybe I just feel like sending it to you.

Oh yeah...there's another column in this issue. Like it or not, it's there, and there's room for some more, if you feel like it or have a Name or something.

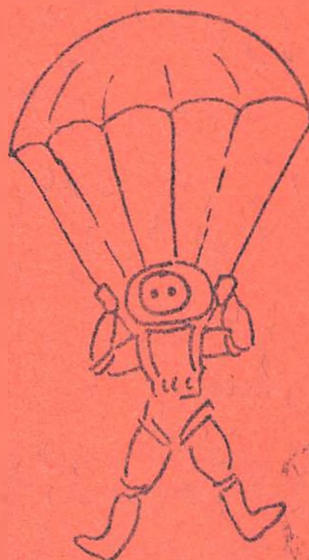
Uh...that last sentence was really a jab, so don't get too uptight about it.

Next on the agenda is the Ultimate Foundation. Having accepted the role of Chief High Thunderer, with all the respect duly granted the title, I put it before Lin Carter to accept the title of Last Speaker, and I would be honored if he should accept the position, for he is one of the most prolific and well-spoken for writers in the field, and he is the one person I think all of us can look up to, for his soft-spoken personality and all around modesty. I should hope that he finds out basic beliefs acceptable and be our Resident Pro, 'cause that's all it takes to be mentioned in a Harlan Ellison introduction, I think.

So...Lin Carter, we will follow you to the death. For you are the Last Speaker of the Ultimate Foundation.

As long as BAB is the official organ of the UF, I may as well come up with a truly great thought for the day: from the sparkling wit of the John Jay who pierced the intellectual superiority of the beginnings of the United States I say: "Beware of people who ride silken worms, for they are the very bastards who seek to tie you up in their kimonos." Salaam...

We all know Al Snider's thoughts on the editorials that should preface each fanzine, and the controversial thoughts these writings should contain, and I find this idea just a little bit naive of the talents of most writers, or even fans. I think it's easy to say that most fans, and thus most fanzine editors haven't the skill or the desire to write a sparkling piece of wordage that may or may not be read by the majority of the people receiving the magazine. I myself, more often than not, enjoy reading the pieces done that are put directly onto stencil with no idea of what will come about when the bottom of the stencil is reached. I like spontaneity, and besides being easy to read for the





THIS IS GUS GRISSOM,
HE IS DEAD, I DAIN' WELL
M/ S HIM!

part, you (I) find it a lot easier to dig what the editor is thinking if he simply throws words out as the thoughts come to him.

In Al's own NIMROD you can find him writing, "So, here I was...confronted with a problem -- I had to write an editorial for the NIMISH, and didn't have the slightest idea on what I should write." Hallelujah...here's Al who pushes for some controversy in editorials, and what he eventually ended up writing about was his mimeograph that seemed to live and work against him. Controversy? No.. I suspect it was just the rambling we all enjoy reading and the rambling which is what most of us will write for an editorial.

Editors, traditionally, are weak writers, as can be seen from any editorial in any of the prozines, or even the slicks. Hell, most are incompetant messes, such as what Pohl writes every month, or they're bits and pieces of every subject you can think of. Why should fanzine editorials be any different, Al, if that's what the people want to read and that's about all the editor can write? Hell..if I were at all able to come up with a subject with some complicated thoughtworks behind it I wouldn't put it in my editorial..I'd ship it to someone else's mag. I want other people to come up with the brainfood, because a fanzine is a showcase of the talent the editor has available, and I know of a hell of a lot of people who are more talented when it comes to the written word than I. So... the BELLOWINGS will turn out to be the way I feel when I write it. Seeing as I just came home from a final, which is really the reason why BAB hasn't come out easrlier, all you people out there...ugh, well, that's about how I feel. Which is beside the point.

So...if any of you were really able to read through this "editorial", you may as well go to the rest of the mag and read some stuff by people who can write. BAB 5 should be out before St. Louiscon, hell...I'll finish it when it's done, but get the material to me as soon as possible, because another issue could make it before then. If I work fast...but it's summer....

FILEFILEFILE



HEADACHE WR

OUTCOME

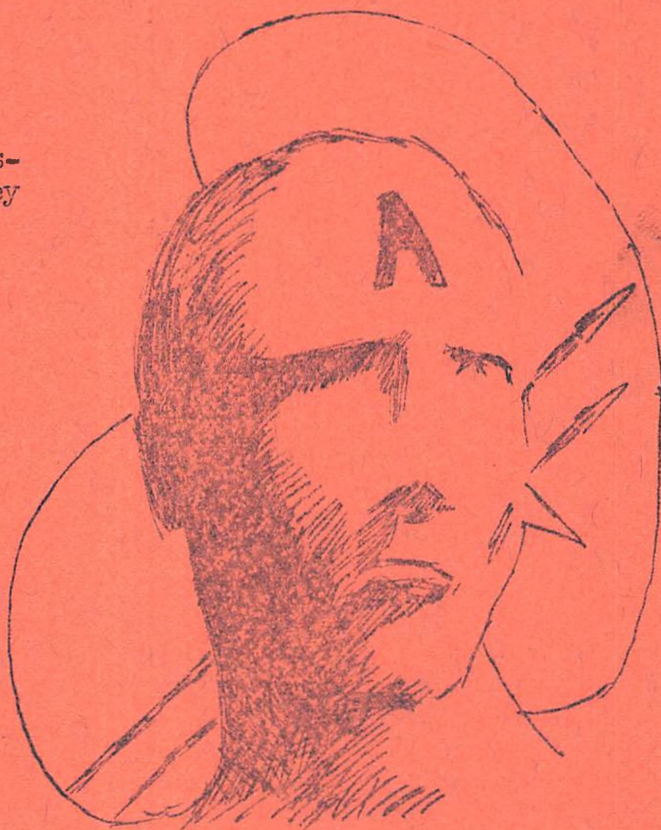
The man awakes to the clear and distinct buzzing of four hungry flies. They are attacking his week-old beard, and he does not bother to brush them away. Instead, he raises a half-cup of stale, black coffee to his big, dry mouth and, sipping slowly, between each swallow he scratches his crusted chin with the rough bottom of the cup.

Glancing out the open window to his left, he stands and watches a blackbird alight on the red wicker fence that has somehow turned a rust color from years of exposure to bad weather. He watches as the bird pecks itself clean. He waits until it flies away before he moves away from the table and chair.

Up North, he thinks, would have been much better, of course. But again, of course, it was much too late. His wife had had the right idea. She left while there was still time, still real people to come into contact with. But she was such a stupid bitch of a woman. He knew this to be as much a fact as their empty marriage of eight years. So she decided to go back.

Up North, he thinks again, where cars on streets used to bustle in hot, carbonated air and mechanical desperation, where people sat on shiny brown park bleachers and watched the players work up the dust into ground-fog, where kids chased each other and yelled mindless obscenities at perfectly innocent strangers. This was the North he remembered, and he had hated it. He hated it then more than he hated his former wife now. After all, that was one of the reasons they got together in the first place: to pool their small fortunes and head South. ("The hell with the North!") Let it and the people in it rot in their own indifference. Could some patch of nature be found? No. Only public owned and operated superficiality. One big human farce.

But it wasn't only this. It was the riots as well, as any other person of the leisurely class could have told you. They were big, sure. People, however,



BY
JAMES KOVAL

being people, react in more-or-less a matter of fact way. They say, "Well, next year's can't be any worse." And, naturally, they are worse. Now the people not only distrust and disbelieve other people, they disbelieve themselves. So comes more despondency on the part of the seething, discontent and ill-tempered city dwellers and closely knit suburbanites. They become hat-headed on both sides. Things are gone. People die. Or are killed.

I got away, though, thinks the man as he washes the coffee ring out of his cup with cold water and a forefinger. I got away with all the rotten, suspicious, mismanaged hell of a people unable to act or react in a positive way. I may have acted in a negative fashion, but at least I acted.

No, he can't say that either, as the cup slides from his wet fingers to drip-dry in the yellow dish-rack. He knows he slinked his duty as a Northerner, the way so many other cowards did, for the calm and friendly, peaceful tranquility and warm hospitality of the South. And now...now there is no South.

There is only the hell-bowl, conceived and executed by the brilliantly cool minds that backed the plexiglassed, magnetic-taped, copper-circuited computers of a year ago. They were the ones who figured out the only answer. Destroy it all, they said. There is no other alternative, no other possible way. Better to commit genocide now than let everyone suffer the long haul of personal default and misery.

So the Mod Society takes care of its own. Its children perish in ashes and crumbling cinder at the steady hands of a blind few who, knowing their fate is as bad or worse, take to the country. Or the South.

What else could I have done?, the man asks himself as the hot tears well up in his swelling, reddening eyes, blinding the past, still reaching out for the South, for a genuine answer. There is none, however. He had been with RAND for nine of his thirty-five years, and they made him see things their way.

Oh God!, he cries, if only I had refused! Why, oh Jesus, why did I bargain with The System and the bastards that run it. There must have been a better answer. There had to be. There had to be. There just....

And the noise of footsteps outside. A beckoning, warm "Hello." And she is there.

They start out. Hand in nervous hand. They each grasp the air in a fist with their free hands. Their eyes do not meet, only knowing, they go on. Not searching, but having found.

This time a dove alights on the red wicker fence. He beckons to them by nodding their way. They come to him. He does not fly away, but rather stays and watches them, knowing himself. The dove flies away.

They stand, watching him melt, like a small white pellet, into the sky and sun. On his way to Him, no doubt, to bring word of their having met, having known all the suffering one white man and one black woman can bear.

They walk away, away from the hell-bowl of a now-dead world, into the forest of the dawn. A force shifts heavily above them.

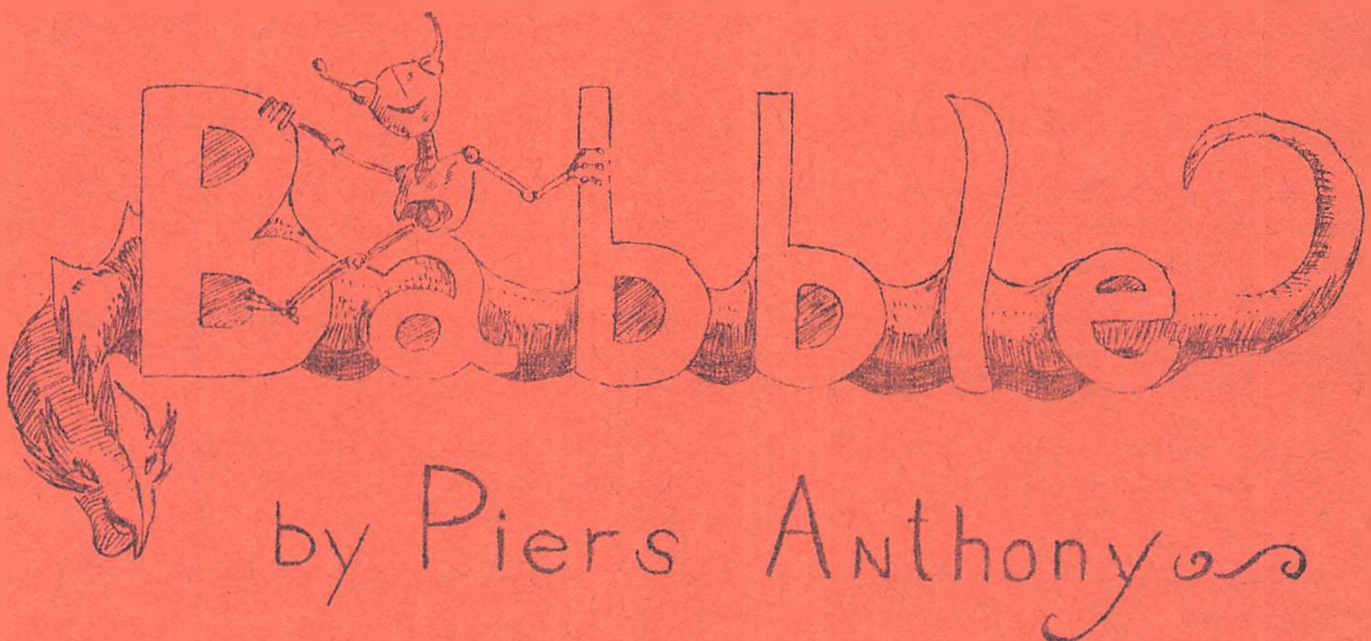
And God hesitates, but knowing himself, he watches and listens. For even in re-birth, nothing is for certain. Not even...

The End

In the course of our acquisition of books and furniture and an active baby girl, it became apparent that there was not enough room. This was too bad, because prior to settling in St. Pete Florida I had not resided in any one place longer than four years at a time--and the two four-year hitches were in high school and college, interrupted by sundry semester breaks. I had lived in England, in Spain, in Vermont, Pennsylvania, Oklahoma and rest stops in between, and my wife had meandered about similarly. Lucky we found each other, no? Coincidence, I'm sure; my grandparents attended a banquet in Florida and found themselves sitting next to her parents, and struck up a conversation. "We have a descendent at Goddard College, in Vermont," mine said, aware that no one had heard of the institution. "Really?" her replied. "So do we." And lo! it was the same college, and they wondered whether the two children happened to know each other. As a matter of fact, they did; they were already engaged to be married.

So when I escaped from the U.S. Army and picked up the pleasantest place in the nation in which to reside, I hoped never to move again. Alas, within seven years we had to expand our house, and in another three to move. It was either that or give up my burgeoning science fiction collection--and I ask you, if you had a complete file of ASF from 1945 on, GALAXY from October 1950 on, and similar for the other magazines--I say, would you allow a mere matter of space to displace these? Or if you had been married eleven years before parenting a baby you could keep, would you fire it back to the storkery because things were crowded? OK, so maybe you would--but we started looking for a larger domicile.

We looked for a year. We were, you see, choosy. We demanded a large yard, because I was raised in forest country, nearest house over a mile away, nearest village four miles; and my baby was so active no small yard would hold her. We demanded three bedrooms, placed together (because we want to be near our children, yet with separate rooms). We demanded good study space--preferably one room for my 1500-plus magazines and 500-plus nonfiction books and who knows what else, and



another for my desk and several typewriters and file cabinets and fanzines (how did they infiltrate there!?) and counter space I require for research. We demanded a nice, large modern kitchen for my wife, because she gets nasty when cans of beans fall on her toes (can't think why). And we demanded a price, to set an arbitrary scale for comparison, of \$1.50 or less, because that was about as much as we could afford. We discovered properties that met any four of these criteria, but usually the fifth came to something like \$3.00. So we kept looking.

One day we spotted a larger Spanish-style house on a triple lot with fruit trees and flowering hedges and two stands of bamboo and three bedrooms and two more that could be used for my purposes and a nice kitchen, and it was priced at \$1.55. Close, very close! So, being more canny than we were a decade ago, we hired a qualified appraiser, who checked over the house and told us what it was really worth--all for a fee of only half a cent. On his advice we made an offer of \$1.25, some thirty cents less than the asking price. To our surprise and pleasure, it was accepted, and it is from my fancy wind-swept study in that house that this windy column emanates.

Next problem: dispose of our prior habitation. We paid about a dollar for it (.98, if you insist on accuracy) and spent about 15¢ in expanding the study and carport and reroofing everything. We also put in a 4¢ central heater and similarly costly Florida windows. All in all, it seemed to me that it should, even after nine years occupancy, be worth at least a dollar. But to be sure, we had the same appraiser go over it, for another five-mill fee.

His verdict: six bits.

After I was able to see normal colors again, I went over his half penny report again. After all, that's a lot of cash for an opinion as unkind as that! And I pondered how this had come to be: that a house with, all told, about \$1.25 invested in it had wound up at .75. Half a buck is a crippling loss to a writer who may earn fifteen cents for a complete quality novel.

Well, the truth is that it was valued at my figure--before depreciation. The same thing that had knocked down the price of the house we bought had also torpedoed the one we owned. In addition, there has been a general depression of values in this area, so that what was worth a dollar a decade ago is down to seventy-five cents now. On top of that, inflation--ouch! If you can only get 3/4 as much as you paid, and the money you get now is worth only 3/4 what it was when you paid, that's a net reduction of almost half.

Something is fishy somewhere. And the pace seems to be accelerating now that Slippery Dick is in office. I dream of intriguing futures--that's my business, you know--but I have to live in the present, and my faith diminishes that any future



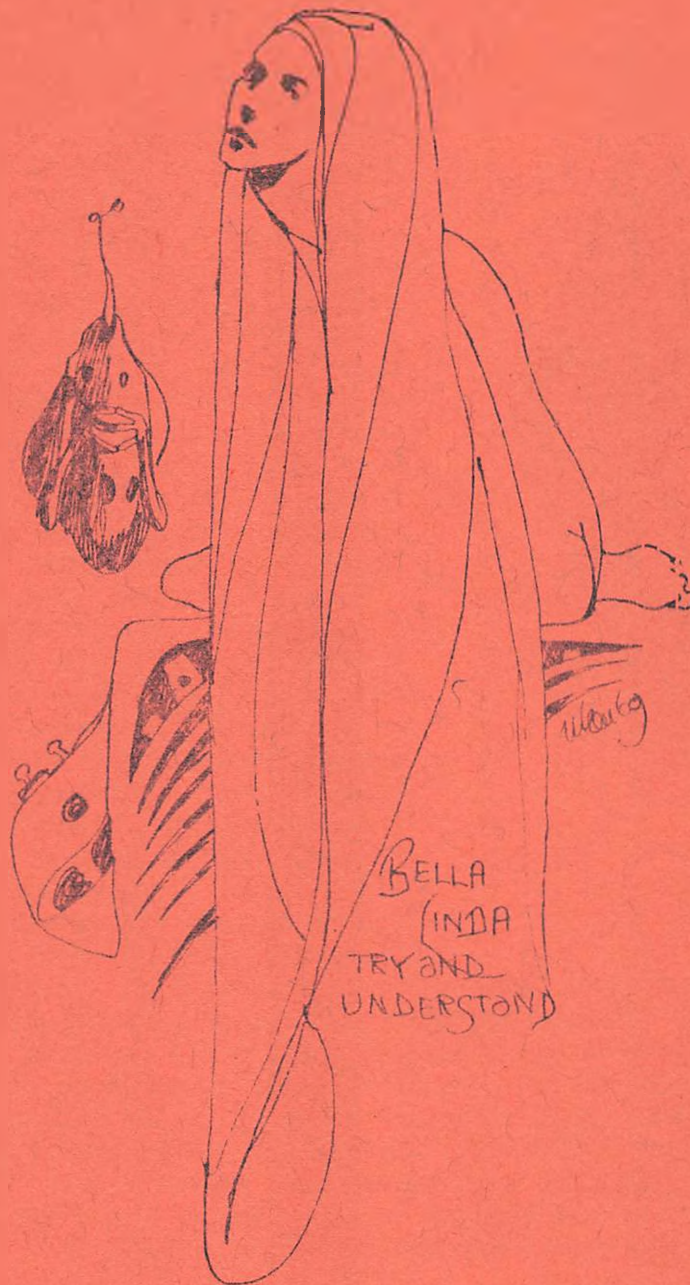
at all awaits us, let alone a pleasant one. Then I come full circle, and decide that dollars eroded from both ends can be tolerated, so long as our culture is not steered by fools into Ragnarok within my lifetime. What can I do, but live today as though there really will be a tomorrow?

So to the mundane thoughts of today, sparked by that devastating appraisal. The man arrived just as we had to leave for a prior appointment. We were already late because little cutie had overslept (and when a baby is as difficult to put to sleep as she is, and as demanding when awake, one learns not to wake her prematurely ...) and the house was a disaster area. What did that appraiser think as he measured the living-room-cum-playroom, with toys and pebbles and birdseed scattered across the puddle-soaked rug and books ranging from geology texts to erotica piled precariously on table, counter, birdcage, TV--wherever there was a centimeter out of reach of grasping little hands? Did his nose wrinkle as he checked the bathroom, with its tub full of soap, toys, acorns and whatever else little hands had happily dumped in it, and its toilet that may or may not have been flushed in the chaos? How about the bedroom, bed unmade, more books piled under the dust, slippers and shoes scattered where little hands etc? Or the porch, crammed with junk and laundry...the study, bursting with pulp-vintage AMAZINGS, three sizes of ASFs, and sea-shells and boxes and an endless vine and sheets of a partially typed manuscripts? What is depreciation, except a matter of opinion--and who in mainstream aristocracy doesn't know what a kook an SF collector is? How much value did the house lose right there--because the appraiser confused his dates and hit us unprepared?

Photographs in that report, carefully showing the weeds around the house, the garden hose dragged out and tangled around the clothesline (little hands again), dug-up places. How to explain that once I made ready to really clean up those weeds--but had a notion, and spent the time instead writing an adventure novel called Sos the Rope, just to enter a stupid contest? (That explanation would have made it worse, though--only fools enter contests!) And the bare dirt in the yard--because we bought a washing machine when faced with up to 15 diapers to clean each day (why didn't somebody tell me about such details!?) and didn't know that its drainlike hole emptied not into the sewer but into a pipe directly under our grapefruit tree. Bleach, borax, detergent, fabric softener, urine--poured in bubbly gallons around the tree's tender roots...and the poor thing's leaves fell, bark peeled off, branches died before we realized what was going on. A tree can't scream, you see. So, hating to let an innocent citrus perish because of a baby with natural functions, I dug out the pipe, rerouted the laundry drain, and all those scars were fresh. "Some yard work needed," the report remarked. "Fertilizer for the trees--" Yeah, sure. And how much off for that, for my seeming neglect of yard and tree?

And the other trees, sprung from dropping oranges and grapefruit, and I hadn't the heart to rip them out, so bravely struggling to make their little marks on the world, and so I let them grow where they would. Haphazard layout, that. And the pit in the ground I dug, so as to get down to the clean white sand that underlies Florida, that my baby might play in it. "Pride of ownership," the report said, "...fair."

