

BEABOHEMA 12

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BeABohema 12 is what you have in your very hands at this moment, I know they're trembling. Trembling with anticipation because of what's coming up. What's coming up is described in some sort of table of contents near the bottom of the page.

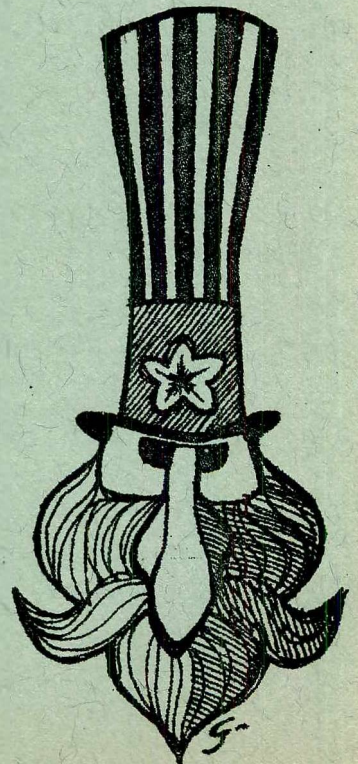
The righteous labels are with us again, and some wonderful code is imprinted behind your name. Everyone should have some kind of letter or number or symbol or perhaps a speck of dried blood. That's what I've been crying the last few days thinking of a lot of the records I should buy but won't. (At the moment I'm listening to "Child in Time" by Deep Purple on the Lafayette University radio station. Lafayette is Lehigh's arch-rival, or instep rival, or whatever they're called. It's a sin to have anything to do with Lafayette, and I keep swinging for them logical traditions, folks. I'm a member of Lehigh's radio station too, by the way. Both of them, one going FM stereo in a few months. But all coolie-labor is pulled from the freshman ranks, and that's all they're able to do. But next year.. I Take Over.) Most of the letters mean something: C means you're a contributor, L means you write locs, a number is your last issue, a bunch of Xs means this is your last issue unless you do something, sometimes meant only as a threat. I carried out a few of my threats last issue, so you're warned, in case you've got the Unholy X. Carried out about 40 Xs, I think. If you have no symbol, you're either safe or you're not safe. If you don't know where you stand, write to me and I'll tell you.

BeABohema is edited by Frank Lunney on the Deunch Nundle Press located back in Quakertown, Pa. This is Deunch Nundle Press publication 17. My address is PO Box 551, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa. 18015.

BAB is published monthly, maybe. This is the special In School Issue. Next issue will be the special Bob Shaw issue and will cost you a buck unless you contribute. Or else you don't get the next issue. Period. This and other regular issues (including special Back to School and In School issues) are 50¢ an issue. Back issues #3 through #11 are available; 3-9 are 60¢ each and 10 and 11 are 50¢ each. Very few copies of #3 and #4 are left, so get your half-dollars (plus dime) in. This is Sept 30, the little calendar on my watch has just started to revolve because it's almost 11:30 and now I'm listening to an early tape of It's A Beautiful Day. Nice!

On page 4 is my editorial, Bellowings; page 6 is the start of Paul Hazlett's "The Inside Story of Perry A. Chapdelaine; 11 is "Whither Rock" by Greg Shaw; 16 is Greg Benford's "Jottings; reviews in "Turnip Country on page 20 by Ted Pauls and Darrell Schweitzer; and "Cum Bloatus" starts on page 21.

Art is by Grant Canfield--1,9,23,27; Richard Flinchbaugh--2; Dan Osterman--5,25,26; Tim Kirk--7,21; Mike Symes--11; Mike Gilbert--12,13; Bill Rotsler--16,17; Jeff Cochran--18,20,30; Derek Carter--20; Jim McLeod--18,19; Stephen Campbell--22. And I think the cover will be by Grant Canfield. Then again, it may be by Dan Osterman. The one who's not will be next issue.



HYMN TO AN OLDER GENERATION As we join the adventurous Frank Lunney in this episode, he has just been shuffled off to college and was lucky enough to have given a COA in his fanzine that was incorrect, incurring the wrath of post office officials who tire of looking up his name to try and find the correct box number when the mail is addressed to a dorm room number. We pick him up sitting in his room, stenciling the editorial for his fanzine, BeABohema, the fanzine nominated for a Hugo, nominated, do you hear. He's just come in from watching TV for a while because there isn't a fucking thing to do in this place after studying all afternoon and before and after dinner, and having a stomach that feels like a good expulsion and a headache that knocked him down the steps Of The Hill. We pick up:

It is getting to grate on my nerves somewhat that my roommate is a 1st class pain in the ass who gets great pleasure out of playing the long version of "All Right Now" by Free (and it's my album) and who takes every opportunity to play some more of my records on his cheapo portable stereo while my system sits unemployed on the shelf running along the wall above my head, and the shelf is too damn small anyway, and the plugs are too low in the back of the receiver and the base is too deep and it crams the jacks into the cement wall, and I doubt that the wires will last for very long.

