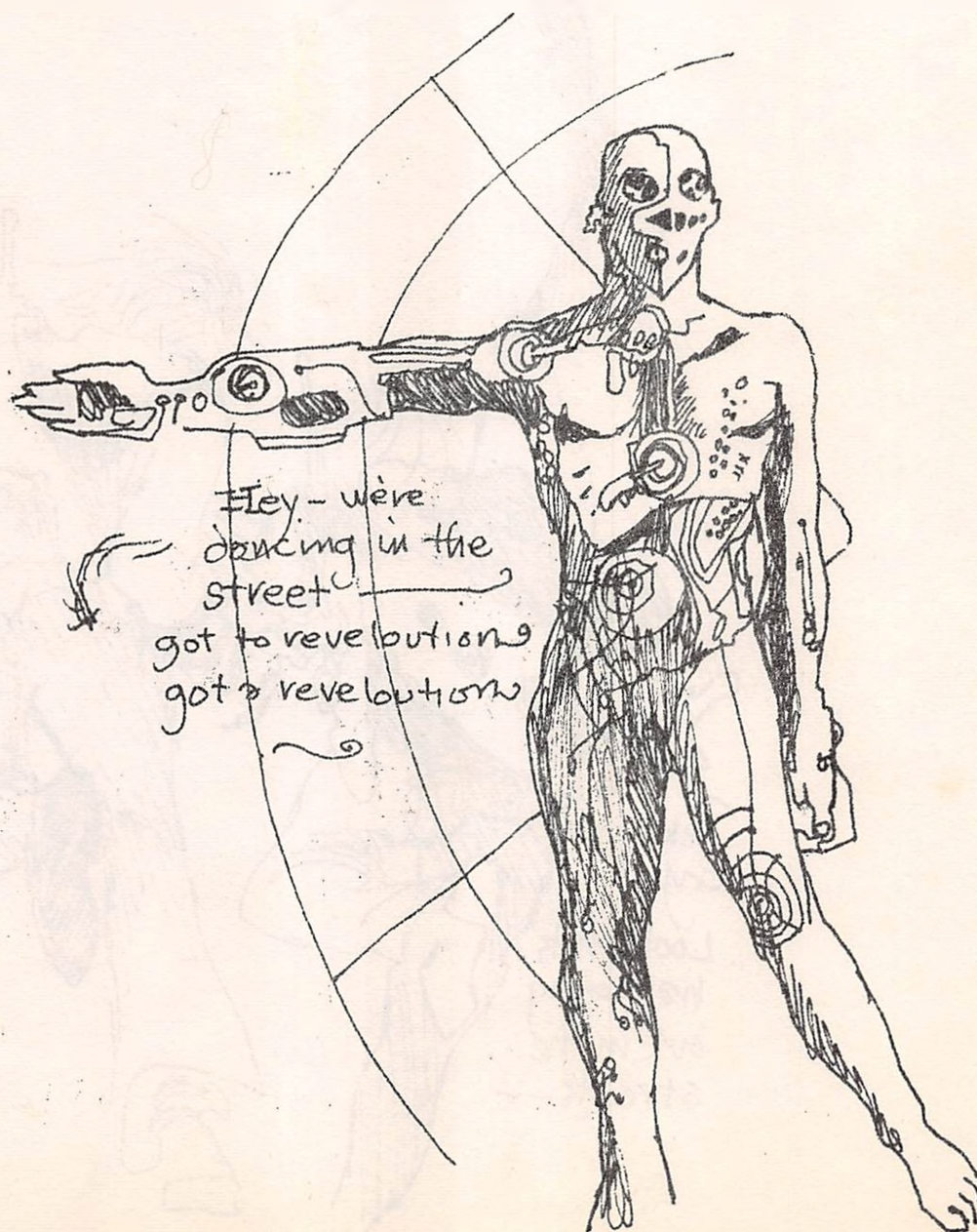


# BeABohema

7



Hey - we're  
dancing in the  
street  
got to revolution  
got to revolution

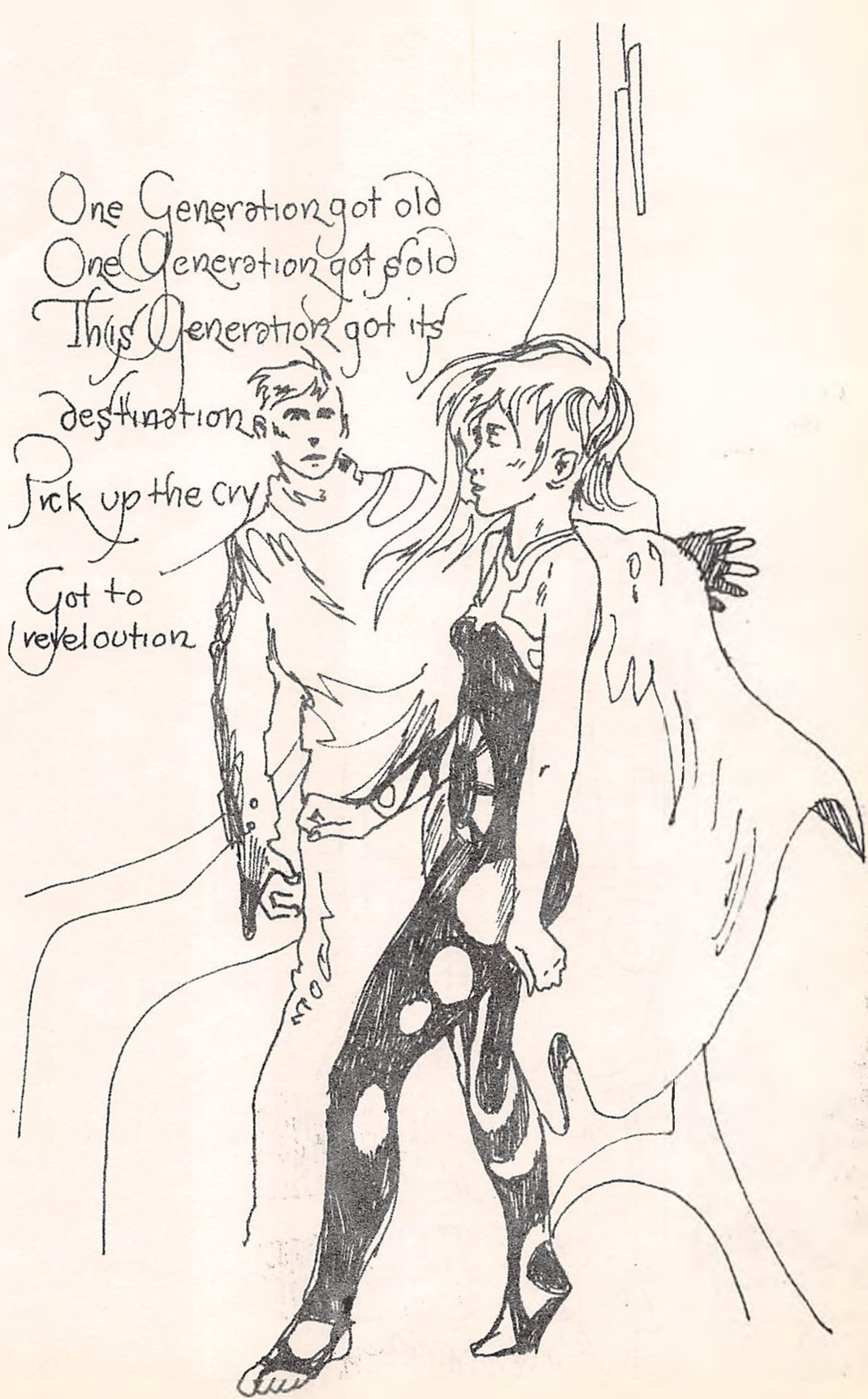




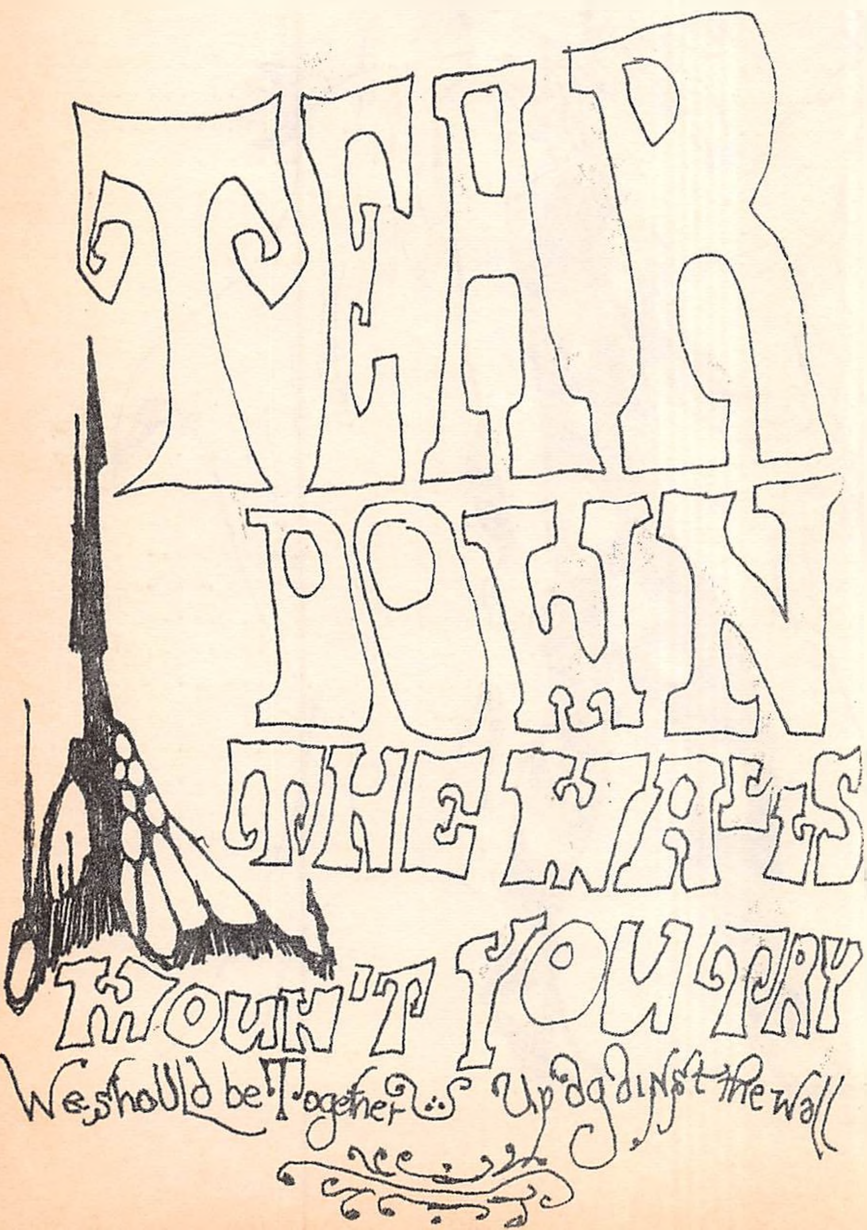
Pick up the  
cry,  
Look what's  
happening  
out in the  
streets—



One Generation got old  
One Generation got sold  
This Generation got its  
destination  
Pick up the cry  
Got to  
revolution







TEAR  
DOWN  
THE WALLS

YOU TRY

We should be together Up against the wall



E A Bohema  
 no. 7

Be/Bohema comes to you if you contributed, wrote a letter, gave me some artwork, trade your fanzine with mine, or were mentioned as being a part-time woodworker. Those brave enough to send money will be able to get this issue for 60¢, and subscribe for \$2, which will get you 4 issues. Wow! A lot of people are sending for back issues, so: you can get any back numbers at 4/\$2, which seems remarkably similar to the subscription rate. No copies of #1 are left; #2 is very thin and copies are 40¢; #s 3,4 and 6 are 60¢ each; #5, the annish, is 75¢. For some reason, the issue after the annish is larger than the annish, so the price on the respective issues sure as hell is meaningless isn't it?

BAB is edited and published by Frank Lunney at 212 Juniper ST., Quakertown, Pa. 18951. Ass Ed is Bill Marsh and artwork should be sent to Jim McLeod, the ArSe Ed; 7909 Glen Tree Dr., Citrus Heights, Ca. 95610. This is Doytch Nudle Press Mark II publication 11. Copyright Francis G. Lunney 1969. The date is Dec. 25, 1969 and the last few sentences were typed to "Clown" by The Flock. If Ted Pauls can do it, why can't I?

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Backcover by Mike Gilbert

This issue is 84 pages long. I don't know why I'm kind enough to perform the valuable service of counting each page in each issue only to report it to you people who have to know these things...I mean, it takes time. It also looks like BAB hit bi-monthly since I got back to school and didn't have all the time in the summer to work on the issue. Yeah...I've got more time than ever, with school and work and concerts and....



# BELLWINES

BY JUUHHHH

If you look very closely on a few pages of this issue of BAB, you just might find some "discussions" about the SFWA and the supposed work of professionals. The subject has been building in BAB ever since I wrote, as a side comment to Piers Anthony something which I thought would be passed over without a mention by Piers. He had matter-of-factly said Richard Delap was a good man, and the fact that SFWA needed people like Richard. Remember. That was back in about #4. I recalled a passing reference to the SFWA by Robert Moore Williams in SFR about a year ago, and I started to draw passings mentions made all over fandom together, coming up with the idea that apparently someone was getting pissed off at the world because of sloppy treatment by a person or group within the association, and, whether true gripes or not, a lot of people believed the bad things were for real.

I searched a little. I had a little help in bringing people to the fore, of course, but mostly certain personalities have emerged simply because they've kept their feelings within for so long.

The high school I go to has a fish school paper which is a meaningless...well, it's a sham, and that's all. It might be likened to the space program in trying to pacify the students, or supposedly it pacifies the students; it keeps the nits busy playing with the pieces of paper, at least.

Those In Charge were happy with last year's paper, and there were two issues of last year's paper, which may be one reason why they were happy with it; anything meaningful to our times soon became meaningless. A couple of people this year decided to launch a rag putting some feelings across and coming out on a reasonable schedule, and Those In Charge came up with the usual review of the contents: TOC made like John Pierce, and told the editors of the paper what should and should not be published, and when not willing to give a "no," TOC managed to hold up the whole works till the contents, if ever published, would read like a day-late issue of the NY Times: late news is no news, and inappropriate opinion which is out of date is just so much shit to wade through.

So, good feeling is propagated by TOC to the ignorant students because the sham of a paper exists--or the hope of one does--and there is nothing to worry about because the rag will never come out, if TOC have anything to do with it.

It's the line being echoed in schools all over the place: slavery in a school that teaches of freedom. Keep your hair short; no far-out clothes, "Ignorance is just great by me," and so on.

I've got to say that there are a group of writers in sf that are feeling exactly the same as those in the school of mine who are trying to get some ideas across. Sf has it's own TOC, and the group sure as hell may not know it, but they are alienating people because of the way they think, and inadvertant screening of letters and rejection of gripes is no way to keep the group quiet.



BAB has somehow become the fanzine by which the out-group--to use a simple name which may or may not be applicable, and I don't know if this fact is as appreciable as some people might think. To me, it means that these people can't find a proper outlet for their ideas and opinions: the SFWA organs have somehow been excluded from the magazines to which they will submit letters. A separation is becoming apparent in the ranks, and even growing because of the few articles which have appeared in BAB--and will continue to appear.

I am not at all in agreement with some of the views of the out-group. Robert Moore Williams is far from being my favorite writer, and I doubt if we'd both be seen in the same demonstrations, but I do uphold and will protect his right to be heard and let others know what he thinks, and what he thinks should be known by the public.

If pressed I would probably count the writings of the in-group as among my favorites. I lean generally toward works known as New Wave, and am pretty sick of reading the older stuff. But my tastes have nothing to do with other beliefs not aligned with literature but treatment as a writer.

I don't like authority, and the group centering itself in the New York area (and now the group from that area can raise itself up in arms and blow off some line about paranoia--but I have no reason to make up such a group; I'm not a writer suffering because of those people; the NY group is always referred to and generally known in conversation, too; Piers Anthony will accuse Ted White of subversion along with the in-group, and Ted will tell me in conversation that he's not a member of the group, and I wonder if any of the people knows he's in the group? Christ, does that sound stupid...) is feared precisely as authority in some quarters, and the city is the place where such a power would grow, as the center of the publishing industry. Members of the in-group are never at a loss for favorable words when such words are needed to forward a career.

Like I said, I generally favor most of the work written by the Self-Admiration Society. I can accept the fact that they really might like everything every other person within their intellectual community writes. But my feelings may not be apparent to people outside the group.

But the topic will probably pass within a few issues, if not the very next, so I may even be wrong in pursuing anything right now....

\*

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\*

Maybe I should have commented on Al Snider's article last issue, but I didn't. Perhaps I just wanted to hear what other people said about the article, and if they really believed what he wrote. Personally, I think he was talking out of his ass in trying to interpret the intentions of either Dave Malone, Ed Reed or myself. The three of us might be linked in Al's mind because we entered fandom at approximately the same time, and Ed and I corresponded for a while, but that's about it. We contributed to each other's fanzines once, but Al does a column for me, so perhaps that should tie him in with the evil plot we were working on.

Neo-Geisian indeed. People who know my even keel know better and didn't even comment, I guess, while those who are in the dark agreed with everything Al shot through his typer. At least it made for a semi-controversial article, right Al?

People missing from this issue should be back next issue....I just finished up this monster without telling them, to see how small I could keep the bastard..FL.

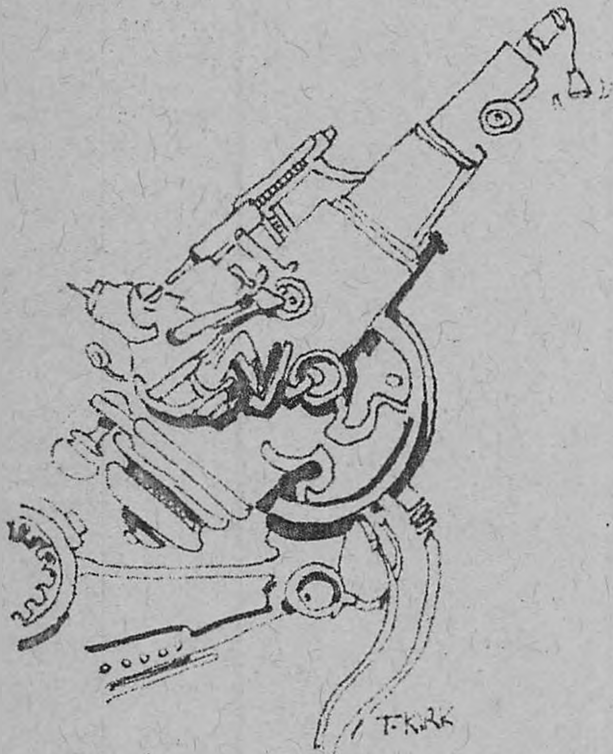


# INSIDE THE INSIDE STORY OF THE SFWA

I don't know who Paul Hazlett is (a pseudonym?), but he promises more than he delivers in his Milford article, and his SFWA piece is riddled with naive and inappropriate judgments.

Okay, so let me trot out my credentials first: I'm a charter member of the SFWA, but not because I'm a member of the Milford scene; in fact, I wasn't invited, I just heard about the SFWA from Terry Carr and applied. As such, I've not been a member of any in-group, but my friendship with people like Terry Carr has allowed me to watch some of the so-called in-group goings on. And when Alex Panshin was asked to edit the Bulletin and Forum, he asked me to help him, and I did, for the duration of his editorship. So I've acquired some working knowledge of What Goes On, without myself being a party to any particular clique.

Also: I have my own occasional beefs with the SFWA. Most of these boil down to my dislike of various personalities who have been on occasion active in the group, and, in candid introspection I have decided that at least 50% of my past annoyance with the SFWA has been the product of my own paranoia--that old On The Outside Looking In crap. I think this plagues a lot of the newer members and critics of the SFWA; it pops up in Dean Koontz's letter elsewhere and is very apparent in Hazlett's pieces. The easiest way to explain it is to remember that most professional sf writers are even less secure than most sf fans are--and that



by  
ted white



their ego is riding on higher stakes. For them sf is a livelihood, not merely a hobby. This whole business makes for the intense sense of community sf engenders, but also a lot of damned easily bruised egos.

Enough of the preface:

"Is SFWA doing its job?"

What is SFWA's "job"? Hazlett points out three approaches, from trade-union to professional organization to social organization. (In other fields: The Screen Writer's Guild is a trade union; the MWA and WWA are social organizations; the latter two have only one real function, that being to select awards--"Edgars" and "Spurs"--which are useful in promoting their respective fields.) At the present, the SFWA has not settled on any one approach, although I think it will work out as a combination of the latter two. The trade-union idea is repulsive to many of us, and probably unworkable.

The SFWA is very young, but there is general agreement that in comparison to the WWA and MWA it is already doing a better "job." It certainly gives its members more for their dues than either other organization--and I speak as one who has made the comparison.

There seem to be two areas in which Hazlett faults the SFWA: the Nebula Awards and the publications. So let's look at each.

The Nebula Award has several reasons for existence. Let me try to list the ones that occur to me.

1. It brings operating money into the organization. The royalties are split between the editors, the contributing authors and the SFWA. The split to the authors is the most generous of any anthology I know of. But the SFWA also gains needed revenue.

2. It provides egoboo for the author both nominated and awarded. Authors need egoboo. Look at the way we keep talking up our stories in fanzines.

3. It provides publicity and prestige for the entire field. The public is award-conscious. It is true the Hugoes also do this, but what the hell; two sets of awards can't hurt.

4. It provides more money for the authors. I know of at least three Nebula winners to whom prestigious publishers came only after they'd won their awards. Let's face it: a lot of publishers are too stupid to judge an author on his own merits and need guidelines like this. Since sooner or later every writer of real talent will probably win either a Hugo or a Nebula, all stand to benefit in the long run.

5. It makes for the Awards Banquets, which are interesting social occasions.

Okay, I'm getting frivolous. But awards, I think, are their own justification. Some, like the First Fandom Award or the Big Heart Award are taken seriously by no one but those who give them. Others, like Hugoes and the Nebulas, have quickly proven themselves to be sought-after and accoladed.

The problems which the Nebula has faced are not inherent to the award; they were part of its growing pains. The worst abuses were in the earliest years. It is true that at that time balloting was light enough and the Milford clique strong enough that some unfortunate awards were given. But these were, I think, less the product of any active conspiracy than simply a common desire to reward one of the Faithful. The Good Joes and the ones who Died Too Soon picked up their awards and that was that. The SFWA has grown since then, other cliques have formed, and these days it's clique against clique. Last I heard, the strongest vote-prompting was coming from New Orleans, where the Southern branch of the SFWA was prompting H.H. Hollis as the greatest even to come down the pike. I can't prove it, but I'm willing to bet that the N.O. clique block voted Hollis's nomination onto the ballot and block voted him into the standings. I know of at least one west coast member solicited to vote for him, to whom officership overtures were simultaneously made.



The temptation, when one encounters this sort of thing, is to say, "Well, if that's the only way one gets onto the ballot, I'd better get together a bunch of my freinds and..." to which I'm afraid a few have already succumbed.

But this, my friends, is not the fault of the SFWA nor the Nebula. It just boils down to individual author-egos again.

Hazlett asks what "winning such an award" would "signify?" I can't believe he doesn't know.

The publications of the SFWA are very important to the organization in a number of senses. To begin with, they provide the lifeline of communication in what is primarily a paper organization. More than this, they exist as service vehicles, and as our "front" to the outside world.

The Bulletin serves the latter function. It exists primarily to publish a) reports to the membership from the officers; b) service articles (on contracts, on agents, on publishers, on copyrights, on anything else deemed useful for the working sf writer); c) to represent the SFWA and the member sf writer to the publishers, agents, et al, related to our field.

Originally the Bulletin published correspondence, but this was necessarily limited by the space available. Two years ago Terry Carr, then Bulletin editor, began, on his own initiative but with officer-approval, the Forum. The Forum was solely for the eyes of the membership, and intended for correspondence between members, as more direct communication. Since then it has also published speeches and articles, largely to jog correspondence-discussion.



The Bulletin began more or less informally, as an 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 11 offset typewritten publication issued by the President, Damon Knight. The laws of the SFWA did not then call for the Bulletin, but it was an obvious necessity. When Silverberg succeeded Damon as President, he did so with the proviso that he could farm out the editorship of the Bulletin (which was by then half-sized and in booklet form), since he lacked time for it himself. He chose Terry Carr. Terry was a wise choice: he spruced the Bulletin up with typeset headings and Jack Gaughan artwork, and kept the close balance in tone necessary between informal friendliness and formal stuffiness. However, Terry wasn't exactly the least busy man in the world himself, and the deadlines began slipping, particularly after he added to his own responsibilities by publishing the Forum, which was mimeographed in fanzine format.

When Alan Nourse became President, he asked Alexei Panshin to take over the publications, Terry being exhausted by then and unwilling to continue with them. Alex asked me to help. He used the Crowdaddy composer to give the text a typeset appearance, and I did the pasteup and layouts from his raw typed copy. Alex also typed the stencils for the Forum. I ran the first one off for him, but subsequent ones were run off by Anne McCaffrey on a mimeo she'd bought for the purpose. After doing several Forums, Alex washed his hands of it, returning it to Terry Carr. Alex got all his publications out on time, but at the expense of his own money-earning work. The publications took no less than two full weeks of every two months--and perhaps more, especially when he was doing the Forum.

When Dickson became President, he accepted the first volunteer on the Bulletin, Barry Malzberg. Terry stayed on with the Forum. Malzberg has done one Bulletin to date (the second is overdue) and Terry two Forums, the second delayed two months by the Secretary.

So much for the history.

The actual work involved in putting out these publications is enormous, and demands skill. It also demands superhuman judgment, taste and tact. Most of the critics of the publications have betrayed neither good judgment, nor taste, nor tact. The reverse.

There is no great controversy over the Bulletin--although I would guess most members were dissatisfied with Malzberg's first Bulletin, which was messy in appearance and published little but Barry & His Friends.

But the Forum seems to stir up tempests in a good many teapots.

An analogy would be the incredible criticism voiced against the tv networks for showing the truth about Chicago last year. Amazingly, the critics saw nothing wrong with cops indiscriminately beating innocent bystanders, newsmen, et al, but felt that if such violence occurred it was solely because tv broadcast it.

The SFWA Forum prints letters from its membership. And no one is more critical of this than the SFWA membership. Early issues employed no censorship, and a number of SFWA members allowed themselves to become completely uninhibited in their disputes. It might be argued that the Forum in allowing these people to expose themselves was performing a service for the membership, but a great storm of letters arose demanding that the Forum be curbed. "Disgusting" was a frequently employed epithet. In short, the members were crying for censorship. (This demand included an amazing controversy over Philip Jose Farmer's Baycon Guest of Honor Speech, which

wasn't even made a part of the Forum but was circulated with it as a separate publication. A number of otherwise sensible and valued members, spearheaded by Poul Anderson, expressed shock and dismay that this speech should be given circulation by the SFWA.)

The "disgust" was most evident in ill-tempered letters from extremist-types whose suggestions bordered on lynching all members who didn't agree with their politics.

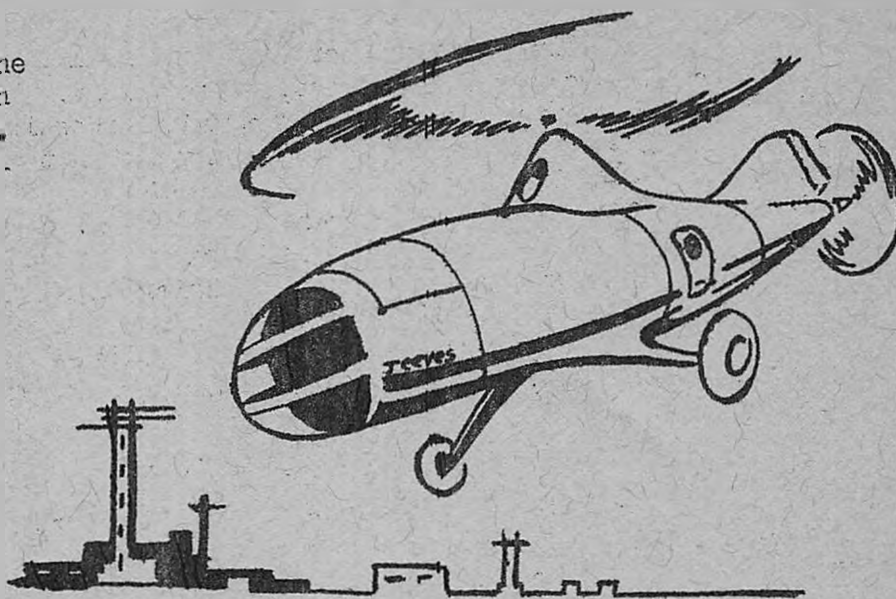
They, in turn, disgusted others. The whole Forum began souring--leading to Panshin's disgust with it and his surrender of it to Terry Carr, who might be presumed to be thicker skinned. Panshin was damned if he did and damned if he didn't. The very people who called for censorship (or "judicious editing") of other members' letters rose up in arms when this principle was applied to their own letters. Some of the biggest names in the field engaged themselves in incredibly petty spats. (It was my opinion that everything should be published, if only to educate the naive about some of our more childish elder statesmen...)

So Terry Carr decided to prove the whole point once and for all. He published an issue of the Forum in which all "controversial" matter was edited out. "This has to be the most boring issue of all time," he told me. "Maybe it will shut them up."

It didn't. Instead, we see Harry Harrison (of all people) calling for Terry's resignation. Incredible.