Well, by that definition my pride is small, yes. I remember when I took the government tests and was offered an interview for a position with the civil service at a good rate of pay (that was before I sold my first story) but for that I would have to move to Washington D.C. I told them no, I wanted to work right



here in St. Pete, that money could not move me there. And so they passed me by, and a little after that I learned that Roger Zelazny had obtained an identical position, and I wondered whether he took the job I had declined. It was partly because I could not get decent work here that I went into teaching and then into writing--and now, somehow, I have the kind of work I always wanted--full-time freelance writing--and I have had to move because of space limitations. This is known in literature as irony.

But on that "pride of ownership"--I have seen houses so neat one almost hesitates to soil their atmosphere by breathing nearby. Every room is an aseptic



showcase, couches absolutely new, no dust anywhere, everything just so, and their yards the same, so rich and green and even--I look upon these works and I despair. Oh yes, I envy these, particularly when I view our own weed-fest. Yet I do wonder--when do the owners of such citadels live? I mean, do they ever relax, imbibe, eliminate, sleep, work or have children? Or do they hire maids, gardeners, butlers and whatever else it takes to accomplish all these things discreetly. We can't do that; my wife works and I write, and we aren't complaining but we don't waste money either. We have to fit our projects into spare time and spare cash, awkward and messy as that may be. I remember when a part-time carpenter was helping us expand our house, hammering around 11 P.M., and there was a "Noise Complaint," and suddenly we found a policeman on our doorstep. Funny--those same police never seem very effective when I have a complaint, such as the time a voice on the phone threatened my life. Police recommended telling the phone company, and the phone company recommended the police...yeah, sure. Meanwhile, I wonder which neighbor it was, complaining about the hammering we did at night because there was no other time? Was it the one who mows his lawn with a loud motor early Sunday morning? Whose dog, in

violation of the leash law, comes by to bark at 11 P.M. and maybe leave a fertile offering on our lawn? Or the one who plays religious services at odd hours so loudly that several blocks are inundated whether the residents belong to his faith or not? Whose teenager hotrods, muffler-less, at all hours while playing "chicken" with our mailbox? Whose gradeschooler bashes his ball against the side of our house? Whose jet plane rattles our windows with sonic boom (and the authorities always claim no such aircraft were in the area at the time)? Whose loudspeaker-amplified auction drowns out thought as I try to type creatively? Yes, I do wonder: which of these got righteous about our one night's noise?

Yet it was a decent neighborhood with decent people, and I was satisfied. It takes interaction to make a neighborhood, and there was much more good than bad. And if some houses are appallingly neat--well, it seems to be that a house, as the maxim says, is not a home, necessarily, and I would not care to live in a showcase. Whatever it may have cost me in appraisals and such, I am better off as I am, living my hectic life and taking perverse pride in the fact that my baby can out-havoc any other baby by a good fifty-per cent per minute.

And I take pride in this: my daughter has never been alone in the house. She has never had a babysitter. No one holds her, clothes her, comforts her, except her two parents. I have failed at many things, but there are two I believe I am succeeding at: writing fiction, and raising my family. My fiction speaks for itself, one way or the other; my baby needs continuing attention. She has always known who both her parents are, and who loves her, and who is most important in this world.

And she has responded by becoming the brightest, cutest, healthiest little girl I know of--one who attracts comments in any crowd, one that makes the baby-performance statistics useless. If preliminary indications are valid (and of course they may not be) she is somewhat smarter than anyone reading (or writing) this column--and that, we all know, is something. If there are problems--and of course there are--the whole family shares them. Let the house be a continuing disaster area; there are far more important things, and it is worth it.

My life has been changed by my daughter, although she is only eighteen months old at this writing. I got along fine for about eight years in a relatively isolated state, but suddenly I was forcefully introduced to many of the neighbors because my baby insisted. One such is Agnes--brown-haired, brown-eyed, medium height, well proportioned, shy around strangers but quite friendly once you get to know her. However, it developed that her interest in my baby was second only to her interest in my baby's daddy. Now Agnes is not as young as she used to be; her hair sheds and she is a mite stiff in the limbs, and inclined at times to be snappish. A real dog, if you want it in literal language. Another friend is Barney, and a couple houses down are Tiny and Buffy, and next door is Susie, all greeted with glee. There is also John, and his is a sad history. He is in the very prime of life--healthy, muscular, deep-voiced--in fact, a beautiful boxer. But his total friendliness betrayed him once. He loves children, but one day as he was playing with a group of them in the park, roughhousing and running about, he accidentally bit one. He really meant no harm, but there was some excitement and he wound up in the pound. He became alarmed, broke through the wire guard and a glass window and fled home. Now he's restricted to the house or chained in the yard, and his constant lonely barking is pitiful. Sometimes my little girl and I go to visit him in his confinement, and he is still very handsome and friendly, but he doesn't play in the park any more.

So much for the local canines--a world I ignored hitherto, but a world of mighty fascination to her whom I love, and so perforce of interest to me too. But there are also human neighbors. We used to visit with one retired gentleman as he sat on his front porch. My baby would bring him rocks from his own driveway, and he accepted them gravely. She doesn't give rocks to just anybody, as she values them for chowing on herself. But that is over: the Hong Kong Flu struck this area, and the man had emphysema to begin with.

Emphysema--I know almost nothing about it, but it connects with a second fatality of importance to me. I learn belatedly that Seth Johnson had that and diabetes, and finally a heart-attack...and what does it make me, this fact that I miss him more than I miss former president Eisenhower? How many new fans will never have a letter from Seth, now; never be welcomed to fandom by him; never drop his correspondence for more auspicious pastures? How many fans will never exist as such at all, now that Seth can not draw them in? So my last letter came back marked DECEASED, and what can I say?

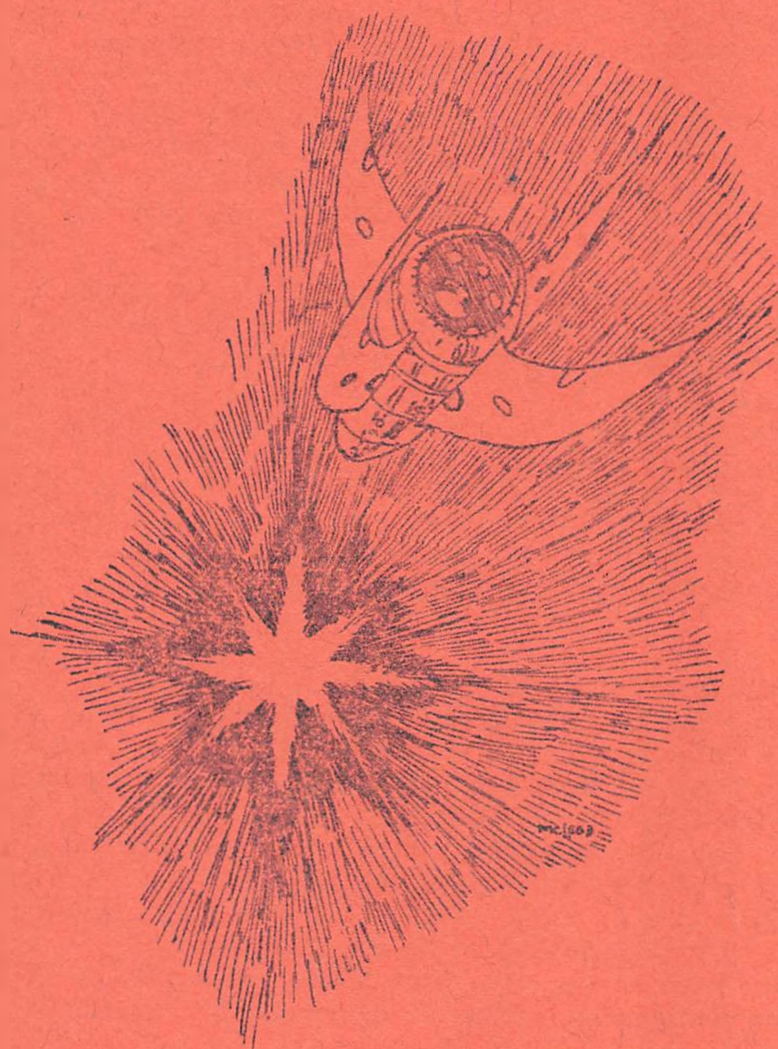
I can say that it was good to know you, Seth, for the last six and a half years of your life. Thank you for the welcome you gave me to fandom, for the encouragement you gave me throughout...though you needed it more than I did, and died without complaining. I am an agnostic, as, I think, were you; I pray for you all the same.

I had other things to say this time, but they become trivial.

*

WAY STATION

(A place in which thoughts--traveling between distant points of my mind--are put onto paper.)



ANOTHER
COLUMN,
BY

DEAN
R.
KOONTZ

Well, the thing for readers of BEABOHEMA to do, apparently, is to stop being readers and write columns. I see it happening to everyone, now, including Piers Anthony (whose REAL name we all know, but whom we will humor by pretending we don't), so--and especially since my friend Piers mentioned me in the last column he did--I must join the gang--motley crew that they are.

First off, let's get the idea of "Way Station" correct. Don't expect fully-developed, intricately structured arguments. I don't feel up to it. Instead, expect a random sampling of various things I would like to discuss.

Let's start with Piers. What do I know of this nebulous character who has done something so nefarious that he refuses to go by his real name but--instead--lurks behind a cleverly constructed pseudonym? Well, as he stated last issue, he is 5' 10 and 3/4" tall. God, so am I. What a small--pathetically small--world this is! Second, he weighs 137 pounds. Well, I weighed 138 until I was married two years ago. Now I weigh 160. Which means, friends, I am BIG ENOUGH TO STOMP ALL OVER PIERS ANTHONY (providing he doesn't know judo or karate or one of those other sneaky defense systems that all nefarious characters seem to know). Relax, Piers, I won't. Now, what else? Well, I know he has written one bad novel: Sos the Rope. One middling novel: The Ring (in collaboration). One somewhat above average novel: Chthon. And one very finely structured piece: Omnivore. I even nominated the last for a Nebula, which is an honor I reserve with the same caution that I do a kiss. Not that I wish to kiss Piers Anthony. Nothing, believe me, could strike me as more repellent. Though, I imagine, Mrs. Anthony (God, even she uses a pseudonym, I'll bet!) finds it delightful. How else do they get that baby girl he can't get done talking about? Of course we all know conception is initiated through kissing!

Anyway, where was I? Oh, yes. So, as little as I know about Piers, I still wish to say that the three-way missive I wrote in response to his three-way missive (which he mentions in last issue) was justified. Anyone who tells me to take "a flying fuck at the moon" even if he is saying it to two other persons at the same time, must risk incurring my wrath (a wrath is a small beast with fangs and claws; incurring a wrath is accomplished by flipping the started button on its rump). And, the review he mentions he did of my first book (and snidely notes it has not yet appeared) has not yet appeared because SF OPINION gaffiated for a while. Someday, I will get out that next issue, completely offset, but it will be a while. And that review, Piers, will be so out of date by then that I fear it will never be printed.

But to the point. Piers notes that not many pros write to the less prestigious fanzines because they get lambasted for their efforts. He's right, you know. I am stunned to see an article of mine in print in some fanzines--or a letter even--and see the editor intersperse it with comments that take my points and use them to push his own beliefs--sometimes diametrically opposed to mine. And if you take a stand on an issue (any issue!) you are not always greeted with logical, interesting refutations by those who disagree--but often by wild, manic, explosive diatribe that serves absolutely no purpose. And, come to think of it, this applies to the SFWA Forum, that prestigious--ahem--letter zine published by our professional writer's organization. Maybe it's just that there are always those people who do not think logically and can only answer someone else's point of view with rantings.

Well, now I am a fulltime writer. It happened officially at the end of January when I left my teaching position. I am working like a fiend. I am on my eleventh novel now. Number ten was a suspense novel in the mode of John D. MacDonald. And, now that I have launched myself into this with a do-or-die attitude, little things that people say about writing grate on me...

Like Piers again...

"There are hacks who can publish a million words a year, and it signifies only what they are--hacks..." Quoted from "Babble" by P. Anthony in the last issue.

Well, let's see. At fifty weeks of writing a year, that is twenty thousand words per week. So, to carry this a step farther, Mr. Anthony would consider anyone who wrote that fast a hack. I would like to take issue. For one thing, if we are to believe the reports, Robert Silverberg wrote that fast and faster for many years. Yet I would never have classified him--even in his worst periods--as a hack.

Bringing it closer to home: The suspense novel that I just finished was 57,000 words long. My agent says it is very good (and agents don't always say that, either) and is taking it out to Gold Medal. I wrote that book in less than a week. Ten hours a day, completing slightly more than ten thousand words a day. As far as I am concerned, it measures up to MacDonald well, considering it was a first effort in this field, and the characterization--in depth--won't let it be classified as "hack" work.

Thomas Wolfe, by the by, completed ten thousand words a day.

Another mainstream novel I did, a 35,000 word psychological study of a radical rightist with sexual hangups took me ten days. Despite this hack rate of writing Larry Ashmead, Doubleday editor, called it "An absolutely brilliant book that left me completely drained." Hack?

Well, maybe you say, that isn't sf. What about sf? Well, as an example, I'll refer to the first short story I published in the field: "Soft Come the Dragons" from F&SF. I use this because Piers once told me he thought it was a very good story (I still have the letter). I wrote the thing (almost 6,000 words) in one day from start to finish. That would mean 36,000 words a week, giving me Sunday as a day of rest (though I never seem to rest on Sunday anyway).

What I am trying to say, simply, is that a piece of work, if conceived whole the first time through, does not require thirteen re-writings to be good. The most re-writings I have ever given anything was three, usually only two. In fact, some of my recent work (see "Killerbot" in the May GALAXY) had only one writing. I got the idea, sat down and wrote it right onto the final draft. My F&SF stories, generally, are the ones that I rewrite three times--except for "Soft Come the Dragons" and a coming piece called "A Third Hand."

Another thing that bothers me is a book reviewer who waxes nastily eloquent on a particular writer's latest books, saying things like: "This just isn't up to his usual output."

Do you know what I say to that kind of statement?

I think you do.

Do you want me to say it anyway?

Okay:

"Bullshit!"

So what if it isn't up to his best works? No writer can sustain a perfectly

high level. Look at "High Weir" by Delany, and you'll see what I mean. Besides, I am one writer who believes in developing every idea I get, whether it is going to be a great idea or not. If it comes into my narrow little head, I get it down on paper. And I try to sell it--or rather Scott Meredith does. I am confident that everything I write with an eye toward selling is written competently and entertainingly. Whether it will be of Hugo caliber does not worry me. Other times, I sit down and consciously write for Hugo nominations. The point is that I work on different levels, and I am aware of this.

I think more writers could make a living if they recognized the fun involved of working on different levels. I can write something like Star Quest, on the level of sheer action-adventure, something like Fall of the Dream Machine, which is action-adventure-idea, and something (on yet a third order) like The Dark Symphony (not yet published) which is an idea-oriented piece backed by approximately a hundred hours research into music (the background of the book is a world run by the ultimate musicians who have conquered the use of sound). And, for the benefit of those who sneer at Star Quests, I do not feel like I am prostituting myself. I enjoy writing action-adventure (admittedly, in a different way) as much as I do the cerebral stuff.

Take any great author and then list his books. How many of them have you heard of? Try Orwell, for instance. There are a number of novels there that you would never have heard of, most likely. The same for Dickens--or, more at home, Wells. How many people, when asked to list Hemingway's works would remember In Our Time or To Have and To Have Not?

So, dear friends, if anyone reading this decides to review a Koontz book, try to review it according to the category of my work it fits. I admit, this may be hard now. But the more I publish, the more obvious it should be what I am trying to say here. Huh?

Perhaps this should go in a letter to the editor, but I'm putting it in the column anyway. I'm a little independent at times. I want to say that Gabe Eisenstein, in the letter column last issue, made a point that no one else seems to pick up. He said that Jones is not so much like Frazetta and that--in point of fact--Frazetta is getting more like Jones. How true! It once was that I could pick out a Jones cover immediately. But recently, Frazetta's work has begun to look more and more like Jeff's. Chiefly in the matter of background. Their characters and focal points remain fairly distinctive. And has anyone seen Jones' mainstream book covers? Some beautiful things going on there!

And what kind of asinine comment was that by Jerry Lapidus: "Ever notice that he can't draw hands or feet?"

Ghwd.

What does he expect? I don't, for one, have to see the knuckly hairs and the chipped nails to know a foot is a foot! The general impression of a foot is enough for me. I submit, anyway, that the foot of the rider on the cover of The Moon of Gornath is a perfectly good depiction of a foot.

Hands?

The hand grasping the spear on the cover of Star Barbarian.

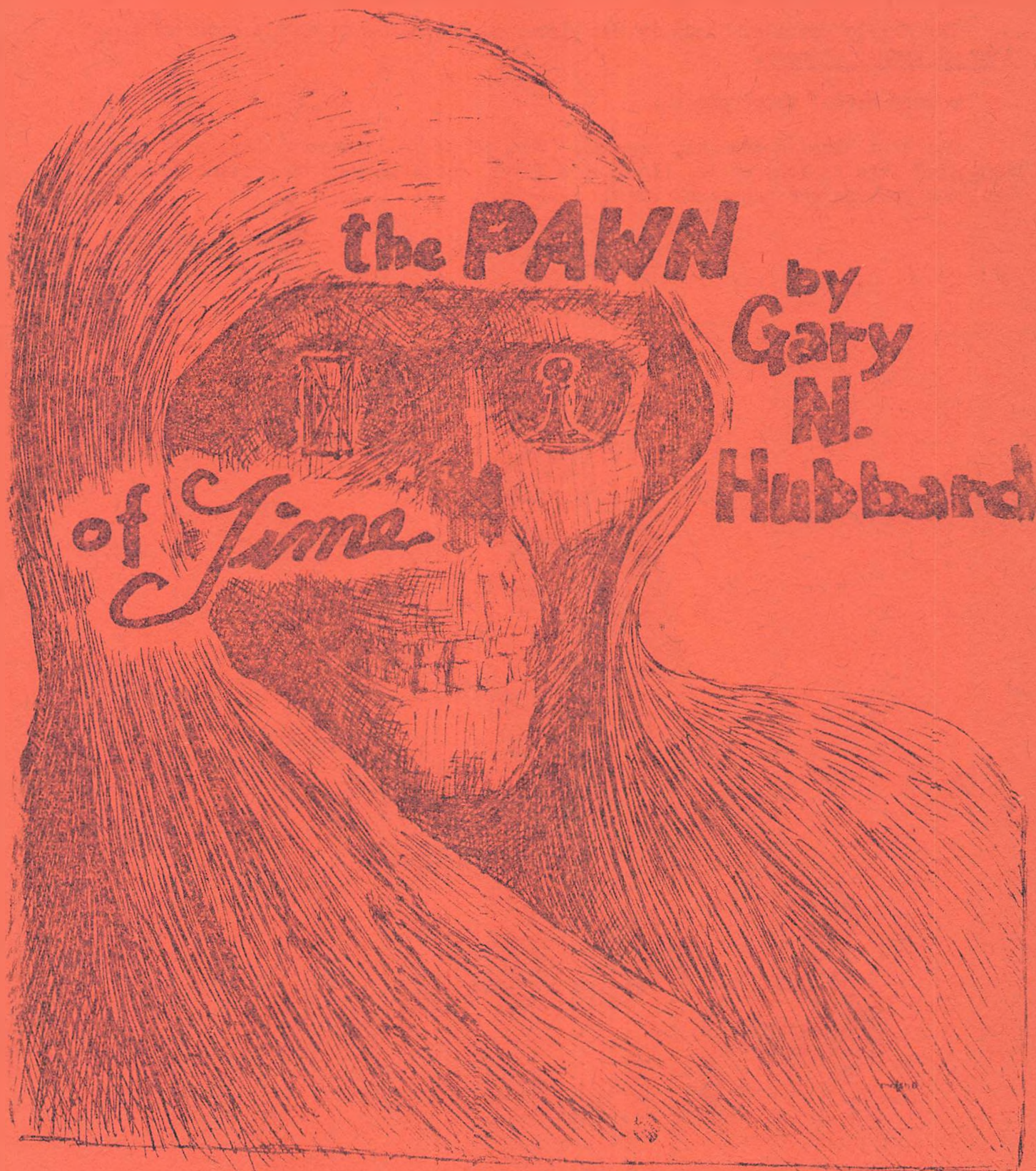
The fairly detailed hands in the gloves of the spaceman on the cover of Zanthar at Moon's Madness.

No more wives' tales please.

One last closing thought, however. Why, since he is superb (that's an opinion, feel free to leap on me, flailing wildly), doesn't Jones do prozine covers? Too much work in the paperback world, I suspect.

--Dean R. Koontz





the PAWN

by
Gary
N.

Hubbard

of Time

The story goes that when Gautama the Buddha was still simply the Prince Siddhartha, he went riding one day with a faithful retainer along a road. After going some distance, they came across a feeble old beggar lying by the side of the road. His alms plate was empty, and he was obviously starving.

"Why must this be so?" Siddhartha asked.

"Because it is the way of the world, o' Siddhartha," the retainer answered.
Hmmm...

*

*

*

I sit here in an ivory tower of the mind, and, beyond the vacuum that separates me from reality, I view with a cracked eye the panorama of fandom. It's a confusing scene, and one that I'm not often tempted to get involved in. But every once in a while I see an injustice being done. At these times the dragonslayer in my soul rises and rides out to defend the honor of whatever raped maiden seems to need my help the most. This time I feel tempted to hurl my gauntlet on behalf of Clan Campbell, and have at those who would malign the good name of John W.C.

Now I realize that the giants of the science fiction field have gone bad on us.

Heinlein, who used to write some pretty adult juvenile stories, now wastes our time on some pretty juvenile adult novels. An unfortunate after-effect of the Sexual Revolution in SF is that Robert Anson paid attention to it, and we are confronted with overly plush reproductive organs surrounded by vague bodies and word balloons of trite ideology. The total effect is reminiscent of the fantasies that go on in the minds of fourteen year old boys. (Those of you readers who were never fourteen year old boys may not readily grasp that last, but let me say this: an amazing amount of garbage clutters the minds of the supposedly young and pure.) One suspects that smoking and the Naval Academy have stunted his growth.