The jock I share the room with now is playing the Beatles' HEY JUDE album, which isn't bad considering that it's the first album he has that he's played in a few days. And I was planning on writing this editorial last weekend, but I didn't get up early enough on Sunday. I'll explain why I didn't later, but for now let it be enough to say that I didn't get up early enough.

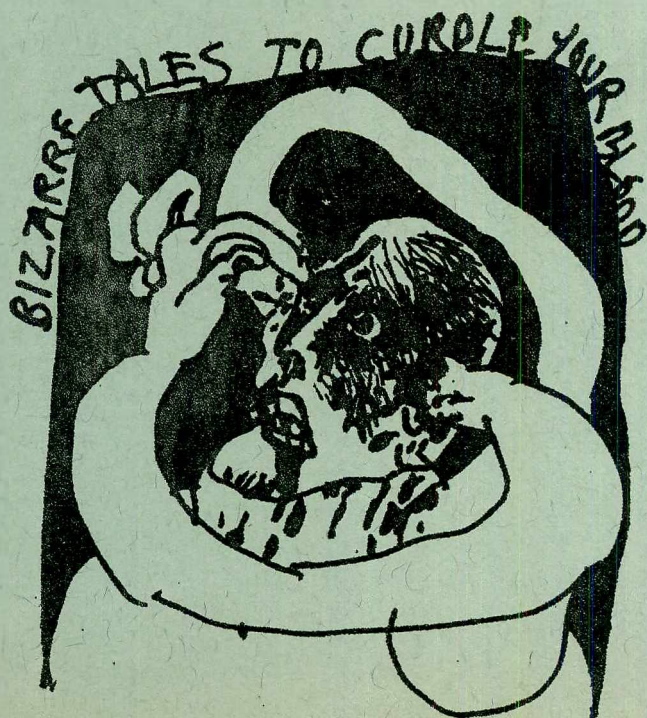
This may sound like a hate tract so far. It isn't, really. I simply felt like bitching today because I have been feeling bad, and short of yelling obscenities at the maid (who didn't come in today either, the swine) there isn't any other way to vent depression. But I have an attentive audience with which to burden my troubles. And that's something no one else in this dorm has. And they're all very jealous.

Lehigh isn't such a bad place. Not at all. It's a great place for someone who really dug the college life of the 50's, I But it is in the rural Pennsylvania setting, and most of the kids here are students because they're parents forced them to pick a college, and Lehigh sounded ok to them.

It does have one of the most beautiful campuses in the country. It's a small campus, comprised of about 10 buildings with classrooms, and about as many more for labs and as many more again for dorms. And the trees are everywhere. About 500 live trees grow everywhere on the hills--steep hills--on which Lehigh rests.

The hills--beautiful as they may seem--are indeed the num-

bellowings



ber one pain-in-the-ass... For the first few days. Wide-eyes freshman and long-faced upperclassmen can be witnessed in the week after registration stopping at the top of each hurdle in the climb upward toward the residence houses gulping air, burning up all the lactic acid accumulated in the previous 20 seconds of Olympian tracking. The second week finds only the less-hearty flopping into their beds after the long toil, and the third week finds everyone fit enough to run up The Hill.

The people living in the dorm are a typical cross-section too, I'd say. Few freaks, of course, since most have moved off campus by the second year. And I am housed in one of the upperclass dorms. That is to say, for the most part, the upperclassmen live in this dorm when they aren't a jock enough to get accepted by a fraternity and not otherwise weird enough to live off-campus. At least that's What I'm Told.

Since the use of grass has been spreading around the campuses in the last few years, it wasn't surprising to find that most of the people at Lehigh are booze hounds. It took a while, but my room mate finally has his fifth of Seagram's on the shelf next to his portable. And every Sunday morning most of the people who got it on the night before have to clean the sludge out of the trash cans and the puke off the floor since the maid doesn't come through our rooms on Sunday.