Hazlett either knows or understands relatively little of this. I seriously doubt that he has much idea what is really going on at all. He gives considerable credence to Harrison, for example. Harrison narrowly escaped a call for impeachment when he was Vice President of the SFWA, for the abuse of his office. (The only reason it didn't happen is that his term was too close to being over for those concerned to press the issue. It could only have hurt the SFWA to air the charges.) When Harrison's personal vendettas boiled over into his correspondence to the Forum, it was properly cut. And when you, Paul Hazlett, are privileged to see the harassment Harrison has thrown at Carr and others, then and only then will you be qualified to pass judgment on Terry's reactions to Harrison. (Just remember: Harrison was Leroy Tanner.)

At the time when Alex was the editor of the Forum, he would sometimes show me the complete folder of letters that came in. Some were amazing! Richard S. Buck wrote in to complain that his name had been used on the by-line of the Blish-Buck copyrights article without his permission! (It was there on the manuscript; how had Alex to know Buck didn't know about it?) Fred Pohl bitched about the way he





thought Alex was supporting Norman Spinrad against him. (He did so in letters addressed to the "Forum Editor", treating "Alex Panshin" in third-person rather than second-person.) Any number of people wrote in to make asinine suggestions, the publication of which would have discredited them. As I said, I'm all in favor of the fuggheads exposing themselves--but Alex didn't publish these things as a kindness to their respective authors: he's neither as cruel nor cynical as I am.

I'm forced to the conclusion that most members of the SFWA are retarded, emotionally. Their reactions are and were those of pre-adolescent children. Although intellectually brilliant, they simply can't deal with any sort of emotional give-and-take, and are likely to suffer tantrums if not appeased and given their way. Since it is impossible to appease them all, the result is a bedlam of petty whining and complaints.

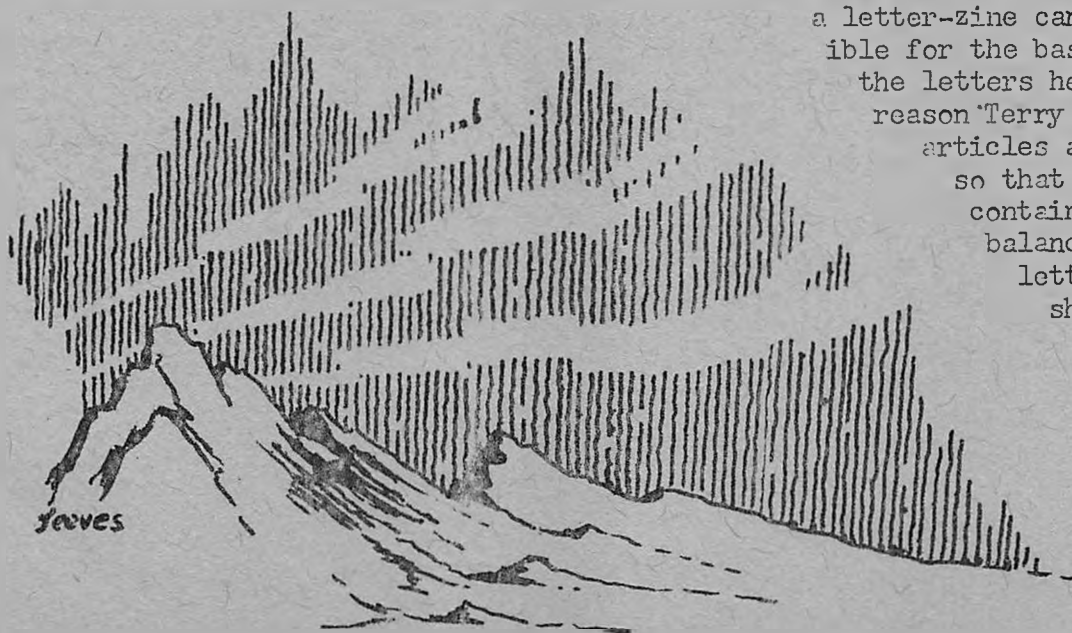
If there is any single fault to the SFWA, this is it: the membership as a whole is irresponsible.

This is what the officership--wholly volunteer and unpaid--has to work with. The job attracts two kinds of people: the idealistically ambitious (they feel they must work to make SFWA viable) and the personally ambitious (they want the prestige that goes with the office and election to that office). Some of these people (of either persuasion) make good officers. Some don't. We've been fortunate that the bulk, no matter what their motivation, have been good, or at least adequate, officers. The SFWA has grown and improved steadily.

Now for a few specific comments on Hazlett's piece:

Hazlett misunderstands the purpose of Terry's single-issue censorship of the Forum, as previously noted. Since Terry stated that it was a one-issue occurrence, and done to make a point about the censorship of controversy (and in answer to demands for that censorship), it would appear Hazlett is singularly slow on the up-take, a fault he shares with Harrison, although Harrison has his own axe to grind. Maybe Hazlett is simply overwhelmed by Harrison's Name. A few still are. Anyway, Hazlett's criticisms of Terry Carr are uncalled-for and inappropriate and should be retracted. It should also not need

to be stated that the editor of a letter-zine cannot be responsible for the basic quality of the letters he receives. The reason Terry is publishing articles and speeches is so that the Forum will contain something to balance out the asinine letters the membership writes him.  
Hi, there, Paul  
Hazlett!



Hazlett states, "One member had written formal notes to /the officers and Bulletin editor/ recommending that no SFWA officer or staff member be permitted who was an editor or publisher. He reasoned that old members could not speak against pro-editors for fear of losing old markets and new ones could not speak up for fear of not getting into the market. Sounded reasonable to me. The suggestion, so far, has been well ignored."

Well, that's about the calibre of the correspondence these jerks want published. Naive, nit-pickingly petty, and fear-motivated. It doesn't sound like a reasonable idea to me, and I'll tell you why:

To begin with, any writer who is afraid to speak his mind in an honest disagreement with an editor is contemptible. His fear that the editor in question would respond by blackballing him is based on the notion that all editors are as susceptible to such petty bullshit as he is. I don't know a single important editor in the field who would respond on that level. I do know of a number of situations where editors have bought stories from writers they personally disliked--in one case, the writer stole the editor's wife, and in another the editor told the writer to stay away from his daughter in the strongest possible terms, but went right on buying his stories for years after. But this presumes that a member is going to be "speaking against" an officer or "staff member" of the SFWA. It presumes, in a paranoiac fashion, that this might be a commonplace occurrence. I doubt that.

Equally important is the fact that the SFWA is not yet in a position to be choosy about its officers or "staff members." In most cases it has proven difficult to find qualified personnel for the necessary jobs. If a man can do the job and is willing to at some personal sacrifice, it would be foolish beyond belief to rule him out because he holds an editorial job as well.

Hazlett also speaks blithely about all the "new, fresh ideas" being put down or ignored by some "old-line clique." He seems unaware of the fact that many of these ideas are junk--like the one above--and an annoyance to officers who must already cope with a massive amount of correspondence. And most of the ideas put forth call for someone else to take on an additional workload.

Since Hazlett's own report of the SFWA meeting (which I avoided, myself) makes it apparent that the objections from the floor were founded largely on ignorance--willful ignorance, based on not reading what had been presented in the publications--I'm not surprised that Dickson cut it off.

The final straw is Hazlett's "My bet is that Robert Moore Williams's earlier letter in this fanzine hit on the head." (Hit what on the head?) If Hazlett will swallow Williams's false statistics and blatant sour grapes that easily, he's a sucker for any anti-SFWA propaganda that comes along.

It doesn't surprise me. Remember what I said at the beginning about the paranoids? Chalk up Hazlett. Put him at the bottom of a long, long list.

And then ask me what's wrong with the SFWA some time...

--Ted White





# Tracking Station

by Leo P. Kelley

Here are some names to remember:

Reg Barbieri.

Janet Fox.

Linda Eyster Bushyager.

Why? Why are they names to remember? Because they are the winners of the Story Contest sponsored by The National Fantasy Fan Federation during 1969. First prize of \$15.00--Reg Barbieri. Second prize of \$10.00--Janet Fox. Third prize of \$5.00--Linda Eyster Bushyager.

Maybe one of these fine days we'll see these names again in the pages of GALAXY or FANTASTIC or F&SF. They've made a beginning, taken the first (or just possibly for them the second, tenth or hundredth) step in the journey that always begins--even the longest, most arduous journey--with that single first step.

I applaud them all.

Since being asked early in 1969 by Stan Wollston, President of N3F, to manage the Story Contest, I've been reading the manuscripts that came in the mail from contestants, acknowledging them, making notations of them, filing them. Then along came November 1st, the contest deadline. I took a few hours off from my own writing and took out the fat file which by then contained 45 entries. (Actually, there were about 37 or 38 authors since some ambitious contestants submitted two or even three stories.) They came from as far away as Pretoria, South Africa, and from all over our own country. They were fantasies, science fiction stories, adventure stories--all kinds.

As manager of the contest, my major responsibility was an administrative one but I also was responsible for selecting the best of the manuscripts for submission to Mr. Edward L. Ferman, editor of F&SF and this year's judge, from which he would choose the three winners.

So I read all the stories again and studied the notes I'd made earlier on each one. After awhile, the pile of finalists was reduced to fifteen. Then, to ten. I sent these ten stories to Mr. Ferman. Here are the names of the seven finalists who did not win a prize this year but who most certainly deserve Honorable Mention:

Eli Cohen  
New York, N.Y.

Tex Cooper  
Pretoria, South Africa

Robert Sabella  
Whippany, N.J.

Betty Ann Kevles  
Pasadena, Ca.

Doris M. Beetem  
Denver, Colo.

Betty Knight  
Los Angeles, Ca.

Paul M. Dellinger  
Wytheville, Virginia

These too may prove to be names that science fiction fandom would do well to remember.

I would like, at this point, to make some comments which authors who are trying to crack pro markets might find helpful.

I was quite frankly appalled at the condition of some of the manuscripts submitted. Some were badly typed with no attempt made by the authors to correct typographical errors. Some were folded down to fit in a tiny envelope so that, when once unfolded, they were--a mess. Some were so heavily edited in ink that they were difficult to read.

So what? So it seems to me that any writer who is willing to implicitly insult his own manuscript by submitting it in such bad form runs the very definite risk of encouraging the editor who will ultimately read it to believe that it cannot be very good if the author himself denigrates it by presenting it in such sloppy form. Not to mention the matter of simple courtesy which suggests that a writer not tax the eyes or patience of an editor.

Type your manuscripts, double-spaced, on one side of an eight and a half by eleven white page. Make corrections as neatly as possible in ink or by type-writer. Mail your manuscripts flat in a 10 x 13 manila mailing envelope. Enclose



a self-addressed and stamped envelope for its return should it be found unsuitable.

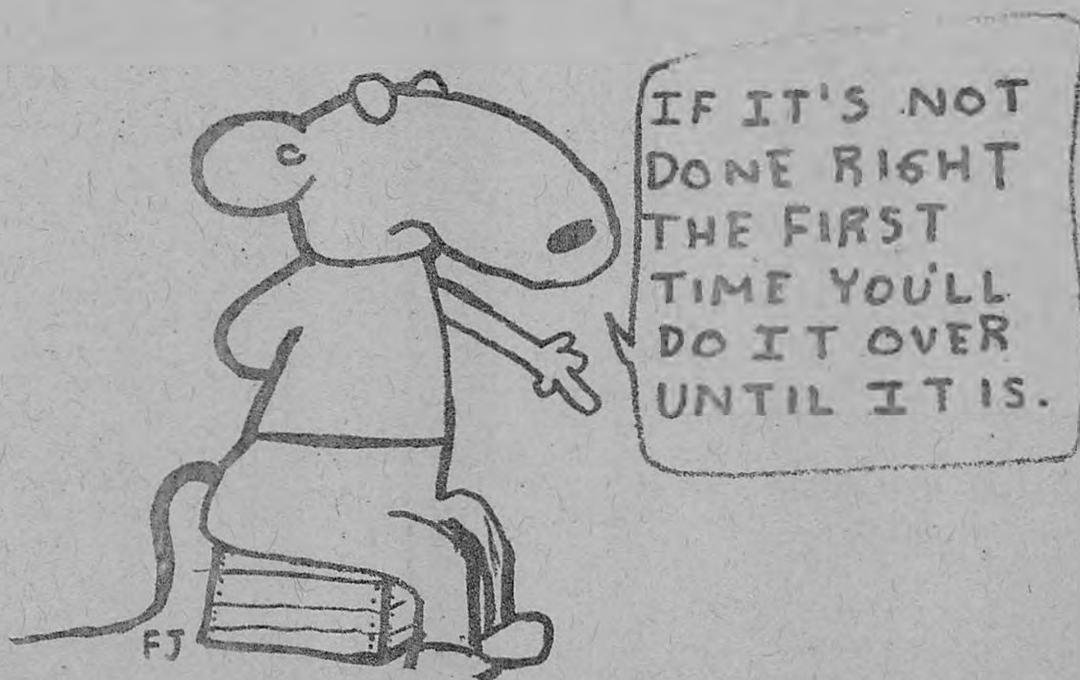
I urge all potential pros to treat these mundane facts of literary life with respect if not awe

Managing the contest was fun and it reminded me of another, earlier day when I was a contestant myself. As has been pointed out in earlier issues of BAB, I once won third prize in a story contest sponsored by IF in 1955 with a novelette called "Dreamtown, USA." As contest manager in 1969, with all the years under the dam since then, I had an opportunity to stand on a kind of silent sideline and root for each new author as his or her manuscript arrived. Sure, some had faults. Sure, some were quite distant from that goal of publishability. But I was truly delighted with the vigor and the ingenuity that appeared in many of the stories. And I was encouraged because of the love that was apparent in the stories--the love for science fiction and for literature.

And so I say, "Hurrah and hail!" to Reg, Janet and Linda and all the other contest authors who are truly the future of the fiction we all care so much about. I say to all these authors, try again next year. Try the year after that. It's really true that one learns to write by writing. So keep at it. Keep caring--about science fiction and about writing and what you believe about the world you live in and the worlds you can imagine and--well, hell, thanks to all of you for an experience that jogged some pleasant memories of another beginning--my own. Special thanks too to Mr. Ferman who so graciously consented to judge this year's contest.

Watch the publications put out by The National Fantasy Fan Federation for the announcement of next year's contest manager. And good luck to those of you who took your first (or tenth) step this year toward professional writing. Keep up the good (hard) work.

--Leo P. Kelley



# by Piers Anthony

## "On Doing Right"

Peter Andrews' descent into the Space Service came abruptly. Peter was 22, married less than a year, college educated, pacifistic and considered by the World Government to be prime fodder for conscription. But Peter proposed to slip through a loophole.

It was draft board policy at the time to rake married men, but not those with children. This was not so much sentiment for the dislocated families as concern for the World budget. By law, increased allotments were paid to dependents; a large family could receive as many as fifty extra credits a month. And there was one of those perennial planetside economy squeezes on.

Peter was, technically, a father. That is, the seed had been planted in 2056 and was due for fruition the following year. So he was safe, and he gleefully notified the press-gang office of this fact.

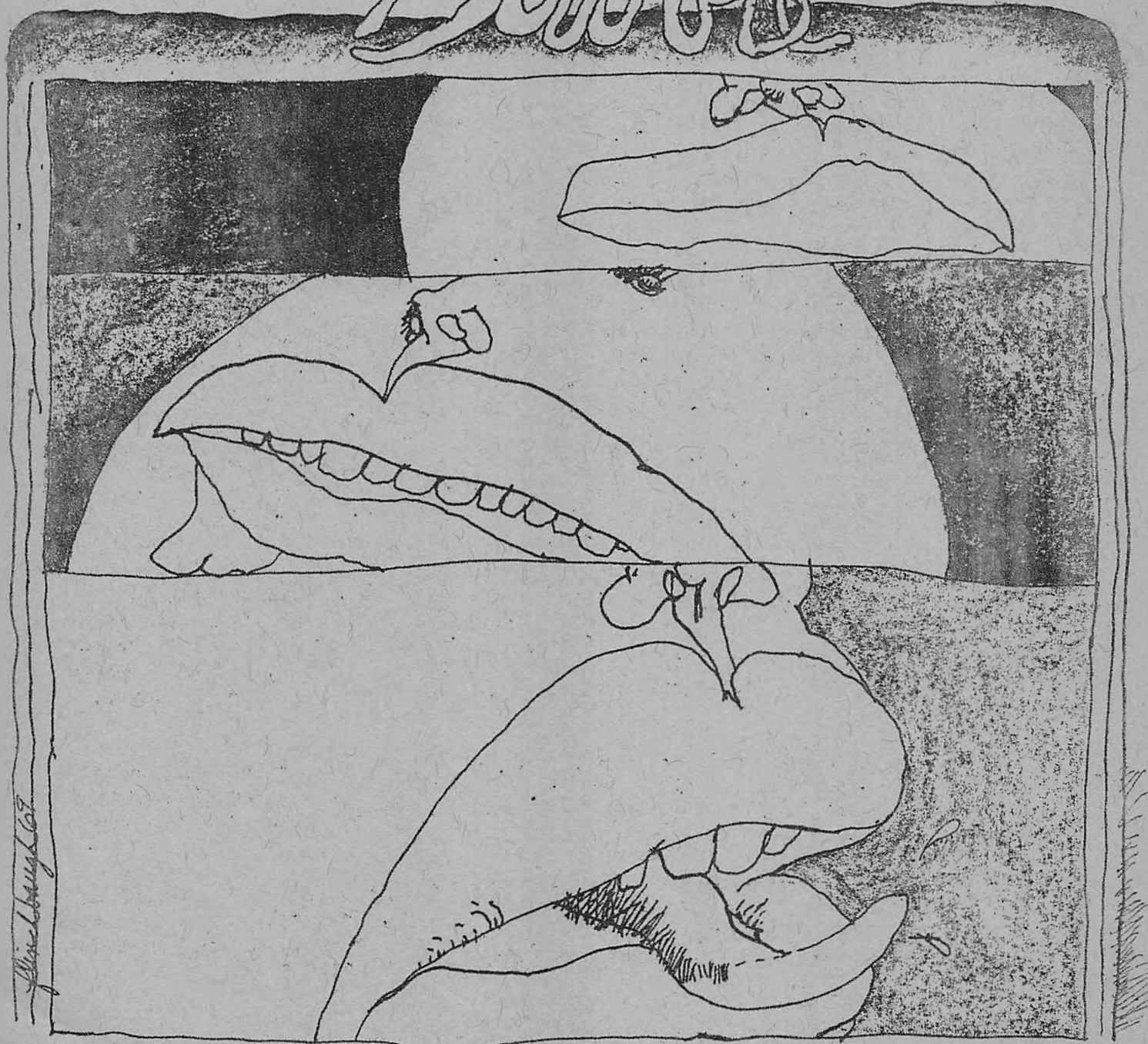
Then one of those misfortunes modern medicine was supposed to prevent occurred. A rush to the hospital...and he was no longer even technically paternal. And he was 1-Super-A for the SSS. (Space Selective Service.)

Next month he was in. Basic training was bad, of course. It was illegal for cadre to hit, kick or otherwise coerce recruits, so naturally he was hit, kicked and coerced. He didn't make any protest because he also knew what happened to protesters. In fact, part of his training involved the handling of explosive hand grenades, and the infiltration of barbed-wire brambles under the covering fire of other recruits. There were safety precautions, but every so often in the Space Service a grenade went off prematurely, or a recruit fired too low, and regrets went to the unfortunate relatives. No--Peter just wanted to get through the training intact.

He was resting on his bunk during an off moment, and so was caught when they raided the barracks for night furnace personnel. After such a night tour he was permitted to sleep in the daytime--but somehow that word didn't always come down. He didn't complain. He happened to be next in line when a recruit complained about the food in the mess hall, so naturally it was Peter who spent the remainder of that day on KP. He didn't complain. He came down with a raging fever and a civilian doctor told him to report on sick call at the post, because it looked like a cross between Strep throat and Pneumonia. He tried--and spent another day on KP. But he didn't complain. He was shooting for "Expert" in firing qualifications, hitting the bull's eye more than half the time and not missing by much the rest of the time.



Bougie



Then his rifle jammed on "sustained fire" and his score suffered. Then only half the target came up, and the other half was flapping in the breeze, impossible to hit. His score...suffered. He did mention this to the sergeant, but nothing was done and he never pushed it further.

His policy paid off; about a third of his group did not make it, and had to be recycled or washed out. Peter got through. But after pondering what sort of man he had to become to achieve his aim, he resolved in future to stand up for his rights. There were, after all, limits.

After two months he was shipped to another base for survey training. Survey was a complex system of locating and plotting the coordinates of sundry planets so that space battalions could be laid out correctly, ships properly aligned, null-space cannon aimed precisely, and so on. Peter studied very hard, for he understood that if he was one of the top three or four in his cycle he could remain as an instructor. That in turn meant that he would remain Earthside, instead of being shipped to Kraut or Geek or worse, where his wife could not go.

While he was in training, a shell fell among a group of recruits on maneuvers. Half a dozen were killed. This accident was a trifle too gross to be covered up in the normal fashion, so an investigation was launched. The charges made local headlines, as one responsible party after another was brought up for court-martial. BUT--it became apparent that an officer, not a recruit or enlisted man, was going to bear the brunt of the blame. And at that point Space Service enthusiasm for the investigation evaporated, and no one was brought to account for the deaths. This did not shock Peter; he had already learned what the Service was like. A recruit could be shot for disobeying an order; an officer could kill without being brought to trial. This was standard on lesser matters, too; only the lowest grades faced real penalties for infractions. Unless an officer happened to do something that embarrassed the Service; then all bets were off.

Peter finished first in his class, second in his cycle, despite the usual KP and guard duty during class time. He had pulled through by unofficially tutoring a slower student. When Peter spent a day on KP, the other man would bring his homework for consultation, and by the time Peter had explained it to him, he had a pretty good notion himself what had been covered that day. It was necessary to be clever, to get by...

He landed the instructor's position. He brought his wife to the base so he could reside offpost, and in less time than you might think he was a technical father again. And thus established, he was damned if he was going to knuckle under to any more illegal coercion.

Meanwhile, Earth government savings bonds were in trouble. They paid low interest and required the better part of a decade to mature, so people weren't buying and the government was becoming embarrassed. So the authorities hit on a remarkable notion: let the troops buy the bonds! It would do them good to save a little money.

The drive was on. All over the planet the troops were assembled and informed what was good for them, and they signed up for payroll-deduction-plan bonds. Units had drives to reach 100% participation. It was going well--right up until the point the drive struck Peter Andrews.



Peter, to recap, had determined not to be coerced any more. And when his First Sergeant explained in kindly profanity (between scratches at his groin: sergeants could afford their little public neuroticisms) what every swingin' Richard was about to stand tall for, Peter somehow mistook this for coercion. And so he said no, gently but firmly.

The bond drive went on around him for a while. That was just as well, for his wife was having complications, and was in and out of the hospital several times. Peter was afraid to leave her unattended, but the Service had duties for him and he was only a private. He talked to the Officer of the Day once when he had guard duty and got permission to go home to check on her during the off shifts normally used for sleeping. "She shouldn't be alone," the officer said. But the man knew that Service pay was insufficient to allow even untrained nursing help. At length Peter lost his technical fatherhood again and the Service paid most of an 800 credit medical bill. Peter was the first to admit that the Service was not all bad.

Meanwhile the bond drive was nearing its grotesque culmination. The Unit Commander had higher Service aspirations, and the low-IQ First Sergeant had a bet with a cohort that he could achieve 100% bond participation. One man, due for promotion, made an unsubtle deal: he got his rank, he signed for the bond. (Whenever they brought up the subject of the bond, he just rubbed his insignia of rank as though it hurt. They got the message.) Another was in the hospital, out of touch. They told him he was the last holdout, so he signed to make it complete, not being a spoilsport. By the time he learned the truth, it was too late. A number of men were smart: they signed, planning to cash in the bonds the moment they arrived, so that they had their money back. Only three holdouts remained in the local unit, Peter among them.

Some question had arisen over Peter's enthusiastic survey instruction. He told an off-color joke at the beginning of each class period to wake up the trainees, but the rest of it was serious, and he liked to think he was getting through where other instructors did not. The trainees' response and performance seemed to vindicate him--but another instructor claimed otherwise. So Peter went to the Unit Commander and asked for a frank evaluation of his performance. It was favorable; apparently other factors than the truth had prompted the negative criticism.

Peter also put in for a 30 day leave owing to him, but was informed that he was too valuable to spare. Complimentary--but awkward. He had wanted to see his folks, after a year's absence.

Then the three holdouts were hauled before the thug-like First Sergeant, Itchy-Balls. In the presence of an officer he grilled them together. Why, he demanded, hadn't they signed up? The first man explained that he had a large family and was barely getting by on his present pay. If he had more deducted for a bond, he would not be able to make his ends meet. The sympathetic sergeant suggested that the might might find it a long haul getting any additional pay from any potential promotion, unless he cooperated now. The man saw the dismal light and agreed to sign.

The second man was a skilled sports participant, on orders much of the year for various teams, and of an independent disposition. He informed Itchy-Balls that the bonds were supposed to be voluntary and he was not volunteering. That was that--there was nothing they could do to him for this insolence. Many months later they found a technicality and busted him back to private, though. It was the old rule: the Service could not make you do it, but it could make you wish you had.



Peter was the last. He continued to balk. Itchy-Balls informed him that he would be put on menial duty, that he would never receive a pass or leave-time, and would never have a promotion. These threats were not SOP: Peter was a qualified instructor who could not be spared, leave was an inherent right not subject to retraction, and promotion was supposedly based on time and merit. Nevertheless, the threats were true, and were in large part fulfilled. Peter never got his rank and had only part of his leave, and only by the special intercession of an officer at a later date did he get a decent pass--and he was then bawled out for taking it. He was finished in the Service.

Furthermore, the entire unit was punished. All the offpost personnel were required to report for early morning reveille. This meant loss of sleep for the men and their families, and wasted hours, since they had no barracks to maintain and did not eat at the post mess.

One of the men who was not a friend of Peter's came up to him after a few days of this. "I want you to know," he said, "that I hate like hell to go through this chickenshit. But so long as it is because you are holding out against Itchy-Balls, I'm glad to do it." Seldom was a word more appreciated!

The corporal in charge of the instructors had had Service trouble himself--he had been a sergeant before--and sympathized. He ran interference for Peter, telling the First Sergeant that Peter was in class when a call came up for detail work. Even so, Peter could not escape all of it. He did yardwork and shoveling in areas his own students traveled by. They gaped and went on.

The Unit Commander even talked to Peter, explaining courteously that unless he signed he would be expelled from the unit. This could mean shipment offplanet, destroying everything he had worked for. Peter still balked--and put in a complaint to that man's superior officer, the Light Colonel.

For an hour and a half the Light Colonel talked to Peter in his office...but the upshot was that he would not rock the boat. Peter saw his case was lost, but he didn't sign.

He was removed as instructor and shipped to another unit on the same post. There he was put on weeding, watering and transplanting grass--perhaps the only college educated man to be so assigned. He own former students were in time promoted over him, so that he had to defer to them. It was the Service Way,

But he had his moments. The new unit applied no pressure for the bond--so after a couple of weeks Peter went down on his own initiative and signed. That, he trusted, proved a point of sorts--and made a damn good story for Itchy-Balls' consumption. And it happened that he was good at hoo ping pong--a game played with an

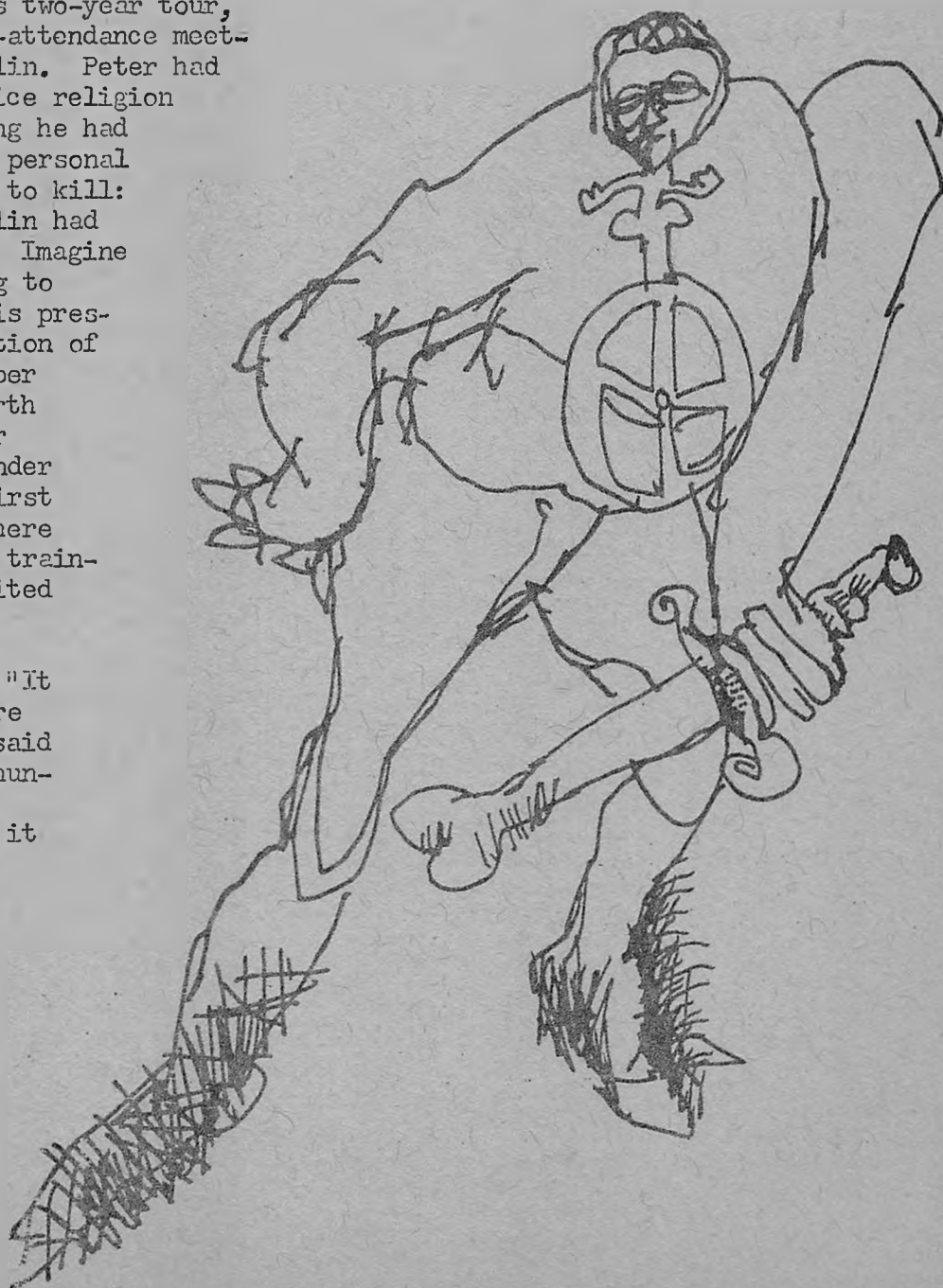


empty. spheroid. He teamed with another private and won the unit championship. For a month he was on sports orders, until the final post tournament came and he lost to the post champions, both in singles and doubles. And later yet he became artist and editor for the unit's perennially award-winning weekly magazine; and so escaped the agricultural chores entirely. He wasn't certain the balky centuries-old mimeograph was much improvement, however.