Sturgeon came on in a blaze of talent, writing some pretty interesting stories about some pretty interesting people, but burned out in synergetic ashes propagandizing for the Mass Man. Judith Merrill once said something to the effect that his main theme was Love. Well, love, yes, but a shmaltzy, pulp romance magazine kind of love complete with perfumy flowers and much emoting.

Asimov, actually, never really cared for science fiction all that much. To him it was just a way of making love to his One True Love--Science. Science has been Asimov's one and only Grand Passion since probably before he was born, and he's done his damndest to get everyone else to fall in love with her, too, through his science books and articles in magazines. In a recent guest editorial in GALAXY, he urged SF writers to stop throwing themselves lemming-like into the jaws of Hollywood, and back onto the straight and narrow path of writing scientific science fiction.

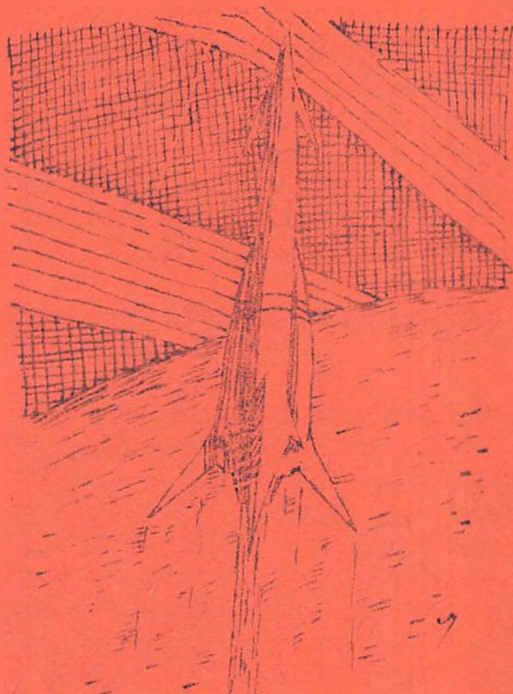
But as H.L. Gold pointed out a few issues later, there never was altogether that very much science in science fiction.

Naturally not. Very few people have ever liked Science for herself. Certainly most science fiction writers only used her in whatever way was advantageous to them. And nowadays, most people don't even like her. Some hate her, because they're

ed of what she can do. Like my boss at the store, for instance.

I was explaining the rejection problem in transplants. This led to a discussion of some of the other recent advances in biological research. When I stated that they'd managed to synthesize a lot of the chemicals involved in the production of life, he said, "Yeah, but they'll never be able to create life." A funny expression came over his face when I mentioned that somebody had created a virus-like thing that was, for all practical purposes alive. Then he said (really),

"But they'll never be able to make an animal or a human being. There are some things man is not meant to know." His very words.



Poor girl, Science. She gets used and mis-used, knocked up and knocked down. Everybody takes what she has to give (like medicines, food preservation processes, petroleum products) and blame her for the mistakes they make with her gifts (like pollution, nuclear bombs and dangerous drugs). She's a raped--and raped and raped--maiden, and, maybe, I should do something for her. And maybe I will someday, but, for now, back to Campbell.

* * *

As Gautama and his retainer continued up the road, they came across a man lying by the wayside dying from a terrible disease.

"Why must this be so?" he asked.

"Because it is the way of the world, o' Gautama," his retainer replied. Uh...

* * *

So how come the giants went bad? Why has van Vogt become so insufferably dull and trite? How come Arthur Clarke has turned his back on the Twentieth Century to dig up Ralph Waldo Emerson type transcendentalism and cavort around in a sarong?

Well, you could say that they've become outmoded, but their earlier writings

still hold up well. It's just the later stuff that's bad. The stuff they sold to somebody other than Campbell.

Because at the time Campbell took over ASTOUNDING science fiction was dying on its feet just like the rest of the pulp magazine types of literature. Oh, the romance mags were doing all right, but the air aces stuff was fading fast and the movies were making deep inroads into the detective periodicals. After all, who wants to read about Sam Spade when you can go to the flick and see him?

Science fiction had become so formalized and limited that it was doubtful it would have lasted another ten years. The stories were all essentially escapist fantasies of lost worlds or unlikely planets full of sword play and winged teenaged girls, or unlikely futures that resembled the stuff in the wild west mags. The only difference being that space ships were substituted for horses, ray-guns for six-shooters, Lensmen for Texas Rangers and Boskonians for Red Indians. There was a war coming up, you may remember, and that sort of stuff wasn't going to have much relevancy any more.

Campbell, himself, had wrung as much as he could out of the space opera thing, so he invented the "mood story". Casting out all the old rip-roaring plot devices, he wrote "Twilight Blindness" and "Who Goes There" (thereby creating the plot device to be used later successfully by the sci-fi-horror films of the fifties and incidentally providing Forrest J. Ackerman with a profitable and enjoyable career). Of course, he wasn't very good at it. As a science fiction writer John Campbell was at best mediocre. He had a good idea with his mood stories and a budding interest in sociological themes, but he wasn't like the man who has found gold on top of a mountain, but doesn't stand a chance of getting it down unless he can find a team of pack-eagles to carry it down.

So there was Campbell on his mountain (the editor's chair of ASTOUNDING) with his gold (the mood story). He needed some eagles, so he found some.

And together with his eagles, John transformed the face of science fiction. ASTOUNDING became a kind of Fort Knox. A literary Fort Knox that put some real gold into the base tinsel that was science fiction (before any Traditionalist goes accusing me of putting down pre-Campbell SF per se, let me say this: sure there were some gold strikes before Campbell came along (although I can't think of any specific ones right now), but John found the mother lode), and an almost literal Fort Knox since it became increasingly profitable to become involved with SF, and especially ASTOUNDING, at a time when the rest of the pulp industry was going down in flames.

* * *

As they continued further on, they came across a corpse lying across the side of the road.

"Why must this be?" asked the Prince.

"Because it is the way of the world, o' Buddha," came the answer.

* * *

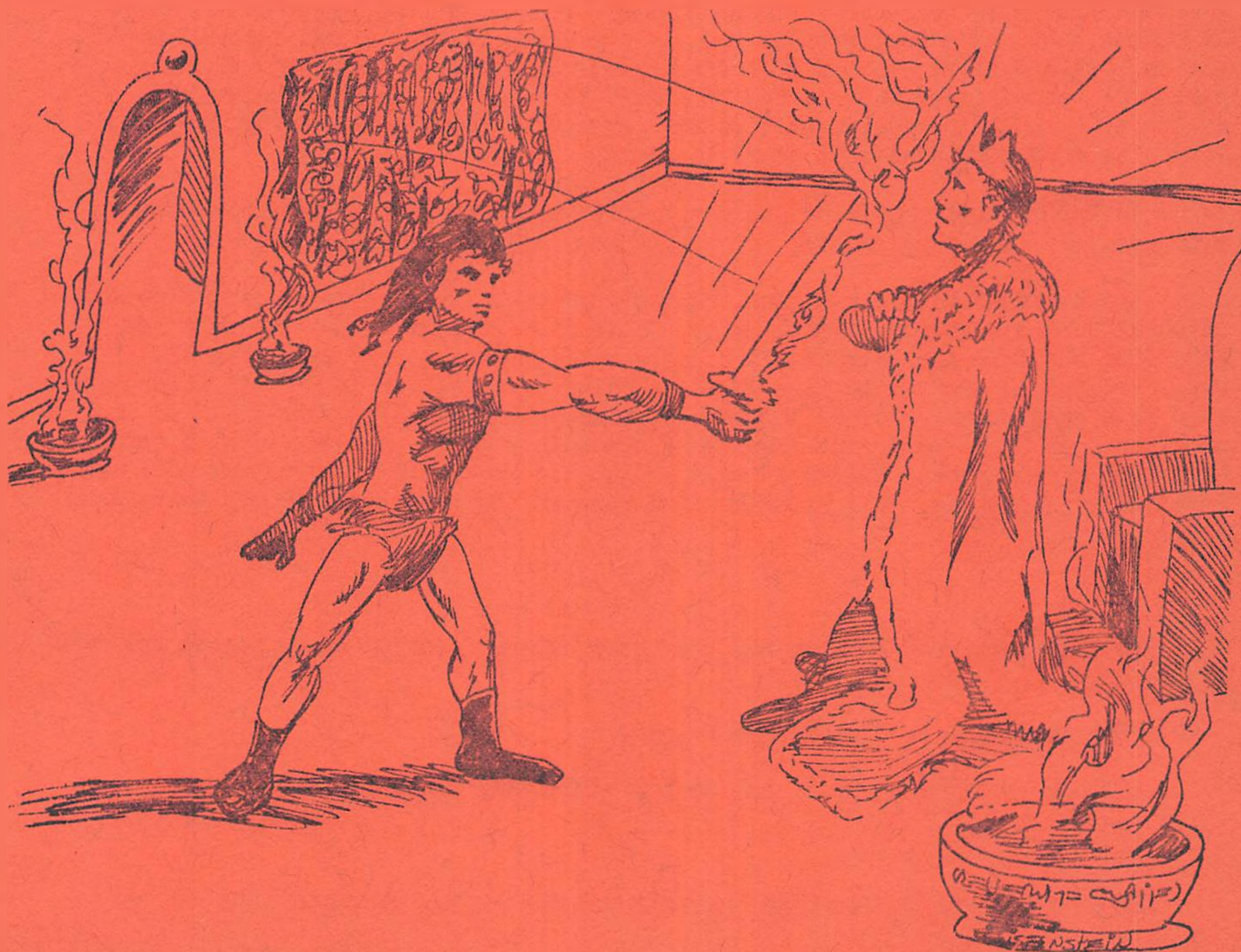
So what happened? How come Campbell and the eagles went bad? We are all

Timeliners moving in a spiraling course from creation to entropy. The trick is to keep the spirals from standardising into a tight, uniform coil. You want to expand. Unfortunately, not many of us can. Campbell didn't. He's still the same as he was, but a lot of other things aren't. The gold mines run out for him, and he's like the old prospector trying to find another big strike. He's looked for it in Dianetics and divining rods, Fortean prodigies and Dean drives, astrology and psi machines, but so far these have proved to be only pyrites.

But he sure had something back in the old days.

And, in respect to the memory of the Then-Campbell, why so much criticism of the Now-Campbell? Why direct so much ire toward a tired old man suffering from sinusitis, high blood pressure, gout and white backlash? The thing that happened to Campbell is the same thing that happens to most everyone. Even Buddha couldn't do much about it.

It's the way of the world.



Leo
P.
Kelley



TRACKING STATION

Last issue I discussed the flap caused by my letter to Mr. Frank Ross of Media and Methods concerning his put-down of science fiction writers via his praise of Ray Bradbury: "But don't insult this fine author by calling him a science fiction writer."

Here's a report on the last round of this mini-battle. The March 1969 issue of M&M carried a letter from Professor Anthony W. Hodgkinson of Boston University, here excerpted:

"I am astonished at the tacit approval you imply by printing without comment Frank Ross' offensive response to Leo P. Kelley's mild and well-considered letter about science fiction.

"As one who has been an avid reader of science fiction (of whatever literary quality) since I discovered Jules Verne at the age of seven and Amazing Stories at twelve, let me reinforce Mr. Kelley's suggestion that you find someone to explore and comment on the important S-F field. It is my considered view that American science fiction is as major a contribution to contemporary art as jazz and the movies..."

Exasctly my point. Mr. Ross pontificated about a subject he obviously knows less than enough about. The obvious fact of this matter is simply that there is good, bad and indifferent science fiction being written--just as there is good, bad and indifferent mainstream, mystery and western fiction being written. Always will be, given differing levels of literary ability.

Was (is) Buckminster Fuller a science fiction writer?

When I first entered fandom via Lunacon two years ago, I began corresponding with a number of fellow fans. One was Seth Johnson who welcomed me to N3F. He taught me a lot about the peculiar lingo of fans, offered encouragement when I lamented that a particular book was not going well and was generally helpful in smoothing out the old and new waves my plunge into fandom caused me.

As most of you know, Seth dies March 11th. I'll miss him.

So will science fiction if no one picks up the task of running Seth's Fanzine Clearing House. It--the Clearing House--was the introduction for many lonely and singular fans into the big, bad, bright world of fandom.

James Schumacher has an excellent poem in the last issue of ID which arrived about a month ago. It's called chant.

I met David Malone, publisher of David Malone's Science Fiction Fanzine, at Lunacon last month and discovered to my chagrin that he is not an enchanted Irishman. Not that he ever actually claimed to be, you understand, but I had hoped... He's just a nice, unenchanted guy.

To quote Jack Gaughan from his letter in Science Fiction Newsletter, the organ of the Peoria High School Science Fiction Club:

"...I know that cheapie outfits like...Belmont couldn't care less about their covers."

Jack is referring to the artwork used on the covers of science fiction paperback covers. Belmont may not have cared about their cover art in earlier years but, under Gail Wendroff's guidance, they had most certainly begun to care very much recently. I have no complaints about the artwork on the cover of my novel, Odyssey to Earthdeath, which Belmont published in December. It stands up pretty well when compared with many of the other covers being done today--the good ones.

Richard Delap and Lin Carter are among the newer members of the SFWA.

From Library Journal's March 15th book review column:

Clifford D. Simak's The Goblin Reservation. "After several rather grim and profound works, Clifford Simak has now produced a fast-moving, exciting and very amusing story of the struggles of Peter Maxwell, professor of supernatural phenomena, against the evil designs of the Wheelers, refreshingly BEM-ish extraterrestrial aliens...Not a work of any great literary merit, the writing occasionally seems rather sloppy, this is nevertheless a novel to be highly recommended as light reading for both adults and juveniles."

L. Sprague de Camp's The Golden Wind. "Mr. De Camp has completely missed his mark in this story...this title will disappoint even Mr. de Camp's large following."

Avram Davidson's The Phoenix and the Mirror. "The tale is fascinating and Mr. Davidson's craft while interweaving such elements as a cyclops and alchemy is evident."

I met Frank Lunney at Lunacon and chatted with him one or two times. I suspect he may very well be an enchanted Irishman. Enchanted, at any rate.

Has anybody out there seen and/or read Weirdbook Two, published by W. Paul Ganley, P.O. Box 601, Chambersburg, Penna. 17201? It's a must for horror fans, for people who like weird stories a la the old (ancient?) Weird Tales and such. It's a collection of short stories and poetry supplemented by some very interesting artwork. Great cover, for example!

I very much liked the short story titled City of the Seven Winds by Joseph Payne Brennan. The last issue also has stories by H. Warner Munz and Robert E. Howard--both treats. Subscriptions are available at 4 issues for \$2.00, 8 for \$3.75. 75¢ a copy. A bargain.

A quotation from the new editor of GALAXY and IF--Ejler Jakobsson:

"There will be changes but none that will in any way reflect on what the magazines have been. They are and have been great. But the ride will be smoother, the impetus greater, the impact more. Universal Publishing and Distributing Company has an unequalled record in special-interest magazine publishing--our SKI, GOLF and FAMILY HANDYMAN publications are unquestioned leaders in their fields and GALAXY/IF will be, too."

The 1969 Story Contest sponsored by the National Fantasy Fan Federation is well underway. N3F members can enter; so can anybody else. Non-members must pay 50¢. Members free. You can get an entry blank from me--Leo P. Kelley, 500 East 85th St., New York, N.Y. 10028. \$15 first prize. \$10 second prize. \$5 third prize. Egoboo is gratis. Send stories to me at the above address. Judging in November.

FROM THE SWAMP

I am writing this column with the greatest of reluctance and trepidation. My hesitance and fear arise from the fact that the revelation that is to follow may be greeted with fannish snorts of derision and canted eyebrows, challenging my veracity and sanity. Nevertheless, I am impelled by great spiritual and cosmic forces beyond my controlling to set forth the amazing facts and the appeal that follows. My natural humility and shy, retiring nature revolt at the enormity of the spiritual charge that has been laid upon my ox-like shoulders; but duty calls; the ghods have spoken; my evangelical responsibility is clear and overwhelming.

Where shall I begin? How can I bring the gospel that has been given into my keeping to all you starving, deluded souls in Bohemaland? Maybe the best and only way is to relate to your startled ears a description of The Experience. It came to pass somewhat as follows:

I had been sitting out on the poopdeck of the swamp-skimmer, idly sunning myself, manipulating my official SPASM yoyo with the Hugo Gernsback violet decals and ruminating upon the weighty philosophic content of Bug Jack Barron, which I had been reading earlier in the day. Suddenly, a strange restlessness fixed itself upon me. "No! I won't do it. I've sworn off the damned things." I told myself. The nagging uneasiness persisted. "I won't! I won't! The pernicious things only upset me with all their fractiousness, dissension and uncouth slanders." Finally my resolve crumbled. I was giving in again to my baser drives.

Setting my SPASM pea-green beanie with the four-bladed propellor aright on top of my tousled locks, I vaulted with graceful precision over the poopdeck rail and began to make my way along the narrow, winding trail, through the lush, verdant jungle growth that lines the fringes of the swamp. Finally, heart pounding like an enraged tom tom, my perspiration dotted temples throbbing in excited and guilty anticipation, I arrived at the tip of the sand spit that thrusts out into the heart of the swamp. My hands trembled. I licked my quivering lips and looked furtively about. I was alone in the midst of the Great Washoe Swamp. I could pursue my abominable perversion in solitude, free from prying human eyes. What matter if I were observed by a wandering swagwample or swampbunny or any other of the dumb beasts that populated the vine and fern bedecked depths of the swamp, in well-fed profusion.

I made impatiently for the giant, gnarled upas tree under which rested the knobby, moss encrusted rock that marked the location of my cache. My bulbous Conan/Frazetta-like muscles rippled with the strain of moving aside the enormous rock. The rock aside, there--in the hole that I had hollowed out beneath the rock

sentinel--rested
my official SPASM
trunk with the Frank
R. Paul illustrations
clustered across the
lid. My eyes rolled
wildly about; the pro-
peller on my beanie was
whirring madly as it revved
up with the mad anticipation
emanating from my excited
brain. Within the trunk was
my horde, the source and nutrient
of my secret, shameful and unre-
strainable perversion!



By this time my entire magnifi-
cently proportioned body was caught up
in a fit of frenzied shaking from the wild
desire that coursed through its veins. The
moment of release and abandonment was draw-
ing deliciously near! My quivering vocal
chords croaked the official SPASM trunk
opening invocation.

Oh great and sweetly slithering Ghu!
Mighty, bug-eyed and gelatinous Foo!
In the Amazing names of Gernsback, Palmer, Fairman, White!
I wish you to; I hope you might.
With all my trufan faith I'm hopin',
You all will command this trunk to open!

The trunk lid swung upward. There, within in multi-colored profusion,
Xeroxed, mimeoed, dittoed and offset, in stapled confusion and disarray, lay my
fanzine collection. In the matter of a few moments time I had the sandy promon-
tory strewn with the things and was eagerly pouncing from one to another, reading
and drinking in the delicious invective, denunciations, villifications, tirades,
disparagements and general calumniations with gleeful greediness: ("You are a
horse's ass. Worse than that you are a dirty minded pipsqueak capable only of
throwing mud at your betters. You are offensive.") "That's telling that rat
White off in style, Harry baby! I writhed in pure ecstasy. ("Shit, I could go
on all day--Ted White epitomizes everything clannish, paranoid, Philistine, illit-
erate, envious and just plain boorish which encrusts the science fiction field
like a scabbing of clammy barnacles. Also, he is a liar.") "Oh, delicious!
That'll put that Ted White in his place. A really great put-down, Norm! It's
easy to see why you are such a literary genius. What masterful expressiveness!"
I pounded the sand beneath me in wild exultation. ("But Spinrad is not concerned
with quality. He's concerned with breaking taboos. Feh. He also promotes too
much publicity for himself.") "That's socking it to that smart-assed Spinrad,
Teddy boy!" On and on I read, feasting on the delightful verbiage. ("Frankly,

A COLUMN BY BILL MARSH

old Pierce, fuck you and fuck your secret society concept of what science fiction should be.")....("Word has reached me that "Harlan the Mouthless" Ellison is screaming again. That's hardly surprising, since Mr. Ellison is usually screaming at one thing or another.").....("Anyone pompous martinet enough to call himself 'Liaison Officer, Second Foundation' is a man surfeited with delusion and monomaniacal feelings of inadequacy.")....Finally, overwhelmed and sated, I collapsed prostrate upon the ground. "I am indeed fortunate to be a member of such a vigorous and stimulating sub-culture," I murmured contentedly to myself as I rested in satisfied fulfillment...and I hadn't even finished browsing back through the most recent PSY/SFRs.

I lay there, I know not exactly how long, in a contented drowsiness. When finally my full consciousness returned, the sun was low on the horizon, out of sight from the growing gloom of the swamp's center. I lay there, idly flicking small pebbles at the bubbles that belched forth from the surface of the swamp water and exploded with a dull farting noise as they were punctured by the pebbles...gloomph! Blahhft! Gloomph!

Suddenly, an unnatural silence descended upon the area. The mowing of the swagwamples and the braying of the swampbunnies had suddenly ceased. An eerie chill licked over me. Then I heard the voice, deep and hollowly booming. "Bill Marsh, hearken!"

I attempted a bravado chuckle. "C'mon Wild Willie...knock off the clowning!" I looked around to see if I could spy Willie's location. He was always trying to pull some idiocy. I saw no evidence of Willie's presence.

The voice repeated itself. "Bill Marsh, look upward and heed my words!"

My head tilted back and my unbelieving eyes focused upward. I saw him. There, suspended in the air above me, in purple robes, with golden sash and psychedically illuminated beanie was Saint Fanthony! I sputtered in amazement. His resemblance to pictures I had seen of Harry Warner Jr. was fantastic. "Greetings, true child of fannish faith," he greeted my perplexed being.

"Saint Fanthony! Is it really you?" I gasped.