The fact that Lehigh "men" are able to get booze so easily has made quite a few of the people off-campus angry, in fact. One of the campus radio stations broadcast a program last week concerning the fact that blacks and Puerto Ricans living in the slums at the edge of the campus in North Bethlehem are being treated like shit by students and local merchants. A simple example is the peddling of booze. If you're white and wear a Lehigh T-shirt and walk into a bar, you're all set, no matter how old you are. Otherwise, forget it... A guy just came in to my room and asked if we wanted anything for the weekend..."Want a pint or anything." He's ordering from the catalog. It gets certain people uptight...

Then there are the more serious problems of Lehigh jocks getting into fights with off-campus people and the line being used..."But Lehigh boys wouldn't do anything wrong," while the other participants are being booked.

As a result, there are many fights between the WASPs and the blacks. Lots of people get jumped in the night. Almost everyone was listening to the particular program the night it was being aired, and it could be heard through most of the open doors in the dorm.

My roommate was going to walk through town the next night with the guys in the next room, so he was listening attentively.

The next morning he walked over and said, "Did you hear that program last night? Think they'll come after us tonight?"

The other replied, "That program on the radio, you mean...the one with the spics.."

"Yeah, that's the one..."

SINGING WINDS, CRYING BEASTS In what has been, up till now, my weekly trek home for the weekends, I've been unlucky enough to to make many concerts while close to Philadelphia. Last weekend was going to be something different, though. The Moody Blues were going to be at the Spectrum, with Van Morrison, and Dion was going to lead everything off. That was one concert I didn't want to miss...I'm a big Dion fan. You see. Well, things didn't work out. The concert was on a Sunday night, and it would've been over pretty late,

and there would've been no way for me to get back for Monday classes, so I was ready for a weekend of Music Connection and Dr. Shock at night.

But on Tuesday afternoon I was looking at one of the Philadelphia papers someone had left in one of the lounges, and started glancing through the up-coming events listed along with the Lippizian Stallion show and the 168th Annual Ice Capades and noticed that Savoy Brown was going to be at the Electric Factory on Friday on Saturday. I knew that. On Friday night Chicken Shack would be playing with them. I knew that too. Saturday too, I figured.

But no! Chicken Shack wasn't going to be there on Saturday night. The second-liner group was Pink Floyd.

I slid down the leather front of the chair onto the floor and started beating the floor, mouthing words of excitement. Pink Floyd had gone through Philadelphia on their last US tour, but they had been at the Factory the week of the last Lunacon, and I was at the last Lunacon, so I didn't see them at that time. And I was sick for weeks after that weekend. I didn't want to be disappointed this time, too.

I wasn't. And I just wanted to let everyone know. I'm not going to tell about how great they were, with speakers covering, etc. You've all read about them before.

I just wanted everyone to know that I've finally seen Pink Floyd.

And Savoy Brown wasn't bad, either.

AIN'T YA COMING HOME "Harlan Ellison is another dope who, like Hoffman and Rubin, comes on with that embarrassingly sophomoric tough Jewish kid routine. His klutzy insensitivity to the Nordic grandeur of 2001 is enough to turn me into a rabid anti-Semite."--Wayne McGuire, "Aquarian Journal, No. 3" FUSION No. 42.

NOTHING IS EASY "A psychiatrist once said that a sane man should neither accept nor reject a concept, but rather, simply understand it." L. Ron Hubbard, through Perry Chapdelaine.

MAN OF CONSTANT SORROW With last issue I simultaneously, "as if by magic," stopped using envelopes (with the last issue, I suppose; whether I use them in the future depends on how large issues grow in the same future) and started using mailing labels. That is, I hoofed on down to the Friendly Book Store (which is amazingly unfriendly at times; it's a religious bookstore, you see, and when one happens to trundle in the front door and--mistakenly--ask for Obsessedwell, attitudes can change) and forced myself to pursue a path to the rear of the store. It's a dark and forbidding place, the rear of the Friendly Book Store is. Plastic Jesuses line the walls, with retired priests sit in cubby-holes eating Tastycakes and perusing old calendars.

The minute you walk in the door a saleslady runs to your side and asks, "May I help you. Are you planning on going to the rear of the store? Tours are being planned, but one just happens to be leaving in a few minutes..."

"No," I wave her off. "I can find my way."

So I skulk past How God Changed the Color of my Underwear and Brothers are Bad Cell Mates. All the other customers are wearing a coat and tie, and I feel out of place with my T-shirt and dungarees, but luckily I am wearing my Holy Sneakers, to ward off any heathen that should attack.