Once he was called out to march in a parade honoring the officer who had achieved such success with his unit, including 99% participation in the bond program. Peter marched, but he had his own thoughts about this great man, who would remove an instructor he had claimed he couldn't spare--solely to gain on that percentage. It was said to cost thousands of credits to train a man as Peter had been trained--yet the man who negated all of that for an illegal reason was honored by a parade.

At the end of his two-year tour, Peter attended a command-attendance meeting supervised by a chaplain. Peter had had experience with Service religion before. In basic training he had seen a chaplain about his personal belief that it was wrong to kill: man or animal. The chaplain had thought him unpatriotic. Imagine a human being not wanting to kill! The subject of this present meeting was the question of combat failures. Fifty per cent of the troops of Earth were unable to fire their weapons in action even under combat conditions, the first time out. Why? Could there be some liability in the training? Answers were solicited from the floor.

Peter stood up. "It might help if the men were trained for action," he said before that audience of hundreds, "instead of being subjected to--let's face it--so much chickenshit." And there was a murmur of agreement, for the Service was made mostly of chicken S with a large smattering of bull S. A sergeant then inquired whether the young private knew what real chicken S was.



Peter didn't bother to answer; if what he had had was artificial chicken S., it was sufficient.

Peter only hoped that Earth never was invaded by the Ivans or other aliens, because if its defense rested in the chickenshitty hands of this Space Service, it would surely be wiped out. Natural selection for stupidity was an asset only in peacetime. When the people like him who stood on their convictions were systematically harrassed and weeded out, no wonder so little gumption was demonstrated on the battlefield!

Yet privately he believed that the real reason the men refused to fire in combat was that they were basically decent, and could not bring themselves to murder aliens merely because some politicians had miscalculated. The Service tried hard to break down this goodness, this civilized sensitivity, but only half succeeded. It was these failures who had, in truth, done right.

And Peter felt that he had done right too.

\*

#### Afterword:

The forgoing narrative is, as must be evident, not fiction. Only the names have been changed to protect the identity of the protagonist, who later became a science fiction writer. Much of the mood of the Service was transposed into his first novel, so perhaps it is not surprising that it was so bitter.

There is a sequel to this story, dated about a decade later, and far more relevant to fannish interests though it does not concern fans. One day that story may be told.

\*

#### ADDENDUM:

I continue to get solicitations for contributions to fanzines, attendance at fan conventions, and so on. I have turned them down. One fan suggested in reply that I explain my reasons more publicly; he felt that fans would have to be pretty asinine not to understand.

I certainly agree. But some of these same fanzines that solicit my contributions are still ridiculing my attempts to explain courteously why I can't. But I suppose this is something that has to be rephrased regularly, because the solicitations still outnumber the scoffs. Once more then:

My writing is increasingly successful. I am now selling virtually all fiction I write. My wife has quit work, so we are dependent on my income for our livelihood. The time I spend on fanzines is taken from my paying writing. When I sold half or less of what I wrote, my time was less valuable. Now, necessarily, I am phasing out of fannish contributions. This may be the last column I do for OAB; I don't know. I haven't even answered the last GRANFALLOON or SPECULATION, let alone the other fanzines. I regret this, but I simply cannot fool with fanzines when my family is dependent on the money I might earn in that time. I will be doing some more for SF REVIEW--but that's not entirely fan. That fanzine sold a novel for me, after all.

So--those of you who have sent me your fanzines and have had no reply (ID 5, NEUTRON 3, FORUM INTERNATIONAL 1, SCHAMOOD 3, MOEBIUS TRIP 2, PELF 8, MATHOM 3, etc.) --my regrets. Maybe you are better off that way.

--Piers Anthony



In my last two "Inside" articles I've tried to present a decent, observable rationale for the title, Milford Mafia; and I've tried to show how that group could influence organizational structure and poor policy decisions among the three hundred and some members of the SFWA organization--leading to (1) possible professional advantages with editors and publishers for cer-

# The Inside Story of Hugo Winning

tain key members, (2) infiltration, and covert control by editors and publishers who also write, and certainly not least, (3) sparkling Nebula awards which seem to have little meaning, if any, to statistical levels of significance.

Well friends, the pack is laying for me. I haven't yet read the responses to "The Inside Story of the Milford Mafia" or "The Inside Story of the SFWA" but Frank Lunney says if letters were dogs, they'd be baying across my buttocks.

Fine!

Funny thing how being called a name like "honkey" has so little meaning to most whites while calling a black man "n-----" can bring both emotions and fists up. In the first instance there's usually too little emotional meaning attached; in the second, there's too much, perhaps.



I haven't called anyone in science fiction the science fiction equivalent of n----- so there must be a whole lot more embedded in their violent reactions as reported to me by Frank

by Paul Hazlett



Lunney, than mere lies could provoke. Anyway, like most humans, I'm not perfect. I can err. But those two facts shouldn't stop me from searching for truth, and publicly questioning, should it?

Otherwise, why has there been such a big hullabaloo over freedom-of-the-press, these years since seventeen ought and seventy six?

Frank also tells me that others are beginning to write honest-to-goodness excellent articles clarifying the confusions of my last two reports. Great! I say. Let them explain to the better education and pleasure of us all, I say.

Besides, I ain't mad at nobody! I'm inquisitive, and I like wide-open honest systems of organizational behavior between two or more people; especially so when the existence of organizational flaws might very well be spotted by others who are not as honest as you and I and thereby take selfish advantage of them.

Another thing, baby. Frank says that a lot of folks are disturbed over my name, Paul Hazlett. Had I signed my name Gordon Dickson, Frederik Pohl or Alexei Panshin, would the content of my research reports have been any more authoritative than, say, John Jones, William Smith or Perry A. Chapdelaine?

Oh hum! I suppose that's the way the modern world is, though. Give a monkey a taller place to stand, a louder tin-plate, and Authority takes over--the kind, you'll notice, with a capital A.

Speaking of the modern world, in this issue I want to explain why most of us who read and write science fiction are schizophrenic. We may also be paranoiac, of course, but we are definitely schizophrenic. I want to explain why we talk out of two sides of our mouths. Why we are hypocrites. Worse yet, why we are suckers!

Winning Hugos is my subject, as you'll have noted from the title. It's a delicate story and I'm sure there are many who can tell it better than I. Pray they come forward. I can only question, and think; and if I tell the story wrong, well, there's always Authority out there among you who will surely set the record straight.

Winning a Hugo ought to be a great honor, designating what science fiction readers enjoyed best during the year. The award we now give is a sucker's gift, an illusion of bestness, a forced circumstance, a pretension of honor, a fantasy award about fantasy which also provides editors of fantasy with an easy out, as opposed to reading, thinking and making decisions!

Hollywood is a fading memory even to the pre-television audience, yet its mode of hucksterism thrives all around us, embellished by technological spangles, reinforced by willfull design and the almighty dollar, uplifted to spiritual levels by repetitive cries with the use of magic words like free enterprise, capitalism and so on.

Yes, my friends, we are the huckster generation! Not the space generation, nor the iron generation, nor the plastic generation, nor the educated generation, nor the hippie generation, nor the drug generation--simply, bluntly, we are of and in the huckster generation!

Hucksterism hadn't ought to work among science fiction fans and writers. Mack Reynolds prognosticated the land of basics; Robert Heinlein sold the moon which turned

out to be as hellish as John Campbell predicted; Isaac Asimov filled our leisure hours with polite robots; A.E. van Vogt taught us supermen how to survive in moderately hostile worlds of the future; Fred Pohl twisted our tail with Pussyfoot, as did Robert Moore Williams with his Zanthar; Piers Anthony changed our eating habits, making us sit down with herbivore and carnivore alike; Anne McCaffrey taught us that dragons might not be so bad; Alexei Panshin returned us to Robert Heinlein; while Dean Koontz eggs on Big Brother!

Lately Norman Spinrad showed us the world of a buggy Barron while Gerald Feinberg tried vainly to reason us with his Prometheus Project.

Having explored these worlds, and many others unnamed, we ought to be immune to the hucksters' art. Al to no avail! We're still huckster suckers!

Mary Jane and I talked with one old-timer the other day who claimed to still remember the grand-old-days-of-Hollywood. Thirty years backward is further than my own sperm track, so I had to rely on hearsay from him. "Just another fool who lives with his memories," I thought at first.

"Mother taught me to be polite to my betters, and my betters always seem to be older, so," I thought to myself, "to please you, Mom, I'll listen. 'I'll be polite!'"

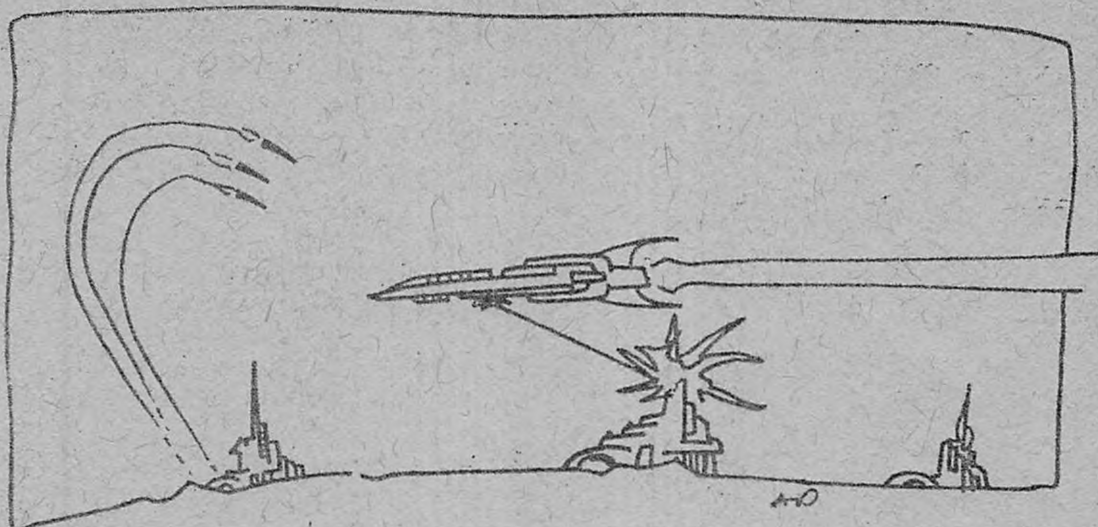
"The great Hollywood producers of the day owned the stars, body and soul," the old-timer began. "First they would decide what kind of story they wanted the public to see. They called this 'knowing the public wish,' and they did it without any scientific polls at all. You see, they had so identified their personal egos with their private opinion of what they thought the public wanted, they were always one hundred per cent correct as to what the public wanted. Besides, they had all the money, all the stage equipment, all the workers, and all the cameras. Who could argue?"

"They decided who they wanted to be the 'star.' This also took shrewd brains. If they chose someone whose name was already well known, they would sell more tickets. But if they used the same person too often, they might create a monster. That was a person who could be independent from his creator when his public image became overly large.

"Usually it was far easier to create a new star. 'Discover a Star' they called it. The illusion itself became a keen, profitable advertising gimmick, requiring hundreds of 'agents' supposedly scouring the small villages and large cities for that 'certain personality,' 'that particular glitter of starhood,' as though every one of the talent scouts had been personally groomed by Mr. Big himself. All they had to do was sniff the air around a small village and by odor alone spot the village queen who was always found buried among the rough-coddled corn-husks. They'd make her sign a contract which gave the impression she would soon become a millionaire, and whisk her off to Hollywood, health, happiness, for ever and ever thereafter.

"Stardom meant a whole lot to the hidden village queen in those days. Since the depression era was on, a thousand bucks was really ten or twelve thousand; and power was, well, man, it was LSD! and queen was QUEEN!

"One safe way to handle the problem was to insure the new star signed a slave-binding contract giving her every kind of public adulation, but no bread."



I'm usually a good listener, but other than certain obvious applications to our modern science fiction publishers and editors, I couldn't see his point. Besides, the old codger was talking of another age. I was about to split. "Listen, Dad. What relevance does that movie-queen-movie-mogul stuff have today. This is the modern drug world, man!"

He didn't believe in drugs himself, he said, but I noticed he paused long enough to soak the stain out of his false teeth with Efferdent--12 to 15 minutes, wait until the deep blue color timer becomes pale blue or colorless. I wondered then if I should be false to Mom, and I'm glad I wasn't.

"It was a whole show in itself, watching the mighty moguls' power plays with the stars. Sometimes one side won, sometimes another. When the star creature won, her name passed down into history, finally was given the name GREAT and was assigned a place in the hall of fame. Those who lost are still seen galloping across the parairies or riding premature rockets across dust-filled stages. They got their thousand bucks per picture, no further rights, unless you call the right to sweat in another picture, for the same price, a right."

He didn't see her, but Mary Jane, my best girl, got up and left. I was feeling depressed, man. I mean really hooked. He was the master of the non sequiter! Maybe if I just sat back and listened to the buzz, I'd take care of Mom's memory at the same time. Well, friend, that's when he started to get to me, loud and echoey.

"One of the tricks of the Hollywood game was to get public attention. Sometime the mighty-mogul arranged for publicity stunts." The old codger chuckled.

"Oh, they were wild. One would-be star stood in a hotel window only three stories up while she undressed all the way down to her underwear. She didn't pull the shades, either. What a mob below! Stopped traffic for blocks around. 'Course the news media had been tipped off beforehand--you know, like they do with the riots nowadays--and they were present with their big hand-cranked machines. Picked up the silhouette, curves and all."



Was that a headache that I began to feel? I held my hands to my head. The buzzing was getting louder, too.

"Another trick I remember was the star who arranged to be in a home where pot was smoked. He didn't take any himself--he wasn't a drug fiend. He just arranged to be there when the narcotics squad hit. Got himself arrested for being in a house with bad drugs. Put him in jail, they did. Got lots of good pictures--unshaven face, drawn, tired features, careless dress, background of iron bars--real good pictures--boosted his Hooper rating considerably, or whatever they called it."

"We got mary jane parties and fuzz raids now, " I commented, holding my head tightly. "So?"

"Still don't get the point, do ye'?"

My head was making so much racket I had to shake it.

"Well, go back into those old newspaper files. Dig, boy! Dig! You'll find those would-be stars would do damn near anything to get their names in print or on celluloid. What was their old saying? Sort of like a motto. I don't care what you say about me, just so you spell my name right!"

Mother or no, I had to split; so I did. There was a certain egg-shaped stool I had to find. It was only later that I recognized what old Daddy was saying, and how it applied to Hugos.

Take a look at our Hugos. They were meant to be fine, distinctive awards given to deserving authors who, in the opinion of fandom, deserved recognition. They may well do just that. The winners, themselves, probably deserve the awards. I don't want to detract one poppy seed from their just deserts.

But that part which bugs me, Jack, is how come another one hundred guys (or gals) didn't also get the awards? One hundred guys (or gals) who did not win have just as fine writings as those who did. How did the other ninety-nine get screened out?

Sure, I know. It was done the democratic way, by vote. I'm asking if the vote means anything!

I understand that a good paperback novel is one that sells up in the 100,000 category over a period of some time. I also understand that, at best, there are about 4,000 active sf fans in the United States. Of that number, less than 10%, or about 400 fans pre-register early enough to nominate a story.

Even if all 4,000 fans voted for the stories as nominated by the 400 (an absurd exaggeration) they could only vote on those stories nominated by the small minority of early registrants.

The Hugo award also tells the editor who to buy from during the year. As with the bold letters smeared across SF books after the SFWA Nebula Awards Banquets, saying NEBULA AWARD WINNER, hardcover, paperback and magazine editors use the same paint-pot to smear across THIS YEAR'S HUGO AWARD WINNER.

If the story (novel, say) was good, it had to sell at least 100,000 copies. Less than 400 hard-core fans have correctly determined the feelings of those 100,000?

It never happened.

Hucksterism! And that's a swear word—a science fiction equivalent of n--- friend.

I'm not a writer, as many of you can tell. But I got to wondering just what would a writer do if he wanted to win a Hugo for himself (herself) by taking advantage of all the suckers.

That's when the old-timer's message got through the buzzing.

You'd have to have talent, first off, just like the hundred others in the race. After that, there are short cuts that can be taken, if you know the Hollywood story, and have guts. Let's see--

1. It would help to be a science fiction fan--go to all the meetings--get acquainted with the little and big power units--keep the knowledge of the groups' structures, organizations and mannerisms well-balanced in mind.

2. Don't get married for a long time. Or, if married, get a noisy divorce and be sure to advertise the fact. Besides, you need freedom to travel a lot, lecture, visit, rap with other fans.

3. Deliberately build up an image of anti-socialism, an image, mind you, good for only this particular age and day. (Soon 90% of us will be under 30 and we can quit worrying about old-timers completely.) Pretend to be careless, risking your life in various asocial ways, like maybe wrecking automobiles on dangerous curves. Pretend, too, to be quick on the fight trigger, ready to push any fuzz in the face, if need ever arises--and of course be just as careful to see that the need never arises. Remember! Let them say anything they want about you, just so they spell your name right!

4. Go where the in-thing is, learn to speak its language. Comic books? "Hell yes, love 'em. See the cartoons I've narrated." Rock? Psychedelics? Beatles and their buggy followers? "Let's listen to my records." Topless? Bottomless? "Look! Sex is old, common everyday stuff, you know, like eating, drinking and so on. We've got to find new, really exciting thrills, things that are really keen."

5. Sex would be good. Who could knock it? Lose the chase from every SF crazed camp-follower at your lectures, or anywhere during your travels, for that matter. Not only is it good for your reputation, and buys another vote, but what the hell, it just might be a kind of youth-pill after all.

6. Write stories filled with slobs, as John Campbell calls them; and stories filled with every anti-social device known to the hippe trade. That's where the action is, man, and that's where the voters are.

7. Now you've got your image swinging in several ways. Just before the Hugo nominations, visit those fans who you know can be most easily controlled or won over. At one place, convince some starry-eyed youngster that your friend, Joe Bottomless, has a real good story. "Joe Bottomless should have had his story nominated," say.

Naturally little starry-eyed nominates. Little starry-eyed couldn't understand the story, but didn't you convince? Sure it was a terrible story, but that's what you want, and that has no chance at all among the voters. Fine! That weakens the competition for you. Good politics that! Good show, these Continentals!

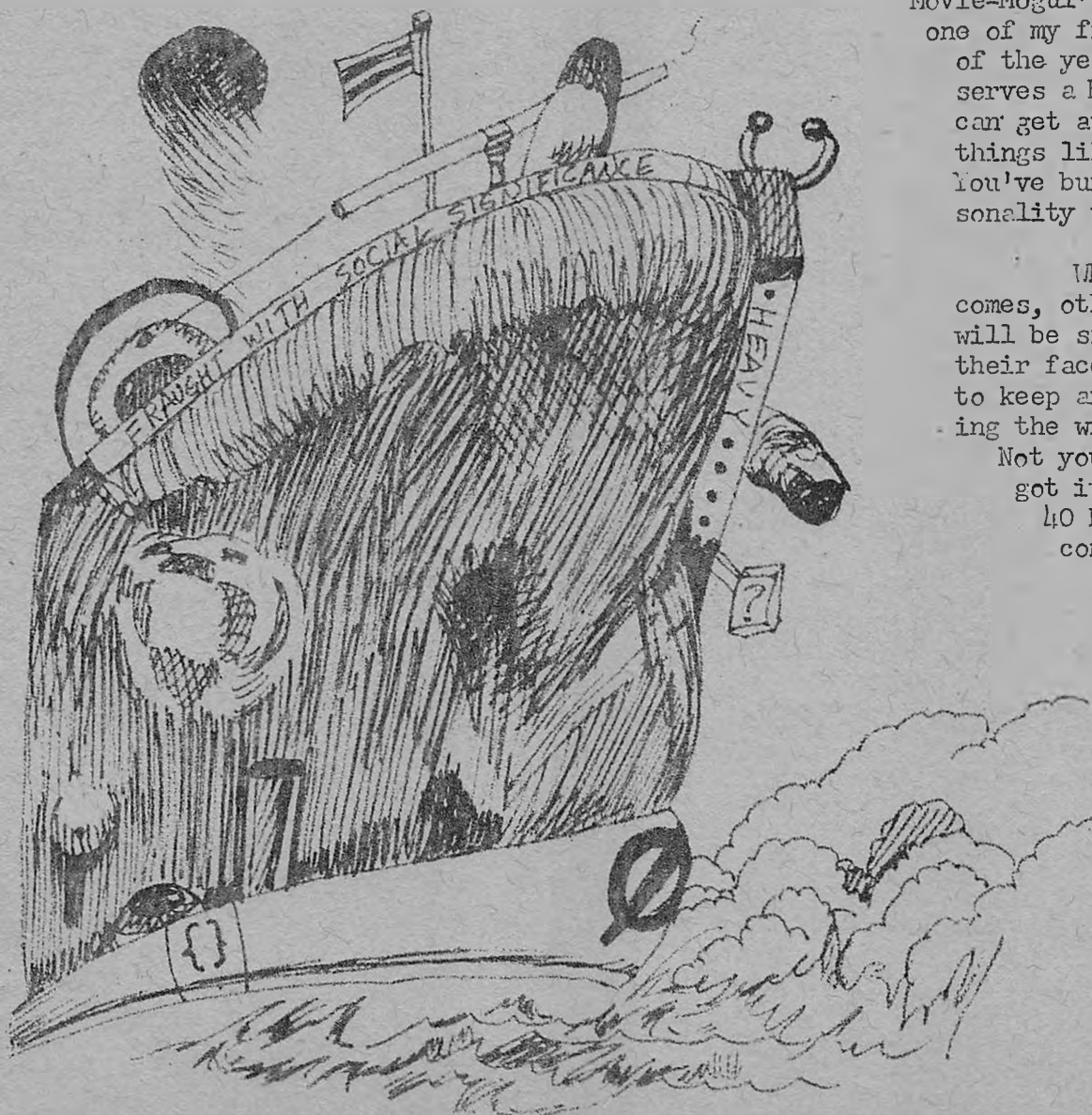
8. At another town, soon as little hot-pants blows her tube, talk about poetry, literature, the greats--Shakespeare even--though he's out, passe. Wind up with the brilliance of a certain story you've written called "Chattered Like a Movie-Mogul's Monkey." Stress its fine points, explain it carefully, so the chick can understand, then make the play for the nomination.

Man, how many hours of this kind of hucksterism before little hot-pants nominates "Chattered Like a Movie-Mogul's Monkey"?

9. At some lectures, in some places, come right out with it. Give your lecture. Amuse hell out of them; be a wit. Then say, "Listen, "Chattered Like a Movie-Mogul's Monkey" is one of my finest stories of the year. It deserves a Hugo." You can get away with things like that. You've built the personality to do it.

When the time comes, other writers will be sitting on their faces merely to keep air from blowing the wrong way.

Not you. You've got it made. Only 40 key fans to control? Actually just a large





number are needed, not the whole 400. Maybe 30 or 40. Easy scramble, man! Only thing is, you've got to keep track of those fans every year if you expect more than one Hugo won in this way.'

You see the play?

Starting with 400 fans who will nominate, and spread the votes across many authors, you control a small number and you'll win that Hugo award maybe four, five or six times running.

And here's the gimmick!

Since you've become a really talented writer by now, at least as good as the other ninety-nine good guys, you're on the way to influencing all the editors and publishers (except that damn Campbell--he just doesn't know good SF; he doesn't know Mary Jane, either) as to what constitutes good SF. Starting with a fraction of the 400 nominating votes; you've got your good friend Joe Bottomless on the list who writes lousy literature, but also imitates you. Editors and publishers, take notice, like movie-moguls of the past, read their own dust jackets and come away sold. This is known in the trade as jacketitis. Jacketitis--that's a neurosis common to editors and publishers who persist in achieving pleasurable illusions by pumping away at their own blurbs.

"Ah ha!" they say to themselves. "This is what's selling now. I'll have to knock up the author of "'Chattered Like a Movie-Mogul's Monkey'--see if I can't get a story out of her (or him). Let's see. The going rate for Heinlein is \$8,000. Wonder if I can get this new Hugo winner for only \$10,000?"

"Then there's that other fellow--runner up--same kind of stories--depressing crap, really--lots of symbolism, sex, sadism, masochism, slobism, anti-everything-ism--don't understand it myself--too old--won't admit it, though--God! what if those kids found out I don't understand their stuff--think I never took LSD or grass--they'd be right, too--can't let them know--lose sales--lose 4,000 sales--lose job--lose Mary Jane--lose her apartment, too--can't keep 'em if you can't pay for 'em--God! what did Joe Bottomless write?--have to get him on the string, too--suppose \$8,500 will buy him?--runner up in Hugo award--all kids buying 'em."

My freinds, it's a huckster dream world. You and I are suckers. By being such, we also help to create the kind of world we see around us. Awful, isn't it?

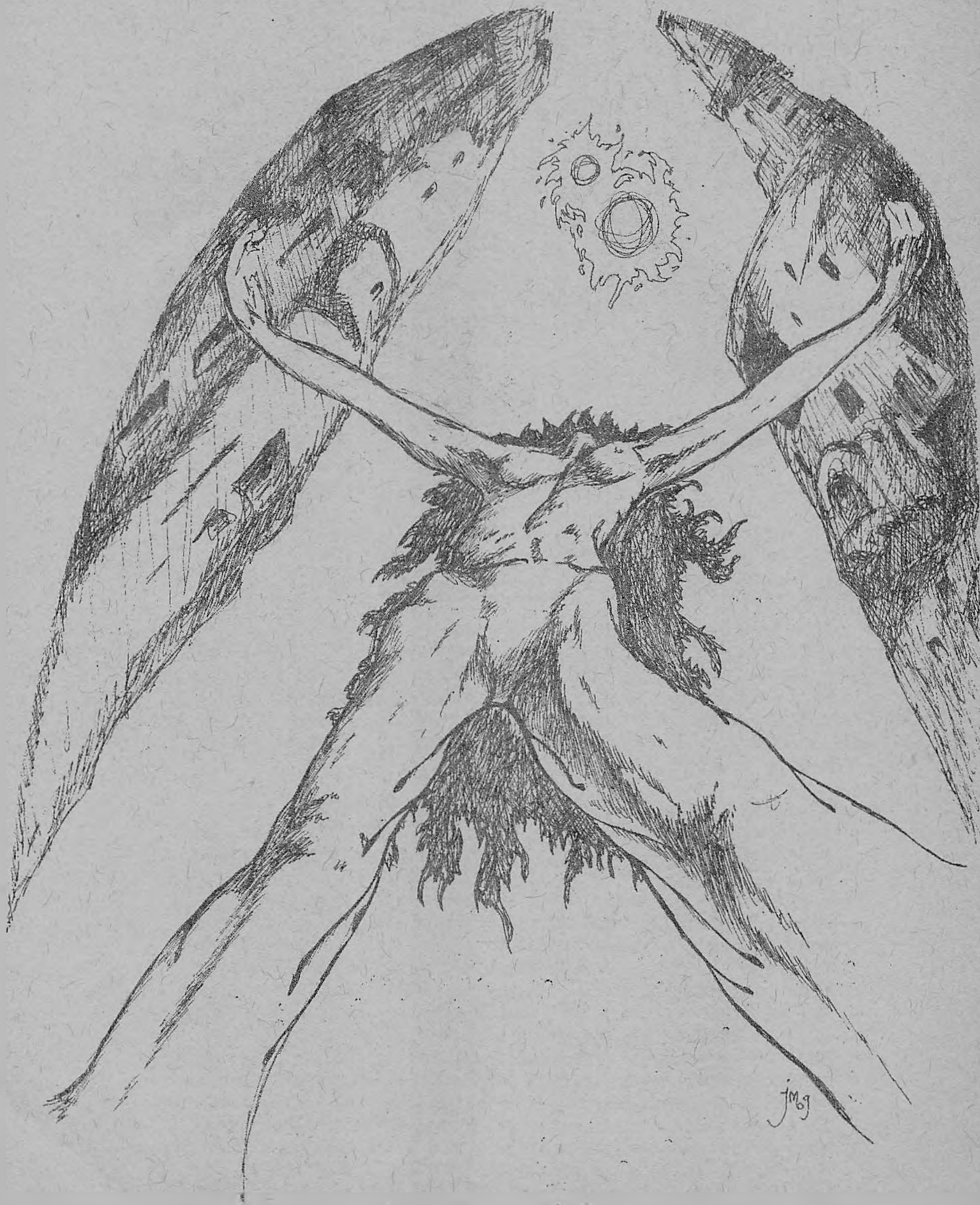
There are other ways to win Hugos, but you know about those.