"Indeed it is," he replied and thundered on. "I come to charge you with a mission. As you well know, my children are divided with rancor and bitterness. Such dissension and ill-feeling in fandom must cease!" He paused and shifted his harp to the opposite shoulder. "Only last night Hugo, Mick, myself and several others were having a few beers following the breakup of our HSFS meeting. In lamenting all this ridiculous squabbling, bad-mouthing and asinine BS that is blighting fandom, we decided to do something to put the screws to it."

"But hasn't fandom always been like that...full of little fan feuds and such?"

"Oh, I suppose," he sighed wearily. "But in the past it always had an underlying spirit of good fun about it. Nowadays, though, you have these cats like Pierce, Ellison, del Rey and Spinrad who really get all uptight about things. Tsk! Tsk!" The magnificently beanie-topped head rocked mournfully. "No! It must stop, all that bickering and namecalling. And you, Bill Marsh, Boy Bridge-builder and neo-trufan have been chosen as our tool to help bring a mighty reformation to fandom. You have been selected as the Bearer of Sweetness and Light. You will help found the ULTIMATE FOUNDATION and publicize and draw converts to the movement through the

of the Lunneyzine."

"But...but...why me? And...I don't think Lunney would go for such an idea at all! Your Saintship, sir, I am not trying to cop out, but such a thing doesn't sound too workable...and I already have a pretty responsible load being Co-Elder-Ghod of SPASH. Nope! I don't think I am up to such a task. Just what would be the objectives of ULTIMATE FOUNDATION, anyway?"

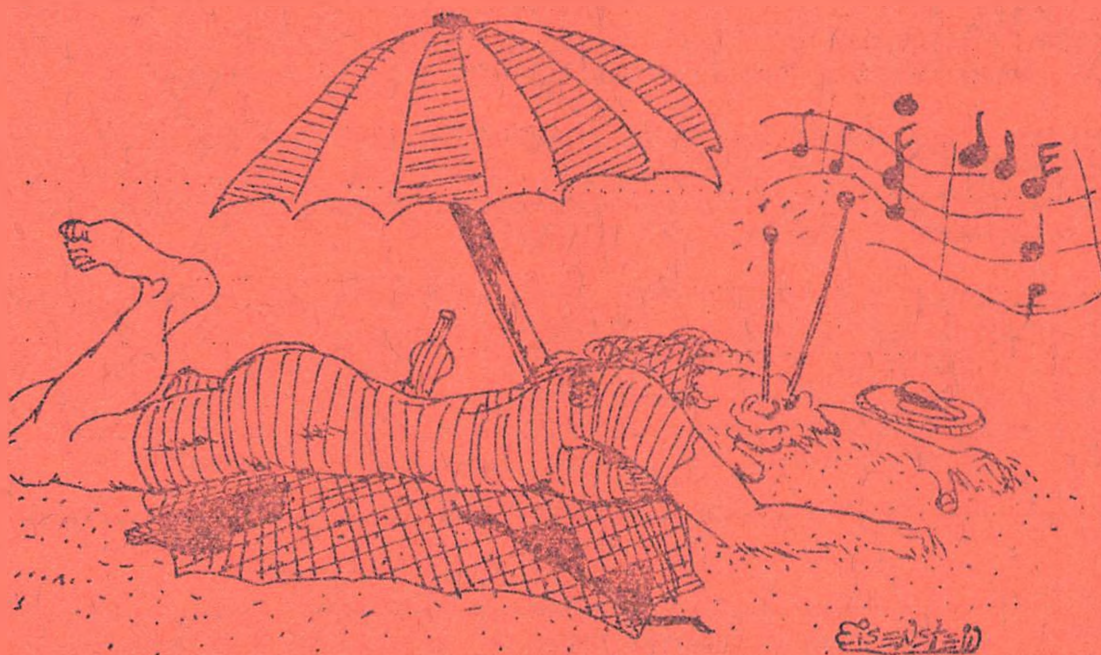
A visionary light came into Saint Fanthony's rheumy old eyes. "Simple! It would convert every fan into a niceguy."

I gasped. "Oh, that is impossible! Fandom would never buy that kind of bag. For one thing, it would make everything dull, an absolute drag."

"Silence, mortal swine!!" I think that I had aroused his saintly ire. The voice became deafening. "It has been decided and you have been chosen. There is no chickening out of the deal, Marsh! One more protestation on your part and every pre-1959 AMAZING STORIES in your prozine collection will be turned into a yellow and mouldering kipple!"

"I am yours to command, your Saintship," I murmured humbly, overcome by his apiritual approach. "But there is still the problem of convincing Lunney to allow BAB to be used for such a campaign. After all, he kind of prides himself on being a gadfly of sorts and wants to make DAB into the nastiest fanzine in all fandom. Naw.. we'll have trouble convincing The Flash."

The saintly figure remained adamant. "No. You overestimate the difficulty with Lunney. It is well known what an unsufferable egotist he is. Appeal to his insatiable hunger for egoboo. Give him a title. Lunney would go ape over a good



lofty sounding title, I think."

"How about Liaison Officer?" I ventured.

The ground shook beneath my feet and lightning bolts exploded overhead. "Clod! Stupid, unimaginative, cretin schmuck! What has fandom come to, to include such a colossal fathead among its numbers?" His saintship was pissed again. "That title has already been taken by that bad boy, John J." A gleam of fond remembrance lit his watery, old eyes. "Hmmm...I can remember when he was merely a roly poly little tyke, reading ERB under the covers at night by flashlight, a real cute little fellow." Then he got swiftly back to the subject at hand. "No! Lunney's title will be Chief High Thunderer!"

"Hey, Lunney will really go for that!" I chuckled. "Yeah, The Flash will definitely go big for the idea of being a Chief High Thunderer. Good thinking, Fanthony, old scout!"

The ground again shivered beneath me and lightning rent the sky above. "Don't get overly familiar, Marsh!" he warned me.

Humbled, I trembled under the scrutiny of his icy gaze. "One more question, Saint Fanthony: Why were we chosen for your disciples in this thing...me and Lunney?"

A smile played across the sagacious, kindly and wrinkled face, that a moment before had seemed so foreboding. One of his giant hands swooped downward and twirled the propellor on my beanie affectionately. "Because you both have such an innocent, unspoiled and pure-hearted neofannishness."

I continued to talk with my visitant there in the rapidly growing darkness of the swamp for a further time. But the other details of our conversation must remain privvy to only the elect of the movement that is to be known as the ULTIMATE FOUNDATION. Suffice it to say that Saint Fanthony and all the remaining fan contingent presently behind the Pearly Gates are backing and guiding our efforts. I have weekly meetings with Saint Fanthony and he personally maps out all strategy.

That's the story, fen. Just as it happened to me via The Experience. The time has come to initiate the great reformation in fandom. We must all henceforth heed the words of our Patron Saint, end the bad-mouthing, put-downs and nasty nasties, and make fandom a movement of sweetness and light.

So, get with it! Be a member of ULTIMATE FOUNDATION, one of the goodfen. All it takes is a card or letter addressed to BEABOHEMA expressing your desire to be one of the goodfen, a member of ULTIMATE FOUNDATION. In confirmation of your acceptance into our ranks, you will receive a lovely scroll, as designed and drawn by BAB staff artist, Jim McLeod, with the sweetness and light creed, as composed by Chief Sweetie, Faith Lincoln, engraved thereon. Let us make fandom one giant love-in!

.....

First class mail is forwarded more often than not!

BULL ARTIST



Yessir...fan art has reached a state in quality very often surpassing a good deal of the prozine art we see. I don't at all think that the prozines are to blame; their art hasn't become too much better or worse than it ever was. I think you will find that fan-dom's values are constantly and rapidly changing. Indeed, our standards are getting higher.

by seth
dogramajian

The changes in fandom and the increase in good art (and written material) stem from a number of reasons. Part of it has to do with the tremendous increase of men, women, boys, girls, BEMS, dogs, cats and just about anyone else you can think of who have joined the glorious ranks of fandom. I don't know where they all came from, they they have come. At Lunacon this year over 600 people registered as compared with 400 or so last year (one of the largest if not the largest of regional cons). That isn't even counting the people who came to Lunacon and never bothered to register! In short, fandom is experiencing something of a population explosion!

There is also an almost maniacal increase in the number of fan publications (a fact Piers Anthony will attest to!). I find it hard to believe there are thousands of messed up people sprinkled throughout the world, all driven by some yet unknown force to publish fanzines... Yet, proof of their ever increasing existence reaches my mailbox on a nearly daily schedule. Beware reader! I too am a member of this egoboosted, somewhat crazed class of spendthrifts known as faneds.

Along with the increase in fan and fanzines comes an increase in fan artists; and along with the increase in fan artists comes an increase in good fan art. Logical? Hmmm...

Not only is fandom producing good amateurs, but now we find that pros, whom we have loved, worshipped and admired all these years, are willing to involve themselves in fan affairs. A fan is a fan whether pro or amateur. Best known of these contributing professionals (in art) is, of course, Jack Gaughan, who seems to have a never ending bag of Bems for us needy faneds. Ghod! I'm glad...

Another thing contributing to the recent beauty of fan art is accurate reproduction. I remember when faneds used to trace all the art they received onto their ditto masters or mimeo stencils, very often ruining the art. There were many good trace jobs, but never were they 100% accurate. You will find quite a bit of tracing today, but it is usually accompanied by a few electro-stencilled illos. The majority of zines nowadays are using art that is electronically stenciled or offset. There are many great fan mags using mimeo (with electro-stenciling) which look almost as good as offset mags. For instance, Bill Mallardi's Double:Bill gets magnificent mimeo reproduction, and in color yet! Offset, however, in most cases, is a far more accurate method of reproduction than mimeo. Many of the best fanzines have been offset, or have changed to that style. Dick Geis's Psychotic (as everyone must know by now) has changed its name to Science Fiction Review and changed from excellent mimeo to even better offset. Leland Sapiro's Riverside Quarterly (which contains some of the best written material anywhere) often lacks good art, however the offset reproduction gives the zine a fine look. Tom R. Amy's Trumpet is probably the most beautiful of all fanzines ever published. The last issue had a full color cover by Hannes Bok which appears to be one of the high points in fan history. 'Tis magnificent... The rest of the zine is offset reproduced with a better than professional layout. There are hosts of other great offset publications such as Perihelion, Shangri L'Affaires, The Pulp Era, Squa Tront, etc. This is not to say that all the best zines are offset, but it does improve appearances greatly.

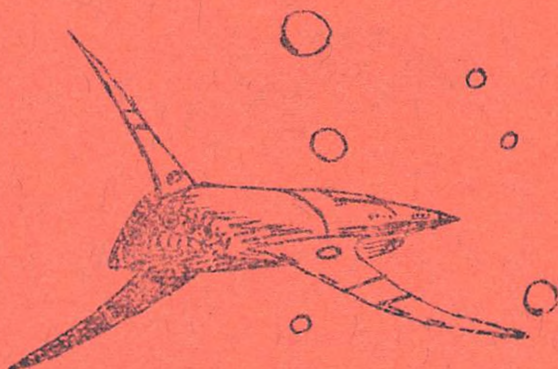
So we have:

1. Increase in fen...
(Creating more readers, writers, artists)
2. Increase in fanzines...
(Creating more places for fen to get their work pubbed)
3. Increase in accurate reproduction...
(Encouraging more artists to submit their work because it will be well printed)
4. Increase of Pro-Fan relationships...
(Bringing preofessional artwork to amateur publications)
5. Increase in good fan artists...
(Pros and amateurs)
6. Increase in good fan art...



Thus, it is obvious that fan art is in the best shape it has ever been in. We have all these magnificent amateur and professional artists coming together to be published in our fan mags. This, however, may present a problem to the Hugo voter this year.

There are so damn many good artists around it'll be hard to decide who deserves the Hugo most. Last year's winner really did deserve to win. Last year's winner (in case you somehow missed the results...??) was George Barr, my long time favorite. I first saw George's work in the early issues of Famous Monsters, but the art that impressed me beyond all else appeared in The Pulp Era (Lynn Hickman's zine on the old pulps) in the form of a folio. The folio contained fairies, imps, princes, frogs and related objects as only he can draw them. I was completely turned on by the Broken Sword strip which appeared in Reamy's Trumpet. It was just about the finest comic strip ever made. George may just win again, but I doubt it.



I'm pretty sure Vaughn Bode will take the Hugo this year, though at this point that isn't very much of a prediction. His comics and illos have appeared in so many fanzines that I would be rather shocked if he were to lose the fan artist award. His art appeared in quite a few of New York's underground newspapers, especially EVO. Really original material. He's my choice, anyway. The editor of Perihelion informs me that he has quite a bit of Vaughn's art coming up in future issues. The prozines gave Bode quite a

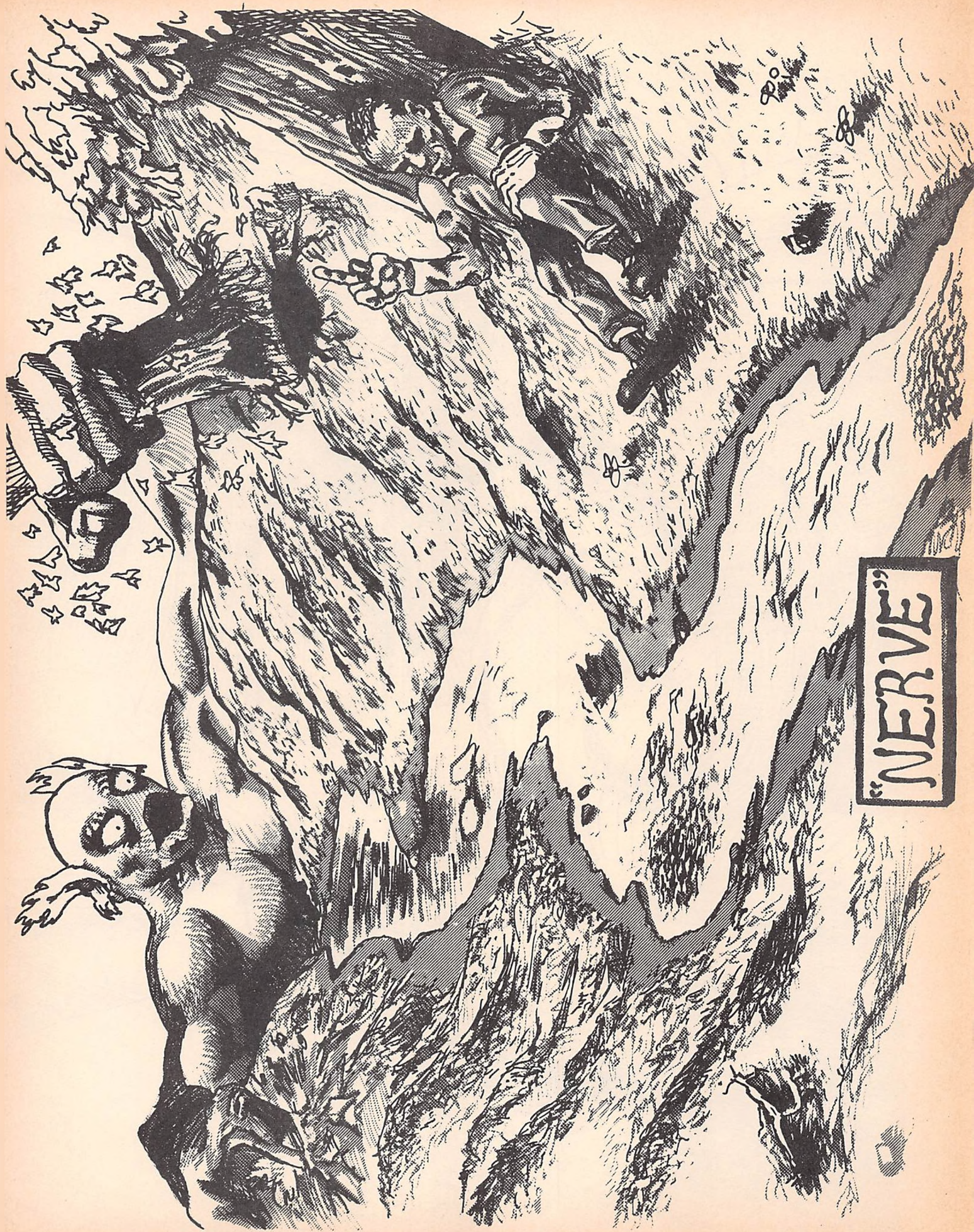
hard time; I hope fandom will show him the respect he deserves.

Steve Fabian has done some really beautiful and realistic material. Tim Kirk has done some excellent cartoons. I'm sure if these two continue turning out material at the rate they have been, one of them will cop next year's Hugo.

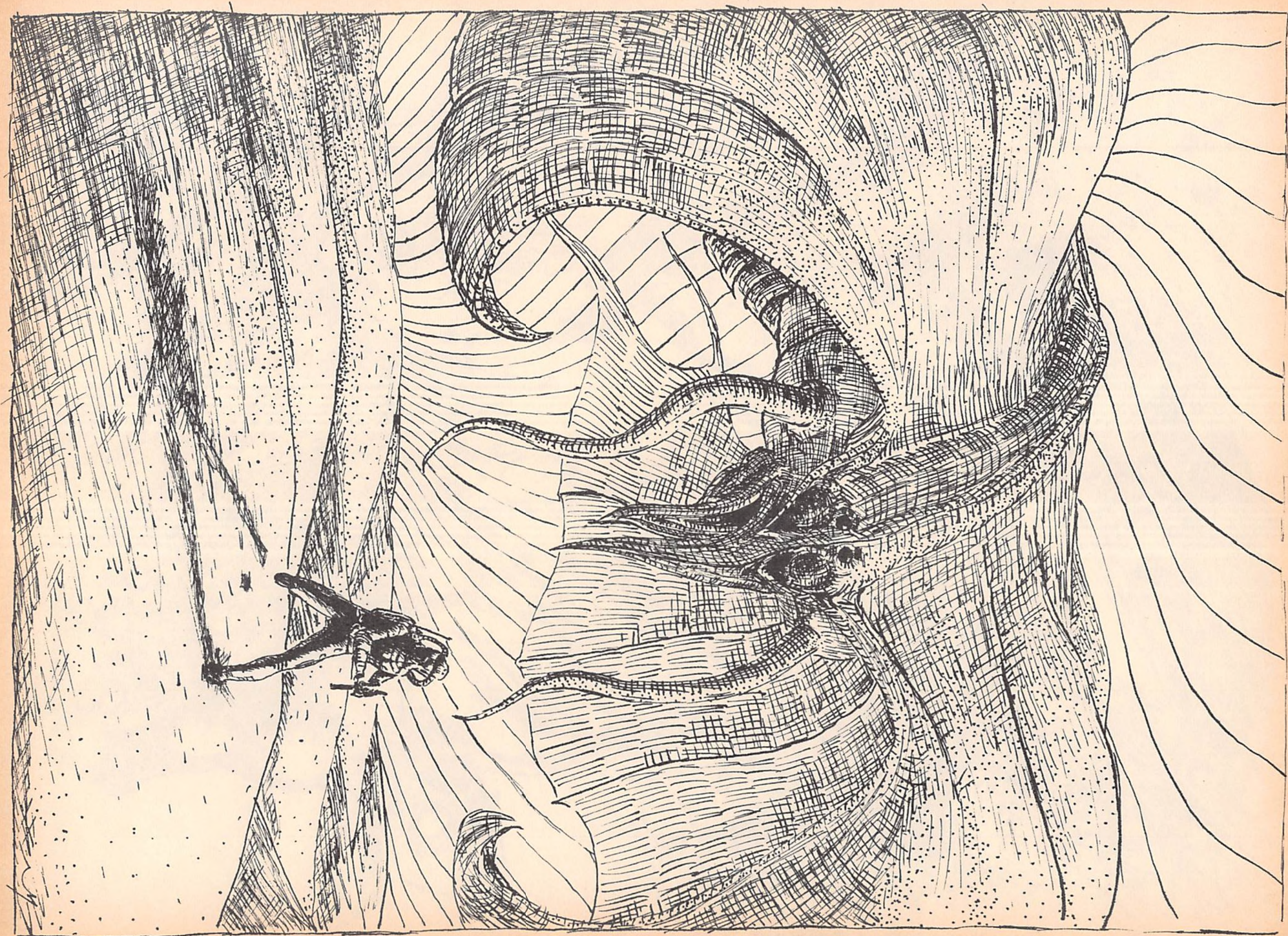
Then of course there is always the wonder-boy...Doug Lovenstein, or the mystery man...Arthur Thomson, or our psychotic freind...Mike Gilbert, or our realist...Dave Ludwig, etc., etc...

Well, those are my only thoughts on this year's awards, but I can't help but wonder about one other problem concerning the Hugos; I know this has been hashed and rehashed, but there must be a solution to the problem of letting pros win fan Hugos. Would it be such an impossible task to open a new Hugo category? For instance, BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST APPEARING IN A FAN PUBLICATION. I think you could get it to work. Of course, the only problem involved would be to arrive at a suitable definition for PROFESSIONAL ARTIST. The definition would have to be one that would enable a professional artist to receive an award and at the same time not isolate any fan artist (who has some art sold or rarely published) from the fan Hugo. Someone once said that such a new category would be opened solely for Jack Gaughan. Hmmm. The way things stand now, Jack keeps taking himself out of the running. Artists like George Barr, Atom, Jim Cawthorn, Jeff Jones and Vaughn Bode are not bad competition. Just because Jack is a pro, why should he, or anyone like him, be neglected a fan Hugo? He should receive an honorary Hugo for contributing to every fanzine under the sun! Perhaps we could make an honorary Hugo to be presented to the Professional Science Fiction Writer or Artist Lending the Most Help to Fandom. Oh bullfeathers! There must be some reasonable solution. Anyone out there in TV land have any suggestions?