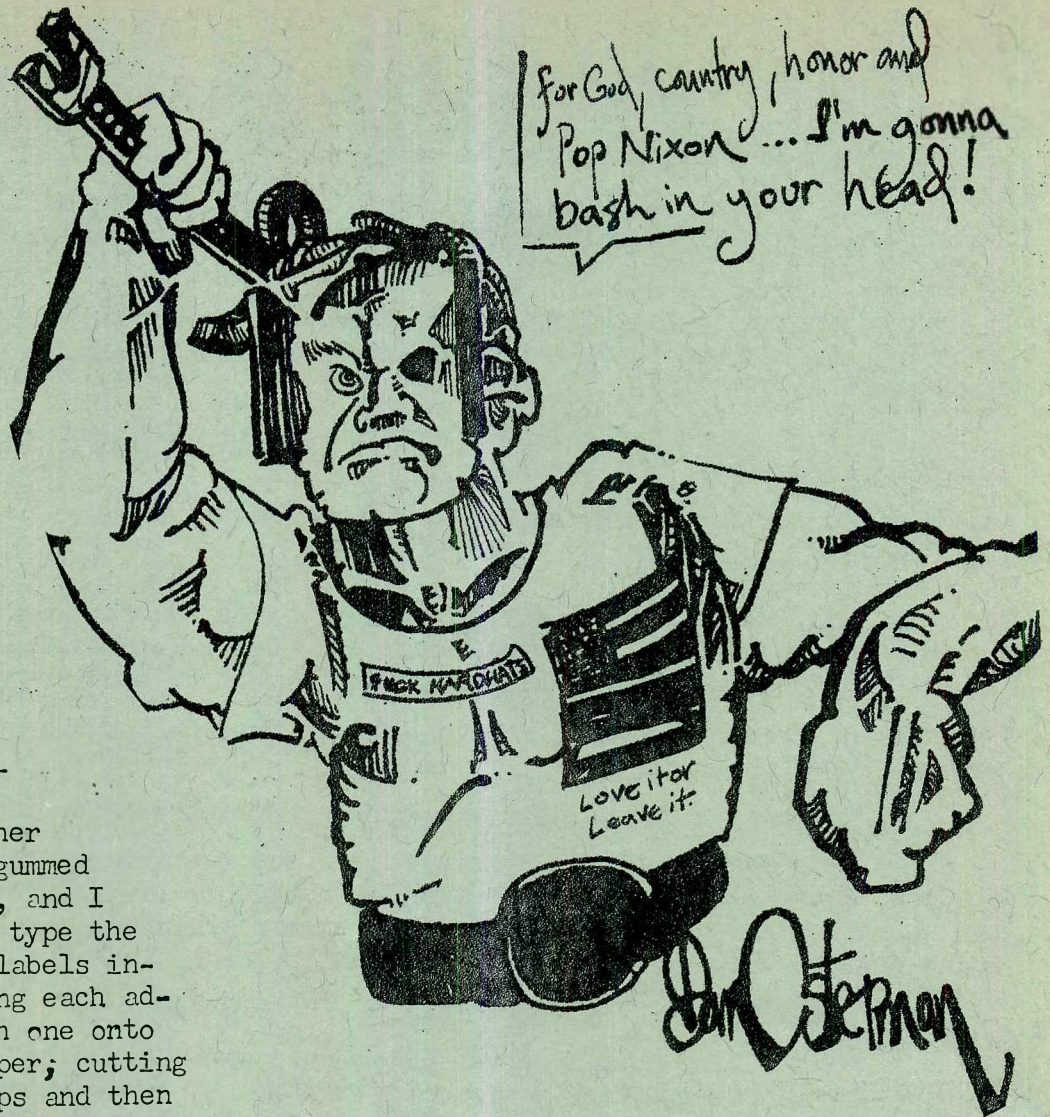
I proceeded down the center row figuring the sticky shit would have to be near the middle. I was right. The gummed labels, 'no licking required,' were right next to the scummy typewriter ribbons.

Those were the ribbons which were classified wrongly for Royal typers and I had to take a ribbon home and wind it up again after unwinding it to transfer it to another spindle. I had my gummed labels, in any case, and I was happy. I could type the addresses onto the labels instead of hand writing each address or typing each one onto another sheet of paper; cutting the paper into strips and then pasting each strip onto a separate envelope. Long had I admired the labels used by Charlie Brown and Arnie Katz and rich brown for their newzzines and Geis for his Hugo Award Winning Fanzine. For a while I thought the labels were in short supply and to be found only in large cities. I had been planning a trip to Philadelphia to try and find some of the elusive little mothers.