So?

Then why should I mention them?

Let's see? Where did I put my first draft of "Chattered Like a Hugo-Winner's Brassy, Glassy-Silicon Balls"? It's sure to be nominated next year! I travel a lot.

--Paul Hazlett





A Way Home, by Theodore Sturgeon, Pyramid X-2030, 60¢

Once upon a time, Theodore Sturgeon stood alone on a pinnacle towering over the SF-fantasy field. The present reviewer once ostentatiously declared him to be the only "real" writer in the field, i.e., the only one capable of making it as a major mainstream writer. In an essay published in 1964, and written, I should explain, when I was hung up on the "Genuine Literature vs. Mere Science Fiction" dichotomy that today is the monkey on the back of some of the more bump-tious New Wave enthusiasts, I wrote:

Sturgeon has gained immensely by choosing to work in a field which lies outside the mainstream of literature, because there exists a natural tendency to compare his stories with those of other science fiction and fantasy writers. It is inconceivable that he could fare unfavorably in such a comparison; the mere existence of a writer of Theodore Sturgeon's abilities in this field is unfair competition for the many other authors closely identified with this sort of literature. Each and every one of them, from the most accomplished and highly praised craftsman to the dullest hack, displays characteristic deficiencies which the reader tends to overlook only because of his attachment to the genre. Many are talented storytellers, others specialists in mood-setting, a very few are notably proficient in characterization; but no other science fiction or fantasy writer manages to achieve mastery in as many different aspects of writing as Theodore Sturgeon. This is not to say, of course, that Sturgeon is faultless. But in every



major aspect of writing, his work displays a facility which can only be termed brilliant: Theodore Sturgeon is a masterful narrator and story-teller whose ability to characterize the people about whom he writes is uncanny, an expert in the use of dialogue, and an author who establishes the proper mood for his tales with eloquent simplicity. In addition, he possesses in remarkable abundance that quality peculiarly essential to fantasy: imagination. There is no other author in the field--indeed, there are few in any field--able to consistently attain brilliance in so many different (and essential) areas.

Granting a certain degree of youthful over-statement of the facts (I was a callow lad of 22 at the time), still these words had at least a decent claim to being justified at the time they were written, and certainly for the period of my greatest familiarity with science fiction and fantasy (1945-1962). Since I largely stopped reading SF for a five-year period beginning in 1962, I was unaware at the time of writing this essay of the striking growth and improvement of the genre then already underway.

Today, of course, this uncritical celebration of Sturgeon, and particularly the condescending put-down of every other writer in the field, seems embarrassingly excessive. Not that his very real talent has in any way diminished; but a number of other writers of equal and potentially even greater ability have emerged during this decade, so that now Theodore Sturgeon must take his place, not alone on a pedestal, but as one among a dozen or so leading writers of science fiction and fantasy. In the immensely richer field of the late 1960's, the depth and subtlety and sensitivity that were virtually unique to Sturgeon are shared by Zelazny, Delany, LeGuin, Disch, Dorman, Emshwiller, Dick, the latter-day Brunner and others.

The issuance of the fourth printing of the Sturgeon collection A Way Home is fortunate at this time, in that it offers a handy means of viewing in perspective both the author's immediate impact on the genre during the period of his greatest output and the enduring quality of his better work. This is especially true because Groff Conklin, who selected the stories for this collection in 1956, evidently took great pains to compile a representative selection of Sturgeon from the decade with which he was concerned (1946-1955)--representative in the sense that there are a number of different types of Sturgeon material here, and these nine stories are not necessarily (I would say are certainly not) the nine best stories he wrote in those years.

Four of the selections are top-flight Sturgeon, including the classic "Thunder and Roses," which is probably on just about everybody's list of the top ten stories of the 1940's. More than twenty years after its original appearance, the moral problem posed in this novelette is still discussed (and



under the name of "the 'Thunder and Roses' situation") in fanzines and in conversations among fans. No story since has posed the problem more effectively: Given that the United States has been devastated by a massive nuclear strike, do the survivors, doomed to a slow death by radiation, launch a counter-strike and similarly destroy the thus far unscathed enemy nation? It is not an easy question; those who spring forth with an immediate answer, either pro or con, probably haven't considered all the ramifications. "Thunder and Roses" marked one of the early appearances of that magnificent sensitivity which was to become Sturgeon's trademark. Although this moral question is the central element, it is not merely a little bit of story hung on a philosophical outline; "Thunder and Roses" is a story dealing with real, full-blown people in a deeply moving situation.

The other three first-rate stories and "Bulkhead," "Hurricane Trio," and "Tiny and the Monster." The latter does not have the subtlety and breathtaking sensitivity of Sturgeon's finest work, but it is a splendid piece of writing, particularly the dialogue, and the characterization is remarkably sharp for so short a story. Both of the others appeared in GALAXY during 1955. "Bulkhead" is another Sturgeon classic, concerning the avoidance of loneliness during long space flights. It is a pleasure to re-read, even though you know the twist--Scampy's identity--the second and third times through. "Hurricane Trio" is a beautifully written, beautifully constructed novelette on Sturgeon's favorite theme, love. There is a tendency to overuse the word when reviewing his stories, but no other will do: the sensitivity of "Hurricane Trio" is outstanding.

Of the remaining five pieces, none are of more than medium quality for this author, though I hasten to add that Theodore Sturgeon's mediocre pieces are a good deal better than a lot of writers' best material. "Unite and Conquer" is a well-written but generally uninspired exploration of the familiar theme of the genius scientist (or group of men) manufacturing an external enemy in order to save mankind from exterminating itself in internecine conflict. The science is rather highly dubious (hard science is not Sturgeon's forte), and the uniting of mankind is just a little too smooth and simplistic, but the ending shows flashes of the kind of depth we associate with Sturgeon. "Special Aptitude" is nicely done but completely predictable, and the same applies to "Mow-hu's Jet." Both are indistinguished by, again, characterization that is unusually good considering the limited space available. "The Huckle is a Happy Beast" is piffle; clever, well-done but minor. And the title story, "A Way Home," is also a completely minor little piece, the principal point of interest being why it was included in this collection at all. It is wholly a mainstream story, with no elements of science fiction or fantasy.

A Way Home is recommended to Sturgeon fans, and people who wonder why other people are Sturgeon fans, and any one of the four best selections is worth the sixty-cent price by itself.

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"...his excellent novel, The Men in the Jungle..."

from The Fawnings and Wet Dreams of Ed Reed

/This review is dedicated to Will Bog/

Had historians ignored the Spanish Civil War, still the Falange, the Fifth Column, Franco, the Abraham Lincoln and International Brigades would have been remembered in, if nowhere else, Hemingway's "El Sordo's Last Stand" and "Pilar's

Tale" and in Andre Malraux's Man's Hope. Today, Vietnam/guerilla warfare, both conflict and moral issues, is indeed fortunate that its memory does not hinge on Robin Moore's derring-do and, moreover, on science fiction: neither H.H. Hollis's card stacking in IF nor Norman Spinrad's The Men in the Jungle--the latter finally getting wide distribution, possibly on the inertia of Bug Jack Barron.

Granted, science fiction is not the "contemporary historical" novel, but it can and has successfully dealt with moral issues in such works as A Canticle for Leibowitz. The Men in the Jungle, however, fails as literary art despite all efforts to question the morality of imposing alien cultures on other peoples.

The novel's universe is the familiar whore raped beyond acquiescence by Mack Reynolds, i.e. planets inhabited by the spittin' images of every conceivable Earth-spawned group--racial, cultural, culinary, ad nauseum--however minor. The strange new world of The Men in the Jungle is strictly ordered into castes of ruling super-sadists (The Brotherhood of Pain), police/warriors (the Killers), human chattel (the Meatanimals), slave-laborers/objects of entertainment (the Animals), and the original natives, now food growers (the Bugs). The local philosophy is to "give pain and receive pleasure." But, alas, the idyllic existence is doomed by the persons of Bart Fraden with his cargo of drugs, Sophia O'Hara with her insatiable digestive system, and General Willem Vanderling with his hairless plate. These traits are extremely important for they, alone, give the protagonists the dimension and individuality which action-packed tales demand to save them from being mere cowboy-and-Indian adventures.

The Trio of Saviors, having fled the Terran takeover of the pitchblende-rich Belt Free State, plans to lead the downtrodden Animals in revolt against the Brotherhood, hopefully, to emerge leaders of a People's Free Republic. These machinations demand Vanderling mold guerrillas, while Fraden, having purchased a seat of power with his drugs, "stir(s) up the pot" from within. However, his purchase carried a price: the ritual beheading of a baby. Rather mild, though, hardly being "lead down the pleasant paths of masochism to the supreme joys of sadism /Thank you, Grove Press?." This initiation has steeled his determination to destroy the Brotherhood, not so much to help the people (though he intends that) as to avenge the first killing he ever performed on his own, a labor he feels made him less than human.

Meanwhile, Vanderling--obviously never having read John Benyon Harris's "Exiles on Asperus" (WOMEN STORIES QUARTERLY, Winter 1933)--finds liberated Animals unwilling to revolt and thus to violate religious doctrine. So with a drugged vanguard, a gunfodder army, and his snipgun ("a huge, infinitely sharp, infinitely strong and invisible bladeless knife that can cut through rock, steel, flesh or anything else...totally silent, had no muzzle-flash to betray its position"), the guerillas defeat the supposedly invincible Killers (seeped in the military tradition of Eduardo Cincinelli in "Gunga Din"--"Kill for the love of Killing! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL!") and stage their first massacre.

Except for the Revolution's lack of impetus and the "shocking" heroes, the story, thus far, is indistinguishable from the "armed with the Ledbetter Effect, they would free the brutalized people" but "odds were great for the Han were clever and possessed alarming weapons/ A leader was needed--a great leader/ Was the man from the Twentieth Century the one for the job?" /Blurb from Armageddon 2419 A.D., the original Buck Rogers adventure/ school of space opera.





But even that tiny distinction dissolves when a) the hoodwinked Brotherhood launches a madness pogrom believing the blood of schizophrenics the sole source of the pleasure heightening drug, Omnidrene, and b) the Vanderling Vandals, disguised as Killers, destroy the Bug controlling Brains, nipping off the Animals's food supply--the second act construed a phase of the madness campaign. Now the Revolution: page after page of similar battle, massacre, torture and cannibalism, all of which Fraden believes is leading the people to a better life. However, such revolt negates what one assumes a primary safeguard, i.e., the introduction and moral of that "underground classic," The Story of O. Not that Pauline Reage is capable of any insight other than up her own ass, but one would assume her tale of the Slave, who despite all abuse and degradation, remains steadfastly loyal to the Master a Sangrian holy book, an exemplar for the Animals. But that safeguard would throttle the book, and there would be no story.

This war culminates in the obvious: the Slave wants to be the Master, to sleep with his woman, to hold his power. It is the conclusion of Athold Fuhard's The Blood Knot--a black, given the chance to play Whitey, will excell the Afrikander in treatment of his brother--blouted to arena size. Such violence erupts that even Fraden sickens and flees the bloodbath of Sangre.

Even this new brutality is nothing compared to the footage of NIGHT AND FOG. There, the imagery of the camps and their inmates told all. Additional adjectives concerning conditions would have been superfluous and trite, not under-

scoring any scene but making the lacerating ludicrous. Translated into literary terms, such narrative would become Lovecraft-isms, e.g., "the horrible monster terrified me", "monstrous and unguessable horrors." A surfeit of this permeates the novel: Fraden "stare(s) at the terrible spectacle /two naked women tearing each other with spurs/ in horrified fascination, mesmerized by the hideous, unbelievable carnage"; a Killer, having his eyes burned out, emits a "terrible shriek"; the sight of Vanderling, crucified and being eaten alive by his own following is a "horror...too much to comprehend"; a tortured guerilla cries in "terrible, agonizing screams"; two hundred tortured rank an "obscenity in the arena below." These atavisms also underscore the obvious, just in case the reader could not grasp it: a Killer smashed, beaten helpless, crawls, "snarling the battle chant, made ludicrous, pathetic by the circumstances--'KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL!'"

Perhaps the best way to judge this book is to compare two treatments of similar subject matter, both brutal, but one moving and picturesque, the other Spinrad's:

To his horror and unbelieving fascination, Vanderling soon found out. He took a long swig of wine from a jug that lay by the hut as two Sangrans took the roasting carcass off the spit while others literally ripped every shred of clothing from the Killer's body as the entire village gathered around the fire and cheered them on.

Vanderling took another drink, found himself drifting into torpid indifference as the villagers tied the Killer, his every muscle twitching in terror, his eyesbuggingwildly, to the long wooden spit.

Vanderling took yet another drink, was nearly out when they lifted the spitted Killer out onto the two forked sticks that supported the spit over the roaring fire.

The Killer began to writhe terribly as the flames licked and scorched his naked body. Vanderling could hear muffled, anguished shrieks through the gag, as his eyeballs began to droop irresistably. The gaunt woman began to turn the spit and now the flames licked the Killer's back, now his chest, and his lank hair suddenly went up in a crown of flames...

Then someone ripped the gag from the Killer's mouth, and a long, shrill, terrible scream pierced the air, drowning out the howls and mad laughs of the Sangrans who clustered around the spit, slobbering chunks of meat on their bare chests distractedly as they enjoyed the enemy's agony.

After a time, the scream subsided into a kind of low, continuous moan... Then, after several minutes, as the fire began to pop and sizzle, the moaning became a barely audible sigh, finally stopped.

But the Sangrans continued to roast the now dead Killer.

Vanderling managed to shake his leaden head once. Gonna eat him, he thought in almost schoolteacherish disapproval..." (pgs. 174-175).

When everything was ready, the squaws rushed up with torches of dug-up fat wood and lit the twigs. I wondered why there was such a scarce

ammount of brush, but they had a good and typical reason. These poor devils weren't going to be killed right out but would be roasted to death slowly, so as to cook the flesh for eating and save the muscles for bows.

I can see that scene now, when the troubles of our journey are behind us. The captives weren't able to scream because of the gags, but low moans could be heard, piteous and eerie, and they strained against the withes until their veins stood out like cords. It was heart-rending, but I still couldn't seem to look away. I put a cloth to my nose, but it didn't work; that stink of burning flesh was everywhere--I smelled it later that night on my clothes when I went to bed, cooked into the cloth, like something oily and rotten.

How could anybody that called himself a human watch a scene like that with enjoyment? But as the smoke rose up, and the moans and threshing around increased, the braves undertook a jerky dance with war whoops and brandishing of weapons, and there began such a general uproar that it echoed over the prairie like the Judgment Day. I never heard anything like it for pure outright lunacy. And the children joined in, too. It was one of the happiest games they'd ever played; they laughed and shouted every time a particularly painful moan stood out above the others...

...the dance stopped and everybody rushed forward to the stakes--the poor wretches twisting in the bonds had finally died.

I didn't join in the feast that followed...

--Robert Lewis Taylor,  
The Travels of Jamie MacPheeters  
(pgs. 180-181).

Nothing more needs be said. These two excerpts illustrate everything.

--Faith Lincoln

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Fear That Man, by Dean R. Koontz, Ace Double 23140, 60¢  
(with Toyman, by E.C. Tubbs)

Dean R. Koontz has probably incurred the frustrated wrath of a legion of SF writers and readers alike by ruining a splendid idea with a poor book. The idea, or rather complex of ideas: God is a life-force inhabiting a higher dimension--actually, is that dimension--who/which is responsible for most human evil, including war and other killing. This becomes apparent when God is trapped in a Shield, an extra-dimensional expanded molecule, and an age of peace settles over the universe. After 1000 years, God, considerably weakened by this time, contrives to escape from the Shield, but is then killed (by being beaten to death with a chair--but in the context of the story, that isn't as silly as it sounds). It develops, however, that there are other dimensions and other Gods still higher, and the death in this one releases the God in the next dimension and its attendant life-forms to come ravaging into our cosmos, intent on the extermination of humanity. When one thinks what another writer, or even Koontz himself after a few more years of developing his talent, could have done with this concept, especially the first part...in the hands of a Delany or a Brunner or a Dick or any one of a dozen others, it would have resulted in a powerful, provocative, insightful novel.



Unfortunately, it has resulted in Fear That Man. The faults of the book are, to begin with, that it consists of three sections that are really separate novelettes with a common background and some common characters. The first and third are tied together by the central theme, but the second is almost totally irrelevant. Thus, the reader is conducted on a 26-page side trip right in the middle of the book, which adds nothing to the basic story (though ironically that section is the most smoothly written of the three) but manages to wreck the pacing and dissipate the coherence of the main theme. The first and third sections, which contain all of the meat, are too loosely constructed, and much of the dialogue, particularly in Part One, is dreadful. (The following is a fair example, "fair" meaning that it is by no means the worst: "Well, I for one, am sticking with you until this mystery is solved. I couldn't bear to quit with the whole thing reveled up. This could be the most important, most dangerous event of the last thousand years.") And the author misses so many possibilities for exploration. For instance, virtual immortality is the order of the day in this future universe, yet there is no inkling what impact it has had on the social and family structure, etc.

To be sure, there are some considerably good moments. Chapter X of Part One, relating the escape and death of God, is very well-written, as are sections dealing with life on board the Raceship, and Part Two would stand by itself as a moderately well-done, albeit minor, novelette. But on the whole Fear That Man is a flop.

I cannot end this review without mention that the Jack Gaughan cover is a real grabber, depicting an exquisite green girl and, in the foreground, a spiked thingamajig that seems to be flying out of the scene into the viewer's eyes. I can't recommend that you buy this book, but perhaps you should go to the newsstand and stand in front of it for a few moments, just to admire the cover art.

--Ted Pauls

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The Left Hand of Dark-  
ness, by Ursula K.  
LeGuin, Walker.

This is a deliberately slowly paced book in which there is little action and the plot is minor. A single envoy from the 80-world Ekumen has





come to Winter, a planet populated by hermaphrodites, to invite any or all of its nations to join their organization. However, within the first half of the book we know (because we are told) that in the end, Winter will accept. So it is not the "if" but the "how" that becomes important...and the "how" is controlled not by the envoy himself (who is also the story's predominate narrator) but by the politicians of Winter. Thus, a framework for insights into human character and politics is built.

However, in spite of a certain amount of unfolding of personality, the characters remain detached and uninvolving. There is some analysis of their motives and behavior, but no character development in the sense that, within the story, the reader becomes involved with the changing and growing person. The envoy, for instance, although he finally comes to love and trust his native companion, still insists upon seeing the hermaphrodite always as a man and deliberately avoids any sexual expression (although it would be possible) with him/her. In this, both Miss LeGuin and the envoy deny the hermaphrodite what is the essence of his being--that he can have normal male-female emotions and sex with any partner of his choice.

Also, her presentation of potentially satirical ideas lacks the wit of the ideas themselves, is serious when facetious would have been more effective. Example: There is the country of the Good Guys (that's us, fellas!), a loose federation of bickering family groups (states?) ruled by a King ("of the people, by the people and for the people") who is traditionally insane (!) and who changes his Prime Minister on whim whenever the P.M. displeases him. (The Bad Guys live

in a tightly controlled country where the State makes sure everyone has a job, allows no freedom of private or public speech and maintains concentration camps. Get the picture?) All this is presented (albeit a bit more subtly) in a very prosaic fashion, strictly matter-of-fact and statistical.

Further targets range from the inability of individuals to communicate because of misplaced ego-pride to the ability of a militaristic government to prod its peaceful citizens into acceptance of a totally unsuccessful war. As for the hermaphrodite society, the method and function of sex is carefully conceived, worked out and explained to death. (In her most flagrant misuse of fluctuating first-person narratives, Miss LeGuin has written a chapter in which sex--already brilliantly and subtly described within the context of previous narrative--is redundantly, indeed dully, chronicled and ponderously philosophized upon by a female Ekumen observer, no longer on the planet and completely extraneous to the story.)

Meanwhile, imagine for yourself a world in which a normal heterosexual is the pervert. But this idea, like most of the others in this book, is merely placed before you and nothing is actually done with it. The potential is there but the presentation dulls it; these ideas need to be brought to life by either more involving plot or characters or else by a more playfully creative mode of expression, vis a vis Philip Dick, for instance. An intelligent--even intellectual--novel need not be dry. When minor details (days, hours, weather, etc.) become so complicated that an appendix is needed to clarify them, the method of presentation is faulty. And when paragraphs of unnecessary, redundant and/or uninteresting (albeit poetically expressed) descriptions and musings could have been omitted without loss of action or impression, there has been a lack of proper editing.

I can not deny that The Left Hand of Darkness is interesting as an extrapolation of a civilized and isolated planet enduring an ice age but, unfortunately, as a story it is plainly dull. The ideas of value are there for the reader who has the patience and imagination to bring them to life for himself. In this sense the novel is certainly worthwhile: however, if Miss LeGuin had been able to cleverly play up its inherent satire, it could have been entertaining as well.

--Pauline Palmer

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Orbit 4, edited by Damon Knight, Berkeley Medallion S1724, 75¢

Perhaps, like the man in the television razor blade commercial, I have been "spoiled" by such anthologies as Dangerous Visions, SF 12 and the Wollheim-Carr annuals from Ace. More likely, though, it is simply a reliable measure of how vast has been the improvement in science fiction over the past few years that this collection, which by the standards of five years ago would have seemed brilliant, must today be regarded as, at the least, uninspired. Of the nine stories in Orbit 4, seven qualify as failures, either through being minor in concept, approach and treatment, or, in two cases, by being wholly incomprehensible. Only two of the contributions to this collection are really first-rate stories.

The incomprehensible stories are more irritating than the obviously second-rate ones, because the reader is plagued by the notion that they might really be good stories if only he could figure them out. Both also happen to be well-written, which increases the frustration. James Sallis' "A Few Last Words" reads



like something from Creative Writing 6 on which a perplexed TA has pencilled "Nice, but what is it?" (assuming they still ask questions like that in Creative Writing 6). It appears to involve a future in which people are leaving cities and marriages are breaking up; that's all that is happening, and there is no indication of why it is happening. There's a lot of nice imagery, and effective mood-setting, but practically no story. Carol Emshwiller's "Animal" is not quite so obscure as Sallis' effort, but it's close. The writing is superb--we all know by now that Carol Emshwiller is one hell of a fine writer--but as for what it all means, I have no clear idea. The story is apparently a parable, but the point is beyond my grasp.

The other five failures are stories which fall short in more conventional terms, though I hasten to add that none is a really poor story. "Probable Cause," by Charles L. Harness, is another example of this author's tendency to tell us more than is really necessary about some aspect of the law (in "An Ornament to His Profession" it was patent law; here it's Supreme Court procedure), thus making his story drag. It isn't that good a story to begin with--completely predictable, and with fairly inept characterization--so a few dull paragraphs constitute a mortal wound. Harlan Ellison's "Shattered Like a Glass Goblin" possibly should have been ranked among the "incomprehensibles", but it does have a plot, sort of, and resolution. It also has some effectively sordid passages, but is basically a Ho-hum story. "This Corruptible," by Jacob Transue, has a Murray Leinster-Jack Williamson flavor about it, if you know what I mean. The writing is crisply skillful, but otherwise it would not have been out of place in one of the Gernsback magazines of the 1930s: it is a thoroughly unexceptional story about a driving, successful businessman who seeks out a one-time partner (a scientist with no business sense whom he had doublecrossed) in order to have his youth restored. It has the usual characters, the usual motives, and the usual ending. R.A. Lafferty's "One at a Time" is a Tall Story, clever but insubstantial; it's the kind of thing that L. Sprague de Camp would write for F&SF if he had nothing to do one Friday evening between 7:00 and 9:00. And finally there is "Grimm's Story," by Vernor Vinge, which has some fascinating ideas--technology on a world without heavy metals, island chain civilizations, a publishing barge, a magazine, SF yet, which has been published continuously for 700 years, a telepathic animal called a dorfox--but doesn't seem to know exactly what to do with them. Plot and characterization are both, shall we say, primitive; I never heard of Vernor Vinge, but it wouldn't surprise me if he turned out to be one of the "Perry Rhodan" writers.

Still, there are two selections in Orbit 4 which make it worth the purchase price. One is Robert Silverberg's "Passengers," an extremely well-done treatment of a fairly familiar theme (alien intelligences taking over and manipulating human beings) with an ending which, while not entirely unpredictable, is highly effective. The other is Kate Wilhelm's "Windsong," a complex and beautiful story which is one of the finest things ever done by this author. It is difficult to resist a string of words like superb, sensitive, brilliant and so on. "Windsong" is about a scientist working in a "think-tank" on the development of Phalanx, a war machine (and the ultimate expression of our application of technology to counter-insurgency); it is about his life, his secret thoughts, his early love, his doubts. Wilhelm manages to put a remarkable amount of story into 32 pages, and "Windsong" is far and away the best story in Orbit 4.

So buy it for the Wilhelm and Silverberg contributions, read the others if you have nothing better to read.

--Ted Pauls

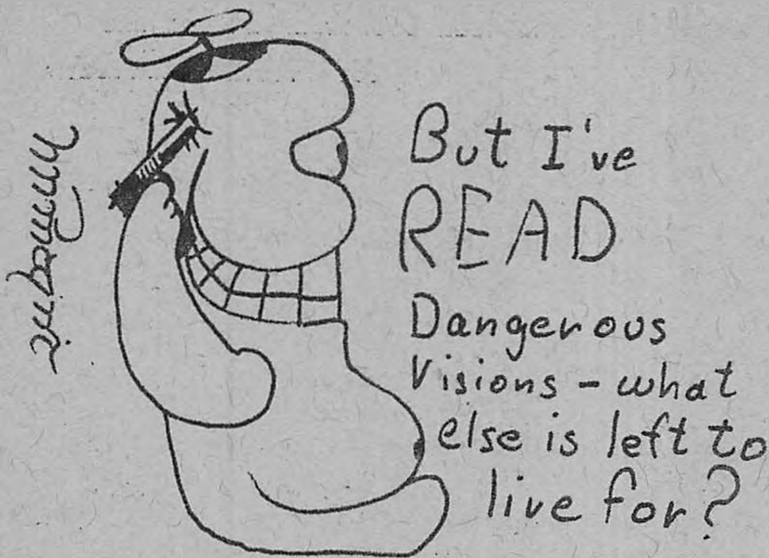
Dangerous Visions #3, edited by Harlan Ellison, Berkeley Medallion N17114, 95¢

While we all await with bated breath the sequel, Again Dangerous Visions, there is still the opportunity for those who missed the original volume to purchase it in these bite-sized chunks courtesy of Berkeley. The third and final paperback DV is at hand, and like the hard-cover and its own predecessors it features Harlan's priceless introductions, cover and interior art by the Dillons, and an impressively high standard of fiction.

The collection opens with Theodore Sturgeon's "If All Men Were Brothers, Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?" The theme, not unsurprisingly for this author, is sex, and it is a superb story until Sturgeon gets into the lecture. I do not object to the moral viewpoint of the lecture--which may cause little old ladies in tennis shoes to riot in the reading room of the Orange County Public Library--; what I object to is the fact that the lecture interferes with the fiction. Even so, this is one of the finest stories in the volume, and unlike some of the others it really is a "dangerous vision" (though the impact was somewhat muted in my case because for some reason I have never been particularly shocked by the idea of incest).

Five of the other selections are on the same quality level as Sturgeon's story. "Go, Go, Go, Said the Bird," by Sonya Dorman, is yet another post-Atomigeddon story in which the remnants of humanity have been reduced to a lower state of civilization (or non-civilization). This is a remarkably fertile theme which has produced a large number of exceptional and sensitive stories, and Dorman's current effort is among the best. It is only five-and-a-half pages, narrative interspersed with four flashback vignettes (or "snapshots"), but so beautifully constructed and written that immediately upon finishing it I went back to the beginning and read it through again, just to savor the artistry and craftsmanship of the composition. John T. Sladek's "The Happy Breed" takes another familiar and rich theme, the machine-made utopia as a Hell on Earth. Sladek handles it deftly and effectively, portraying the pathetic state to which men are reduced in a perfect world run by perfect machines. "Test to Destruction" is a mini-novel by Keith Laumer, that is undoubtedly the best thing by the author that I have read. It contains some elements of the conventional, shallow action-type SF that Laumer regularly churns out, but some compelling writing, an ending that is something different than I expected and a point relevant to the real world make it much more than that. Roger Zelazny is naturally represented among the top stories in the volume with "Auto-Da-Fe," a beautiful little gem that, like so many of Roger's shorter pieces, is a small window looking into a unique universe and catching glimpses of ideas and vistas that other writers would have blown up into a novella. And then there's Samuel R. Delany's "Aye, and Gomorrah...", deservedly one of the most lauded short stories of recent years. It is a story so subtle and perfect in its composition and approach as to make the reviewer feel totally inadequate to comment on it. It is one of those stories that simply must be read.