"NERVE"



FANDOM'S VOCAL POINT

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Fanzines to be reviewed should be sent to Al Snider at Box 2319, Brown Station, Providence, Rhode Island, 02912 [from Worldcon-time until the middle of May] or to Al Snider, 1021 Donna Beth, West Covina, California, 91790 [from the middle of May until Worldcon-time]. Fanzines should be marked "REVIEW" so that I don't think you are trading with me or [better yet] throw your fanzine into the trashcan. Oh yes, I rate from 1-10, although I have never given a one or a ten. --AL SNIDER

I said last issue that there was going to be a format change....so here is one. This issue I would like to talk about a couple of fanzines that have seen fit to do some changing that is definately against the trend of things. Most of these changes are in either format or reproductive process, but on a deeper examination I think we can see a lot of the emphasis and ideas changing too.

I think ODD [Ray & Joyce Fisher] would be a good place to start. Ray tells the story when he writes, "As if I have not revealed enough madness in this editorial to top off two decades of fan publishing, this issue is, with exception of the covers, mimeographed."

It's really pretty hard to swallow, and I read half of the damn issue before I realized that it wasn't offset. Ray and Joyce did such an outstanding job printing that you really can't tell. The artwork comes out dark, the lettering comes out dark, the print comes out without show-through, and as far as I can see, it looks as good [if not even better] than it used to.

In any case, a hearty salute to Ray & Joyce for defying all convention and producing a fanzine that is not only mimeographed, but beautiful. Bill Donaho used to do something

like that, but apparently he got tired of taking that much trouble. Let's all hope the same does not happen to ODD. And when one considers that this issue of ODD is the 20th Annish, the possibility of such becomes rather remote.

Another strange aspect of ODD [no pun intended] is that it is growing purposely smaller. In the lettercol we read that circulation is shrinking. From 1,000 copies with 19, ODD is down to 500 with this issue [20] and plans are to shrink down to about 300 copies. The only question here is, are such things advisable in the light of fanzine hugo contention?

I doubt that it is any worry of the Fishers', but ODD does stand a good chance of copping a Hugo one of these days. I wrote recently in a SAPSzine that ODD was out of the race because it hadn't been coming out lately. Of course, the next day I find a huge issue in my PO box, and after a good reading one thinks that if circulation remains high and a regular schedule is still used, ODD has a more than good chance to capture the fanzine Hugo.

However, if it is priorities that are at question, I would rather see fandom get a well-deserved worldcon run as well as Ray can run one than I would like to see ODD get a well-deserved Hugo. Ray & Joyce are still young, and very talented. They will get there reward one of these years.

ODD #20 is well-worth anything you have to pay, since this issue is fantastic, to say the least. It contains comic strips by Johnny Chambers, two strips by Mike Gilbert, and a huge strip entitled "BATTLE OF THE TITANS" by Jack Gaughan and Vaughn Bode, where they fight it out in typical genius fashion. It really is a cartooning duel that would bear republication on many fronts. Articles this time are by Moorcock, Joe Haldeman, Dick Lupoff, and one each from Bode and Gaughan. A very interesting set of contents.

A rather bland, but still interesting, zine came my way the other day. I was surprised not by the contents, but by the style in which it was printed. I held in my hand a tiny offset fanzine, quarter-size.

BLACK ORACLE [Bill George, C.D.M.A. Ellis, and George Stover] is a little too movie oriented for me, but still it represents a fairly good effort for these three fans. By first effort I mean, of course, first issue. And such is obvious because the contents are almost totally editor written or inspired, except where Roger Zelazny speaks out on himself.

What this fanzine needs, I would suggest, is either a better system of recruiting material or a better knowledge on their own part of what to talk about. Of course, not being a

movie fan, the contents don't appeal to me, but I doubt that they would be that earth-shattering even for a movie fan. The articles made very good use of the possibilities of offset printing [running old movie ads, pictures, etc.] but still only glossed over the situation at hand. "Gimmicks In Movie Production" is the column I would single out [that was the lead-off article, by the way] as a primary manifestation of this fault. The Zelazny thing looks like a letter he wrote that they plucked phrases out of and turned into an article. Pretty poor tactics, if you ask me.

However, I'm not bombing BLACK ORACLE. I'm just saying that it needs to get a little more experience and a few more issues under its belt, and in the mean time decide just what it wants to talk about.

Both ODD and BLACK ORACLE arrived back-to-back in my PO box. A offset fanzine gone mimeo and a new quartersized zine were a little much for me to swallow in one day. As such I took one out one day and the next out on the next day. I try to space my innovations.

But, time marches on and other innovations soon reached my post office box. This time it took the form of Ed Reed and his "do-it-yourself fanzine". It wasn't much of a real "build-your-own" as much as it was a different form of APA mailing.

In this wonderful package we receive such things as a cover [not stapled to the rest], a table of contents, an editorial, an opinion section, ficition. verse, reviews, letters, a back cover, and...oh yes, also a set of instructions for how to construct it.

A better idea for this, I think, would be to try and put together an average fanzine of this type. In such a case, you would supply two or three articles that would fit almost anyone's style, and then let the reader fill in the authors according to the way they feel at the moment. Some typical fiction, some typical "next issue we will have.." and some letters doing the usual things could cap off the issue. You could even do a convention report where the reader could fill in not only the name of the author, but the names of people mentioned in the report too.

However, back to L'ANGE JACQUE #3. I think Ed Reed has to sacrifice a lot in order to get his idea of a kit over to the readers. Continuity, cohesiveness, and a general rapport with readers.

This issue contains no outstanding names, but it does contain most of the very young and active names in fandom. The best part of the issue is J.J. Pierce defending himself again.

Pierce is very entertaining to read. His use of logic is astounding to witness. As Harry Warner pointed out in my own fanzine, Crossroads!, his points are about as hard to destroy as those of Steve Pickering:

L'ANGE JACQUE is an interesting fanzine, and right now I consider it to be pretty much the voice of Conn. Fandom, what there is of it. A parting word to Ed Reed: it was a good idea, but not that good. Next time just try and do a better job on the zine. It has definately improved since I saw the first issue.

An innovation which I would like to mention briefly is Tom Reamy's DALLASCON zine. I imagine that I would trace the idea of this to MANEKI-NEKO, which was the TOFF zine trying to bring Takumi Shibano to the U.S. However, here we see that Tom is using his mass-production tactics to bring the Worldcon to Dallas. 5,000 copies of a very impressive zine were sent out. I would further comment on the efficacy of such a tactic, but this is a fanzine review section, and not a place for me to carry on convention bidding critiques.

Now there is one other creature I want to say something about.....Frank Lunney. Now I'm not going to tell you that BEABOHEMA is the greatest thing that ever hit the street, because it isn't. By far. It has neither the technical skill nor the long experience to make it so.

However, one cannot deny one important fact...that it is interesting. Lunney himself admits that he can't write [which is a good place to start from when publishing a genzine]. What he wants to do is present other people doing their own thing, and in such a way drag people into it via lettercol. And if Frank can do this, as he is starting to, then he is a success. Right?

As a parting shot let me plug my own fanzines, NIMROD and CROSSROADS! I should thing that they significantly demonstrate that I have no room to talk when publishing a fanzine.

--AL SNIDER

L'ANGE JACQUE #3, Ed Reed, 668 Westover Road, Stamford, Conn. 06902. 35 cents, trade, letter. RATING.....4
BLACK ORACLE #1, 509 Alleghany Ave., Baltimore, Maryland 21204. 25 cents, trade, contribute, letter. RATING.....4
ODD #20, Ray & Joyce Fisher, 4404 Forest Park Ave., St. Louis, mo. 63108. \$1, letter, contrib. RATING.....9
DALLASCON BULLETIN #1, Dallascon Bidding Committee, Box 532, Richardson, Texas 75080. Free. RATING.....?



"To Jerusalem"
by Robert Silverberg -

[Signature]

TURNIP COUNTR

HEH HEH



BOOK
REVIEWS?



Speaking of Whores

Four years ago, Mercury Films-Walter Manley-Southern Cross Productions finished their "science fiction" film "I Criminali Della Gallassia" ahead of schedule. Unwilling to waste a single lire by releasing the contracted players, directors, photographers and the rest of the zoo early, the production company indulged in some script revision, scenery shifting, renaming of characters and produced "I Diafanoidi Portana la Morte."

Anyone with any cognition of science fiction would regard that as the shoddiest and most blasphemous of practices. Anyone except Mack Reynolds: he's been using that technique for years and years, its latest usage being evident in The Five Way Secret Agent (ANALOG, April-May 1969).

It was in one glorious moment of inspiration that John W. Campbell recognized the manuscript of The Computer Conspiracy as the product of an illicit and incestuous relationship between Computer War (ANALOG, June-July 1967) and Sweet Dreams, Sweet Princes (ANALOG, October-December 1964) and--the cruelest cut of all--rejected it, forcing Reynolds to seek another market in the equally style-deaf--though not so remunerative--Pohl (IF, November-December 1968).

Beaten, but unbowed, Reynolds wondered as he stared at the carbon copy: Why? Oh why? Determined not to disappoint any of his trusting relatives--all of whom were waiting with their post cards, salivating at the very thought of onceagain stuffing the Analytical Laboratory--and positive that the novel was good for at least one more go-around and worth twice the amount Pohl shelled out, the author assiduously worked on revisions: Paul Kosloff to Rex Bader, his father's profession from world renown spy to eminent professor, the head of the Inter-American Bureau of Investigation from J. Edgar Hoover? to J. Coolidge, the plan to create a world government by merging computer banks to merging ultra-military-industrial complexes (these last two being ready men of straw and causes celebres)...and Big John capitulated.

Lo:

Rex Bader, the last of the obsolete private eyes--none the wiser since his last blackface performance in the bastard son of "Thunderball" and Norman Spinrad's "The Equalizer", "Extortion, Inc." (See ANALOG, February 1969, page 87, and ANALOG, April 1969, page 12.)--is snared in a chain of circumstance and dragooned into Bondage (a shameless flaunting of "If it's a spy they want, give 'em spy."):

1) In a sleazy penthouse apartment, Bader sucks his thumb while Francis Westley Rogot, Chairman of the Board of International Communications, Inc., tells him the earth is round, explains the foundations of their socio-economic system and wants him to serve as go-between for ICI and their opposite numbers in the Soviet Complex. Once the cosmocorps merge, "security can be bypassed and the national state can be left the police powers for internal civil needs, and to handle its other internal problems." However, greater powers to fight crime does not particularly appeal to

2) Sin Queen Extraordinary Sophia Anastasis (no, Reynolds' left pinky didn't hit the "s" key in lieu of the "a" and he was too lazy to correct it to Anastasia. It's pronounced like Aristotle Onassis slurred together: The National Perspirer and other "newspapers" of that ilk are currently exposing his business dealings.) who--not knowing his unwillingness to work for ICI--allows him to saturate his polled while she lectures on her opposition to the merger. To thwart these plans, she wants Bader to work as a double agent. When he declines, two thugs are unleashed and set upon him. But he is rescued by

3) the Inter-American Bureau of Investigation. These right wingers, not wanting the U.S.A. swallowed up in some Utopian ideal, collaborate with

4) the Soviet Chrezvychnaya Kommissiya to root out these mutually menacing subversives behind the Iron Curtain. Their plan: use the detective as a double agent. Upon turning down their offer ("...the most you could do to me is have my license..."), Bader is nabbed by

5) the Technocrats, the caste of scientists, engineers, teachers, etc. They

too favor world government, but not as a carry-over of the current system (Meritocracy). Amidst the inevitable confusion arising from the merger, they--aided by their Eastern counterparts--would seize power and institute reforms. Towards this end Bader must make initial contact with the Soviet Technocrats.

Finally, for a big boodle from each client--deposited in a Swiss bank account --Bader accepts amid a flourish a prose remarkably reminiscent of the conclusion of Part One of The Computer Conspiracy:

Before Paul Kosloff passed out again, he said, "I just thought I'd let you know I'm available for that assignment."

"Why do you want to see her, Bader?"

"Tell her I'm ready to reconsider her offer."

Thus far the author has devoted some forty-five pages in merely enlisting his secret agent for the mission (a condition not solely indigenous to this and The Computer Conspiracy)--the bulk of the wordage being devoted to explaining every single facet of the "why you should do this." Speculate on Mack Reynolds, not Adam Hall, having written The Quiller Memorandum:

"Tell me, Quiller, have you ever heard of the National Socialists or the N.P.D.?"

"Dah...somethin' or odder in Erup, ain't it?"

"Pol's chops dribbled up and down as he nodded. "In 1913, Europe was divided into a lot of small states and two great power blocs: the Triple Alliance--Germany, Italy and Austria-Hungary--and the Triple Entente--England, France and Russia.

"Now, the socio-economic systems of these blocs were..."

Yet in their loquacity, Reynolds' "M" figure(s) and subordinates persist in idiotically violating one of the prime directives of the "Great Game":

You're cleared, briefed and sent in, and if you ask any questions outside the prescribed limits of the briefing they think you're nosy or windy and they're usually right. The man in the field isn't given the overall picture because there are always background factors that might worry him if he knew what they were.

Adam Hall, The Striker Portfolio

No wonder J. Edgar/ Frank Hodgson/ Sid Jakes loses so many agents!

Aside of adding a superfluous onus onto the already burdened operative, the other prose open tomorrow's world to our senses, mostly the ears. For aside from the endless variations on "he inserted his universal credit card and dialed a drink":

He ran a finger over the typer keyboard, sighed and dialed for his lesson in Spanish for that day (April 1969, pg. 8).

He scratched himself and yawned as he dialed statistics (pg. 31).

/Bader/ dialed another outfit from the ultra-market in the bowels of the building (pg. 33).

/In this novel the author exhibits a fetishistic obsession with dials. In the

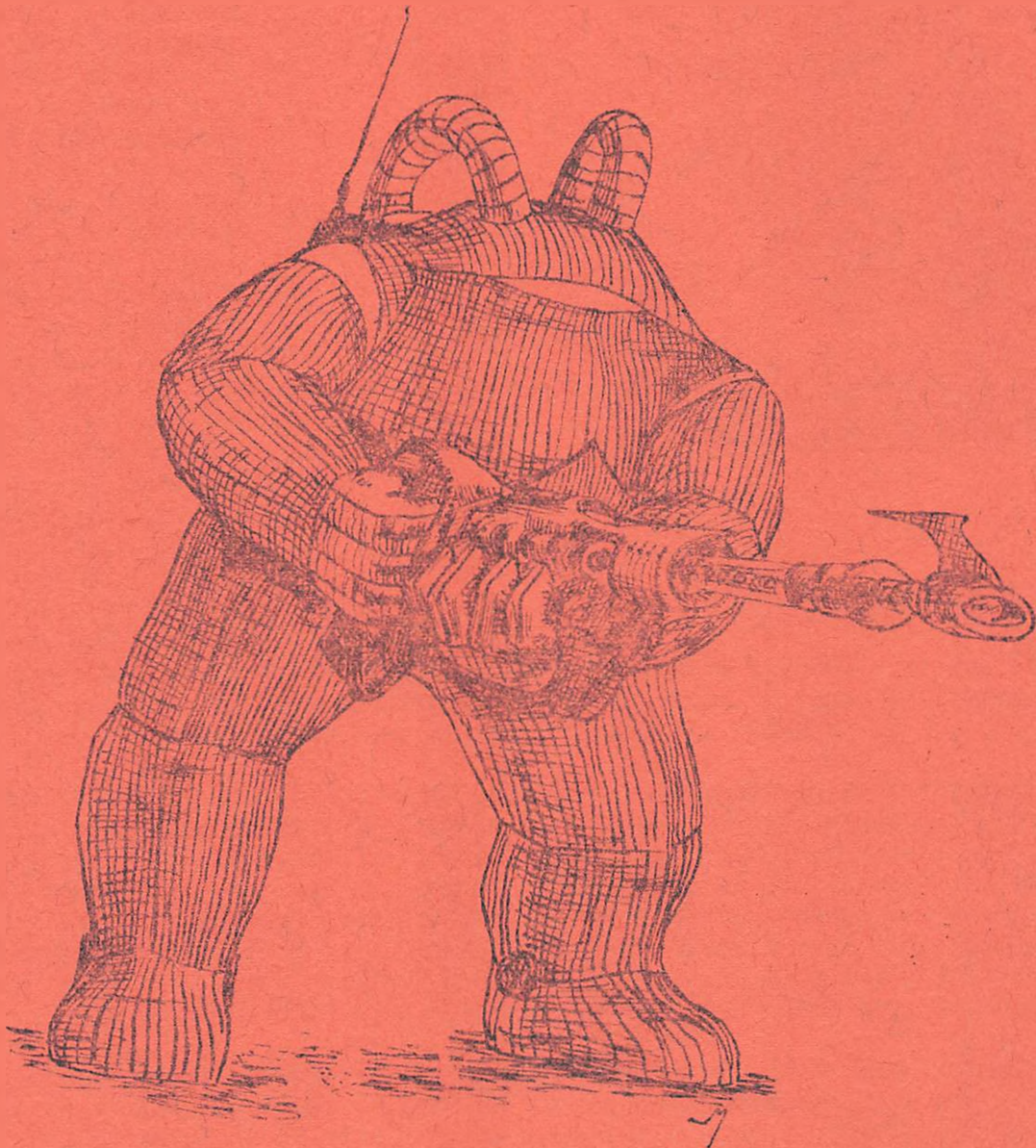
above three instances Bader has respectively taken a drug "related to mescaline", been attired in only the pajama tops that were his invariable nightwear", and stood nude.⁷ and "he fingered his pocket TV phone":

The police, through the computers, could get an immediate fix on any pocket phone and locate the person with that identity number to within a few square yards (pg. 21).

"...This is not only a TV phone, but my credit card..." (pg. 21).

Rex Bader said, "It's illegal to deprive a citizen of his pocket phone." (pg. 44).

the reader learns about this society vicariously, rarely experiencing the nuances of Meritocracy. All one knows from the long winded discussions, an atavism of the "Gee, I never knew that, and I've lived here all my life" dialogue so prevalent in



Utopian novels--which nine out of ten times has no bearing on the story:



John Mickoff said, For example, Bader, do you know who owns the Bahama Islands?"

"Bahama Islands?"

"Hm-m-m. In the old days there used to be so-called sin cities; places like Tangier, Panama City, Singapore. But in the past they never had a sin country. The Bahamas were a sitting duck. International Diversified Industries, Incorporated moved in and literally bought the Bahamas. They purchased at least ninety percent of all property, all land, all industry, including hotels, resorts, restaurants--everything. And in so doing, of course, bought the government as well. Offhand I can't think of anything that is illegal in the Bahamas today, if you have the price. Prostitution is legal, most narcotics are legal including marihuana, homosexuality is legal and Bahama laws don't even include that proviso in British law about consultin

((sic)) adults. Every form of gambling is legal. Where night clubs leave off and ultra-bordellos begin is moot. A pervert, given money, can find any sin he can dream up. Oh the Bahamas are the thing these days (pgs. 29-30)."

Whatever lethargy permeated Part One, it moved with the speed of Emma Peel compared to the conclusion which, as an opener, dragged in the tired "traitor (hint: see Temple Norman, a superfluous character with only one function--to be painted in a bad light) in the organization," i.e. in a bug-proof room only three people know the secret code to be used in the Soviet Complex, but the IABI learns "Byron/Shelley." Who finked? Roget? Why should he work at cross purposes? Bader? He had his integrity. Temple Norman, Roget's right hand man? Rex Bader, Private Detective doesn't solve the "mystery" until the Aftermath.

To kill time till then, Bader--posing as a sightseer--tours Prague, meets his contact, and they discuss GNPs. Though nothing, save three cents a word, came from that lecture, Bader is slipped a note telling him to go to Bucharest.

In his hotel two of Sophia Anastasis's thugs and a man from the IABI tell him ICI isn't fooling around: legislation has been introduced to merge the Comsat systems of the USA and the Soviet Complex. To kill this first step towards world government, all three want to create an international incident.

A paragraph long karate match (TV is currently de-emphasizing violence and Reynolds--being contemporary--is too) follows, then it's off to Bucharest for an abduction right out of "The Man From U.N.C.L.E." and a confrontation with Roget's mysterious counterpart.

Anyone who's ever read Reynolds from 1960's "Summit" on down knows that rival factions are rarely as hostile as imagined or that one character, a big wheel in one echelon, also heads the opposition. This novel proves no exception: the American head of the Chrezvychnaya Kommissiya is an important figure in the Soviet Bureaucracy and a sympathizer of the Technocrats.

So the baddies are knocked off (off stage, of course), Bader comes out for world government, a traitor is uncovered and a sequel promised (the last point contingent on whether Reynolds's relatives out-weigh the regular reader). So ends another exciting adventure in the life of Rex Bader: very poor science fiction, doubly bad spy--far double-plus agents and double crosses, Len Deighton's epigraphs for Funeral in Berlin, much less the story, needn't worry.

However, this novel is neither science fiction nor spy. On the contrary, the author is worming his way into the mainstream. The Five Way Secret Agent is a bildungsroman, the story of a young boy's spiritual growth: a young innocent (Bader) leaves home and encounters Racism ("I don't want to become a fellow citizen of some uneducated black running around in a G-string in Tanzania or wherever."), Sex (considering Campbell's determination to run a good, clean family magazine, this is surprising--women in Reynolds's stories are usually treated as political foils. But then, Campbell did allow Randall Garret to use incest and sex and Reynolds is just as meretricious a writer as Garret.) (he also liked girls. Especially the Germanic Brunhild he had picked up...), Conservatism ("Damn subversives"), Evil ("...when crime becomes big enough, it's no longer crime..."), Knowledge ("Wasn't he the one who wrote 'The Ancient Mariner?'"), Naivete ("Rigged elections! Are you insane? In the United States?"), Science ("The smaller portable /scramblers/...are meaningless to our advanced equipment.")... Yet even in the mainstream Reynolds fails. The lessons learned by Tom Jones, Felix Krull and Marlowe were lessons of life and from life, not what any drivel-happy cloddy nark could get from "inserting his universal credit card" and dialling Harrison Brown, John Herz, C. Wright Mills, etc., etc.

--Faith Lincoln

(hesitantly bringing to light the otherwise shit-slinging loc in the last issue of B&B from Leo Doroschenko, who usually can't get a damn sentence straight when he copies it!)