But they were just in the rear of the Friendly Book Store, where no one ever went.

I used the labels last issue, and some of them weren't so gummy. At least two of the non-gummy labels fell off after they were mailed, and I know of two because two BABs were returned and I had to pay the return postage. That wouldn't be to bad, but because there wasn't any other marking on the individual copies returned, I have no idea who wasn't sent a copy. So...if you were one of those people, tell me who you are, and a copy of BAB 11 will be rushed to Your Front Door, Right away.

THE MODERN ADVENTURES OF PLATO, DIOGENES AND FREUD Next issue is going to be the special issue for the Bob Shaw Fund. So if you all want to get the next issue, you all had better send in you all's bucks. Not many of you have, and there' will be few issues printed over the number of advance orders, so things will run out shortly. That's next issue.



They say a man is mostly one long gut, a hollow tube filled here and there with bulging stench and green and yellow chyme slick with corrosive liquids that sometimes gnaws through tissues, leaving raw, bloody holes.

And they say that if you stretch the real essence of a man out, he'll sometimes stretch to ninety-three point two feet, that hollow, flatulent tube of puffy air.

I looked inside Perry A. Chapdelaine the other day and saw a gutless thing, lacking not only the tube, but the fast, warm air which puffs out to wrinkle the nose every now and then.

We've argued for a long time, that yellow-belly and I. "Stay on principle, and off personality," he says.

"An eye for an eye suited by elders," I answered.

But he won; I lost.

"And Williams?" I later prodded. "Why do you stick with Robert Moore Williams. He's a bastard. Everyone knows it. One peek should do it. But will you look? You've known him for eighteen years. What do you get out of him?"

"His recent 'Love is Forever--We are Tonight' is the Bob Williams I know," was all Perry muttered.

"But he's a hack. He never writes anything decent, you know."

"He's been slandered by avant garde writers for so many years in private letters, literary forums and in other ways, that he writes what keeps him in bread and beans. What's wrong with that? His good manuscripts get kicked around without being read because of the slander or libel."

That stubborn, gutless thing!

Well, I also mentioned van Vogt--you know--a has-been. He laughed and pointed to six stories Van is producing this year. "Good or not, they'll sell," he says. "And besides, contrary to avant garde opinion, Van is a gentleman and his wife is a lady."

"Dianetics," I whispered.

"He's not a con artist like the usual run-of-the-mill dianeticist and scientologist. He and his wife, E. Mayne Hull, are skilled practitioners in the help of people--and what difference the label for help? Van has contributed hundreds of hours of his own time free, and to my personal knowledge has never, ever been party to screwing anybody."

I was stumped until I thought of good ol' John. "John W. Campbell," I reminded. "Maybe you should visit van Vogt for some of that superior therapy. Only a mad man would defend an anachronism."

"Did you see the sales figures in SFR #38, where ANALOG, GALAXY, IF, F&SF, AMAZING and FANTASTIC were compared?" His was a sarcastic voice, and mine no AMAZING editor's.

He actually wanted to apologize to any who's feelings were hurt by my art-

PAUL . . .
HAZLETT

THE INSIDE STORY OF

icles, or had actual grievances. Imagine? "The old SF days are over," he said, his head shaking slowly. "I can't understand why it's all right to call somebody a dirty son of a bitch as long as you use your own name to do it, but you can't speak of a system, or an establishment, from the cover of a pseudo-name, though four-headed you are?"

"But that's it!" I pounced. "If you'd let me attach personalities instead of principles, they'd probably figure you knew the game, too. We'd win, you know."

The man has no scruples. I hope they boycott him, or place him incommunicado, or show the backs of their fannies, or whatever is done to those who won't measure up. I'd even be for excommunicating him from the SFWA, or whatever they do at places like that.

"Let's disclaim the rumor that you think one of the SFWA officialdom is on the take."

"No," he said. "I tried that one in context with private letters. If I really did as some claim, I'm actually a no-good bastard, anyway. If I didn't, I'm the same person I was the other way, and disclaiming it is not going to change anyone's little pointed mind."

See what I mean about spineless?

"How many serious letters did you get from SFWA members urging you to stay off the Paul Hazlett fantasies?" I asked, still thinking there was at least a gut-thread inside.