There are no poor stories in Dangerous Visions #3; there are only stories which, while well-done, are not on the same plane as those previously mentioned. For example, Larry Eisenberg's "Whatever Happened to Auguste Clarot?" is a strange, cleverly written tale with no discernible point, the sort of thing you'd expect to find in F&SF. "Ersatz," by Henry Slesar, is a rather obvious vignette that still manages to be pretty effective. Jonathan Brand's "Encounter With a Hick" is also somewhat predictable, but nicely done. Kris Neville's



"From the Government Printing Office" is noteworthy for its picture of a horrid form of future education and a very interesting characterization of a child. "Land of the Great Horses," by R.A. Lafferty, offers a fascinating explanation of the Gypsies, and must have involved a good deal of research. J.G. Ballard contributes "The Recognition," which is most unusual Ballard: it is a quite "conventional" story, thoroughly predictable in its ending; and both of those characteristics are utterly foreign to Ballard, whose work is normally so

unconventional and unpredictable that his name is practically synonymous with a certain form of unresolved obscurity. The mood is more typical of Ballard than the plot or writing. "Judas," by John Brunner, is a nicely written tale of the future which offers a variation of the Dominance of Machines theme: the state religion is a grotesque parody of Christianity, with a robot as Christ. And finally there is Norman Spinrad's "Carcinoma Angels," a curiously appealing story that is both amusing and grim. As Harlan notes in his introduction to the piece, it isn't everybody who can write a funny story about cancer. Spinrad can, and did.

Like its two predecessors, Dangerous Visions #3 is a bargain at 95¢. If you missed the spectacular collection in hard-cover, by all means acquire these paperbacks.

--Ted Pauls

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Macroscopic, by Piers Anthony, Avon W166, \$1.25

You can stop holding your breaths out there, Bohemas. I'm not out for blood this time. I figure Piers has enough fan wars to keep him busy so he'll ignore my meanderings on his huge novel of the year.

Macroscopic is a giant novel built on many levels of meaning--so many that I lose track of the book at times. The novel begins as a fairly standard science fiction novel/space opera with new (seemingly) ideas and fresh writing. It picks up with Ivo Archer, a person of mixed blood--the blood of all mankind. He is taken up to the macroscope--a space station--in a way reminiscent of all television spy shows, by Groton. On the space station Ivo finds an old friend, Brad Carpenter, who hints at Ivo that Ivo should contact another person known as Schon to gain his assistance on a problem at the macroscope. Schon remains a mystery through most of the book, but it is mentioned that he is supposed to be the greatest genius ever produced by man, totally without morals. Ivo is supposedly a reject from a project to create geniuses by combining genetic



traits from all races into a group of cells and create a person with all genetic backgrounds which they hoped would create a superintelligent race of men. Brad is an example of one of the better results with an IQ of 200 plus, and Schon another, but for some reason Schon chose to retreat from the human race and only Ivo, mentally above average, can contact him if he is ever needed in case of emergency.

Next Ivo is introduced to Afra Summerfield, Brad's girlfriend and a beauty. And she introduces him to the macroscope: a machine that can see anything in any portion of the galaxy by interpreting macron emissions. The only problem is the destroyer, a signal which destroys an intelligence above a certain level. It is to find a solution to the destroyer that Brad wants Ivo to call on Schon.

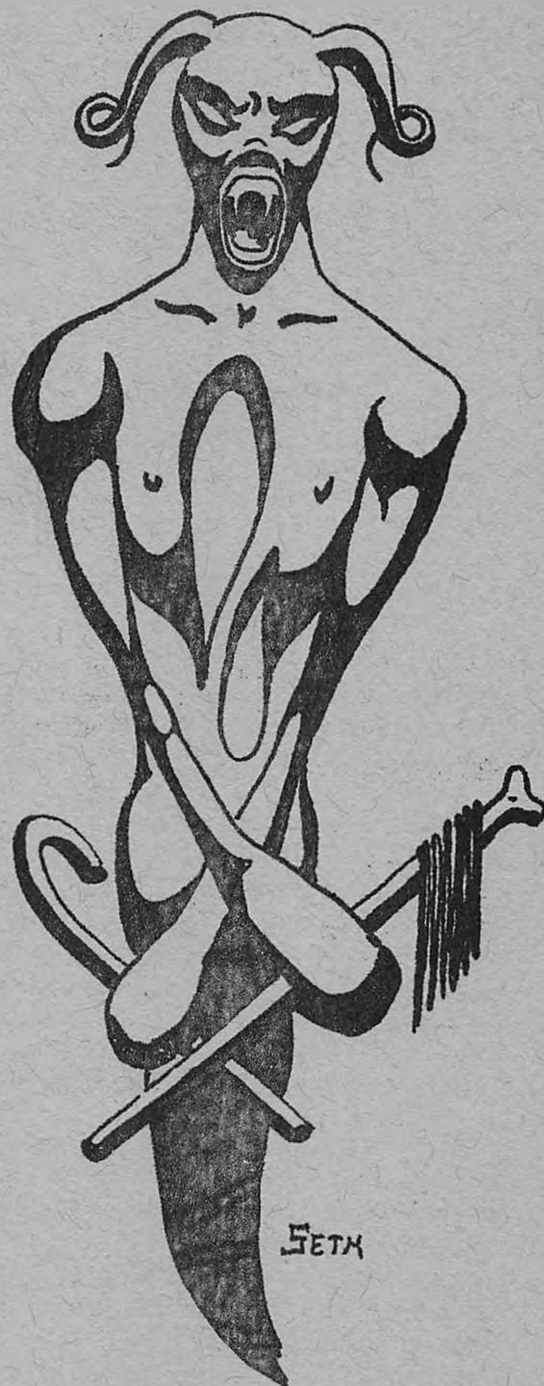
Groton is the astrological enthusiast, and it is through him that the astrological element is introduced into the story, and the astrology is what will make or break this novel, because the whole finale is so enwrapped with the ideas of solar symbolisms.

It gets a bit messy to explain the book and if I try I might ruin it for you, but let me say that Schon comes up as a subject again, a most fascinating one. At first glance, the story may sound as if it's a slightly superior space opera, but it's more than that. This novel is a book of space travel/character analysis/astrology/galactic history/psychology/(Piers, fill in this blank), all put together beautifully into one of the most complex novels I've seen since--Omnivore?

This is definitely a Hugo contender. The only problem is that it's too complex. I mean, it's fine and dandy to write of many things, but this book I didn't understand entirely. There were things that I know I missed and parts that alluded to other things that I missed... I'm only sorry I don't have enough time now to re-read it and try to piece it together again. But for the average person who picks up a book for a couple hours entertainment this book might be a shock. It's a book one has to work at.

If quality is a fault, that's about the only one here. Read it.

--Steve Goldstein





Piers Anthony  
7813 Beverly Boulevard  
Los Angeles, Ca. 90036

Fat #6 on hand, and I'll just take it in order. Interesting editorial. Too bad all these professions of nonviolence weren't made here a couple of issues ago, instead of the rather different tone these people adopted elsewhere when they thought they were unobserved.

I'm sure Bob Vardeman will realize, when he thinks about it, that his offer to contribute \$10 to TAFF in my name implies that my points are wrong. This of course is prejudice, in the technical sense, and unwarranted. But I will put \$10 of my own up as an advance against any statements that may be proved against me; unlike him, I make no assumptions prior to the actual trial of the issues. But as he says, "When I said the matter was dead in my mind, I meant it." Bob, I hope your gray matter comes to life again soon.

Inside Story of the SFWA: since my name is mentioned in this article, I suppose I should comment. Is it true that "Paul Hazlett" is a joint pseudonym of the Secret Masters Guild? Yes, I question, as the article implies, the validity of the Nebula awards. I hope to win one, one of these years, and I hate like hell to see the award demeaned in the interim, because that will cheapen my own when it comes. Already I'm far more seriously interested in the Hugo, because better pieces tend to win there. (Now don't everybody write in again telling me how conceited I am; I'm fully aware of it!) But I would not say that Nebulas go automatically to the Milford Mafia, though there is a tendency in that direction. And in the sense that these awards promote the field--for mundane readers are impressed by such things--they are good. If said mundane reader goes to the stands or bookstores and picks a science fiction novel by the cover, he stands a fair chance of being disappointed in its quality. But if he asks for the Nebula award winner, he will have a good novel, and may read with discrimination and pleasure thereafter. I can't say I was pleased to see the best novel of last year, Stand on Zanzibar, come in third; but Rite of Passage is an excellent novel in its own right, and certainly good as an introduction to the field.

As for the problems of SFWA itself--well, I'm afraid they are standard.

I've seen it in mundane groups, too. The office-seekers tend to be those who are ambitious in one fashion or another, rather than those who are most competent. And the electorate tends to vote by name, so that a writer who has sold a hundred stories and a dozen novels is a shoo-in over one whose membership is based on one IF-first story. It is a system, and not the worst one; it lends a certain middle-ground stability that does have its advantages. If those advantages are mainly for the office-holders--well, it is ever thus. At such time as it seems to me that the evil wrought by unscrupulous persons within the organization overmatches the good one, I'll drop out; so far, it hasn't come to that.

My own contribution to BAB 6 is dual: a positive column and a negative addendum. Fans say they prefer positive material to negative; let's just see which of these two draws most response, and we'll have the proof of that particular pudding. I note, at this writing, a comment on the negative in LOCUS 41, and Ted Pauls wrote to me directly to remark on the positive. I could get to like Ted Pauls better than LOCUS...

Hazlett on Milford Mafia: sounds just like the one I attended in 1966. I regret I was too busy (and that was the reason) to attend the '69 version, despite its five-mile proximity to my home.

I sympathize with Gary Hubbard. I don't rave about the Moon as much as you might think--my interests are more galactic in scope--but I did want to watch the televised blastoff. In the final ten seconds of the countdown, my phone rang. It was a magazine solicitor. I hung up, but I had missed it. Ah, well. I suppose that is the essential purpose of mundania: to intrude at crucial moments on incipient wonder, and spoil it. ((My enthusiasm was lacking, I guess, because I was working on that day of the first Moon landing, and I wasn't too disappointed at not being able to watch it on the tube. "The Eagle has landed!" came over the P.A. system, and I thought, "Big deal!" in an almost half-facetious attitude, but now I wonder...))

And I get mentioned in Dean Koontz's column, too! I didn't realize I had a reputation for launching investigations. I did attend a writer's conference once, though, a mundane one; it was interesting, but once was enough. I doubt Dean missed much.

Tracking Station: I would cut the defense budget before I would cut the space budget. Beyond that, my thoughts are devious.

Fandom's Vocal Point: Gee, here I rate two cuts! But I think we've already established what kind of fan Al Snider is. Sad.

Twelve pages of book reviews--and good ones too. Amazing.

And the letter column. And I guess I'd better put Ted White straight. He says, here, that he rarely goes out of his way to say outrageous things, that people remember disagreements far more readily and for far longer than they do agreements, and that many fans react in a paranoid fashion to passing statements, and he uses me as an example. Right up to where he tried to make me the butt, I'm with him. But when he uses his own misstatements and insecurities and fouled-up memory to put me down, it doesn't wash. Sure, Harlan named me as one of the important writers of the day., back along about PSYCHOTIC #23. Sure Ted commented, and sure I remember that comment in a negative fashion. Here it is, from PSY #24:





"If Anthony is an 'important writer of today,' then I'm next year's Hugo winner. But Anthony has appeared depressingly often in ANALOG (often with two or three collaborators) in the past several years."

In order: since, as Lunney pointed out, Ted did win the next (fan) Hugo, the statement does become worth remembering, in a positive fashion. It is obvious he didn't intend it that way at the time, however. Harlan thought I was important, Ted didn't. Harlan had

read my novel, Chthon, and felt that that was enough to put me in rarefied atmosphere. Ted, by his own admission, had not read Chthon--but on the basis of that ignorance he was pretty sure I could not be important. Looked to me as though he was a trifle too anxious to put down someone whose work he could not properly judge (not having read it). Ted may not have been aware then (about January 1968, since his letter appeared in the March PSY, 1968) that I had had a dozen SF stories published and had sold three other novels not yet in print. How he failed to get the word on Sos the Rope, that won a prize at the magazine he had just then quit working for, I don't know; but I think he would have done well to wait and read it and verify that it was nothing special (as it was) before being so certain that I could not be important. If there was any paranoiac reaction here, I believe it was more Ted's than mine. I think my claim (though I had made none) to importance as a writer was at least as good at that time as Ted's own.

Now on the ANALOG bit. If my appearance there was "depressing," this had to reflect the eye of the beholder. Obviously I was satisfied and the editor was satisfied, and I saw no complaints by the readers. Whose paranoia, then? Often? I had then had four stories in ASF over a span of four years. I'm sorry if that was too much for Ted, but it hardly seemed excessive to me. Often with two or three collaborators? My first was with one (1) collaborator, Jim Hotaling. My second was with one (1) collaborator, Frances Hall. The last two were solo efforts. Mrs. Hall has had one other story published; Mr. Hotaling no others. So if Ted meant to imply that I was leaning on numbers or reputations not my own, he was off base. Certainly he was wrong about "two or three" collaborators often. ((He was really correct in saying that, I think, though the statement has no valid point in trying to analyze any portion of your work, Piers. You say "four stories" and Ted said, "two or three collaborators." That means two collaborators or three collaborators, and you did have two people working on two of your stories, (you being counted, of course, as one (1) collaborator). Two of the stories had two people working on each. Two out of four. 50% of the time two people were working on the story. I think "often" is a fair way to describe something that happens as often as not.))

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Ted said in YANDRO, back those five or six years ago, that he and F&SF were seriously checking the slush pile for decent manuscripts, and that such mss stood out clearly among the normal crap. That he graded them and passed the best along to Avram Davidson for consideration for publication. Etc. I read that and decided to give him a try. I dusted off my very best novelette, "Omnivore," and shipped it without a cover letter to F&SF. I knew it was a good story; I felt it could pick up some Hugo nominations--if it could only get into print. But the editors, until that point, had bounced it. Well, by and by I got it back from Avram with a note telling me that the first reader (Ted) had graded it A plus--first class story (approximately; all this from years-old memory). Avram thought it stunk, however, and that was that. But the point was that Ted had done exactly what he claimed: he had checked through the slush and recognized a good story when it came and passed it along to the chief. I wrote to YANDRO discussing that. I had really wanted to know whether Ted was telling the truth or just puffing, and I had found the former. Coulson showed him the letter. So when it comes to Ted as an editor (or first reader--different degrees of the same thing)--well, I certainly was unknown to him then, and he did treat me right, so--I dunno. Coulson, do I owe TAFF a dollar for that?

Now, coincidentally, he has made me an offer for my novel Paleo, that happens to be the sequel to Omnivore, the novelized version of that novelette he liked. He says he hasn't read Omnivore yet...he has a surprise coming! And for readers who wonder whether Ted or Avram were correct about the novelette: it consisted roughly of the first three "Nacre" sequences in the novel.

As for such as Scott Meredith and Fred Pohl--the one is an advertising agent, the other a former editor. I'll wait until they challenge me directly before trotting out the dirt. Fred does have considerable redeeming qualities, at least.

John MacDonald is--within twenty miles or so--a neighbor of mine; but no, I don't believe I've read any of his work myself. My wife has, though. So I judge him by what I hear and read about him. Very interesting comment by Dean Koontz, this issue, on MacDonald.

But Ted's remarks on Robert Moore Williams irritate me. Since it has been pretty well established that publishers do not pay better money for better work, there seems to be some merit to the minimum wages for writers notion. As it is, in my case at least, much of my payment is inversely proportional to the quality of the work. Thus my novel Chthon has the worst terms of all my novels, and Sos the Rope the best. A minimum payment scale would improve my terms on my better work, not my worst work. And as my prior example involving Ted White himself and "Omnivore" shows, good items do get bounced in favor of poor ones. But the editors don't want good material; they want material that conforms to their private--and too often erroneous--conceptions. The writers, most of them, are capable of adapting to the demands of the editors--so if they tend to write slop after having their better works bounced, don't blame them. I am now concentrating on lesser works myself--because I can sell them with only a fraction of the struggle I sell my better work. I don't like this situation at all--but I must eat. Robert Moore Williams, it seems, has long since come to terms with this reality, so he turns out what the market demands--and the fact that he does sell it is not evidence of his incompetence, but of his competence in matching those demands. As he says: it takes talent to stink 'em up just right. (Ironically, Ted White himself has been far more alert in recognizing my best work than have been most editors. It is a shame he has publicly closed his mind to submissions by Williams, because that is the very editorial attitude that wrecks the field. Buying by prejudice, not the value of material at hand.) And why, Ted, if Williams' stories are so bad, had ULTIMATE been reprinting them under such labels as World's Best"?

I am aware of the ways to nullify an option clause. But I have always tried to treat publishers in fully honest fashion. I regret that some have treated me in less than honest fashion in return. But in the case of Omnivore, that I did sell to Ballantine: I did not do so because they were the only ones interested. Terry Carr of Ace had expressed interest, and I believe I could have sold that novel to him, and wanted to and now am very sorry I did not--but I felt ethically bound to show it to Ballantine first, and did so. I even kept Carr posted on the matter at the time, if you and he care to check the back correspondence.

As for Williams' assertions about SFWA: Ted, you know first hand that there is more than a little validity in them. It is even being mooted that some of those SFWA offices are indeed paid, in much the fashion politicians are paid.



By private interests. And appointments to editorial positions. Care to talk a little more about that aspect? And when you mention that some, like me, are sitting back and griping without volunteering our services to help the organization--well, I tried to help out in SFWA's effort to get an insurance plan for writers. I didn't succeed, but I did put some hours of effort into the attempt. I am one of the book circulation chairmen, and have been since that SFWA program has been started. I have directed new writer's in SFWA's direction, such as Richard Delap. I turned down the chairmanship of another committee because I felt it was too delicate a matter, involving the finances of other writers, for as controversial a person as me to handle properly. In short, I have been supporting SFWA--in various little ways that don't make headlines. I know that Williams has tried to forward SFWA causes too, but has been rebuffed. So you are condemning people from your vantage of ignorance--again. Some of us outside the New York environs get a little tired of you insiders claiming to do all the work, and for such little reward. ((Ted isn't a member of the inside group, or even the Inside Group, in New York. But maybe he'd like to answer that last little shot...))

Harry Warner: ouch! You are correct--only collectors could really use the Review Index, unless excerpts were included. But it would still be useful for researchers--and a number of people are collectors.

Dean Koontz's discussion of levels of writing is brilliant. I am not being facetious. It pretty well defines the system I have come to, too: I'm doing all kinds of writing, mostly simple to earn my living, but occasional quality for personal satisfaction. And the truth is I do enjoy all of it, on different levels.

But good god! Dean Koontz recommends Scott Meredith to R.M. Williams as a worthy agent. I pass. (Or read Ted White's discussion thereon.)

Leo Doroschenko: you ask me a question, but I don't understand its relevance, so can't answer. You also second some of my remarks about good material being passed over (even using one of my novels as an example) and I go for this, too. But then you light onto my collaborator, Robert Margroff. Margroff can take care of himself; I'll only remind you that my source for the ring idea in The Ring was a fairy tale predating anything printed by Farmer. Your case rests on air, there. Hot air.

Erasmus Spratt: as I understand his forwarded letter (printed in part in BAB, here), he says he can't find my work on sale in British book stores, therefore questions my accomplishments. Well, Spratt, ask 'em for Faber & Faber's line; they've published Omnivore, will publish Sos the Rope, and have contracted for a third Anthony novel. And MacDonald: they published The Ring, will publish Chthon, and are looking at another Margroff/Anthony collaboration. And next time, question the limited book dealers as well as the author--or buy from American publishers.

Alexei Panshin  
Open Gate Far, Star Route  
Perkasie, Pa. 18944

My objection to "Paul Hazlett" is not that I never heard of or from him. My principal objection is to people who write complaints about censorship behind cover of a pseudonym. It's shifty--like that claimed professional who swiped at Zelazny and Delany a few months ago from the safety

of a false name. "Listen to me," they say. "I know whereof I speak." I suspect that in both cases the writers used pseudonyms because they doubted that anyone would take them seriously if they were to use their proper names. And if those names ever come to light, I think they will prove to be writers whose reputations rank with Robert Moore Williams--or a little below.

Why do I say that? It takes an idiot to expect to be embraced by strangers on first meeting. It takes a bitter idiot to care that Keith Laumer invited friends to his home, and omitted him. It takes a paranoid idiot to see it as a conspiracy. Jesus Christ, if the Milford Mafia existed with the power that is credited to it, Carol Emshwiller, who is the most consistently praised and admired writer at the Milford Conferences, year in and year out, would be the most successful writer in sight. The impression I get from "Hazlett's" Milford piece is that it was written by a resentful dull-wit.

This impression is confirmed by "Hazlett's" second article on the SFWA, which is mainly a complaint about "censored" letters in the SFWA Forum. "Hazlett" says he found "dozens of new writers who had had letter after letter screened out of the Forum" under my editorship. I can recall only two letters I received that I did not print--one long dull letter and one letter from a member who said that while he thought everybody had a right to his opinion and while he didn't believe in censorship, he thought one of the more conservative SFWA members ought to be ridden out of the organization on a rail. I didn't print the first letter because it was dull. I didn't print the second letter because I was already getting long drunken phone calls of complaint from the conservative and I just didn't want to suffer any more. As a sporting proposition, if "Hazlett" can find one dozen letters I left out, I'll give TAFF \$10. If he can find two dozen letters, I'll give TAFF \$100. On the other hand, for every letter short of the first dozen

that he can't come up with, I'll expect him to pony up \$20. "Hazlett's" accusations against Terry Carr are just as far-fetched. His "victims" numbering in the "literally multiples of dozens" do not exist, and hardly could. Terry has had the Forum under his editorship for two issues when "Hazlett" wrote. He cut letters from the first issue to end some quarrels and said so. Since then? Same bet, "Hazlett." \$10 for the first dozen. \$100 for the second. They must be dated after April 1969. In return, \$20 forfeit for every letter short of the first dozen.

As to other matters of fact in the article: "Hazlett" says, "The Milford Mafia probably is the strongest organized group within the



Science Fiction Writers of America..." Who?--names . names; organized?--how? "Hazlett's" quotes "improve the mental calibre" and "exposing them to purer literary efforts," attributed to Terry Carr, and complete and total fabrications--as anyone would know who is familiar with Terry Carr's style.



As for the Nebula Awards, if "Hazlett" thinks that I, or Frank Herbert, or Brian Aldiss, or Roger Zelazny, or Daniel Keyes, or Chip Delany, or Jack Vance, or Gordon Dickson, or Richard McKenna, or Fritz Leiber, or Michael Moorcock, or Anne McCaffrey, or Richard Wilson, or Kate Wilhelm asked, pushed, prodded or conspired for an award, I can tell him that I didn't and they didn't. I know of exactly one winner who won by campaign--Harlan Ellison--and Harlan is incapable of not campaigning. His entire life is a campaign.

It's idiots like "Hazlett" who give idiots a bad name. Tell him if he writes again to use his proper name. After he has made his contribution to TAFF.

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Isaac Asimov  
45 Greenough St.  
West Newton, Mass.  
02165

Heavens, what have I done wrong now? Mr. Paul Hazlett in "The Inside Story of the SFWA" seems to think I swing undue weight in the organization; that as an old pro, my \$5 is worth more than that of a "new SFWA member" and that Terry Carr doesn't dare screen out my cruddy letters from the Forum.

My dear Mr. Hazlett-----

1) Terry Carr isn't the least bit afraid of me nor is anyone else I know. Terry can screen out my letters any time. What do you think I would do to him if he did? Throw him into the outer darkness?

2) If someone did systematically see to it that my letters to fan magazines were screened out, they might be doing me a favor. I don't have **tho** hours and hours and hours that noble fellows like Mr. Anthony have.

3) My letters are invariably brief and to the point. They don't take up much room and they crowd out new talent only minimally.

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Terry Carr  
35 Pierrepont St.  
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

Thanks for BEABOHEMA 6. It's a monster for size, and impressive too in the way you've improved the layout. Seems like only last week that I associated BEABOHEMA with crud-zine layout, and now comes this issue with headings and use of artwork that are at worst competent and at best, which is surprisingly often, really attractive.

I wish I could say the same for the written matter, but alas. Reading through this issue, and reflecting on the contents of recent ones, left me with



a vaguely sick feeling. So many new and/or young writers who really ought to be devoting their energies to working at and learning their craft are instead trying to take the other route to fannish fame, by tearing down whatever it is they see as science fiction's Establishment. The tone of paranoia is sometimes marked, sometimes subtle, but always depressing. Come on, guys, you're making me feel old and tired before my time.

"Paul Hazlett" takes the honors for paranoia this issue, obviously. His remarks in his two "Inside Story" articles are the sort that would normally spur people to detailed and impassioned rebuttals, but I think it'll be obvious to most anyone reading him that the guy is pretty far off base. As for the stuff about me, I don't believe I ever said or wrote any of the things he quotes me as saying; they don't represent my attitudes and they don't even sound like me. And I absolutely deny having "censored out" "literally multiples of dozens of letters" in my editing of the SFWA Forum. "Hazlett" states this charge baldly as fact; I say just as plainly that it's lying, imagining or some unlikely misunderstanding --choose your own interpretation.

Otherwise it was a swell issue, I guess. I did appreciate Ted Pauls's note of praise for the SF Specials, and pretty much agreed with Al Snider's comments on faneds' promotion of hostilities for the purpose of making their mags more "lively." Seems to me we have enough bad feeling and factionalism in science fiction right now, without people deliberately stirring up more. ((I guess I'm guilty of stirring up controversy to a degree, but not as much as you would suggest I'm doing. I do very little, actually, and let people do as they please to each other. I provide only their vehicle of destruction. The thing about Al Snider is that he writes editorials that stir up trouble. I write uncompromisingly empty editorials. Yet Snider has the great insight to see what a job we're all doing to fandom by getting everyone heated up. And, when you think about it, would the factionalism stop if it wasn't mentioned in the fanzines? I doubt it...))

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Dave Malone	The most interesting thing in the issue for me was, naturally,
Bacon Road	Al Snider's discussion of BeABohema, dmsff and L'ANGE JACQUE
Roxbury, Conn.	along with their respective editors. This article was, in a way,
06783	inevitable because of the singularity of the relationship between
	you, me and Ed, and i am mainly surprised that nobody has written
	it before. What Al says in the course of it is mostly true but there are a couple
	things i would like to go into more detail with.

First of all, Al, i think you oversimplify the direction that we have taken. I know you have oversimplified the direction i have taken. Frank, in BeABohema, as far as i can see is shooting for SFR but Ed Reed is very definitely not. L'AJ is shooting for a hybrid ALGOL, WARIION and some underground pub, maybe like THE REALIST during its early issues when it was mimeographed and 90% Paul Krassner. I wish both of them good luck, and i wish you good luck too, Al. Now to talk about dmsff for which i can speak with much more assurance.

dmsff has come out with two issues since December 1968. Would you do me a favor, Al, and root through your files until you find L'ANGE JACQUE 2 and BeA Bohema 2. Fine; now put dmsff down beside them and read through them. I think my point is well made that i don't want to be judged by two issues of a fanzine. The second issue has brought enormous changes in attitude from the first and i

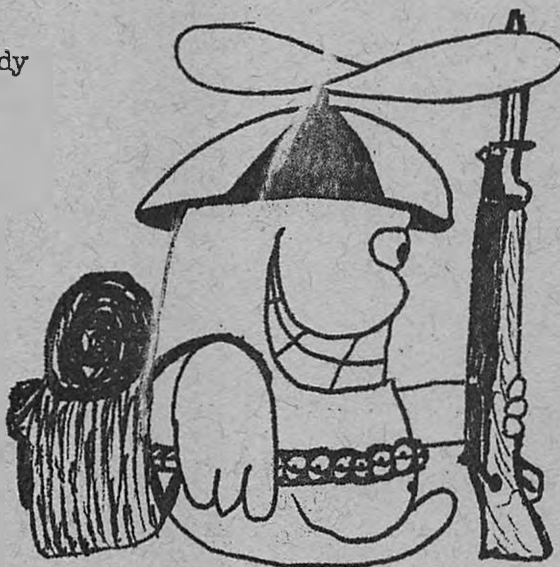
expect the third issue to do the same until i settle down finally into some sort of entity that will be "dmsff." Until that time i don't want to have generalizations made about me. You wouldn't have dreamed of saying "this is what Ed Reed is" from his second issue of L'AJ and the same holds true for Frank.

Another thing; you say Ed is the least prolific of the bunch. Since he has published four issues to my two and numerous little things such as LAMB, i think i have the title to "least prolific" if only from my relative inexperience. As for the "hey look at me stuff," it is my belief that this is a psychological necessity for every new faned, especially if he is a relative unknown prior to editing. The only exception i can think of is GRILS which may be tempered by the fact that it has so many editors.

Last note to Al Snider:  
I like CROSSROADS! as is. You may be trying to publish a controversial fanzine, but i think you are succeeding; your letter column is already better than SFR and although it is not one-half as polished its frequency of publication gives it an amazing sense of immediacy. Also, Al, i can see where you might get the impression that we are all doing incredibly evil what with Ed at Frank's throat, Frank being defensive and nasty, and me sitting back looking smug and hoping they tear each other to bits so that i will emerge the supreme

youngfan. But this frightening image is exactly that---an image and not to be taken too seriously. I think that eventually, possibly before the end of the year, we will be headed off in three different directions that have already become obvious and will become more so when i come out with dmsff 3.

Leo Doroschenko: When dmsff 3 comes out you will find your letter and a very long answer from me which i hope will be the end of the Faith Lincoln thing. Leo, life is short and it is quite unfair for you to assume that everyone who does not go into point for point argument at length with you over every one of Faith Lincoln's book review is incapable of doing so. In dmsff 3 i will answer your long letter (when this comes out it may be that the past tense should be used), using the quotes, references and allusions that you place so much value on, but that is all the time i'm going to spend, and it is probably more time than you deserve. ((As you can see, book reviews by Faith Lincoln will continue to see print, just as William Atheling has survived even though anyone with a vague knowledge of sf criticism knows the critic is James Blish. Leo will continue simply because anyone who expressed any opinion over Faith was vehement whether



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**SHOCK**  
**TROOPER**  
hmmmm

favorable or unfavorable, and the people who thought Faith should continue as an entity happened to be the people whose opinions I value more than others. And since Leo was willing to continue... Leo, by the way, is not aligned with John Pierce, and that should not be implied from the pan of The Men in the Jungle in this issue. Just wanted to make it public....))