A Torrent of Faces by James Blish & Norman L. Knight, Ace A-29, 75¢

This book takes one of the commonest and most productive themes of science fiction--the population problem as it will exist in a few centuries--and manages

to do incredibly little with it. An excerpt from a review on the back cover proclaims: "You may never again see a novel of science fiction in which there is an imaginary world so intricately detailed and fleshed out."

Resisting the impulse to name two or three hundred, it suffices to say that the faults of A Torrent of Faces begin with the fact that the imaginary world except for a few vivid patches of color when the authors were concentrating on some specific area, is portrayed very weakly indeed, and the whole book is cluttered with hints and loose ends that are never pursued.

The faults do not, unfortunately, end there. This novel is composed in part of several stories written over a period of a couple of years. This device--parlaying a group of related short stories into a novel by expanding the stories and tying them together with new material--is a legitimate one, but it has dangers and drawbacks which the writer(s) must avoid by careful rewriting. Messrs. Blish and Knight were not especially careful in their grafting of fragments onto other fragments to create a novel. What they have produced is a hodgepodge, an obvious composite, in which the whole tone and style is different, from one section to another. (An example of their carelessness is the fact that certain objects and institutions are described more than once in virtually the same words, when once would have been all that was necessary in a novel.)

The style doesn't help, either. A Torrent of Faces is written in short chapters that jump back and forth from one locale and set of characters to another. This is done frequently by good writers for a reason--namely, to establish a counterpoint between two or more threads of the plot--but it is done by Blish and Knight for no good reason at all, except possibly that it would have been too much trouble to write it any other way.

Then there is the characterization, which is atrocious. One character only--Dorothy Sumter--comes close to being a living, breathing person, and another--Tioru, her deputy and suitor--has flashes of life. All of the other characters are totally one-dimensional. The authors even achieve the considerable coup of managing to fail to make a paranoid a distinct individual personality.

The plot, because of the book's composite nature, is a collection of ideas and events having only the most tenuous relation to one another. The ostensible motive event of A Torrent of Faces is an asteroid which comes crashing into the Earth in the Hudson Bay area, but there are other things going on, none of which are handled satisfactorily: the floating away and sinking of a luxury hotel in the South Pacific, the love affair between Dorothy and Tioru, who are of different races (or, as the authors insist, species--Tioru is a Triton, bred to live and work underwater), a lunatic attempting to kill one of the leading characters, the developing of a means of interstellar travel, etc.

Chapter 11, dealing with the Dorothy-Tioru relationship, is reasonably well-done, as are the final two chapters. But as for the rest of it...worth neither the price nor the time involved to read it.

--Ted Pauls

The People: No Different Flesh by Zenna Henderson, Avon S328, 60¢

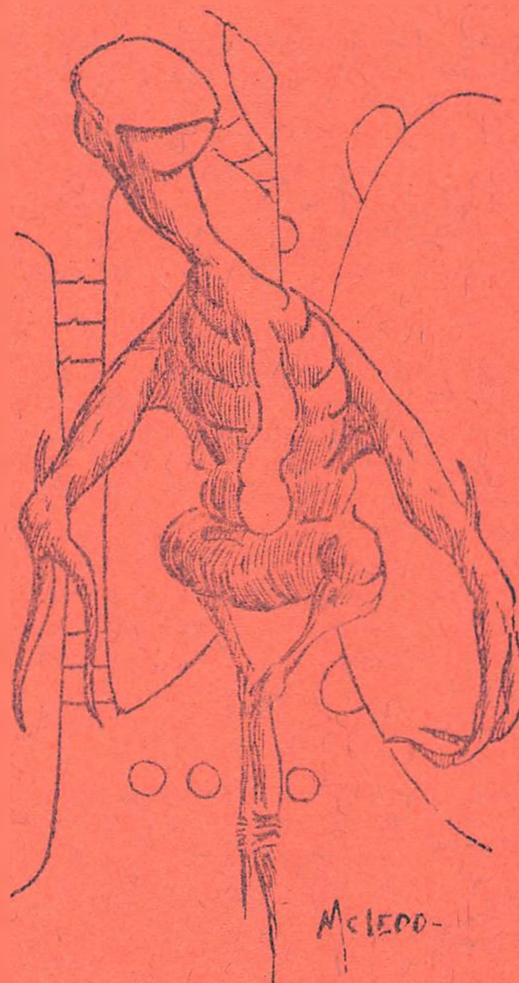
In contrast to the crude effort of Messrs. Blish and Knight, Zenna Henderson

demonstrates that it is possible to organize individual stories written at different times into a single, smoothly integrated shronicle. I use the word "chronicle" advisedly. This is not a novel, and makes no pretense of being one, but it is a series of closely related stories with a carefully constructed common background and a number of common characters. It is also, incidentally, stylistically cohesive, so that the reader is not jarred by sudden changes in the mood or rhythm of the writing.

Such stories, written carefully and against a detailed and well thought-out background, are easy to weave together into a coherent whole. The actual mechanics of the meshing, in this instance, is accomplished by the first tale, "No Different Flesh", which is newly written for the book, and by supplementary material inserted between "chapters". Within this new tale, five stories previously published in magazines are presented via the flashback method: "Deluge", "Angels Unawares", "Troubling of the Water", "Return" and "Shadow on the Moon".

In the event that there are people reading these words who are not acquainted with Zenna Henderson's People, probably among the best known beings in modern science fiction history, a brief précis may be in order. The People are extra-terrestrials whose world was destroyed by an unspecified cataclysm and who set out through the reaches of space in search of a new home. The diaspora brought some of them to Earth, and the stories which Miss Henderson has been writing for a good many years deal with their lives on this strange planet, their relationships with Outsiders (all capitalized words a la Henderson). Physically, the People are indistinguishable from earthlings, but they possess a bewildering variety of Gifts, including telepathy, telekinesis, levitation, the power to Heal and others for which there are no simple names. They have a Group memory; anything that has ever happened to one of the Group is available to others through a process of Assembling. They know exactly when they are going to die, or, as they say, be Called into the Presence. It is quite a challenge to an author to create such beings and make them believable, but Zenna Henderson has done it.

She has done more. She has made the People comprehensible and, in general, likeable. Many science fiction writers have created races of beings with powers such as the People possess, and nearly always they fall into the star-gods-among-the-savages syndrome, in which the outworlders are either coldly rational super-



intellects with a contemptuous indifference to homo sapiens or, at the other extreme, super-saints, flawless, loving and modest to a fault. But Henderson's People are people. Their culture, religion and ethical system (all of which are portrayed consistently and in detail) have been formed in accordance with the Gifts they possess, but they remain people, not gods. As people, they are different from one another: some warmer, some reserved, one Debbie, for most of "Return", insufferably arrogant, though she alters her attitude in the end. They are fallible. They are, in short, human, despite their extra-terrestrial origin.

In the latest Algol, Dick Lupoff cited the "People" series as a prime example of soap opera adapted to the science fiction field. It is not entirely clear whether Dick intended this as criticism, though most people would consider it such. In any case, I can give qualified agreement to his statement. The television soap operas are stories about real (or at least realistic) characters with real problems, and as such are by far the best and most effective drama on the airwaves today. Zenna Henderson's stories are "soap opera" to the extent that what they are principally about is people and people's problems, rather than gadgets or inscrutable tentacled beasties from Planet X or even the Ideas which some critics inform us it is the unique capacity of science fiction to be about. Fiction is about people, and to the extent that any piece of fiction primarily about something other than people is almost invariably bad fiction.

Zenna Henderson writes well about her People, and all of the stories in No Different Flesh are excellent and engrossing. Characterization of the People as a group is superb, but the best individual characterization in the book is of an Earth couple, Seth and Glory. If there is any real criticism to be made of No Different Flesh it is a certain repetitiousness of plot which is often noted when stories written separately and over a period of years are collected into one volume. Four of the six stories here involve one of the People, stranded and alone, being taken care of by an Earth (always rural American) couple. That, however, is an extremely small nit to pick with an extremely readable book.

--Ted Pauls

Bug Jack Barron by Norman Spinrad, Avon W206, 95¢

Well, this is the book everyone has been talking about for months and it finally came out in paperback. For the few of you who haven't read it yet, I think it's about time someone told you what it is about besides sex. Bug Jack Barron is one of the new breed of sf novels. It's a shame, too. The main thing that makes this novel different from other science fiction stories is the fact that it is loaded with obscenities. In my opinion this novel would have been just as good without the filth. (No, I'm not a prude!) More of that later.

Basically, Jack Barron is a Joe Pyno-television nit-picker of the 1980s or '90s. People call in to his program every Wednesday night to give their gripes and he does something about the gripes. Usually the complaint is about some Senator or big capitalist. What Jack does is call up the businessman and get him hopping mad to see if he'll spill anything important. It makes for an interesting show. Well, all that is fine and dandy, but then he gets mixed up with politics and trouble begins. It starts over Benedict Howards and his foundation for frozen people, you know, you know, freezing people until they can be revived at some future date for the cure-all...that thing's been used a lot lately, notably Simak's WCTBFH. Well anyway, Benedict (note the evil connotation of the name!) wants to make a deal with Jack Barron. It seems that he has a bill coming up in Congress

that would make his foundation a legal monopoly and he wants Jack Barron to support the bill on his show which reaches millions of viewers. Only Jack won't go along with it. He smells something fishy going on. The bill would pass through Congress with no real problems at all and doesn't need help from Barron to get passed, so he goes hunting to see what's up. Just to make it more fun he tears apart the foundation on one of his shows to see what Howards will do. Jack Barron soon gets mixed up in a plot that leads from Benedicts Howards to an assassinated presidential candidate to a man named Harry Franklin who sold his daughter into slavery to Negro controlled Mississippi to a plot of immortality. This is a good, fast, action-adventure-detective science fiction story and would be a good book to read, enjoy and forget if it weren't for the New Thing thing. Here's where the faults lie.

Norman Spinrad goes hogwild with making sf into mainstream. Darned if I ever read a mainstream novel with so many four-letter words. I feel that sex and such language have no place in any novel to such a degree unless such scenes are strictly necessary for continuation or development of the plot. This novel could very easily have stood on its own merits without the sex scenes. In my mind, if an author has to resort to such things it shows he's not writing a good novel. He's using the sex to cover up the story. He adds sex to make the story more interesting, but there are limits, or should be. Now I have nothing against some good old fashioned sex now and then, but there's just so much one can stomach. BJB was, to me, a book that might have been good, but seems repulsive because of its filth.

Down with New Wave. Up with the Second Foundation!!

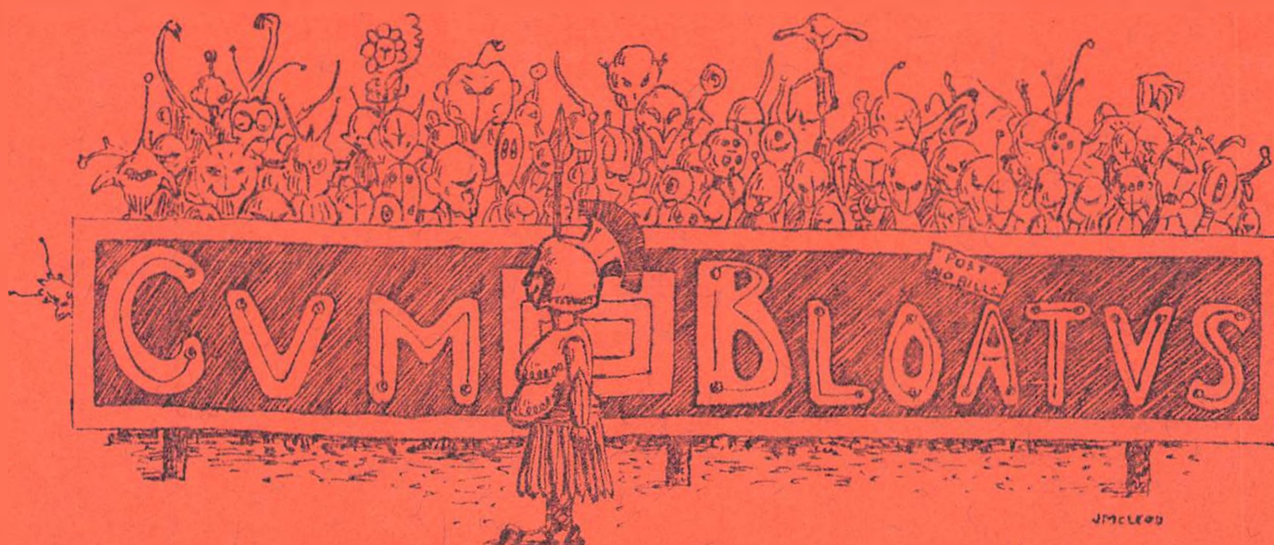
The Prisoner by Thomas M. Disch, Ace 67900, 60¢

Now here's a little book that may be of interest to some of our readers. This book version of that great British show is a must for the follower's of the adventures of Number 6. This looks like it might be the first of another series from Ace, the company that makes some real garbage last forever. But this first book was actually good! It was just like watching a couple installments of the show.

This novel takes place following the end of the television series. Here the Prisoner is recaptured by a re-built Village and once more he tries to find a way to escape. One funny thing is that the Prisoner has no memory of having been imprisoned before. Someone has been tampering with his brain, but we never learn who that was. The book is just as vague as the show. He learns how to get around the ballons that keep the people in the Village. He escapes to London and is again captured by the Village. Once more there is a Number 2 trying to discover something of Number 6 and we do not find what this something is. And there is a meeting with Number 1 that completely mixed me up that was nothing like the show. Perhaps following novels will clear up the mess.

This book is written in a New Wavish style that fits the plot perfectly. I often wonder if the show is not just a giant put-on. Well, perhaps we'll never know, or perhaps this book series will be continued and eventually explain the phenomenon known as the Village. I hope so. This thing has been driving me crazy all year.

--Steve Goldstein



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I think you missed the point of my commentary in Renaissance about the New Thing bandwagon running on square wheels.

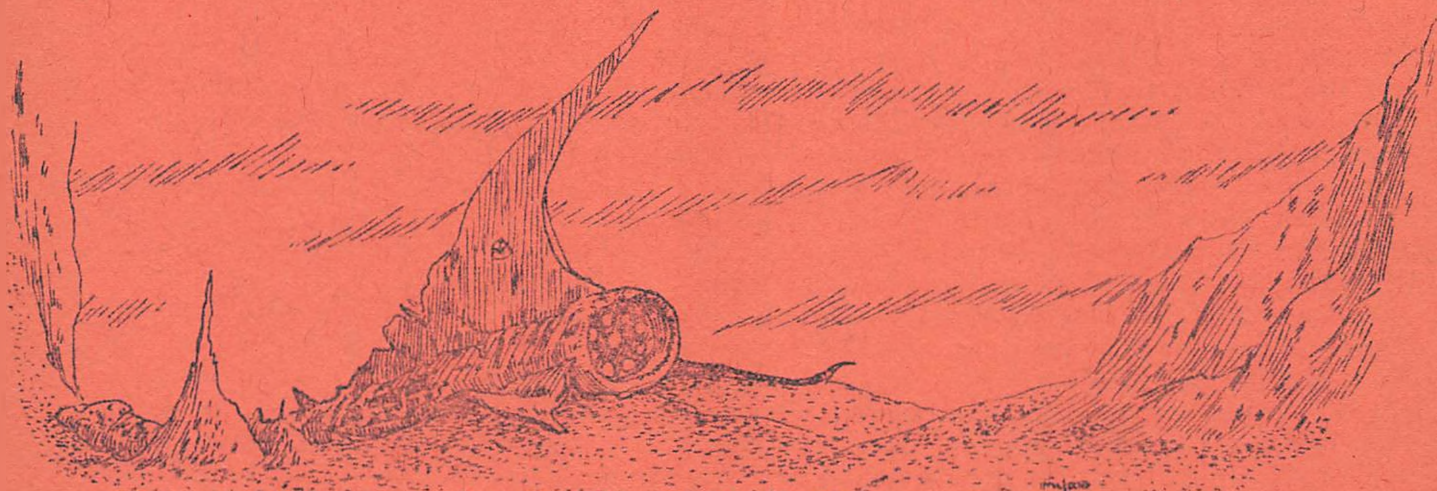
For several years now, the New Thingamajigs, one clan of which is exemplified by Harlan Ellison, have been claiming that they are turning out the only "worthy" science fiction, and the only kind that is "in" with the "now" generation. Everyone is supposed to be "turned off" to "traditionalist" science fiction--so they tell us. New Thingamajigs have deliberately tried to create a bandwagon atmosphere with efforts like Dangerous Visions (sure it sold--but it got more advertising than anything else, so it had a built-in advantage).

Now Mr. Ellison has won two Hugos with stories originally printed in IF. Maybe they're not the "best" Ellison, but the Hugo voting shows that the Ellison clique will vote for Ellison no matter what. So why couldn't it come through with enough votes to put Ellison above 20th place in the tamper-proof GALAXY poll? The answer can only be that the tastes of 50-60,000 readers don't necessarily coincide with those of the few hundred fans who vote in the Hugo awards sweepstakes. ((Except that 50-60,000 people weren't polled. It looks like they went through a random sampling of their subscribers. How many people subscribing to IF are the hard-core of fans who will go for Pohl's adventure crap, and does that necessarily reflect the larger numbers of people who buy IF and any other sf mag off the rack every now and then? You seem to imply that a simply poll such as the one conducted by Pohl does, while there will probably be one hell of a lot of people who look through a copy of IF for the first time and never come back to it again.))

You say Fred Pohl doesn't print that much New Thing stuff. Granted. But that being the case, one would expect the New Thing fans to "bullet vote" for their new favorites, which would thus rise to the top of the poll. This did not happen.

Instead, The Goblin Reservation won first prize. If the New Thingamajigs had HAD THE VOTES, they would have made them count. I maintain that the New Thingamajigs simply have disproportionate influence in Fandom because they're better organized and more fanatical than either "traditionalist" fans or fence-sitters. ((Again you're paranoia is showing. You seem to think that the people who express approval for any type of New Wave story would right away try and jam the poll taken by GALAXY which sounds rather stupid to me. People who like certain types of the experimental fiction don't necessarily have to dribble all over everything. Some people like Ballard...some like Ellison...some like Disch. BUT THEY DON'T HAVE TO LIKE EVERYTHING, just as I doubt if you like all of your "traditionalist" sf, if you're sane, that is... So...there may have been some people who like New Wave but didn't like any of his stories in IF. So why the hell should they try and smash through some votes just to get ANY NEW WAVE STORY on top. As for the organization: hell, there wouldn't even be a group lining up behind the New Wave unless there were those fools who had to attack it in the first place as being a bastard form of the literature. If you had just let the experimenters go there own way...well, you wouldn't have had to start the ridiculous 2nd Foundation. By the way, what's the name of the organization you're fighting against? Ellison Wonderland, no doubt.))

I was glad to see Seth Johnson's comments--in fact, I can endorse them unreservedly as representative of what the Second Foundation is for. Robert Gersman is on our side, I suppose--but why does he have to bring in extraneous issues like his crusade against gun control? I gather Faith Lincoln may have said something nice about me, but I don't know what. By the way, does she know that The Ring seems to be partly a rework of Philip Jose Farmer's "Rastignac the Devil"? ((And here I go again--the one thing I can say in all honesty about BAB: I'll let anyone say anything as long as he can back it up. So Seth Johnson was able and anyone is now able to campaign for anything they deem fitting. But your Renaissance is a bit one sided. Why don't I just quote: "We welcome articles, essays and commentaries by fans in agreement with our own general principles..." And the rest can just bug-off, I suppose. Which may be one reason the people in favor of the New Wave haven't written to you and why you're found such a great number of people writing in support of you. They know their words would fall on deaf ears. So... why write in the first place? And you can have Robert Gersman on your side. I guess you need him.))



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I liked that special MANDROID section--after I figured out what it was. When I read a fanzine I start in wherever I happen to open it. Was I ever confused when I unsuspectingly focused on the second paragraph of Margroff's CONTESTING? Come to think of it, when I reread the entire mag backwards everything made sense. What do you suppose that signifies, I wonder?

As for the MANDROID section I sympathize with the pros involved. You realize, of course, that when a writer is just starting out it's like a license for that sort of crap to happen to him. I've been that route myself. We live and learn. ((Ahem...one thing that may explain the confusion last issue over the MANDROID section is the way I get BAB together in the first place. Like...the procedure isn't too organized, and I make certain things by hairs. For instance...I was merrily finishing up Andy Offut's article on his contest in the last issue, and in comes this letter and article from Hem, and--seeing that it could complete the MANDROID section I had been thinking of, I stuck it in with the rest of the stuff and slapped the intro page onto the rear of the section because I couldn't put it on the front, NOT because I was trying to be funny...uh, Linda. Eyster, I mean. Like...yesterday she wrote that I should knock off that "klutzy" stuff, and it was all unintentional, believe me. For instance....for this issue I have the first 24 pages run off already, except for the editorials and contents. I've typed up most of the reviews, but I'm still waiting for more, and I still have to get stuff from Leo Kelley and Al Snider and whoever else. And Piers said he was trying to get Rem to refute Faith's last review of The Ring. So you see....I really don't know what the hell I'm doing. Why am I publishing a magazine....groan....???)

Of what club is Bob Tucker ghod? Not the ASFS. The one and only Ed Cox is the Albuquerque SF Group's official ghod. I refer you to DYNATRON 31, page 26 wherein is a transcript of that historic moment in all its splendor and glory. What you need is a zine ghod. Think of it: all knowledge at your fingertips; total infallibility. Why, not even DOUBLE:BILL has its own ghod. But who you ask could fill such a position...who has the personality, the fortitude, the courage, the modesty... It just so happens I, ahem, am available. ((Okay...dub, dub, dub. You're the BAB ghod. Now BAB is worth whatever price I'm going to charge for this issue...heh heh heh. And that DOUBLE:BILL can't be worth it now....no zine ghod. And when I say "My ghod" I really have someone to say it to. So be on the alert. And...since you have universal knowledge: Your first assignment is to tell me whether John J. Pierce is actually for real or not. Choke on that a while....))

Piers Anthony's column was a lot of things. For example: funny, informative, as well as controversial. "I have a low regard for reader taste..." Humm, that's a nice blanket statement. Whether it's true or not, the reflection on the ability of the readers to distinguish between good and bad s.f. isn't going to sit well with a lot of fen. I find myself partially in agreement with Anthony, though; especially with regard to IF having won the Hugo three years in a row. Like, IF is ok; but three years running! Ridiculous. Still, and this is why I only partially agree with Anthony, isn't it the editor who makes a mag what it is? The readers put their two cents in but it's the editor who shells out the money for the fiction. Editors have their own prejudices (like Pohl and the experimental s.f.) and they influence what a mag publishes. It boils down to this: the editors are just as responsible for the level of excellence in s.f. as the readers. So why blame the readers for the whole thing? Editors are just as bad. And so why write for editors? (Yes, I know: for the money. So say so. Don't give me any business about the average reader's taste.) I suppose the only person you can really write for is yourself. But then you aren't going to make too many sales.

I wonder at the perversity of one Frank Lunney in having Piers Anthony do a column and then inserting that cartoon on page 31. (That really cracked me up.) I begin to believe Dale Goble's description of you. It sounds like the kind of man who would deliberately send me a copy of BEABOHEMA without bothering to tell me why. I'm not sure what to suspect. A conspiracy no doubt to drive me out of my mind. ((But, the reason I sent you a copy was to have you become the zine ghod, of course!))

Faith Lincoln sounds like a h-a-r-d chick. She did, however, have a good argument to support her position on the literary value of The Ring. I've read the book and, ghod, if I didn't agree with her. And I thought it (The Ring) was a fairly good novel when I read it. ((Well, as Faith would probably say in her own modest way, "That's because my ideas are so superior!" I hope...like, I wish she'd at least come through with a loc for this issue. Even that Reynolds piece wasn't written after BAB 3 came out....))

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Faith Lincoln's book reviews are not only the best feature of this issue, they rank among the finest reviews in the entire science fiction genre, both professional and amateur. She has an uncanny knack of extracting the most telling excerpts from the books to support her claims. Her arguments are logical and usually studded with cogent commentary. In addition, her practice of dragging in related items reinforces her stand quite solidly. In a few instances her perceptive senses falter a trifle, not enough to damage the content of her review, but just sufficient to reveal that a touch of bullheadedness has probably guided her pen. No matter, really. This is a very minor point. They are superior, masterful analyses.

Which leads me to suspect that Faith Lincoln may be non-existent, or else a pseudonym for some other better known figure. Seeing her in one paragraph toss off a casual string of vernacular references, followed by allusions to A Clockwork Orange, The Hugo Winners and even Nat Schachner's "Space Lawyer", for goshsakes, is completely incongruous in character to any female I could imagine. (You'll notice I've said nothing about the fact that you and she have the same initials.) If there is a Faith Lincoln I would guess she works as a teacher, or perhaps at one time was a teacher. Only an English teacher, who loved the language, could display such severe frustrations towards books that made shambles of correct grammatical functions, as the reviewed items appear to do. Whatever the case, keep the Faith, baby. ((And another subject springs within the pages of BAB to provoke the most sensitive of those who admire straightforwardness. Is Faith Lincoln a real, honest-to-ghod (tell us, Drahan) living female, or is she another William Atheling? I don't know if it really matters. Like...what would be the difference if she were somebody else? Would that person have his block knocked off for intimidating certain people with her reviews? I doubt it...but....let the speculations come and rise to the top!))

By now, as I'm sure Ron Smith realizes, his justifiable appeal to rescue JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN has failed. On the average, JOURNEY produced a much higher quality program than STAR TREK, in the different facets of scripting, effects, production and acting. The episode starring Patty Duke was plagiarized from Robert Bloch's PSYCHO. The scripter gave Bloch no credit (nor cash, it is assumed) and craftily manipulated enough details of the book and film so as not to create a



complete carbon copy. The exteriors of the story have been changed, but plotwise it builds up to the same climax that Bloch and Hitchcock, separately, concocted nearly ten years ago.

This isn't the first theft of the Bloch book, by the way. A few years after the Hitchcock film appeared, William Castle, at the time a producer of shoe-string, exploitative shockers, released *HOMICIDAL* which also neatly copied *PSYCHO*, without coming quite close enough to warrant a lawsuit.

JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN also performed some theatrical thievery on Bradbury's "The Crowd", retaining a similar title and certain key sequences of the original story, although a brand new ending was added to justify the hour length. But these were the only examples I can cite of unethical behavior. And I would say they are neatly counter-balanced by some of the more successful stories that emerged in the series. I regret its cancellation, but as a consolation, ABC has provided us with another horror: "Let's Make a Deal".

I will charitably grant George Inzer the concession that *SPASM* is a hoax. If it is, then it's a reasonably witty gag that probably will receive some exposure before people forget about it. If not, then it's a harebrained scheme that almost approaches John J. Pierce's absurd *Second Foundation* in sheer incredibility. *AMAZING* is remembered chiefly because it was the first sf magazine. As a name, the nostalgia is conjured up for the magazine as an innovator in the field.

However, if the *SPASModics* will read some of the old issues of *AMAZING*, those edited by Ray Palmer in the 40's, for instance, they will learn that quality-wise it did not scrape the bottom of the barrel, it was under the barrel. That was when Palmer's chief Paranoiac-in-Residence, Richard Shaver, was relating allegedly true accounts of the derooks and terooks, and the underground warfare they waged. It was when a half-dozen men on Palmer's writing stable would single-handedly write issue after issue of all the Ziff-Davis magazines under dozens of different names. About the only worthwhile writer to emerge from this morass was Reg Phillips, who easily outdistanced the feeble efforts of the rest of the stable (Paul Fairman, Bill Hamling, Chester Gier, Don Wilcox, Berkely Livingston). ((From what I've read of the old mags from Palmer and Hamling I see that the most important thing they possessed was editor-reader communication, and an identification with fandom, which may even have been worth it, looking at what we have now (pray for Ted White).))

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21740

Piers Anthony's column clears up in this new Beabohema a lot of puzzling things. Somewhere I'd acquired the notion that he was a prominent fan from the past under a penname, now I know better; then I understand better the reasons behind all those letters to fanzines protesting that he doesn't want fanzines

but really enjoys them; and I also got a good insight into what it's like to try and write science fiction for a livelihood. I don't use a penname, have never asked anyone not to send me fanzines, and yet I feel a strong sense of kinship with Piers in one respect. It's a genuine puzzle to try to figure out how to survive in a world that is so filled with fanzines in increasing bulk and numbers. Just this week, I'd guess, I've read 400 pages of fanzines, have written five letters of comment, and I haven't made a dent in the backlog; meanwhile I've missed several old movies I wanted to watch on television, probably have insulted an area resident who invited me to a get-together and seemed hurt when I didn't lie convincingly enough about my reasons for not going, and have put off for another week the desperate search for the old-fashioned kind of steel shelving which I need for my latest record acquisitions, the type that has back and sway braces. I enjoyed the fanzines more than I would have enjoyed the other activities, but it's increasingly apparent that soon or late, I'll have to insult mortally some fanzine editors by failing to respond altogether to their publications, or cut back on loc response to every other issue, or publish a small fanzine of my own for trade purposes as a quicker substitute for locs, or otherwise take some drastic action to cope with the fanzine population explosion.

All of this is not meant to discourage you from publishing equally large and excellent issues of Beabohema. But it might be at least an explanation and a sort of apology for something else that bothers me terribly: I dassn't take the time to write more than two-page locs, and yet letters of that length seem ever less adequate as the fanzines which come free grow fatter. I've taken the cowards way out by failing to space between paragraphs when writing about the big ones, but this is only a temporary makeshift for which a better substitute must be found. ((Harry Warner is apologizing to me because he doesn't have the time. I could go into a big thing about how many years you've been a fan, and how many fanzines you've kept alive by keeping the spirits of the editor up, and the fan-history you're letting everyone know about (my All Our Yesterdays is directly to my right, of course) and everything else, but I figure we could show you what we think you deserve by GIVING HARRY WARNER THE HUGO this year!))



All these articles about science fiction story contests were fascinating and a trifle frightening. Frightening, because of the remarkable way in which all of a sudden some particular topic or past event seems to take precedence over everything else in a fanzine or group of fanzines. I keep wondering: what if every fanzine for the next three months publishes articles about the 1954 IF contest and 1962 NFFF contest, just as every fanzine for a four-month period ran a review of 2001? In the past month, I've received three fanzines with bigger poetry sections than you'll usually find in a six-month output of fanzines. If there's a secret master of fandom, he's slipping and repeating himself like a garrulous old man as he dictates what shall go into fanzines.

I liked what Seth Dogramajian had to say about Gilbert. I think of Gilbert as the Paul of the fan artists. Paul and Gilbert both are held in the lowest esteem by a lot of people, many other people just don't pay attention to them at all, and hardly anyone except Seth for Gilbert and Sam Moskowitz for Paul has had the guts to speak up and confess admiration. I hope Gilbert gets much more praise eventually than Paul received from fans before his death. Seth doesn't mention one thing that may have harmed REG's reputation. I get the impression that he suffers from stenciling troubles. So many of his mimeographed illustrations look as if they were stylused by someone with a less firm hand than the ideal stencil-cutter. The group of offset pictures in Seth's fanzine betrayed no trace of uncertain lines.

The book reviews are as fine as any group of reviews by various persons that I've encountered in any one fanzine recently. Faith Lincoln digs into the actualities of a novel as thoroughly as anyone reviewing today, and there's something to be said for reviews that emphasize the failings of a work, in an era when fanzines emphasize bland and mild reviews of professional stuff.

It's strange how Seth Johnson began to write carefully thought-out locs just before his death; this is the third or fourth loc I've come across in recent weeks, all of them quite different from the chitter-chatter in which he used to specialize.

I like your editorial comments on the New Wave opponents. But isn't the real problem the fact that the opponents are criticizing New Wave stories for being, most of the time, bad, when there has never been a time in the history of science fiction when most published stories weren't bad? With a couple hundred paperback titles and prozine issues appearing in any recent pre-New Wave year, there were complaints about the difficulty of finding five items worth nominating in each Hugo category for fiction. Why shouldn't the New Wave authors create an equally large proportion of crud to masterpiece? The New Wave opponents might be divisible into two categories: those who are secretly tired of science fiction and now sadly disillusioned when they find all these new authors with their masterpieces; and those who lack the energy to try and adjust to different styles and less obvious story construction, and refuse to make the effort necessary to spot the good items among the great bulk of pretentious nonsense that the New Wave omits. ((Perfect. It also is true that people are against the New Wave simply because they do try new techniques, which may fail or may not fail. But they can't see that a bad piece of experimentation is no worse than a bad piece of hackish garbage. Perhaps the experiment is better simply because it is an experiment and has opened new vistas in the art of storytelling. But...keep the status quo. But I could see the headline in the next Renaissance: HARRY WARNER TURNS TRAITOR! "Harry warner, having grown up with the "traditionalist" work all his life, now takes the side of the New Thingamajigs on some matters and doesn't know what he's talking about..."))

Piers Anthony
Mffmfmmfmmmmf
Let me go mpphhhp
I want to tell the
address mpppphhphph
Get you goddamn hand
off my mouth mpphfff

Note to ye Ass Ed: you got it bass-ackwards. Piers Anthony is older and orneryer than Ted White, not to mention more ambitious; your naivete is showing. Should the time come when these two have it out (and it may, it may), I believe you will comprehend that. It is simply that P.A. prefers to put more of his effort into pro writing than does T.W.--as do most professionals. ((Which is why Ted White is the new editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC??))

I note quite a bit of rubbish about contests in Babthroe. Naturally I'm skipping over that, since I don't believe in gambling. I'll skip all those columns, too; they're bound to be boring. And the book reviews--I'm sure if the authors of the tomes dissected cared to comment, the ignorance of the reviewer would show up quickly. In fact, I believe I'll confine myself to commenting on stray references to me. (When I saw in the Neo column that characterization equaled dialogue, I bowed out; must be a neo talking!)

Robert Gersman says he likes hack and informs me I am no Ted White. Thanks--I appreciate the implications, though I'm not sure Ted will. If RC's gafiation doesn't occur before he achieves his high school diploma, he may graduate from hack-taste to science fiction, and then I'll be happy to hear from him again.

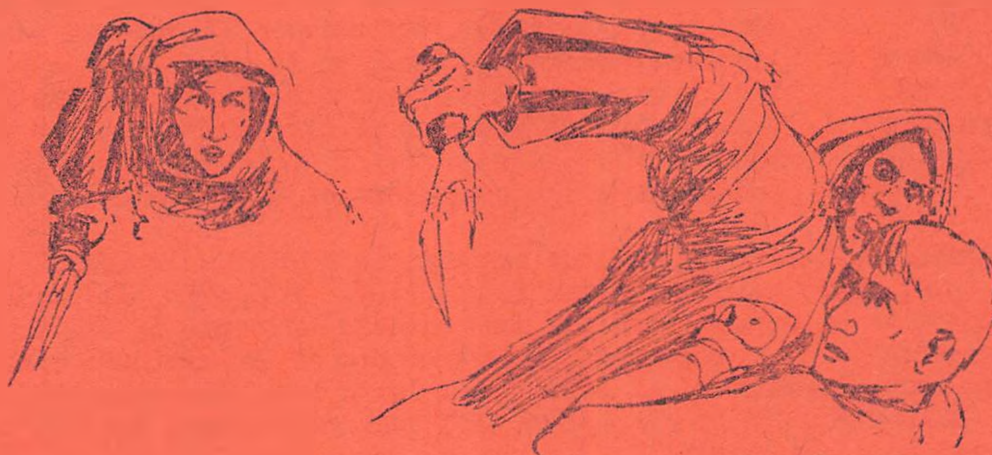
Ghood ghod, man--you mean you credit lines now? If I had known that, I wouldn't have answered your request for that one about you...

Harry Warner should be satisfied with this issue, since the contest winners are listed for him. I didn't do it because that would have ruined my punch line. But he raised another good question that has bugged me for years: what does happen to all the one-shot writers who disappear? That accounts for over half the writers in SF, according to my survey. (I counted all names in the MIT 50-65 index, and found over 3,000, and applied the results to a formula SF=100. That is, the ratio of stories published to fellows authoring them is such that when you multiply them together the resultant figure is constant...I know that sounds like gibberish, but it would take a whole column to clarify the pages of research I did on this. Ooops, what did I say? I don't have time for another column, Frank!) Anyway, very few writers, proportionately, ever get very far. I think it takes a certain kind of determination to make a number of sales, and most people simply don't have it.

You wonder obliquely whether I am a comics fan. No--I quit comics about the time I discovered science fiction, and have little regard for any adult who retains such childish preoccupations. (But I do like "Peanuts"...)

Richard Delap got into SFWA because he sold an SF story. There is no other way. I encouraged him to join, true, because I was sure he would be a good member. SFWA needs good members. ((Then Robert Moore Williams calling the SFWA a mutual admiration society and a bunch of bastards and all that stuff that won't get quotes of any kinds may be true....???)

Ooops--here's a mundane reference I must comment on: Jerry Lapidus agrees with a Ted White comment, and naturally that's a mistake. It may sound good to say that bad fanfiction should be excluded from fanzines, but you miss the point that the authors of such stories seldom knew or believe that they are bad. To bounce them just as the prozines do is to do no more for them than do the prozines--namely, nothing much. Better to publish their fiction, along with commentary ex-



plaining how it falls down. From that, they may learn something, as will other readers, and all will benefit. Faneds who strive to publish pro-quality fiction have forgotten something very important about the nature of fandom, it seems to me.

I wish Denny Lien would quit bragging about how much he hasn't read, and learn to read. He suggests that I claim to be one of the logical top six writers of the day, and this is hardly true. But for his information: the better writers are those in the top half of the field, and my prior selections were made from that number of 1,500 or more. Clear now? And for those who are curious: I don't know whom I would rate as THE top six, but believe that list would include Heinlein, Dick, Leiber, Zelazny, possibly Keyes, possibly LeGuin...I'd have to think about it, though. But to avoid any possible confusion: Piers Anthony aspired eventually to be in the top six...as I think any writer worth his salt does. And I consider my best novel to be Macroscopic, coming up soon from AVON--so read that and tell me where you rate me, anybody. (How many writers are that forthright about it?)

P.S., Denny Boy--Take a look at whatshername's effort on The Ring in DAB III, and you'll see my prediction was correct....

Mark Schulzinger
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Cincinnati, Ohio
45237

I rather think that Piers Anthony is tootling his own trombone a bit much. It is quite true that the writer sells the editor; not the reader. Still, if no one buys the books or magazines the editor is unlikely to purchase from that writer again. Maybe this is not the case in science-fiction where there appears to be a large captive audience that eagerly rushes off to purchase whatever is published. Still, if science-fiction had to depend entirely on fans for sales it wouldn't make too much money.

Next to the editor, the person to be convinced of the quality of a piece of writing is the reviewer. This is particularly true of books. I'm not saying that a reviewer can make or break a writer but he can certainly have an effect on sales

in a particular area. You would be surprised at how many people turn to the book review section of their local newspaper in order to find out what's worth reading. That's where I come in.

The paper I review for gets between 3 and 5 thousand books per year for review. This includes paperbacks. Once a week I sift through some 200 books and select anywhere from two to six for reading. I don't review all of them. Some of the stuff I take is so bad I can't finish it. Some of it I'll finish just for spite. The rest gets reviewed as impartially as anything that filters through my biases can.

What does this do for Mr. Anthony? Since I like to read science-fiction, most of it comes my way. I even get the drivel being written by the mainstream writers like Martin Caidin (The God Machine; Four Came Back), Nigel Balchin (Kings of Infinite Space), and Henry W. Allen (Genesis Five). I am deluged with hardbacks of every kind. Because of this mountain of hardback stuff that comes in to the newspaper offices I have very little space to give to paperbacks. This is the way much of the current science-fiction written by science-fiction authors is coming out (unless their names are Fred Pohl, Clifford Simak, and such).

So, Mr. Anthony sells a novel, Omnivore, to Ballantine. Ballantine gives him his \$1,500 and puts the book out as a paperback to retail for 75¢. I have to weigh it against, say for illustration, Simak's Goblin Reservation, which sells for \$4.95. Simak got 7½ column inches. Anthony got 1½. As a matter of fact, the review on Omnivore was one sentence long. ((Which sort of sounds like you're reviewing books according to the price, which is a practice about as great as buying pieces of great art according to the age of the painter. Your practice sounds a little unacceptable, for it seems as if most of the hacks who are trying to mash out a sf story are submitting them all to the hb publishers and getting the damned things published, as with Balchin and the other slobs you mentioned. Pb are where everything's happening these days, and it looks like you're out of it. But maybe you have to be...))

Anthony beats his brains out to write a novel (and whether or not it's any good is not the subject of the discussion) and then, instead of selling it to the hardback house and reaping some publicity from it he sells it to a paperback publisher



and settles for a flat fee and a modest, if not microscopic, review. Sounds to me as if Mr. A is being a mite intrapunative. He fails to take the opportunity to compete in the big money market for the comparative safety of a flat fee. Then he sits back and talks about "art" and censorship and whatnot.

He also levels a blast at Bob Tucker who had most, if not all, of his novels published in hardback.

Now I'll say something else that's controversial: please stop knocking Harlan Ellison. Harlan is an arrogant little bastard (by his own admission) who writes one word four-letter paragraphs in the introductions to his books in order to shock the readers. He is also a hell of a nice guy who is trying to live with his hang-ups and find a place for himself in the world as well. I don't always like the way he tries to write--like a new edition of Lovecraft--but I think he makes his point. Many are the times I sat in on Midwescon discussion among Harlan, Joe Hensley and Tom Scortia, listening to them discuss their writing and their problems. Well, Joe is enmeshed in his law practice and his politics, Tom is building spaceships and only Harlan has hung on. Give Harlan points for tenacity if for nothing else. ((While denying that I've been picking on Harlan Ellison I'll withdraw all my picking-on from future issues if Harlan just tells me that he resents the way I've been picking on him, while I still deny that I've been doing so....))

Robert E. Margroff
and I don't know if he
wants me to give away
his address or not
I so willmffffapl
Piers get way cvabb
help he's got my mouth
bxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

I am tempted to begin this letter by saying that I have never yet spanked a lady in public and do not intend to now. This would only be partially true. The fact is I enjoyed Faith Lincoln's delightfully bitchy review of The Ring for its unintentionally humorous content. I delight even more in demolishing it.

Faith begins her attack on The Ring by professing to see similarities between it and A Clockwork Orange by Anthony Burgess. Interesting. Neither Ring-collaborator has read Burgess. I believe the basic notion of a ring administering punishment was committed to paper before A Clockwork Orange was published in (according to Faith) 1962; if so, Piers can document it. The real basic notion seems to trace back to an ancient fairy tale about an evil-doing prince whose enchanted ring became his conscience. (If anyone can locate that story I know that Piers and I and possibly even Burgess will be interested. Not that Burgess necessarily thought of a ring or the fairy tale.) Originality?--Some say there's no making such thing. Certainly reviewers such as Faith Lincoln enjoy making out that there's no such thing in a book they decide to assassinate. The humor lies in the fact that a literate person can always draw an analogy of some kind. Faith's analogy doesn't appear from what she says to be remarkably close. She might have chosen 1984 by George Orwell or Brave New World by Aldous (Leonard) Huxley. One way or another Faith would have found her analogies.

Having implied that Piers and I copied Burgess, our reviewer ignores all our attempts at originality. The detail on gyroscopy, the issues of capital punishment and law, of drugs--in short, all the things I'd bet Burgess never thought of--get ignored. Faith wouldn't have had to read the novel to suggest that we used a standard plot and rehashed the ideas of our betters. Judging from the evidence, Faith very possibly did not.