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Barry Malzberg  
216 West 78th St.  
New York, N.Y. 10024

I do not want to get into fan magazine correspondence or controversy but I want to comment on Hazlett's SFWA article to the degree that I am mentioned in my capacity as editor of the SFWA BULLETIN.

Along with Alex Panshin, I am not sure I know who this man is: if he is an SFWA member, he is either a new or relatively obscure one; if he is not, his qualifications for innuendo are called even further into question. The organization has its faults but I am happy to pass on to him at least this piece of pacifying information: I was not given the editorship as the result of a Plot. I was offered this non-paying position by the previous President of SFWA, contingent upon the approval of the new officers because of the lack of qualified applicants or a qualified applicant. I did not file for the editorship. I herewith offer, in good faith, to resign from this position should a qualified applicant present himself along with the indication that there is some sentiment for my replacement. As far as "members" whose "right of recall" seems to cause Mr. Hazlett such protective concern, I have every reason to believe that at least 50% of them have no conception of the common realities of editing or publishing and the sales record to prove it.

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Virginia Kidd  
Box 278  
Milford, Pa.  
18337

Don't really want to know, but it makes one to wonder: who the hell is Paul Hazlett? Doesn't he know how the name Milford Mafia really started with the famous postcard sent to an editor who took umbrage at the big black hand drawn thereon and blamed the wrong disgruntled author...interlude for cleaning some of the fit off the shan...right totally grunted author stepped up to admit being the artist and claimed it was all a joke...and the grand climax of gleeful Damon referring to that year's attendees as the Milford Mafia? Just a little "in" joke.

Boy. It has less than nothing to do with the workshop method of criticism, which has been standard since Year One of the conferences--at which time Kate Wilhelm was only a charming visitor from the South, as was Rosel George Brown. (The latter, when warned of chiggers that might lurk in the grass, drew herself up and said, "Chiggra, please!" God, she was great.) The method is rough but not mafioso. Boy.

Fourteen years can indeed be credited to Damon, but at that time (14 years ago) it was Helen Knight who deserved the credit for hostessing. Anybody who doesn't know either of these pieces of background is just not in a good position to do the "inside" story on the subject. (Neither am I, but I'd have the caution not to attempt it. Being on the outside skews even the few facts that are accurate toward strange interpretation.)

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BEABOHEMA has sure as hell changed a lot since I reviewed the first issue. ((That was in some issue of QUIP, which I haven't seen yet....the...uh....review, I mean....)) Controversial, huge, sometimes even pretty good. ((Gee, thanks.))

I stopped writing to the FORUM because every letter I wrote took time and work, and though they discussed some professional points (characterization and references for science background) there was virtually no discussion of these subjects in later FORUMs. So I got bored. I don't think most members want to talk about such things. Perhaps the FORUM should be shrunk until it suits the tone of the membership--perhaps 4 pages every 2 months.

Actually I agree with "Hazlett" (who is plainly Chapdelaine) that SFWA should be a tight trade union. SFWA is weak and doesn't have to be. A lot of members would rather appear to their own eyes as Literary Lions instead of ordinary working writers; hence a lot of shoptalk that takes the place of the hard considerations of money and markets. But the way to get this is by clear, reasoned argument and by shouldering some of the work of SFWA so one can become more influential. Chapdelaine wants to edit the FORUM. I suspect the officers don't want him to have it because they think he is a fugghead. I don't know him, so I can't say. But if he sneaks around in fanzines writing attacks on the SFWA "establishment" under pseudonyms, this will do little to encourage members like myself to put him in a responsible position. I think what is needed here is less revolutionary posturing and more quiet steady action.

...this afternoon I received BAB 6. Naturally, I read with much interest what a great many fine gentlemen and astute psychologists and clever mathematicians said about me.

However, I do not believe that the boil has been completely opened or that all has been said. I suspect a few more sweet words are still hanging around in the background waiting to be put through a typewriter. So let's have more of it. In the words of Dick Geis, let's let it all hang out.

I also enjoyed the inside story of the SFWA and what went on at the Madera Conference. Do writers actually accept this sort of thing? Golly, how glad I am that I have remained a hack! I remember in the early fifties some psychoanalyst who had analyzed several writers went to the Atlantic Monthly or possibly Harper's to report his findings. He said that all writers were oral regressed masochists. At the time I lacked referents for these words and I had to sort of hem and haw through my imagination in an effort to come up with a meaning. Maybe I should attend a Madera Conference and see for myself!

Incidentally, I suspect I know the identity of Paul Hazlett. I thought he did a fine job and I would encourage him to do more. I suspect he is the "leaping to his typewriter" type and if you will just hint, he will do more. Or even if you don't hint, maybe. No, I won't tell. I like what he has to say and the way he says it and I don't want him to get slaughtered. However, I was a little upset by his comment that the old-timers have pushed their snouts up to the swill and by-God they aren't about to let another shoulder his way in. Reason I was mildly upset is because I must be one of the oldest old-timers around. What I say to every newcomer is go right in the front door and lay your script on the editor's desk. That's the way I got in. That's the way I stay in! But--no fair using the back door!

Remember, please, all ye who read this, my request to let it all hang out. I'm sure there must be more. If enough comes along I'm going to bind it and show it to every new editor I try to sell to, as a sales pitch. This kind of talk is money in my pocket. And, in fact, these letters have hardly said anything that was not being said 30 years ago, long before Big Brother came in from the left. Ray Palmer and I used to be amused at these comments. His magazines at that time were the most profitable in the field. Eventually, however, I began to wonder if maybe such comments were influencing an editor here and there. So I came out with another pen name. The editors bought it readily enough and the fans didn't hate this new writer hardly at all!

Really, though, I'm not gunning for the fans, but for others. The cats I'm after know very well who I'm gunning for. If you think you're heard screaming, wait until I really begin twisting tails!

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Fred Pohl  
386 West Front St.  
Red Bank, N.J.  
07701

I have your letter asking me to comment on the SFWA article you published. I'm afraid I can't help you on most of it; it has to do with events of the past year, and I quit the stupid organization in disgust before most of them took place.

However, the major inferences one would draw from his article are, 1, that the Nebulas have nothing to do with merit; 2, that a good deal of personal bias has occurred in the editing of SFWA publications; and, 3, the Milford Mafia dominates everything SFWA does. At least as far as SFWA events prior to the time I quit are concerned--I have no first-hand knowledge of anything later--I agree with all these views. That's why I quit.

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Ted White  
339 49th St.  
Brooklyn, N.Y.  
11220

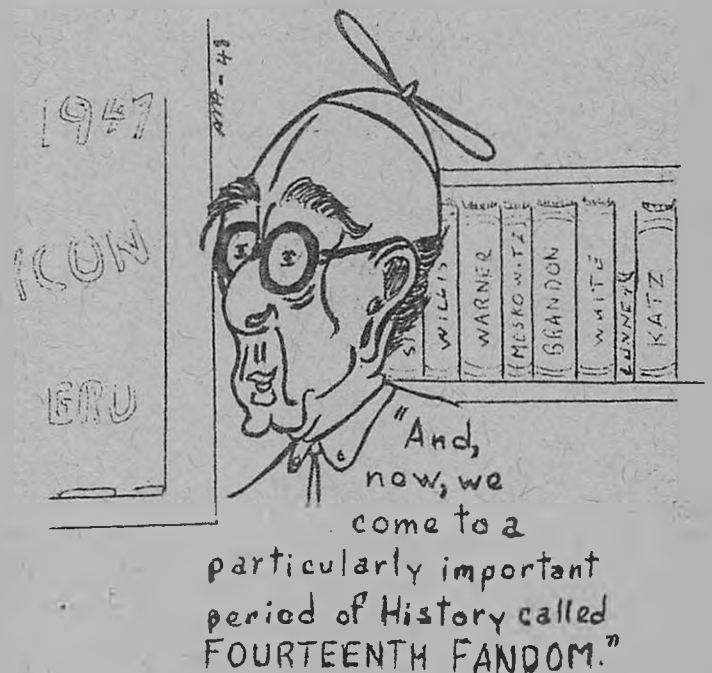
I find Piers' column this time less comment-worthy. His dialogue with HOIST was fairly effective for the first few pages, but when it kept going on and on, without scoring any new points, I began skimming. That's called Overkill, Piers.

As a related point, this question on "judging" the relative merits of Tucker's book and Piers' books strikes me as foolish, and I'm glad the selected panel declined. One has only to read Vardeman's proposed criteria (breaking stories down by type for comparison) to realize how lucky we were to avoid the whole thing.

I recall Tucker mentioning his annoyance with Piers in a passing fashion at the last Midwestcon. It seems to me that what has happened is a simple case of Piers getting off on the wrong foot, and the situation escalating from there. As one who admires Bob Tucker's work, even when occasionally finding fault with it, I think Piers' approach was Wrong. For one thing, Bob doesn't write Dangerous Visions stories. He wrote one--Long Loud Silence--and that is that. (For the record, it would appear that I don't either. On Harlan's request I've written and shown him five stories which in my opinion are the equal to the average in his first book, and which meet all the criteria he laid down. His rejections have been remarkable for their lack of appropriateness to the stories in question, and I must regretfully conclude that as a writer I hit Harlan's editorial Blind Spot.) To challenge Bob to write a story for Again Dangerous Visions is to demand that he meet a specific set of criteria in which he has no interest. These days Bob writes one novel a year--each year. He fits this in around a full-time job and his life as a father of three young sons and grandfather of a married daughter and married son. Writing is his spare-time occupation, and he writes what he wants to write, even when there's no market. (He wrote a strange novel about an sf convention, The Counterfeit Prince, for example...)

If I was asked to judge the merits of Anthony and Tucker as writers, I'd have to say that even on an off-day, Tucker was the better writer. His prose is smoother, more flexible, more suitable to the demands made upon it. Piers still has rough edges. But I think any comparison is foolish, because each is a writer with his own merits, and it makes about as much sense as comparing apples to oranges. (Oranges are too acid for me, but I know people who dig them for that reason--like my wife.)

Oh well.





I'm surprised that after having gone through the university mill himself, Dean Koontz still gives any credence to college-taught writing courses, or their corollary, the Writer's Conference. Despite what Hazlett says about the Milford Conference, it is probably the only writer's conference worth attending if you're a professional writer.

I've attended several of the more mundane variety, the earlier ones out of curiosity and last one (The Philadelphia Writer's Conference) as a paid lecturer. I shook the little old ladies up at that one, by deliberately knocking down the dogma they'd been absorbing. I enjoyed it--once. I have no desire to try it again. (There was only one member of my "class" who could write professionally; she wrote confessions, and had a good soap-ish style.)

I maintain that it is possible to teach writing--to people who have already indicated their basic abilities. And I can find out who has those basic abilities with one simple set of assignments. But what can be taught is the craft--the tools and how to use them. Most university instructors work the other end of the stick, with their accent on Art and the like. A friend took Writing at Columbia, and he told me about it and showed me his assignments. He was being systematically taught to write pretentious, empty bullshit.

Al Snider's piece is a remarkable turnaround for him, and I applaud him for both the perception and the guts it took to write. But how come you don't send me CROSSROADS! any more, Al?

I wish Ted Pauls wouldn't label all juvenile sf as "tripe" and say that "writing juvenile SF novels is such an inherently small and uninteresting thing that being good at it is not really much improvement over being bad at it." As the author of two juvenile sf novels, I resent that mightily. And as the reader of many other fine juvenile novels--the latest is Ursula LeGuin's Wizard of Earth-sea--I think Ted's off his ass. I suggest he read some of the better books--mine immodestly included--before casting such blanket judgments.

Dick Schultz certainly has the right to his own assessment of any woman he meets, but I wonder why his criterion in the case of the girl with Harlan Ellison is "she's the first woman he's not been able to talk into marriage." That strikes me as a value judgment which presumes far too much into the private relationships of both the girl and Harlan, neither of whom I doubt Dick knows that well. Harlan has, after all, escorted to conventions a great many more women than he has either married or proposed marriage to, and that is his right, Dick Schultz to the contrary notwithstanding.

In your comment in my own letter, Frank, I have to say that I think you are wrong. I have probably, all things considered, treated Piers Anthony better than I have either Vance or Reynolds. (And I imagine Piers would agree...) I've published both Vance and Anthony; to date I've rejected Mack Reynolds twice.

This has nothing to do with name value, and is not calculated. Each editor has his own criteria for What Makes A Good Story, and yes, there are cases where a borderline story by a Big Name will be bought while the same story by a nobody won't be bought, but you have to remember that editors are human, and their judgment likewise human. People like the damndest things. Terry Carr and I, for instance, have such differing tastes that he has loved stories I've hated, and vice-versa--yet I think he's a good editor. And I've published stories for which

I was more than passingly fond--a good example is "Questor" in the January AMAZING-- only to receive a letter from a reader who actually said, "it stinks."

So I don't think Fred Pohl would have bought my early stories, in the form he saw them, if they'd been written by van Vogt. The fact that Fred always took the time to write me a personal note and not slip me a cold printed rejection struck me as an unusual courtesy, since I was no kind of name at all, and those early stories took a lot of reworking before I sold them.

So I don't think that most editors calculatingly curry favor with Big Names and impatiently brush off the Nobodys. This year's nobody is next year's Big Name.

(You want to know who gets preferential treatment from me? Gordon Eklund, that's who. I've bought three of his stories--his first three sales, I think-- and each one has been such a strong improvement over the previous one that I faunch to see his next. Gordon Eklund is a fan I didn't much like. But god, can he write! His first story will be in the April, FANTASTIC, by the way.)

I'm sorry I teed off quite so strongly at Williams. Williams is a jerk, but I should not have lost my temper at him. His "stink from the left" line probably set me off; I detest the fossilized right-wingers to whom anything liberal is "a stink from the left."

More important, I don't buy his notion that no writer is any better than any other writer, and that writers should be paid by the hour for their writing, just like any other common labor trade. HE's suggesting a communized state, wherein the lowest common denominator prevales. It's not hard to understand his reasoning, but I don't care to be dragged down to his level..

Harry Warner wonders what happened to Larry Stark, "a Boston area fan in the early 1960's who disappeared completely from fandom..." Not completely, Harry; he had a piece in PSYCHOTIC a year or so back.

Actually, Larry has been around as a fan since 1953 or so. I began corresponding with him when Bhob Stewart introduced him to me. He was a literate EC fan then finishing up college. He, Bhob and I published an EC fanzine, POTRZEBIE, together, and then while Bhob gafiated Larry and I joined the Cult as charter members, and Larry was a voluminous contributor to the fanzines published by the younger Washington DC fans like myself and John Hitchcock. Larry also had one or two pieces in PSYCHOTIC's first incarnation, too. He attended most of the cons of the late fifties, and in 1957 moved up to Boston (Cambridge, really), to form the Ivory Birdbath with Jean and Andy Young. I think he was a FAPA member for a while--he contributed through the Young's FAPazines in any case. He didn't really gafiate until the early 1960's, when the Birdbath broke up, and he began selling stories sporadically to various non sf magazines. He's been a bookstore manager in Cambridge for the last several years, active in amateur theater, and all like that. Last time I was up that way I dropped in on him at his bookshop (on Harvard Square) and he seemed rather proud of my success in the writing field, as well he might since he taught me a lot of what I know about writing. Larry's still around, Harry. Like a lot of gafiated fans, he still keeps a fringe acquaintanceship with fandom. Boston-area fans like (at one time) Paul Williams and (when he was at MIT) Alan Shaw still see him or saw him. I'll probably make a point of seeing him again the next time I'm up that way, too.

Dean Koontz: What is wrong with "Border Town Girl" is not hackery; it is simply the work of a much less mature writer. The concern for various ideas and plot content was the same, but much less well realized. (The second story in the book of that name underscores MacDonald's considerable growth as a writer in only a few years' time.) I've made it a point to read as many of John D. MacDonald's pulp fiction as I could. The first year's output (published in 1946 and 1947) was anonymous and undistinguished. But each successive year saw him taking the basic plots of his media (the standard pulp plots in each genre) and embellishing them with greater care and craft.

To appreciate "Border Town Girl," you should read the other stories in the magazine where it appeared. Crude as it was, it was far better characterized, and contained much more emotional development. I recall one story of his in which an entire episode had nothing to do with the direct development of the plot, but served only to delineate the protagonist's character. It added dimension to the story, but a hack would never have bothered (or been able to do it).



I think Evan Hunter is a hack on each and every level he has ever attempted. His "serious" novels are attempts to hack out Harold S. Robbins--and to attain similar sales status. His "Ed McBain" novels started out with greater integrity, but quickly turned into boringly padded formula pieces. Hunter simply hasn't the capacity to involve himself meaningfully in his work. (And he writes as many as three books simultaneously, devoting a set number of hours each day to each novel. That implies an astonishing detachment on his part.) A contrasting writer, I think, would be Milton Lesser/Stephen Marlowe. His Ghet Drum books have gradually matured into major mystery novels, all but unheralded. He started out a hack, but has matured away from it.

Those "astronomical" advances of "\$7,500 for paperback rights" must be split with the hardcover publisher. An editor at Signet told me that Signet automatically doubles its offer when dealing with a hardcover house, so that the author still gets as much. I like that notion when viewed from one side; the other side makes me ask, why shouldn't I, as the author of a paperback original, take home the whole sum? The answer I was given is that previous publication in hardcover helps promote the work, etc., but not, I think, to the tune of Double The Money.

But I wonder about the Goose and the Golden Eggs. Unless the royalty rates are much higher and the cover prices stiff, those books which cost \$4,000 and up aren't going to earn back even a significant portion of their advances--at which point someone in Accounting is going to say the Word and there will be no more sf from that house for another three years... (That happened when Mac-



fadden started out with sf; the editor was offering double the going rates and as soon as sales reports came in his program was axed.)

Why don't you name the Names you're griping about, Dean?

Leo Doroschenko asks why "a practice so nefarious" as that of drawing parallels between books like Do Androids Dream Etc. and "Conditionally Human" "endures in colleges?"

Mainly, Leo, because it is easier for an academic type to catalogue parallels, similarities and differences in various works than to creatively criticise. It is akin to "tune detective" criticism--the sort for which Sam Moskowitz is famous. "So-and-so is derived from such-and-such," on the basis of similar theme, etc., and chronological precedence in publication.

Parallels have their value in criticism, when one can draw examples of successes or failures in illustration. But a simple comparison is the refuge of the non-creative mind--a commodity with which the universities are traditionally overstocked. This doesn't apply to your review, which I do not recall, but it should be obvious that simply because two authors have published stories in some way similar is no indication that one author was influenced by the other. In many cases the author in question hasn't even read the story he's supposed to have "been influenced by"/"copied"/"stolen."

(And if you want to know my influences on any given story, don't guess: ask me.)

Your criticisms of Mack Reynolds seem to boil down to repetitiousness on his part. You can do this with a lot of authors. Has anyone ever counted up the number of times Heinlein has referred to "the only game in town" in his books and stories? So what? If you want to criticize Reynolds as a writer, there are better ways, beginning with his prose and not forgetting his plots and themes. Try it.

As an aside to John Pierce, I should note that if "in 1962 there was no hallucinogenic drug problem for society to wrestle with," then there is none now. The psychedelic drugs were first popularized (by Huxley) in this country in the late fifties, with his Doors of Perception; I first encountered peyote in 1958, personally, and tried it the first time (I was cautious) a year later.

Today's problems aren't caused by the drugs, but by the reactions of the people who are trying to suppress the drugs.

Mark Schulzinger: My, you sound important, you Big Midwestern Book Reviewer, You. Nothing but the best, eh? Nothing but hard covers for you! So why haven't you reviewed my two hardcovers, hah?

And when did Lou Tabakow even win a Hugo?

Jack Williamson  
Box 761  
Portales, N.M.  
88130

Having attended Damon Knight's Milford Science Fiction Conference for a couple of summers, I'm impelled to comment on Paul Hazlett's "inside story" about the Milford Mafia.

Most of the factual statements appear to be reasonably correct, but I don't quite agree with the total impression. It's true that cliques developed--enough of them, I think, to demolish any theory that the group is any sort of united and sinister power. Keith Laumer didn't invite me to his home, but then he was under no obligation to do so. I don't think the abandonment of Dr. Strang was very courteous. As story critics, I think Damon and Kate are frequently wrong--because of a mistaken view of the best way to originality. Damon tends to encourage trivial artiness, and Kate tends toward a sometimes arrogant obscurity.

(I suppose Harlan Ellison must be the nameless disgruntled fan who returned to confound his critics.)

Anyhow, in spite of such things, I found the conference stimulating and often exciting. I don't know anywhere else that a writer can get that sort of candid, professional criticism. Though sometimes wrong, Damon and Kate are usually right. The other members are competent professionals, and the atmosphere encourages honesty. The concern with writing problems outweighs anything else. I hope to go back.

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Dean Koontz  
4181-E King George Dr.  
Harrisburg, Pa. 17109

ANNOUNCEMENT: DEAN KOONTZ--LIKE ISAAC ASIMOV--DOES NOT MAKE MISTAKES! Despite what Richard Delap and Jerry Lapidus would have everyone believe in last issue. First, Delap says I blundered in reporting that Charlton Heston will appear in BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES. In point of fact, it was Richard Delap who blundered (and tho I don't know you, Dick, I'm giggling with maniacal glee). True, James Franciscus has the starring role, but Heston WILL appear. Write 20th Century Fox if you don't believe me. Or dig out a copy of the July 2, 1969, VARIETY, in which Fox runs a promo ad for the film listing Heston as starring in his role from the previous movie. At that time, apparently, the film had been put in the can and was ready for editing and sound-track work. I assume, Dick, you will now be struck humbly speechless for at least six hours.

On to Jerry Lapidus...

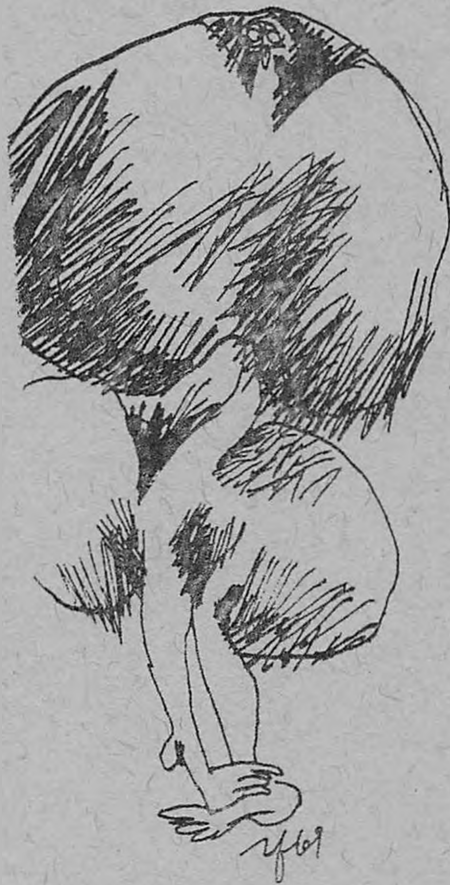
Jerry says I am mistaken about what is contained in The Rest of the Robots. He says the paperback edition contains what I mentioned but points out that the hard-back collection has much more. Hummm... Well, I reported the news as I read it. The VARIETY article led one to believe it was the paperback versions that had been purchased for the movies, since the listed publisher was the paperback publisher. Jerry, then, is incorrect, whereas I am once again triumphant and proven brilliant (is Pauline listening?). If the VARIETY article was wrong on this point, maybe Isaac could straighten us out. Jerry, apparently, did not read that article in VARIETY, though I am deeply hurt--I mean, down to the proverbial core of my little being--that he has so little faith in the quality of my reportage.

I hope Mark Gawron is reading. He will enjoy these last few paragraphs--especially since he must have chortled muchly last issue when he saw that nefarious pair--Delap and Lapidus (hmmm, notice the "lap" part in both the names? Do you suppose one or the other doesn't really exist? Do you suppose there is a massive hoax in fandom?)--putting me down. I am not so terribly knowledgeable as Mark says. I just read a lot. I write five or six hours a day and read another four. I keep to my reading schedule with the same persistence I do to my writing schedule. Even after all this, I have six hours to sleep and seven or eight hours for "contact with the outside

world," that old cliché which has much truth in it. A writer must, of course, have his tentacles in "real" life. Anyway, I cover around a hundred and fifty to a hundred and eighty novels a year, half of which are sf. Plus a goodly number of magazines in all fields.

I don't know if "Paul Hazlett's" exposes were reasonable, though they seemed so to me. I cannot comment on the "Milford Mafia," though I have had two editors tell me it does exist. Though perhaps not to the degree of solidity that some paranoid moments may lead us to believe. On the SFWA, I feel more qualified to comment.

The FORUM has become the most stilted publication I have tried to read. The argument has been, in the past, that it should not print anything controversial because it is an organ of our "professional" organization and thereby reflects on us as "professionals." This is a load of bullshit, of course. The FORUM, as I see it, and as I think it was originally intended, should be a place where writers can meet and say whatever the helldamn we please, good or bad, reasonable or unreasonable. No such publication exists and would be admirable. We don't have to mail it to anyone besides our members, so why should it reflect badly on our organization if only we see it? As it stands today, the FORUM prints mostly uninteresting drivel, paraphrases of textbooks on creative writing or what the writers heard at their latest university seminar in modern fiction. This may be of interest to those who have never attended university classes of this sort and to those who still believe the university-textbook approach has something to teach a writer--but to those of us who have gone that route and found it worthless, these articles are wasted space and wasted paper, wasted mailings.



Science fiction writers seem suddenly to have discovered the standard basics of fiction which Knight outlined years ago (as one helluva service to the field) and

they can't get done talking about them at conventions and in fanzines and in the FORUM more than anywhere else. In reality, the standards we seem just to have discovered have been surpassed by the major writers of fiction ten or fifteen years ago. Grab hold of Barth or Updike, or the guy who wrote Milkbottle H (forget his name offhand) or onto Pit Bull or Joop's Dance by Stephen Geller (whom many critics are beginning to call the greatest writer presently working--which isn't too far off beam). None of these writers can be criticized only by the rules we are just beginning to accept in sf. They are competent with those rules and have moved beyond. For a related essay about this, see Fieldler's piece in the Dec. PLAYBOY. In short, most of what is said in the FORUM is about as out-of-date as the standards we apply to, say, The Deerslayer.

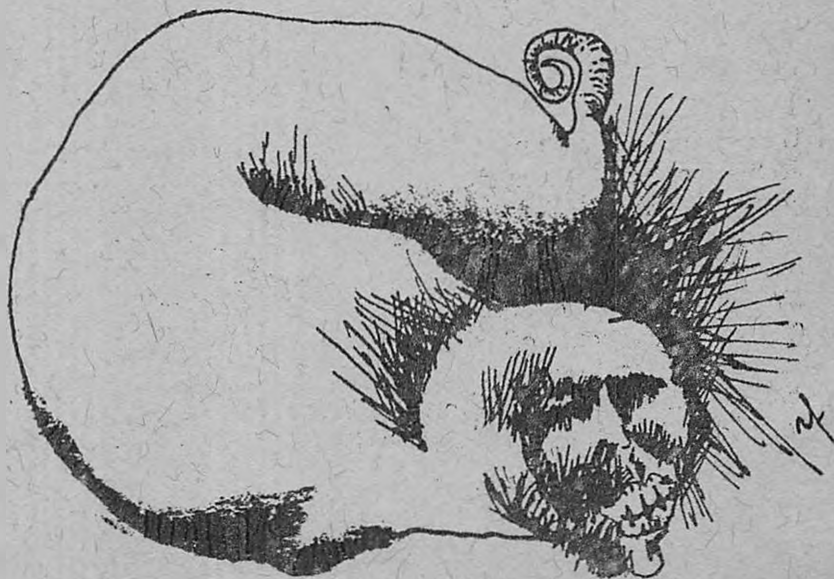


Anyway, if some members are against a free and open FORUM, no one forces them to turn on to it. They have the BULLETIN, which is staid and conventional and "professional" and--in fact--should be all those things. For those of us who would like something livelier and more worthwhile, why can't we have the FORUM? I think the problem lies with an attitude (at first admirable) that the FORUM's editors have taken. They try to please everyone. If complaints come about the FORUM being too raucous, they immediately tone it down. It needed toning a bit. But now it has slumped into blandness.

You may have noticed, in the previous paragraph, that I put the word "professional" in quotation marks. This word has haunted me for some years. When I was a teacher, I found that other teachers loved calling themselves professionals. Of course, they are not. They are using "professional" in the sense of someone having special knowledge and extensive education for work in a certain field. Indeed, some teachers have special knowledge and extensive education. Many do not. Many who work in public education are castaways who couldn't really succeed in much else. A student of mine once did a speech on the preparedness of teachers as a group. He found, from reputable studies, that sixty-four percent of high school teachers could not do as well as their pupils in over-all knowledge tests (being in all fields, not just that which they teach). It was also discovered that fifty-one percent of all high school teachers have IQs lower than sixty-eight percent of their student body. Well, there is much more to be said. In short, teaching is not a "profession" but something no one has yet quite found a label for. The same, of course, applies to writing. A writer is not a professional in the sense of extensive education, etc. Unless he is highly self-educated, which often is the case. But there are many of us, too many of us, with a narrow range of education, to call us, as a group, "professionals." If the other definition of professional is used, writing fits even less. The other is: a field of endeavor usually involving amateurs, but which you make money on. Now, freinds, this really comes close. But it is not necessarily a flattering definition of professional. And not the one we mean, I hope, when we call ourselves "professionals."