Among other astonishing things said in Turnip Country, Faith avows that the ending to The Ring was easily predicted by her. Gosh, Faith, I wish I had your perception! Neither collaborator had the slightest notion the novel was going to have that ending. I kid you not when I say that originally we conceived of and wrote a completely different ending. So why did we change it? Because we feared it was a shade too predictable, that's why! Did we fail? Let the reader judge after he reads the novel. It is my thought, and Piers' Anthony's thought, that anyone finding the ending "predictable" will be a fine subject for parapsychological research. If such individuals will send me their names, I would like to discuss with them the possibility of starting an investment firm.

Sweet Faith has a liking for incest, it seems. (Oops, sorry, Faith. I was reviewing you as you were reviewing me just then.) She mentions that Playboy (where the beautiful green money grows) has reported that one of the Scandinavian countries may legalize marriages between brothers and sisters. She says: "If, as the authors suggest, the sexual revolution goes as far as the book pictures, the Pamela McKissic/Jeff Font factor will have crumbled a long time ago." Faith, did you read the book Piers and I wrote or did you simply skip to the ending? If Jeff was to marry Pam without knowing she was his sister there would have been nothing preventing them from having children other than the freedom not to have them. The older McKissic cannot look upon this possibility with equanimity: he knows the heritage he has bestowed upon his children in the form of transferable heredity units, otherwise known as genes; it takes no precognitive ability on his part to foresee what a child of Jeff's and Pam's would be like; a child for which he is in every way responsible. Looked at in this light, McKissic's horror at the thought of Jeff mating with Pam is not only understandable in any society, it is logical. (And knowing Pam, could you, Faith, imagine her not managing to get herself pregnant? hers is, after all, an unstable personality.) Pamela's instability and heredity is the point--not the ancient specter of morally-taboo sex.

At the start of her review Faith Lincoln has this magnificent paragraph:

"Should

a writer set out on a previously blazed trail, it is not unreasonable to expect his pushing beyond the last of the line, or charting his own course through the wilderness: no one will sing Hosanna if someone writing about, say, totalitarianism gets no further than Koestler, or if two genre writers, having authored 'A powerful novel of tomorrow...with meaning for today,' use twice the length to reach barely half the conclusion of a mainstream dilettante--all this applies to The Ring by Piers Anthony and Robert E. Margroff."

Does it all apply? Does even part of it? I think I have shown that it does not. But just to make sure that all readers of Beabohema understand, I will analyze.

"Should a writer set out on a previously blazed trail" implies that there is a previously blazed trail and that Piers and I were well aware of this. I do not think there is any previously blazed trail except in Miss Lincoln's imagination. Anyone can find some analogy between one work and some other if he tries. But the implication here is that we copied--that we used formula. Had we copied another's work or adopted a proven formula I would be the first to admit. Many good works are written in this way and I have enjoyed reading through them though not writing them. I know not about Piers but I know that whenever I have tried following a trail I have fallen and fallen badly. "Formula" and "paths" are not bad words in my lexicon, and they cannot be as long as I know the great debt all authors owe the ancient tale-tellers. That Piers and I deliberately set out on a "previously blazed



path" I deny.

"...not unreasonable to expect his oushing beyond the last of the line..." implies, as noted, a copying of the author Faith implies wrote the last of her undefined line.

"...or charting his own course through the wilderness..." implies that we did not do what we claim we did--write our own novel. As an author I resent this implication.

"...use twice the length to reach barely half the conclusion of a mainstream diletante..." reinforces her accusation while implanting the idea that the novel is padded and unimaginative. Since the news was full of guesses about hallucinogenic drugs causing birth defects when Piers and I went into final production, I do not see how any novel

could be more in tune with the times in depicting the altogether too probably future the human race must somehow avoid. My collaborator and I built on what-is with what-may-be; we didn't try for padding and I think we reached our conclusions as we went along. What are these conclusions? They are not spelled out but are left, as is the case with many novels, for the reader to define. Whatever our conclusions, and whatever the readers' conclusions about our conclusions, I doubt that Ring-reached answers are going to be "barely half (those of) a mainstream diletante." In 1962 there was no hallucinogenic drug problem for society to wrestle with, and though there was crime and solutions being proposed to combat crime, crime had not reached the proportions it has now. Anthony Burgess may well have written an outstanding novel of "punishment and endurance"; there have been many of these, Crime and Punishment by Feodor Mikhailovich Dostoevski still being the most outstanding I have read. The point is Dostoevski wrote a fine psychological novel for the late nineteenth century, Anthony Burgess wrote a novel that can have borne little resemblance to Dostoevski's in the early part of this decade, while Piers and I co-authored a genre novel having to do partly with crime and punishment approximately six years after Burgess's. It is my contention that comparisons of this sort may be fun for the reviewer but are in the final analysis both empty and meaningless.

Faith Lincoln, you have brains but I fear you are trying too hard to be obnoxious with them.

Faith Lincoln, I hope your fundament hurts.

ANDREW J. OFFUT
Drawer P
Morehead, Ky.
40351

Special Thanks! I miss a lot, but that's the longest review of a short story I ever saw (the short story being "The Defendant Earth" in some prize issue of IF from this year; of course it was Faith who did the review)); damned flattering. I wish to heck I'd consulted your reviewer before I wrote it and made such an ass of myself in print.

P.S. re Silverberg's letter: it was I, of course, who arranged to have him forced into prodrom just as he was about to enter that long-ago contest. He would've won. Have I ever told you about how I tricked Zelazny into not-entering? ((So now we know the Secret Master of Prodrom, suitably Dirty and suitably Old...))

Al Andrews
Fairview Rest Home
1028 Bessemer Road
Birmingham, Ala.
35228

I must agree with Seth Dogramajian about REG and his works. REG has been the most consistent artistic contributor to the whole fmz spectrum. In my faan-

ish memory (spanning some 20-odd years), no other fan-artist has given so unstintingly of his time and talent to fmz-dom at large, as has REG. While most of his work has been artistically impressive, even his lesser and poorer illos are a tribute to the fact that he has been called upon so regularly to produce for free artwork for fmzs, and unceasingly has responded. It is quite croggling: in seven years over 1300 illos. And, no doubt, REG's had an unnumbered pre-1961 output.

Gabe Eisenstein's illustrated put-down of the mighty works of Norance Spinerod...or something like that (as the Bard once said: "A name, a name, what's in a name? Would a Heinlein by any other name be half as bad as Alexander Blade?"--that's Sam Bard, who was always going around saying idiotic things like that. But, I digress...) was amusing. And, speaking of Spinrad, I just finished reading a week or so ago his Bug Jack Barron. Normally, I wouldn't have been able to stomach (intellectually) such a book after about page 10, but a friend got me a copy and asked me to read it so as to give him my evaluation of the book--so I force-read it.

BJB does have its merits. After page 100 there really begins the unfolding of a fascinating and suspenseful plot. The characterization is competent...it could have been "excellent", but all the leading characters keep going over and over and over their motivations as though they are on some sort of do-it-yourself psy-



cho-analytical treadmill. Many of the scenes are wrapped in a semi-psychedelic mist-haze of shifting shapes and patterns, for example, the "sex scenes". The sex consists of a few acts of coitus (and many references to same), two acts of fellatio and one act of cunnilingus. (Norm didn't get sodomy in; I guess he's saving that for the sequel, Bugger Jack Barron.) The way Spinrad enwrapped his sex-scenes tended to remind me of the similar method employed in the sex-novels of the 40's and 50's, in that they let the reader know enough of the specifics so he knew what was being done to whom by whom, but enwrapped the whole scene in a misty veil of purple-prose. I don't necessarily count his gift-wrapping as a "merit", but it was interesting from a stylistic standpoint. He, also, often piles phrase on top of phrase on top of phrase in the same sentences. It is rather cluttered and untidy, but I am sure Spinrad would say it was a style of construction that is indicative of the mental meter of the beat-society...or some such. I simply reiterate that it is rather cluttered and untidy. It is a merit on the one hand and a fault on the other; take your pick. As I recall the book is 326 pages in length. Since he wasn't being paid by-the-word, he could have trimmed it of 50 to 75 pages and produced a more entertaining product. (Of course, perhaps Spinrad isn't trying to entertain his readers, but is rather endeavoring to force his readers to wallow in the nitty-gritty--i.e. gutter muck--while he, wither vorpal typer, tells-it-like-it-is. Or are you still hung-up on that kick, Horman?)

Bug Jack Barron has a sound, fascinating and suspenseful plot; off-beat, interesting characters and motivations that in most cases are generally believable. Though the prose is somewhat cluttered, the story does develop pace; there is some good, exciting action, and Spinrad in sections writes powerfully and effectively (principally in the dialogues of the story's "Bug Jack Barron" television show). All this is undeniably to the author's credit and talent, then --if I may be allowed to descend to Spinrad's vocabulary for a moment--then he smears the whole thing with "shit", and "fucks" it up

Re "First Impressions of Fandom": If Dale Goble is "a brand new neo-fan" as he claims, he is a neo-fan who writes surprisingly well, extremely readably and pleasantly entertainingly. This piece seemed to end too soon; perhaps he will write at greater length in some future piece.

Book reviews have always been a particularly interesting part of a zine for me. Faith Lincoln seems to be quite a storm-raiser, judging from some of the readers' reactions to her. It is a peculiar thing; I read her books reviews in this issue and they are "seemingly" well-written, chock full of mature literary-wisdom, insight, discernment and all the erudite jazz. But, sometimes I don't really know what-the-hell she is saying. It is as if a passage of her analysis-comment has no reference-point to which to link it. Maybe it is just me, and I'm getting fuzzy-minded in my old age. ("But, mighod, I'm only 11^{1/2}!" he exclaimed wildly.

Speaking of artwork--I know no one was, but I fully intend to, so sit quietly while I expound upon the subject...or I'll come and take away your MR. GOOD-BAR, Frank. I've been contributing drawings to fmzs for years, but I never numbered them, but I guess reading of REG's staggering total, decided me to start numbering mine and see what total I end up with for 1969. Thus for this year I've already sent out fourteen illos (unnumbered), so I'm starting numbering at 15. (Numbers 15 through 22 are herewith submitted to you, O lordly and Glorious Faned.)

In case any faneds would be interested in my submitting some drawings for their consideration, I'll briefly give you an idea of the type material I do. I work basically in the cartoon-style, black ink on white paper, heavy lines (which is no problem reproing; particularly if you have your illos electrostenciled). Sizes of my illos vary, but nothing over approximately 5x8 inches, and, of course, many and most are smaller. Subject matter is generally in five categories: 1. Fillers--odd, faanish, alien and semi-alien faces, usually. 2. SF & F--cartoons, with dialog. 3. Faanish--cartoons, with dialog. 4. Sexological--cartoons, with dialog. 5. Social satire--cartoons, with dialog. And, of course, often themes overlap. If anyone is interested, a sample copy of your zine will be appreciated.

Philip K. Dick
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Thank you for sending me a copy of Faith Lincoln's review of my novel Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?. ((In BAB 2.)) Miss Lincoln says several things in the review which border on libel. She says that "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..." etc. Later she says, "Substitute neutroid for android and if that isn't Miller, what is?" Later she says, "There follows a quick cut back to my first suspicion," evidently meaning her suspicion that Miller's story was my "inspiration" for the novel. And, lastly, she says, "Wandering back to 'Conditionally Human,'..." In point of fact I have never read Miller's novella, or even heard of it. Miss Lincoln is free, of course, to say she does not like my novel, and she is free to say why (if she can), but she cannot say or even imply that I have plagiarized my material from another author's work.

D. Douglas Fratz
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Accident, Md.
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OK Faith. You read your shit and I'll read mine.

Lisa Tuttle
6 Pine Forest Circle
Houston, Texas
77027

Faith Lincoln does say what she means, and she can make her points, but even so I do not care for her reviews. She is a bit too intolerant. The reviews (and her letters as well) leave me uncomfortable--not good-uncomfortable--just unpleasant-uncomfortable. I have to agree with her sometimes, but I often don't like the way she makes her points. I thought A Clockwork Orange was an excellent book, and I couldn't even read past half-way in The Ring, so I probably should have been nodding happily along and agreeing with her all the way in her review, but I didn't. I don't know why--I'm terribly incoherent I fear--so I'll drop the subject. I just don't like to read Faith Lincoln--perhaps she could figure out why, I can't.

The thing that spurred me to write was the mention of MY fanzine, Mathom. Piers Anthony mentioned it. Thud. (You just heard my head fall off.) Piers Anthony mentioned MY fanzine. I'm one of the ones who never heard from him. But he mentioned MY fanzine. I can't get over that. Gee. And that is why I persist (well, only one issue so far) or shall persist in sending him copies of Mathom. Simple pleasures for simple minds...now if I can get his new address. HMMMMMMMM.....

Bob Vardeman
PO Box 11352
Albuquerque
N.M. 87112

Doing something quite unusual for me (starting with page 1 and proceeding sequentially), I want to single out one basic idea you express in your editorial. You say something to the effect that if a person sees (or believes) something to be wrong, he shouldn't work to eradicate it. So what if Moskowitz, et al. want to start a jihad? That's their business and how they go about it is strictly their own thing. As to belittling the New Wave--well, I consider that one and the same with pointing out that the New Wave has identified itself with unbelievable characters, no plot, shaky or nonexistent science (what's the name of the game if it isn't science fiction?) and concentrates solely on stylistic, mainstream treatments. I haven't read all that much from Moskowitz, et al. on this so I am not really in much of a position to comment on their methods.

Besides pointing out the flaws in the New Wave (the New Wavicles have pointed out the flaws in the Old Wave) what have these old liners done to arouse such comment? ((I wouldn't have believed it! Pierce hasn't made it to Bob Vardeman.. or else you've missed entirely some of Pierce's borderline-sanityattacks on the New Wave.))

Malone's piece sounds like cheaply disguised pornography to me. We fine upstanding fans have to protect the younger fen from such things (oops, Dave is a younger fan, is he not?). Maybe I've lived in Albuquerque too long. Where else can a person be busted on suspicion of jaywalking so the cops can search him for the horny porny stuff (which is being taught at the University)?

"The Contest". Noted. One more cynical that I might label Anthony as one who, if his ship doesn't come in, will have his Piers soon collapse.

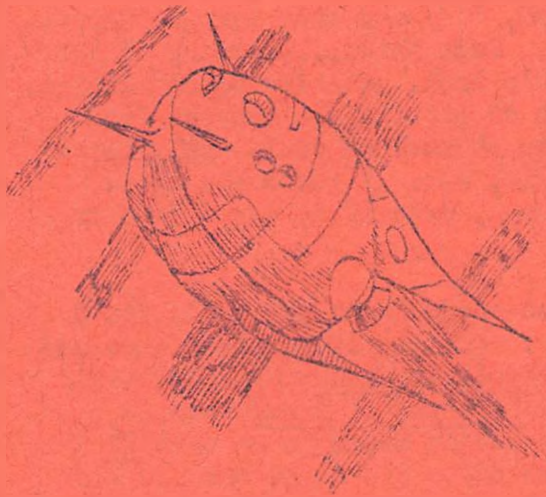
A laurel wreath for Seth's article on REG. If Leland does indeed consider REG to be at the forefront of fanish illustrators, then we've at last found common grounds for agreement.

I, too, consider REG to be "tops".

I'd also like to add something to what Seth says about the number of illos of REG's that are actually used. Sometimes the ones that are used are very poorly repro'd (I know since I've been guilty of this myself). Perhaps electrostenciling costs will go down enough so everyone who is privileged to receive an REG illo can have it done exactly as it was meant to be displayed.

Art and art work aside, I'd also like to say that REG is one fine





guy and probably one of the leading fannish authorities on flying saucers. He seems to be very widely read on the subject.

Hubbard's article seems to ramble a little. He starts off with general myth and topics and ends up decrying Lin Carter's efforts. Granted Lin Carter isn't the best in the field but then not everyone can be a Leiber or a Moorcock. Lin writes pure escapism (see his Thief of Thoth for a very funny, fannish book). I suppose it could best be compared to space opera. In a way, it isn't meant to be good. No deep philosophical meaning, just *deux ex machina* adventure a la Burroughs. ((I'm glad that you said Carter's stories weren't meant to be good, because it just points up the fact that Carter is suc-

cessful in his work if what you say is true.))

Piers Anthony's article: If I were really up to form I'd comment that I have nominated Piers for "Mother of the Year" (this being Mother's Day) but I'm not up to top form and I can't think of anything to say.

Goble confuses fantasy and fact. Campbell does influence the policy of ANALOG, but cannot really alter it drastically. Sort of like driving a car down a straight road: you can make minor corrections to keep it going straight, but you're headed for trouble if you make a major turn. Campbell says he prints what sells and from the disty figures, this ain't no fantasy.

Faith Lincoln. I think if she continues like she has started, she might just set everyone free from their mental constipation.

The Dictator is ghod of no club. He is above such mundane, ghodly things. He spends his time in Deep Thought contemplating who (whom?) to crucify. He staples them on a cross of glue (or is that, "He glues them on a cross of staples"? Must ask Wollheim and find out what happened to him during The Great Staple War.) Tucker avenges wrongs, helps the downtrodden, leaps tall buildings in a single bound and changes his clothes in phone booths. He is a living legend and needs no such thing as being a club ghod to lean on. His reputation will Live Forever--maybe even longer.

Delap maligns A. Bertram Chandler. What a comparison!

I've just started on Bug Jack Barron (maybe I should have held off on reading "The BJB Papers" in ALGOL). Since I'm only up to chapter 5, about all I can say so far is that the idea of a 1980 Joe Pyne is intriguing and that ghodawful

style of Spinrad's makes reading it damn near impossible. It turns a good idea into one that bores stiff. I think Spinrad has pulled off another Agent of Chaos. Good idea poorly done.

If I were the least bit religiously inclined, I'd send away for my "Merry-in' Sam" kit from the Universal Life Church, Inc. Just think...granting drunks at a party a free marriage and burying insufferable pros. Has its possibilities. Roy, Mike and I have been kicking around the idea of obtaining a charter from Bill Donaho's Church of the Brotherhood of the Way so that we could apply for a bul rate permit and get mimeo supplies more cheaply, etc. I guess the state of NM would have to recognize any established church, even if it was formed by a bunch of nuts.

You thought Furshlugginer's Freefarmland was good? Frank, I think you'd better present your brain to the nearest mortuary. It has already been embalmed and must have escaped being buried somehow. Farnham's Freehold was undoubtedly the worst Heinlein has ever done (and considering Podkayne of Mars, that is a biig statement). His best is open to discussion but it seems to me that FF about turned every one of his devout, devoted fans off. ((I'm not one his his hoary devoted fans, but I enjoyed the book, dammit. I like what I like, and that's it. It would appear that you don't like Spinrad's style of writing, eh? Well, where's your brain been tied up...the thing has a style that only Spinrad could inject into a work, Snicker...))

Jack Barron reads comic books.

Bart Fraden is a nervous Nellie

Norman Spinrad sings hymns.

Harlan Ellison is.

Ever notice that Norman Spinrad's fourth favorite word is "the"?

Leon E. Taylor This is not to gripe about your latest issue, but to sound the
P.O. Box 89 bugle for a new fan club.
Seymour, Ind.
47274 Requirements: high school SF fans. Geographical location doesn't
 matter--we correspond by mail.

We are exhalting, enhancing and sometimes embattling SF. There is nothing formal about our group; we write to whomever we wish about whatever we wish. We also publish a monthly magazine called Earthlight written by club members. It's free to anybody who asks for a copy.

Up till now it's been A Very Good Thing. Won't you join us?

Leland Sapiro Faith Lincoln is a real discovery--although I think she was
Box 40 too lenient with Flowers for Algernon, which impressed me
University Station as a slobberingly sentimental effort, much inferior to
Regina, Canada (say) Tom Disch's Camp Concentration, on this same theme.

I much appreciate the endorsement of Robert Gilbert, who seems to be getting a royal screwing from other members of the fanzine establishment. One reason for his lack of recognition (as indicated but not spelled out in Seth's article) was his frequent appearance in one of "them collidge essay-type magazines" like RQ; the other sources of antagonism I can't even guess.

Got a few hoss-laffs from the notes on contests and goofy contest stories. But you should see the specimens sent here as poetry. Here's a sample for your edification, written by an inhabitant of Brooklyn:

I wanted to become a writer...
 I already bought a five dollar pen,
So my brain isn't any brighter
 Than of most stupid men.

I wanted to become an actor...
 A comedian to make people laugh,
So I got kicked out by every director
 Stating, "You'll do no acting on my behalf."

To be a painter, you need more than paint
 Even more than brush and easel
To carve out from stone a saint,
 Not enough is a hammer and chisel.

So I developed a new art...
 And this time I found success.
Shirts are closest to a man's heart,
 Shirts, I now artistically wash and press.

That opus really sent me--right to the good old W.C. ((Gulp.))

I've been trying to get some kind of WAHF thingie in BAB for the last couple issues and have always run out of room before being able to stick the thing in. So here it is, all you people who seem to dig one, and for those who don't dig them. The real reason I have this is that a lot of people didn't write, and as a result I didn't have the kind of lettercolumn I would have liked to have. Too damned short, in other words. So...some people better get on the stick, or off it, whichever is applicable to the individual.

There was a long letter from Tony Isabella, in reply to my letter which I wrote in reply to his loc of BAB 1, which arrived just after #3 was out, so you can tell there was a bit of time that went by. Seth Dogramajian likes the idea of the NFFF Story Contest. (?) Gabe Eisenstein wrote about a bunch of stuff, and says I still can't condemn comix fandom. Larry Herndon wrote about a lot of people, after we'd just about exhausted our correspondence on comix fandom. Sandy Moss, Jerry Kaufman, Klaus Boschen, Bob Gersman sent a loc in the form of an illo which I couldn't possibly fit onto a piece of paper. Some people sent money, but this isn't a CRY WAHF, you know. There were some others, but I must've stuck the letters away somewhere. So I'm getting this monster out, and write, for Drahan's sake...
---FL---



"You damn Earthmen just
don't understand what
tru-fandom is!"