Hey, anyway, I feel insulted being called a "professional." And I should think any writer would, too. A writer is, more importantly, a poet or artist to a greater or lesser degree, depending on his ability. Please, never a "professional." A word like that leaves little room for growth.

Book reviews: I must take issue with two of your reviews (and, surprisingly, not with Ted Pauls who disagrees with me on Demon Breed and does well in his disagreement). Sandy Moss is either putting us on, or he has read woefully little good black humor. The Wagered World is not the sort of book one would "drool" over if one had read Catch-22 from which half the bits in this series of fluff have been derived. Or



if one had read Bruce Jay Friedman, or Terry Southern. But especially Heller. The Wagered World fails miserably as black comedy--which it purports to be--because the authors seemed to have missed the two basics of absurdity in fiction (which is the major part of black comedy), which are: 1. The background and characters upon which the absurd events are set must be stingingly realistic. If they are not, then the entire book degenerates into worthlessness. If there is no "naturalism" against which to contrast the absurd, then the absurd is neither biting wit nor good slapstick. Catch-22 contains the most blatantly ridiculous dialogue and characters and situations--but the realism is a needle that pokes out of the page and pricks you continually. I particularly like the places where Heller will have you roaring madly at the story, laughing loonily, then drop a bloody death on you in the next paragraph. The humor AND the death benefit by the contrast. There is no contrast in this series of books. 2. The characters must not be Jerry Lewis buffoons, but must be treated with far more sympathy than characters in a regular novel. After all, in absurd comedy, you are doing outrageous things to your characters, putting them through maddening situations. If they are buffoons, the reader can have no interest in their eventual success or failure. Or, worse yet, the reader will begin to despise them for their total ignorance. In these books by Janifer and Treibach the characters are a bag full of morons and never progress beyond a third grade level of cogitation. I fail to see, then, how anyone could give a damn about their predicaments.



The other review I somewhat question is Steve Goldstein's words on Ubik. Goldstein says the ending is unclear. Yet I think this is the most clearly done Dick novel in years. I knew everything that was happening right up until the last several lines. Then, when Dick spins the tables on you, it is STILL not unclear, for he is only saying, "Nothing in this world is really as it seems to be." Which is what he has been saying for years--isn't it? I thought this was the ultimate Philip K. Dick novel. By the way, has anyone noticed this is almost a fleshing out of an idea he first used in "What the Dead Men Say"?

Ted White's two letters are quite interesting, one of the most interesting pieces of fanwork I've seen for a while. Lots of insidesy stuff and some clues about how Ultimate functions are always interesting. I agree with Ted's comments on John MacDonald (since my own letter in that issue said the same thing) and with his reply to Robert Moore Williams (since my own letter in that same issue...). Half in response to Ted's gripe that many SFWA members gripe but refuse to work, I offered to edit, type and layout the BULLETIN for an indefinite number of years during the SFWA meeting last Sat. morning ((Nov. 15)) at the Philcon. I sincerely doubt whether anyone will take me up on that. There is usually a good deal of talk about more people needed for work, but when you volunteer, you're ignored.

Leo Doroschenko's letter: Leo, you misinterpret, a bit, what I said about Mack Reynolds. Or you misunderstand the word "competent." Yes, I think Reynolds is competent at his craft. That is not the greatest compliment one writer can drop on another, as you seem to think. I simply meant that he can structure a sentence reasonably well (in fact a bit better than a number of distressingly ungrammatical people who've showed up in the last year or two) and set up a plot that meets stan-

dard specifications. I did not comment on his originality or the ingeniousness of his plots. That's another matter. Anyway, Leo sounds exceedingly reasonable in his own name--much more so than as Faith Lincoln.

Gary Hubbard states a good case for most of us, the dreams we grew up with and the reality we faced, the fabulous contrasted with the mundane. Leo Kelley does the same, though with a conciseness that makes me think he must have been a newspaperman sometime or other. Leo presents a good argument for the viewpoint: "What are we doing on the Moon when we haven't come close to solving our problems here." The only danger with this line is that people want to destroy the space program and all other developments that might come from it to benefit us. Instead of junking the NASA organization, why don't we junk the madman's war in Vietnam. With even a fraction of the yearly 30-40 billion spent there, we could go a long way toward solving the problems that plague us on Earth.

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Marion Zimmer Bradley Breen  
2 Straff Ave.  
Staten Island, N.Y. 10312

I suppose I am something of an anomaly among writers and certainly among s-f writers. People have been known to ask me why, after beginning as a poet of sorts, I never became a member of what is loosely called New Wave writing. Hell, I don't know...old wave, new wave, borrowed wave, blue wave--I may be entirely wrong about this, but in my mind (and mark ye well, I am speaking of my own personal conceptions or misconceptions) the term "New Wave" relates to such vague, shimmery, formless non-stories as Avram Davidson (whom I otherwise love dearly) was publishing in F&SF back about 1957 or 1958. I quit reading F&SF after three years of Avram's editorship and have never gone back; in fact, I didn't read any s-f for almost ten years--1958-1967 or so--except when I needed something to read while waiting for a bus, or when I happened to see something by an old friend or acquaintance. I started reading s-f again only because Walt Bowart asked me, when Walter and I were flat broke, to do a science fiction review column for the East Village Other. The column didn't last long but it started me reading s-f again. Now I read eight or ten paperbacks a week (all s-f) and have recently started reading scraps of magazines on newsstands; maybe even some day I'll start buying them again.

During that time I read a lot of mysteries (during a six-month spell in bed, I read a complete back file of Ellery Queen's Mystery Mag, courtesy of Jon White) and a lot of Gothics, and began writing again. I also wrote some s-f during the time, and that's what amuses me about Ted Pauls' review of The Brass Dragon. I can't quarrel with his evaluation of the story, and I'm grateful for his kind words about my craftsmanship, but I'm absolutely flabbergasted when he tells me it was an ancient or standard plot. I never read a plot remotely like it before, and I had fun writing it simply because I thought it so different from anything else I'd seen...the amnesia victim story is a device used only twice that I know of in fiction, once by Evan Hunter and once by Doris Miles Disney, and I wrote Brass Dragon to try and write a detective story in a s-f setting. The lead character couldn't have been "straight out of Ozzie and Harriet" because I never read anything about Ozzie and Harriet--I assume they were comic book characters or something? If they were on TV, I never had a TV set in my house until 1968, so I plead utter innocence. The lead character was meant to be my own son, David, who was 16 when I wrote it, and I actually had him write some of the dialogue attributed to Barry; I had him read most of it aloud to see if it sounded like what he'd say. Maybe Ted doesn't know any kids of his particular type? I am not, as I think Oscar Wilde once said, responsible



for the education of my reviewers. Anyhow, I plead not guilty of writing an old plot, even though I may be in the same plight as the farm boy somewhere in Outer Mongolia who made his way to the University of Delhi with what he thought was a new mathematical concept, only to be told that he had rediscovered logarithms. If the rest of the characters didn't convince Ted, I'm sorry, but they convinced me while I was writing the book and I haven't read it since. Maybe if I re-read it now they wouldn't convince me either.

Anyhow, since I began reading s-f again, I've read a few books variously defined as New Wave, and I must confess that I wasn't overwhelmingly impressed by any of them. Zelazny's Lord of Light didn't strike me as being anywhere near up to its publicity, though I managed to finish it at least, which is more than I could say for a couple of Delany's in which he printed excerpts, forghodsake, from his diary!

Now, this embodies everything I don't like about what I conceive to be (note well: what I conceive, not what is) the New Wave. In short, this was not Sam Delany writing the best book he could; it was Sam Delany watching himself Writing a Novel; saying, in effect, NOT "This is what happened, and wasn't it tragic/beautiful," but "Gee, whiz, look how clever little ole Sam Delany is, actually writing all this tragic and beautiful stuff." I've nothing against Sam, I wouldn't know him from Adam if he walked up and bit me. He may be a writer of great talent, or he may not; I am simply no judge. I don't like James Joyce either (or James Hones). But as a writer who, for better or worse and through 24 books of varying quality from the pretty-damn-good to the absolutely awful, all published, as well as three books, unpublished, has stuck to the idea that a writer must stand or fall by what the novel says--not what he says--Delany's style strikes me as dirty pool and not really so modern after all; it's just a variation on the old Victorian technique of "Now, dear readers, if you will pardon a digression, I really must say that..."

Maybe someday I will read a Sam Delany novel and discover that he has outgrown the look-ma-I'm-writing approach and developed a technique I can appreciate. Or maybe his method will supersede the method I was brought up in, and my kind will vanish unlamented from the genre and from the Earth. I am making Sam the scapegoat for my own prejudices, and since he seems to be making a hell of a lot more money and fame than I am, he could afford to leave me to my views.



Or maybe it's just a matter of the generation gap. I am 39 years old. I grew up during the Depression and World War II; my friends went to Korea, not Vietnam; the concerns of my childhood were not Bob Dylan and Civil Rights, but would my father work three or four days this week and would we have enough to eat, and would the Germans actually bomb New York, and would any of my friends' relatives manage to escape Hitler's death camps.

Is this trivial? I don't think so. Today's youngsters have a wonderful appreciation of social justice for all and sundry, but most of them have never literally gone hungry or barefoot, and most people of the poorer classes in my generation have actually done so. Nobody under 20 has lain awake nights wondering if the siren in the night meant another air raid or this time if their house would be blasted right off the face of the Earth. People talk a lot about the fear of the A-bomb--but very few younger people today have actually lived through an air raid unless they have been in the Army. It also probably means I have a different attitude toward war--I've been criticized for not joining in the various peace movements. I hate war all the more for having been a kid, with all the terrors of a kid, in the middle of one. I admit there is a difference. The war I lived through was a battle for survival. The war in Vietnam seems to be based on so many murky political issues that I frankly admit I can't imagine what in hell we are fighting for, and everyone I've asked has a different answer, but right now we seem to be fighting because we started, and can't stop without losing face. If there is any other reason, for instance if Vietnam is full of vital strategic materials we dare not let the Communist forces have, it must be the best kept secret in political history.



But there it is. I grew up in a different world; I am fascinated, often delighted, or horrified, by the world of the younger people and younger writers; I find it more intriguing than most science fiction. But I am conscious that it is not my world, that at best I am a privileged spectator in it. The race is always to the young, and I am content to let them run it without any interference from the sidelines from me and my big mouth. Which is why, in spite of my general distaste for the New Wave, I haven't attacked it except to say that it doesn't turn me on, any more than Beatles' music or John Cage. I will probably keep on writing my own variety of Old Wave as long as anyone will publish it, and probably sometime after. (When does the urge to write die? Three weeks after you're dead, baby!)

From what Paul Hazlett says of the Milford Mafia, I am now glad, although I was wretched at the time, that circumstances prevented me from going each of the five or six times I was invited. I have never felt that criticism has much value except from someone who can sign a check. I could not have brought myself to demolish another writer's work that way, and would probably have been virtually destroyed by having such treatment meted out to me. Writers, by and large, are sensitive beings. They have to be, or they would not have enough empathy to put themselves inside the skins of their imaginary characters. I've managed to lessen my own sensitivity in the last several years in order to keep body and soul together. What haven't I written for that purpose! Has anyone a right to call someone a hack without knowing why? A hack who hacks in order to get rich, to have a couple of Cadillacs and a swimming pool, perhaps, is contemptible. (Maybe not. Who knows what maggots eat under his skin? May be that Cadillacs and swimming pools are as necessary to

his survival as opera records to mine.) But the hack who hacks because the fifteen, or sixty, or two hundred or eight hundred bucks means, as they have meant in my case, a week's groceries, or new tires for a ten-year-old car, or a semester's tuition for my husband at the University, or extensive dental bills and obstetrician's fees-- well, if being a hack is contemptible in such cases, I plead guilty. I've written confessions, book reviews, astrology articles, sex novels, lesbian novels, fillers fillers for newspapers, theses for Masters of Arts candidates who wouldn't, in a decent world, be given an eighth grade diploma. You name it, I've written it, with the single exception of hard core pornography, and that's mostly because I couldn't figure out how to make it pay.

One of these would-be artistic writers came to me once, almost begging me to tell how I got published. She thought she could toss off a few artistic short stories and make a good living. I have her the cold hard facts; that as a beginner she could figure on writing almost exclusively for confessions and pulp magazines, if she wanted to keep the checks coming, or else she could write artistically and starve. She thought I was withholding some secret of how to write great, genuine, sincere prose and make a lot of money at it. She said I was a cynic; I corrected her; I simply knew what I was talking about and had lost my romantic illusions. Then she got mad and said she should never have come to anyone like me for advice since I was obviously just a literary prostitute. Whereupon I also got mad and said that at least I did not cling to my artistic convictions so far that my son (like hers) should be forced to steal food from neighbor's refrigerators or tell sob-stories to good-natured patsies to get adequate school clothes; that before I'd put my kid through that, I'd be a real prostitute, not just a literary one.



When I started writing this letter, I had a fair idea of what I wanted to say in it, and now on glancing through it I find that I have rambled incoherently over a variety of topics from Ted Pauls to literary prostitution. I'm tempted to tear it up and say the hell with it, and wait another seven years before writing to a fanzine. But I suppose it's only fair to let you in on what you stimulated in me. (Humph?) I assure you that I am not drunk and have taken no drugs this month except the various things by which doctors stave off heart attacks, but I admit I sound incoherent even to myself. Oh well, you can always pretend you're reading a New Wave novel.

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Harry Warner, Jr. 423 Summit Ave. Hagerstown, Md. 21740	Please don't ever drop dead after you've cut the stencils but before you've run them off for an issue of Be/Bohema. Fandom and prodrom would be plunged into terrible conflict for years to come over the identity of who wrote which page in the unnumbered letter section. The thought of this terrible future is the only critical remark I can find on the latest issue. ((I'm really sorry I can't number the lettersection and the book review section of BAB, but the entire issue is typed
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and run off at sporadic intervals, with portions of each issue complete and on paper before I've received the response to the previous issue. It's a delicate schedule I keep in the production of BAB--I don't have all the time in the world to work on it like some professional pornographers have to work on their fanzines--and I like to get what I have run off while I have an extra moment and can get something done. I cited an example a few issues ago, but here's another: the reviews we re run off about a month and a half ago. I finished stenciling the Hazlett article today and will probably run it off tonight. The rest of this issue up to the "Inside" article is complete and has been for about a week. The lettercolumn's been growing for about a month, and the whole issue may still be growing; I don't know now.))

There is one thing to be said for the kind of history teaching that requires students to memorize lots of names and dates. It could keep the intelligent and sensitive student's minds off the dismal preponderance of mankind's stupidity, avarice, cruelty and hate that emerges whenever you look into the real meat of history, the essence behind those names and dates. The only histories I've been able to enjoy are those that emphasize the manner in which the past in all parts of the world was little or no better than the present. I liked Dickens' Child's History of England and Ernest Newman's biography of Wagner for approximately those reasons. I tried to soften fandom's past record by treating most events in the 1940's as lightly as possible in All Our Yesterdays. I suppose that you could also argue that you get a valuable mental discipline if you acquire the knack of memorizing the names of supporting players in history, because you can get along in day-to-day life much better if you can remember without a struggle the names of all the people whom you encounter only on rare occasions. But I would like to see some samples of the kind of history writing Piers Anthony proposes, and I can't imagine a better place to give it a trial run than in a fanzine.

The two pieces on the moon make a strange contrast. I know how Gary Hubbard feels, because I had to work the Sunday when Jim Bunning pitched against the Mets the first regular-season perfect game in four decades in the majors. In fact, I took a week's vacation for the Apollo 12 trip, and then failed to watch and listen at some of the crucial moments because sinus problems were extreme and other physical complications resulted.

As for Leo P. Kelley, the best I can offer is the suggestion that interplanetary flight is an activity whose future value and potentiality have not yet been determined, leading to the possibility that the future will prove space flight to have been beneficial for many of the problems he cites in "Tracking Station." On the other hand, we know by now to a certainty that spending the money that Apollo 11 cost on welfare or prisons or other accepted ways of coping with problems is not going to solve them.

I don't feel as Al Snider does about the motives of the fanzine editors whom he cites as controversy-mongers. But I do view with slight alarm the recent trend toward big arguments involving professionals in fanzines because most of them have something in common with what Wagner criticized in Meyerbeer's operas--effects without causes. The arguments spring from such unobtrusive and mild remarks that I can't take full satisfaction out of following the course of hostilities; I keep wondering if all the wordage is some kind of incredibly complicated and meaningless ritual like the formal salutations and conclusions that used to be written in documents to royalty. When I was selling some science fiction about a dozen years ago, about half of what I wrote saw print and the other half was rejected. The criticism implied in the rejection of a story seemed to me to be the ultimate, and nothing bad that anyone said about a story after it was in print caused me to feel upset or im-

pelled to reply because the story had escaped the one supreme insult. Piers Anthony is entertaining when he is angry or is pretending to be angry. So is Ted White. So are two or three professionals. But I'd hate to think of a future for fanzines in which every writer who gets a poor review turns out a ten thousand word retort and expects to have every word of it published. I doubt that all the angry pros would write entertainingly in their wrath.

Your front cover is particularly ingenious, something I can't remember any other fanzine doing in just this way. It isn't fair to fans in general that a few of them like Richard Delap can both write and draw equally well. I liked almost all the multitudinous interior illustrations and the variety of format that you achieved with them, but how can I list all my favorites when there are no page numbers in much of the issue and almost no remaining lines on this page? I'll be very surprised if these last two issues don't get you a Hugo nomination.

James Blish  
2, Fisherman's Retreat  
St. Peter St.  
Marlow, Bucks.  
England

In DEABOHEMA #6, p. 42, Dean R. Koontz says that the lack of an apostrophe in Finnegans Wake was, "as Joyce asserted in a letter once, a printer's error that became established." I would be grateful if he would further identify that letter. I am currently chairman pro tem of a group of FW scholars who are working on a chapbook on the major misprints in the novel (of which there are about 300, plus thousands of minor ones). If there is evidence that the title itself contains a misprint we certainly ought to nail it down, but the suggestion is brand new to all of us. (If it's of any use to Mr. Koontz in his academic career, we are crediting all such finds.)

I wasn't at last year's Milford Conference in Florida, but on other matters of which I am aware, Paul Hazlett's two "inside stories" consist almost entirely of hearsay, speculation, unsupported innuendo and factual errors: "The Milford Mafia at least stimulated and sustained SFWA, if not invented it." The Milford Mafia is a subjective impression of Mr. Hazlett; it is a matter of record that SFWA was invented and started by Damon Knight, and that some SFWA officers have been to only one Milford Conference or none at all. "Although I haven't interrogated Damon Knight ..." Why not? If Anne McCaffrey has statistics on the Nebula Award voting (and she does), why didn't Hazlett ask her for them? "I haven't yet learned how Terry Carr and Barry Malzberg got elected to their positions." Why didn't he ask? "SFWA members...are not supposed to have anything further to say over their own organization." Nonsense; most of the major changes in SFWA since its founding have been made by mail ballot. "Joanna Russ had a pretend Chaucerian piece about Sam Moskowitz." The piece was alleged to have been found in Sam's attic, but did not say one word about Sam. "...dozens of new writers who had had letter after letter screened out of the Forum." Name three. "...literally multiples of dozens of letters have been censored out..." That means, literally, at least 24. Specify, please. And what, by the way, is meant by "censored" or "screened out" in this context? Does Hazlett propose that the Forum editor automatically print every letter he receives? If so, this raises the question of what Hazlett means by an "editor." "Apparently Gordon Dickson feels..." If what Gordy feels is pertinent, why wasn't he asked for his opinion?

There is no evidence in either of these pieces that anything in them was checked. Hazlett calls his guesswork "my research," but as far as his text shows, it isn't even reportage.



Perry A. Chapdelaine     I abhor the idea that Harlan Ellison and I didn't get along,  
Rt. 4, Box 137             or that I dislike him. I've heard this before when it was  
Franklin, Tenn. 37064     uncalled for. In Paul Hazlett's "The Inside Story of the  
                               Milford Mafia," such is implied. It just isn't true. I  
was tickled to little pink pieces to be able to introduce five sons of my ten chil-  
dren to Harlan during the St. Louis convention and, believe it or not, I would be  
just as happy to introduce my five girls had I the opportunity.

Bury it, will you?

I received very fair criticisms from the Milford Mafia, along with others  
elsewhere. (Some day I hope to interest some fanzine in publishing the pro's com-  
ments of an amateur's first efforts. I've asked Peter Weston of the English SPEC-  
ULATION fanzine, but haven't heard yet.)

Regarding Paul Hazlett's "The Inside Story of the SFWA," I have much more to  
say: I, too, question the value of the Nebula awards in their present stage. I  
question the inferences that can be made from the viewpoint of statistical theory.  
I also question inferences made of statistics found in ANALOG, the Hugo awards and  
some of GALAXY's past awards, though some of the above may be more significant than  
others.

I doubt that any kind of hanky-panky can be proved, though. Ask Anne McCaff-  
rey, as Paul Hazlett suggests. She might very well have something to say on the  
matter.

I am also unhappy with the present state of the SFWA Forum. That's no se-  
cret. I'm not at all unhappy with any individual in SFWA, and surely don't sub-  
scribe to mud-slinging of the nutty-gutty variety. So, I won't attack the person-  
alities. Faulty systems bother me. Namely, I don't like a system that charges dues,  
publishes a closed-to-public Forum so its members can speak frankly to one another,  
then establishes a publishing-screening system based upon non-obvious and obviously  
personal criteria. (I also realize this was a kind of over-reaction to the nutty-  
gutty thing which was taking place between members, where personal feelings were  
glowing ever-warmer. Damon Knight had a suggestion which, had it been followed,  
might have at least compartmented the nutty-gutty and still have preserved freedom  
of speech.)

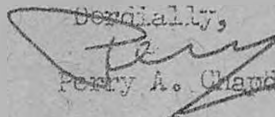
Please! Please! Don't get me into an argument with Anne Mac Caffrey. She  
has been entirely too sweet, too good to me. If I haven't been given a job in SFWA,  
it's probably because I told Gordon Dickson that I already had two jobs plus a full  
task trying to raise a two million dollar grant. They know I'm busy. Besides, we  
both know there are many more talented writers in the organization who will do the  
work and, after all, I am an amateur writer at best, though an overly proud one.

I plead guilty to having written letters to Anne MacCaffrey, Gordon Dick-  
son and Barry Malzberg about discussing the possibility or restricting SFWA offices  
and staff positions to only those who are not editors. I've also discussed this  
proposition with others verbally. Standard response from the old-time pros is this:  
"But that would rule me out; I'm editing an anthology!"

OK. I still think it's a wonderful idea. I wrote to Damon Knight on the  
matter too. Had I the nerve of Piers Anthony (and had I at least one of his pub-  
lications) I'd be willing to bet my proceeds against anyone else's that without  
such a restriction SFWA will soon be controlled by editors and publishers. But again



I am speaking of the system, not the personalities, for there are some editors in full time positions that I'd fully trust to take care of my young children; and if trust over the young children, why not trust over my money?

Respectfully,  
  
Perry A. Chapdelaine

Dear Frank Tunney,

Nov. 18, 1967

I hereby authorize you to claim  
that Paul Hazlett is a pseudo-name  
for Perry A. Chapdelaine.

Sincerely yours,  
Paul Hazlett

Milford

YOUSE GUYS HAD BETTER ~~YEE~~ TELL THIS CHAPDALANE  
CHARACTUR TOO LAY OFF CAUSE IF HE DONT WERE  
GONNA HAVE TO LEAN ON HIM AND WELL BUST HIM  
UP GOOD ME AND THE BOYS WILL. AND MAYBE YOU  
HAD OUGHTA LOOK OUT TO.

BIG JOE

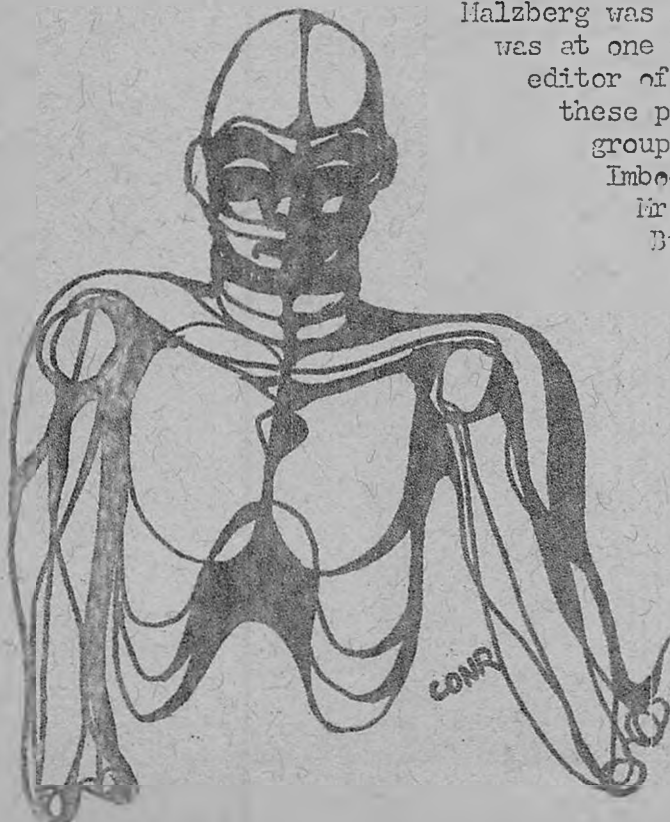
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Robert Moore Williams If such an in-group as that postulated by Paul Hazlett actual-  
ly exists in the SFMA, then to further the interests of its  
members it must not only do its best to define "quality" in science-fiction as being  
exhibited in those stories written by its members but it must also try to establish

and to maintain "friendly" replationships in every editorial office and to use such means as are available to it (awards, letters to fan magazines, control of communications via forums and bulletins) to influence editorial opinion. For the crux of the matter is always the location of the feed trough. However, even among the best of "friends" many problems may develop. Occasionally it may be that some member of the in-group produces a piece that does not do well on the stands. This problem is easily solved. We call the stinker "literature" or "fine writing" and go around telling each other how great it is and how it may influence SF for generations. This works very well among the in-group but alas, there is another group which pays more attention to sales than blurbs (they have their own departments for writing blurbs). This group is made up of the executives of the publishing companies. A hard-headed lot, this group, who may pay more attention to publishing material that will enable them to pay dividends to their stockholders than to fine writing. However, as long as the work of the in-group pays off at the dividend section of the feed trough, these executives may go along with it. Then, alas, there may come a day when sales drop. Then comes the axe. Editors friendly to the current in-group go away. New editors take their place. There is much scratching and scrambling around the feed trough as a new in-group tries to come into existence.

In connection with this postulate, perhaps it would be well to see what editors have left their posts recently. At Doubleday, the SFR reports, somebody by the name of Marc Haefele is no longer working with SF but will work elsewhere at Doubleday, that somebody by the name of Diana Cleaver will be in charge of the overall operation of the SF list. I have no idea that Mr. Haefele even knew anybody in the SFWA in-group but Doubleday has cut in half its annual magazine anthologies (Best from F&SF, ANALOG, etc.) cutting from a yearly basis to appearance once every two years. This look to me much like declining sales. Also the future of an anthology called Infinity One will hinge on sales reports. So says the SFWA Bulletin. Larry Shaw left Lancer recently, moved to Dell, then left them. I do not know that Mr.

Shaw had any connection whatsoever with the in-crowd. GALAXY and IF changed publishers and Fred Pohl left. Why? I don't know. Someone must tell me. Harry Harrison left Ultimate and Barry Malzberg was named editor, only to leave, too. Mr. Harrison was at one time a VP of the SFWA and Mr. Malzberg is now editor of the SFWA Bulletin. It is my opinion that these posts constitute evidence a rather close in-group connections. More recently, a Mr. Durant Imboden, a PLAYBOY editor, at the request of Mr. Malzberg did a market report for the SFWA Bulletin. Slash! went the axe. Mr. Imboden, on his own report, was asked to leave PLAYBOY offices "on slightly more than an hour's notice."



It is not my purpose to claim that any of these editorial changes were the result of executives tiring of editors playing footsy with the in-group, but viewed in the light of the Paul Hazlett postulation, it is my purpose to suggest that something may be here which needs careful examination even if this "something" is no more than friends looking out for each other. I also begin to wonder if "fine writing" is on

its way out. Hmmm. I doubt if it ever got in, really, but it is my opinion that a strong effort was made to define it, then to establish it as the maximum utmost.

Is there any evidence to sustain the hypothesis that efforts have been made by the in-group to influence fan and editorial opinion, to define "quality", etc? Please see the Silverberg letter on Keith Laumer on page 52 of SFR #34. Here Mr. Silverberg, after a short trip to the wailing wall, pays tribute to Mr. Laumer in these words: "Whenever strain or fatigue or whatever has blurred my own sense of plot, I reach for a Laumer to get my grip on fundamentals again."

Mr. Silverberg is a past SFWA president!

Some day when I am in bad humor I will write a piece giving my impression of a meeting between Mr. Harrison, Mr. Silverberg and a Mr. Cohen, at Milford, Pa., a few years ago, as a result of which Mr. Cohen agreed to pay \$25.00 for an old story from the files of AMAZING and FANTASTIC. Mr. Harrison explained to me personally that in this way the members would get something from Mr. Cohen. Mr. Cohen said such payments were gratuities and that he did not owe them under any circumstances but what neither Mr. Harrison, Mr. Cohen nor Mr. Silverberg (oops! I haven't asked him yet) did not explain to me was where Mr. Cohen got any right whatsoever to approximately 100 stories that I have in the files of the old magazines. The only right I ever sold to Ziff-Davis was first serial! I have confirming letters from the owner and from the editors of the ZD group on this point, and really what I have been doing has been sitting back and waiting for somebody to get a little rough with me on this matter. Did Mr. White get rough enough? Well, he moved in that direction!

What am I doing way over here? Well, before I get back to my subject, I might as well go a little farther on the Cohen matter. Mr. Cohen reprinted a story of mine, "The Metal Martyr." This was shortly after the formation of the SFWA. I assumed this splendid organization would stand back of me in this matter. Did it? Not by a couple of country miles! Mr. Silverberg wrote a little piece for the SFWA Bulletin called "Finale--Ultimate" in which he kindly gave Mr. Cohen permission to do about as he pleased. I wrote to Mr. Cohen and explained to him, among other things, that I was not bound by this SFWA agreement. Saying I was a very impolite man, Mr. Cohen refused to pay me for "The Metal Martyr." Mr. Cohen is quite right on one point. I am a very impolite man! As a finale, the British Broadcasting Corporation picked up "The Metal Martyr" for TV in England (all hacks take heart) and they paid me for it... When I am not shouting a few disparaging items in Gaelic about the English (I am a Welshman) I am willing to shout BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES. What is more to my taste, Britannia is willing to pay for the right to use the waves, which is more than I can say for Mr. Cohen.

If I ever get to New York again, I will consider it a privilege to call on Mr. Cohen and help him see the light of sweet reason.

How did I get on the subject of Cohen? The Silverberg-Harrison association pulled me there! What I want to do is talk about the postulate that an in-group in the SFWA is trying to influence fan and editorial opinion. Here's some more evidence. On page 21 of the SF Review #34, this item appears: "Terry Carr memos: 'Wish I'd written that article on the specials just a little later. I've got two books in a row coming out in January that are beauties and I'd've liked to say so: The Steel Crocodile by D.G. Compton and And Chaos Died by Joanna Russ. The latter in particular is a mind blower!'"

I wonder how much similar material you fans could dig up from the back issues



of the fanzines?

Does Mr. Carr have friendly relations with the in-group? Mr. Carr is editor of the SFWA Forum and has recently been under fire for failing to print communications from members. An in-group, as Paul Hazlett noted, has to control communications. How better to do it than to edit the magazines? Why is a man who is an editor of a publishing company (Ace) also an editor of a publication for writers? Others have asked this question. Personally, I have no answer but I can't quite bring myself to believe it is pure coincidence.

At this point, some rascal is likely to ask me whether or not I think Mr. Carr will ever buy another story from me after what I am saying here. Of course not! For one reason, I can read writing writ on a wall in large letters and he is not likely to get the chance to buy anything from me. I never bother to submit anything to the SFWA Forum or Bulletin, for the same reason.'

I have dealt with Mr. Carr before, not as an editor of Ace but as an employee of a literary agency in New York. (Come right in, Mr. Koontz, and take your bow. You recommended this agency to me in a recent BAB letter.) It happens that several years ago this agency handled my scripts. At that time, Mr. Carr was employed by this very same agency. What were my reasons? One was the 30 to 40 SF writers who used this agency. I suppose others would consider this a recommendation but I regarded it in the opposite way. To me, it meant that I had 30 to 40 SF writers as competitors right inside the agency! This looked to me like too many hungry mouths for too few tits. However, the real reason I left the agency lay elsewhere. At a time when I was under contract to finish a book for Ace, this agency suddenly announced it had found a wonderful new opportunity for me, writing for PLAYTIME BOOKS. I don't suppose that even today I have ever seen a Playtime Book but the agency talked glowingly of this grand opportunity, one draft writing, no revision, no editing, no waiting for checks, just send in the script and a check for \$600.00 (less commission, of course) would be on the way!

I know what it's like out here in the world of the free-lance writer and I have no criticism of writers who do this kind of material. I know what it means to be hungry--but I've never been this hungry!

Perhaps worst of all, this agency was putting pressure on me to write these little whore-house ditties while I was under contract with Ace to write SF. Such pressure was too much. I told this agency where it could go. After letters from the agency that breathed sweetness and light there came another letter strongly asking me to reconsider my decision to terminate. Just a few days ago, in getting together scripts and correspondence for Fullerton State College library, I ran across this letter. Guess who signed it! Mr. Terry Carr!

Yes, sir, I'm an old hack who deals in paranoid shit but I've been round this particular pile of shit for more than 30 years and I have more astonishing letters in my files! Yes, yes, I do have the impression now and then that somebody has slipped a shiv in my back but in-group editors have a way of changing jobs and I go right on selling. I read the communiques from the SFWA and now, finally, I have begun to read some of the fanzines. (For many years I did not know the fan magazines existed.) As I read of the in-group antics, it comes on funny time and I pay about as much attention to them as I do-- Well, literally, I live under a tree sacred to my Druidic ancestors, a huge oak. Now and then this oak drops an acorn on the aluminum roof over my head. (Out here in California we live close to nature.) I pay about as much attention to the antics of the in-group, to the

sufferings of the out-group, to the grunts and the grumbles of Big Brother from the left, and to the comments of the fans as I do to the thump of an occasional accrn on my aluminum roof. Perhaps less.

As I said before, I've been around a long time. I have files accumulated from this period. Would you like me to open my files and give you a little of the inside scoop of yesterday? I doubt if I will do it but I will say this much: it's been fun and it's been hate and it's been depression and it's been despair and it's been that silent companion of all humanity for lo these many millions of years, fear. It's been all of these. And one other thing. Love. Mostly I have loved it. If I hadn't loved it most of all, I wouldn't be here laughing at you and with you and because of you. Perhaps I may give you a few funny moments, too. If so, you're welcome.

-----  
Bob Silverberg  
5020 Goodridge Ave.  
New York, N.Y.  
10471

The two pieces by "Paul Hazlett" are something else. I don't propose to discuss the possible influence of the Milford Mafia on the literary standards of science fiction or on the results of Nebula voting, since, as a non-member of the Mafia and a non-winner of Nebulas, I'd rather not put my views on public record. I'll go only so far as to say that Hazlett's piece on the nature of the Milford workshops and their effect on attendees is not far from my own views.

But his other item, "The Inside Story of the SFWA," is another story altogether. Here I can speak with some authority, as past president of the SFWA and as a dominant figure in its doings since its early days, and I very much object to the notion that SFWA is run for the benefit of old pros. "The old timers have pushed their snout up to the swill and by-God they aren't about to let another shoulder his way in," says Hazlett, echoing Robert Moore Williams. Pure nonsense. The whole point of SFWA is that a very few old pros--about a dozen--sweat blood to help their less experienced brethren handle their professional problems. Knight, Biggle, Nourse, Dickson, Blish, Harrison and a few others have toiled long and hard (and without pay) to advise on contracts, untangle grievances, prevent the piracy of material, etc., etc. Those of us who volunteer for these jobs have been through the mill and are trying to spare others the anguish of learning the hard way. Of SFWA's 350 members, at least 250, I'd say, have little notion of how to conduct a professional writing career, and we try to help. We get nothing out of it except the satisfaction of knowing we've been of use. We also get such a barrage of griping from disgruntled semi-pros that many of us wonder why we bother.

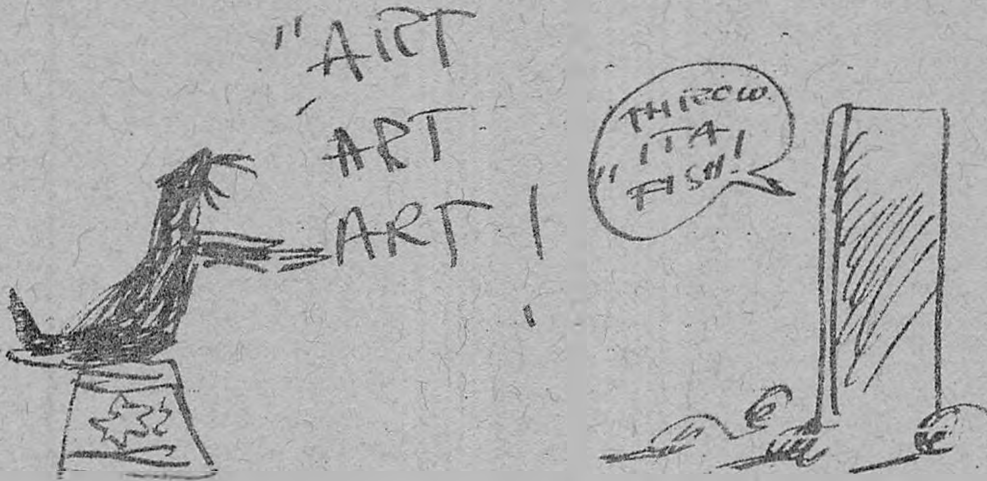
I'm not talking about the Nebula awards now, or about the supposed SFWA schemes to dictate the literary standards of s-f--schemes that exist, I assure you, only in the minds of the accusers. I'm talking about the grimy stuff of rates, contracts, etc., which is SFWA's real job, and which (despite the grumbling Hazletts) it has been doing better than any other writer's organization in the country.

-----  
Mike Gilbert  
5711 W. Henrietta Rd.  
West Henrietta, N.Y.  
14586

We could be together:  
S-F art as per paperback is really wacko--wow! Jerome Podwil steals, Gray Morrow steals, Schoenherr and Gaughan steals (that is, people steal from them)-- But, there's one cat who bugs me (really two) but it's Ballantine Books--Whores of the art Biz--

up against the wall  
up against the wall  
Ballantine, you -----.

I don't like the fantasy art they do--eg a pen drawing where you fill in the spaces (not unlike a paint by numbers thing) so the ink bleeds into the color--oh, art art art----



OK, this I don't like... But Ballantine's biggest offense is the cat who did the recent Pohl covers--Silverberg's Masks and Anthony's thing. This cat takes PHOTOS of models--maybe touches them up with paint, but not only do I not like them because they are copouts on a solution but they are badly done--hell--I'd rather see a Jones cover!

I may be killed in my sleep for saying this but I don't like Vaughn Bode--down fans--down--Bode has talent, god he's got talent--but I don't like what he does with it! Get that? I said he's got talent--don't jump on me! I just don't like what he does. I think he's capable of much more--or should be.

Yes, up against the wall Ballantine  
up against the wall Mike Mansfield for criticizing the space program  
up against the wall Silent Majority  
up against the wall!

Tear down the walls!

Where's Arthur Clarke when you really need him?

Derek Carter  
228, Wychwood Ave.  
Toronto 10,  
Ontario, Canada

Jeff Jones can draw hands and feet. Aye, true it has been noticed for some time now that it is his style, generally, to cause these appendages to merge, fade out or in some way disappear. I cite, as evidence that he can draw these objects his excellent strip which opens WITZEND #6, Spring 1969. In any case it should be reasonably obvious that with such a command of anatomy plus his fine draughtsmanship, to doubt that he could draw hands and feet is a little surprising. (In fact, one is almost inclined to call it nit picking.) Every artist has his or



her trait--Michelangelo overexaggerated the muscles, Rembrandt concentrated on light (pre-dating the impressionist theory by 300 years), El Greco drew his characters tall and thin--the list is endless but in no way do these individual traits in any way diminish the fact that each of these artists was a fine draughtsman. Thus to quibble over two feet and two hands--ah, well, to each his own.

The artist working within the framework of fandom is working without the pressure of pro art directors who may just tell him exactly what they want--thus he, the artist, can experiment in both the media of printing and the styles and nature of his drawing. These things in turn make for a finer artist (I know where I'm going now with far greater confidence than I did before entering fandom) . . . when he does at long last enter the prozine pages. And methinks things will soon improve in this area.

-----  
Robert E. Margroff Al Snider was a surprise! He made sense that I fear other stupid faneds are too unlikely to heed. Why don't I contribute more to fanzines? Because fanzine editors stab their pro contributors and the locating readers come in with genital kicks and dog-bites, that's why! Because I'm a pacifist, see, and I'll mash, flatten and pulverize hell out of any upstart fan who says otherwise!

Reminds me. One good dig. Charlie Brown done pubbed in LOCUS that BAB should be published on sandpaper. Asinine! I mean assssinine! My anus bleeds at the very thought.

I come to the locating department. Many interesting letters, but I'll ignore all the thoughtful ones and go directly to ballless, testicle-kicking Faith Doroschenko.

Faith, my boy, I bear you no ill' will. You'll grow out of your stupid, ignorant ways and be an honor to, uh, some scandal paper. Or maybe you'll grow sideways and be a book reviewer. Yeah, probably--but I really should try for optimism.

As a reviewer, "Faith Lincoln" had two strings to her toy bow. String one: the author copied his plot-characters/theme/whatever. String two: the author repeats himself in everything he writes. Formidable strings these must have been, judging by the enthusiastic reception of certain unsophisticated meatheads. (Yeah, they must've been formidable, Rem, 'cause you sure as hell weren't able to break them.))

This letter is long and should be ignored. It's fishing for more of what Al Snider knows damned well all the Lincoln reviews fished for. I'm not one to play, but I'm in a nasty mood and BAB won't publish this letter unless it is controversial (i.e. nasty). 60¢ in BAB-issue isn't a princely rate, but better writers than I enjoy exhibiting themselves in "controversial" style. I suppose I'll regret this when I get into a soft mood and think about the damage to poor Faith Leo's psyche, but the nastiness of the reviews and the fannish "logic" is a tempting target. Pay attention, you stupid fans, maybe some of you will learn something.)

Leo/Faith comments to Ed Reed/Philip K. Dick on what is and isn't "libelous." His/her comparisons can't be libelous because in colleges they make comparisons. Yeah, Leo/Faith, but in colleges they don't teach and print the fact that Coral Island was a hack-copy of Lord of the Flies. That one string of the Faith bow is

libelous by definition. If any author so reviewed wanted to sue, he damned well would have grounds that a lawyer could build a case on. You say a book is bad, that's your right. Say it's influenced by other works, that's your right. Say it's a steal, say in effect that it's been plagiarized, say that someone has received money for a simple pasteup of somebody's work and you libel. That's law, and that's what an ignorant fan reviewer should learn before somebody bigger and nastier than I comes along and doesn't feel like playing ass-target for fan-kicks.

Leo/Faith then says in Faith-fashion that Reed should have sallied forth and butchered the libelous review. "Why didn't you?" he/she/it asks, and adds with childish innocence: "Surely, it wasn't that formidable a task to decimate that 'childish shit.'" Well, Reed's fight, not mine, but I'm inclined to think that Leo/Faith has an impossibly high opinion of his/her own importance. None of the reviews I read would have been hard to decimate--at least not for a published author. Why didn't they? Because you're nothing, that's why. It's just not worth the trouble to decimate a review published in BAD. If pros were to tackle review-decimating seriously they'd never get any paid writing done.

I personally enjoy Mack Reynolds' fiction. I wouldn't make claims for it that I'm reasonably certain Reynolds himself wouldn't make--only that it's competent and, to me, enjoyable. Faults of style there undoubtedly are, and doubtless a certain amount of reworking of material, etc. But Faith, Ditch Goddess of Fangdom, claims in her/his letter that there's something incompetent and uncraftsmanlike in the passage quoted. Why? Because they repeat basic historical facts in different works. Facts do not change, historical or otherwise. Facts cannot be copyrighted. A writer digs out facts he can use and uses them--many, many times if the publishers and the readers allow him to get away with it. I do not see this as "bad" writing or bad anything. It's Reynolds doing his thing. From what little I've read about Reynolds (I've never met him or corresponded with him) I get the impression that he is largely a journalist. He can keep reinserting facts about the Roman games in every story he writes as far as I'm concerned--makes no difference to me or to any reader not looking for something to feel superior about. ((I know: Ignorance is bliss.))

I'll skip over now to where I'm supposed to get mine. Faith/what'shisname begins by saying he "likes" me. Too bad the feeling is not mutual. I personally feel that the Faith Lincoln hoax was in inexcusable bad taste. I was really shocked that a writer I truly admire (Bob Tucker) should have anything good to say about this abomination. To make the kind of smartass cracks Faith made takes no barins. I could do it.

((According to that last statement, you would be able to make those statements.))

Hell, anyone could. If saying "he copied" and "he repeated!" and doing it with literary references and cute asides is smart...Ghod help the dumb bastards who look up to this "smartness." I'm astounded at Tucker for his sight-shortenedness. Where's the maturity I thought this Elder Ghod possessed? Personally I feel such as Faith Lincoln should be stomped on and stomped on hard, before barbaric, sophomoric reviews trickle up to the prozines. Fans are getting more stupid, much more stupid, if that kind of nastiness passes for learning and wit.

No, I haven't yet read either "Rastignac the Devil" or A Clockwork Orange. I'll accept that there are findable similarities, if that'll satisfy you. Hell, I've never contested that! My point, as you damned well know, was that there was neither conscious nor unconscious copying or imitating on the part of Piers or myself. I expect I will find Burgess interesting reading, when and if I get to him.

Piers probably should answer the crack about his "hopefully defunct two women motif." He may--he seems to bite on this kind of bait pretty fast. For the record of concerned fans everywhere I do hereby absolve my collaborator of all responsibility for this particular "two women motif." Piers was responsible for many things in the book, including the brilliant starting-notion, but I'm reasonably certain it was I who injected the brother-sister complication. There are two competing women in a lot of novels. There are similarities everywhere if you just keep looking for them.

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Jeff Smith            ((Jerry Lapidus aired a few of his fears concerning the Baycon  
7205 Barlow Ct.      Proceedings everyone was waiting for, having already thrown the  
Baltimore, Md.       money to the Committee. And so Jeff writes:)) When we sent in our  
21207                   dollars for the BayCon Proceedings, we were told to expect it "some-  
                         time late in 1969." If he's really worried (and I suppose it isn't  
                         an unreasonable fear) he should contact either J. Ben Stark of the BayCon or George  
                         Price of Advent, and I'm sure they can tell him what's going on. Tell you what,  
                         Frank. I'll write them, and get you copies of their answers.

((And later...)) I haven't been successful in getting an answer from the BayCon  
committe re the Proceedings, but here's Advent's. If the BayCon does come through  
I'll send that on too.

((Advent's answer:)) Up until the St. Louiscon, I had not heard anything at all  
from the BayCon people concerning the Proceedings. The agreement was that they would  
provide us with an edited manuscript, and we would prepare it for photo-offset re-  
production, and handle the publishing. At St. Louis, I cornered Quinn Yarbrow of the  
Bay group and asked when the manuscript would be ready. She said they had been  
having trouble getting the tapes transcribed, but were now ready on the ms. She  
made no promises as to when it would be ready. When I do get the manuscript, it will  
take an absolute minimum of six months before the Proceedings will be published, and  
more likely about 9 or 12 months.

All I can promise is that when I get the Proceedings ms, it will take pre-  
cedence over all other Advent work. If you want to speed things up any, you'll have  
to build a fire under Yarbrow, Rogers and Company.

Yours, George Price.

-----

Denny Lien            Does Ted Pauls really believe that being good at writing juveniles  
530 E. Mabel St.      is merely comparable to being good at spoon-playing or imitating  
Tucson, Arizona       the sound of a walrus? Really? Quite aside from the example  
85705                   of Heinlein, I suspect that in some ways it's a damsite harder  
                         to write a good juvenile SF than an adult SF--which may be why  
                         there are so few. (I've never tried writing, but from my experiences as a Demon Li-  
                         brarian, I got the impression that the younger the prospective reader, the more  
                         difficult to do a good job. I doubt if Mack Reynolds, for instance, could sell a  
                         book for the 6-to-12 bracket if he went through a dozen drafts. Or that the Chil-  
                         dren's Catalog and similar publications would give it even a faint recommendation  
                         if he did find a naive publisher.)

Nice to see that Steve Lawrence Goldstein avoids filthy dirty obscene smut  
type sf novels this issue. I was beginning to worry about the guy becoming corrupted  
by reading all those evil things that should be stopped yes STOPPED!!!! Incidentally,  
can anyone out there translate the following into English: "Timescoop is another novel



from another very prolific writer who is too good considering the amount of stories that come out each year by this British author."? ((You wouldn't believe the amount of corflu all over that last line. I couldn't stop laughing, that line was so funny. I was gasping for breath. And I'm the one who let that thing go by me....))

And on to his letter, with my comments //like this//: "After reading that one letter from Denny Lien or whatever his name is,"//that's what my name is and you even spelled it right ((I spelled it right!)); why, who am I supposed to be?// "I just have to reply to his bombastic attacks" //basically, there was only one// "on my article (is that the correct word to use? In any case it sounds intellectual). //No, it's not the correct word to use; the correct word is "book review ((the correct words; jeez, this is getting to be fun...))"//

"First thing off, the reason I sound like a '16 year old' is that I'm close to that age--18. I just haven't grown up entirely yet." //Apologies for dragging' in age; that was a low blow. (A lower one might be "Then why review books obviously intended for adults?") Obviously, I didn't intend to put someone down for being younger than myself; on that basis, I'd be put down at least as often as not--I'm only 24. It's just that I somehow expect young fans to be less naive than the young mundane types I run into, teach, etc., and when the expectation isn't realized I tend to over-react--as I'm still doing. Few of us have "grown up entirely yet." I certainly haven't. John J. Pierce, for instance, hasn't reached the maturity of, say, Buck and Juanita Coulson's son Bruce. And probably never will. Incidentally, I didn't intend to "sound intellectual" either. I've been in grad school too long and my brain has rotted; I write everything in a style bearing equal elements of the old MAD and of the MLA Style Sheet.//

"Next, I think that the over-emphasis on sex is a reason not to read Bug Jack Barron." An "over-emphasis" on any one thing is a reason for one not to read something, unless one digs the thing in question. Are you sneering at sex in the book for being over-emphasized or for being sex?// "I don't see where it is my 'phony-liberal' tendencies coming out." //Apologies; obviously it's a case of your genuine Puritan tendencies coming out.// "I just feel morally and intellectually insulted when I read a book filled with four letter words and this is called superior science fiction (by the New Wavists, not by me)." //By the What? Oh, yeah, the "New Wavists"--that's the cabal out to take over the world and tell you what you may and may not read. Thank Ghu the Pierces and Goldsteins of the world stand ready to defeat them by telling them what books they may and may not read and making the world safe for unfluoridated minds.// "If a novel has to fall back on using four letter words to hide the fact that the plot is rather poor and backwards" //First, why assume that a novel using what you so quaintly call four letter words had to "fall back" on them to do so? Second, there are only so many basic plots and most of them can be argued to be "rather poor and backwards." That of Bug Jack Barron is certainly no poorer than that of, say, Timescoop, which is Clean and hence Good. I question your "fact."// "(the method of using radiation of children's glands that disintegrate the children but not the glands is very absurd)" //Either change "that" to "to" or "disintegrate" to "disintegrates."// "that book is not a good book and is a waste of time to read." //Which is why you call out "Anti-sex leagues unite! right? To save everyone's time? How self-sacrificing!//

"Having scenes in which 'someone eats dinner' can be very useful in a novel, showing that person's character or dinner talk that develops the plot," //Scenes in which someone eats dinner generally display scintillating insights of character, whereas scenes in which one, two or three or more people making love either lovingly or lovelessly or whatever do not tell you a damn thing about character, eh? Lunney,

are you sure this isn't another hoax?// "but sex in a book that goes to no useful purposes is just pointless (except perhaps as comedy relief)." //You wouldn't know a useful purpose if someone left one on your doorstep and you had to get a license for it. By the way, why not make up your mind whether you're mostly against sex or against so-called four letter words. They're not exactly the same thing, you know.// "Why not write about a character going to the bathroom, it'll get to that stage yet." //I'm glad you asked me that. I suggest you go read Aristophanes, Rabelais, Chaucer ("The Miller's Tale"), Swift, Sterne, Smollett and, if you'll count what you probably call "breaking wind," Benjamin Franklin and Mark Twain ("1601"), and then finish off with Ulysses, notably the sections "Calypso" and "Penelope," and come back and explain to us more about this stage that literature seems to be getting to.// "It is this loweing of standards that I resist in sf." //If you refer to literary standards, you haven't convinced me. If you refer to moral standards, I'm quite happy with my own, thank you, and I suspect that most fans are with theirs. The mundane world seems to desire censors to protect people from themselves, but sf fandom generally doesn't seem to. Anyone for Mrs. Waldo Wintergood?//

The above went on much longer than I'd intended it to, but I wanted to protect myself from any hypothetical complaint of quoting out of context. Steve Goldstein is welcome to do the same to this letter and so on until Lunney collapses under the strain or tells us to argue elsewhere. (By the way, I thought Spinrad's sex scenes in Bug Jack Barron might as well have been comic relief. Arrrrggghh indeed. But I don't dig your generalizations. Or your crusader complex.)

Fresh from one stomping and drunk with wordpowertyperpowersnarlpowerheyso thatshowsspinraddoesititsnotsotough, Dean Koontz: Koontz, whom I have threatened with physical nasties and who here crawlingly remarks in passing that he knows how to drop-kick to the chest and how to kick a crotch so that the testicles can be mashed (mashed? hmm--yes, mashed) against the thigh and how to use a plastic collar stay as a--er--as a weapon on the (gulp) eyeball (yeechhh) and how to reach under the (ohmighod) rib cage in close combat and give a tweak to the--the--(I think I'm going to be sick) to the cardiac membranes that will--hey, Dean? Lunney knows what a great kidder I am, ask him, huh? ((Huh??)) Just kidding, Dean? Friends? Kemo sabe? Old buddy (no buddy-quite so true-e-e)? Could I do anything for you? Send you my ASTOUNDINGS? Nominate you for anything? You want to meet my sister--she's a virgin? Dean?

It would be an honor to be killed off by Vaughn Bode, but if I've got to go through a one-man commando team to do it? Wou-would it hurt much? You wouldn't strike a hairy fellow English major with glasses, would you? How about if we compromise with you just knocking me around a little and Vaughn wounding me? Sir?

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 andy offut            Ted White says "...each working day, I'd still have plenty of extra  
 Drawer P            time." Mebbe next time I can tell you what he doesn't do with his  
 Morehead, Ky.      time, unless SFWA can help me in the meantime.  
 40351

SFWA...& 'Paul Hazlett.': (1) This stuff ain't nobody's business but SFWA members'. (2) I think the business of writers is to write. For money, preferably. Despite my small output in sf--see below--I love sf, and its unique fandom and uniquer publications, and enjoyed St. Louiscon, my first. I find SFWA fun, fascinating, valuable and several other thing.

Hazlett has a point or two. But I think writing a wave-the-besmirched-linen



article about it in amateur publication for fans ain't the way to solve or even attack it. It is about the only place, of course, to discuss writers and writing, fans and fanatics, prodom and fandom. (We have, I swear, less competent readers than writers.) I can't see it as the place to discuss the internal politics and paranoia and peccadilloes of a professional organization. That is to say...people who've made at least one professional sale. That's a good part of the problem, I'm thinking; so many "pros" ain't. Which is a dangerous remark for me to make.

I am a professional writer, who sold 2 short stories, a novelet and 11 novels in 1969. A little over a half-million words; I wrote a little over three-quarters of a million words, to sell. (Man, those big-timers are SLOW!) Of this, about 12% by volume was sf. And accounted for about 2.5% of the income, or will, when Generation pays. Based on my sf sales, then, I could be considered a "non-pro." (Larry niven, over and over: "Those of us who sell regularly..." Where?)

Still, I understand some of Paul Hazlett's remarks. If it's hard to get to talk at a SFWA meeting, and if his letters aren't printed in SFWA organs...what's his outlet, other than letters to President Dickson and superb Secy-Treasr McCaffrey? Sigh...BAB? SFR?

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WAHF: Joe L. Hensley: "G. Willick and I are going to form the Madison Mafia."

Mike Deckinger didn't take to heart many of Paul Hazlett's conclusions concerning the MM or SFWA, and said, "Piers Anthony's reply to the three-pronged assault upon him in CROSSROADS! was astonishingly mild and level-headed. Piers could have been vicious and nasty about it, he could have responded with crude invective. Instead I thought his reply was quite subdued and calm, even to the point of indulging in some humor at his own expense. He behaved in a mature, reasoned manner and emerged the least scarred because of this. Good for you, Piers."

Neal Goldfarb didn't quite agree, thought "Piers' addendum...has got to be the longest piece of pure, unadulterated shit-slinging."

Jerry Lapidus wrote about Hazlett's vagueness when it came to specifics. And on Piers: "Piers, you're guilty in your addendum here of the same thing you accuse Tucker, etc. of--over-reaction. Or to be more specific here, overkill."

Steve Goldstein: "Who is this D.D. Sherman guy? Let me at him! Let me at him! Make way for the wonderful wimple! No I ain't a prude! Define "dirty". Well, there is a spectrum of filth (I know your next question. Define filth) in books. In science fiction E.E. Smith's stories are on the far right and BJB left. I place Flesh just right of BJB. And I did read the book, all the way through by the way. To the last line! A book doesn't have to be filled all the way with four letter words and sex scenes to be smut. There are lesser forms of smut. And I think that sex is the raison d'etre. Name another viable force of mind vs. force? Drugs. Bigotry. Fandom. There are plenty of other topics to pick, but sex is the one that sells, so sex it is."

Dave Burton: "One thing that pisses me off about BAB is the fact that you hardly ever print LOCs from us Little People--no, I'm not a fairy--but you've fallen into the habit of printing only those of Big Names."

And...Joanne Burger, Jack West, Gary Hubbard, Sandy Moss, Lisa Tuttle, Hank Davis, Mark Schulzinger, and Jay Kay Klein. I don't know how long this thing is, but....FL





Circling low  
about the K-  
Star at a  
thousand miles we  
felt no danger for  
we knew the  
universe when it  
was young....