"Five. Maybe more if I dig into back files."

"And how many from SFWA big shots?"

"Five. One of the earliest advised that I would hurt myself in the writing business."

"Sooo--that's why you're quitting me?"

"No. I immediately asked the correspondent if he meant that publishers and editors would go into some kind of collusion and refuse to consider my stories."

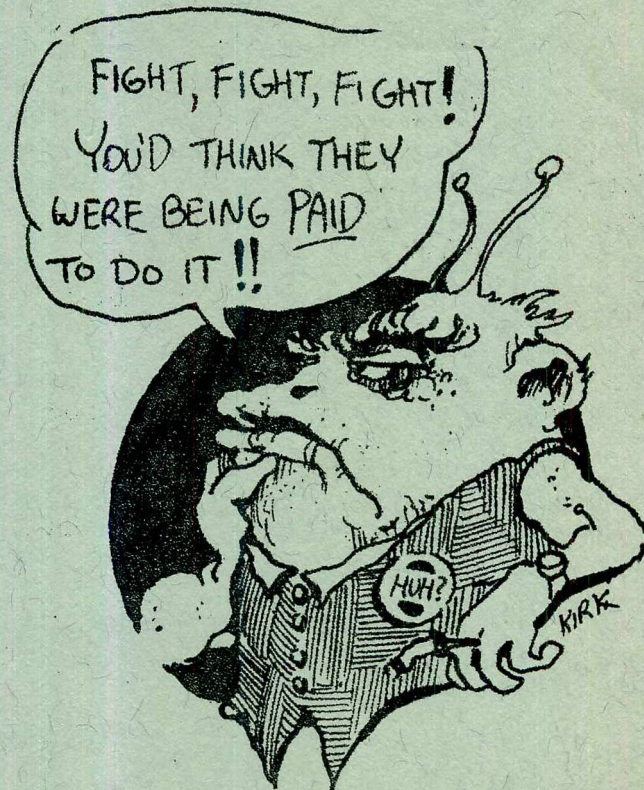
"And--?"

"The correspondent made quick disclaimer to the idea."

"But the grapevine. Has that kept you from selling, as one newszine editor asked?"

"Don't know, don't care. When I get good enough, I'll sell enough, regardless."

"Well, there you are, then," I continued. "No one has hurt you. Have they



PERRY A. CHAPDELAIN

called you names?"

"Yeah. Some call me a slanderer or hypocrite. Some accuse me of preying on the prejudices and emotions of youngsters--ad hominem--rather than facts. They say I get innocent kids stirred with half-truths and no-truths, then just leave them hanging by their scrotums, or whatever they have."

I laughed. "Hah, hah, hah. Innocent kids in fandom? Hah, hah, hah. And aren't those the same avant garde artists who write about and present talks on desensitizing the over-30-generation so that any kind of words can be used like fuck, motherfucker, shit, piss, cunt and so on.?"

"Yeah!" He hung his head. Sheepish he was. "Seems like they hold for desensitization in only certain portions of their anatomy, the brain being excluded."

"I'd have told them to kiss the bottommost part of my main tubes," I advised in my most provocative manner. "And you're just plain chicken-shit!" I added for good measure.

"You don't understand. It's not certain individuals one fights, it's a whole organism. Like any amoeba, when pricked, it reacts."

"Make me understand," I pressed. "Lecture if you must, but let's rap, or whatever they do without covers nowadays."

Well, he got that professorial look in his eye, as Piers Anthony first spotted some years ago, and did lecture: "In the sub-culture known as SF, catabolism exceeds anabolism, where anabolism builds on innovative or creative ideas. The ideas are not too well circulated and are often mostly hearsay."

I was already lost. "Wow, boy. Back up. You're rewriting a bad trip."

He collected his professorial wits again and started over. "SF writers and their fans are a sub-culture, capable of ingesting, absorbing, circulating and assimilating new ideas which serve as the basis upon which desirable metabolic activities take place. The individual members of a group are the organism's cells, from which new ideas would normally spring forth. In a sense this is anabolism, the building of living matter--ideas."

"And you claim that new ideas are distorted or made into laughable fragments?"

"Sure," he said. "Isn't that equivalent to what you've been preaching about the total atmosphere of due process and other democratic principles, where new ideas can survive?"

"Be specific," I chided. "You know that concepts are not sufficient for many pros and fans. One of the SF nuts will ask for specifics down to the micron, nanosecond or micrograph."

"SF ain't what it used to be. I wanted to find out why."

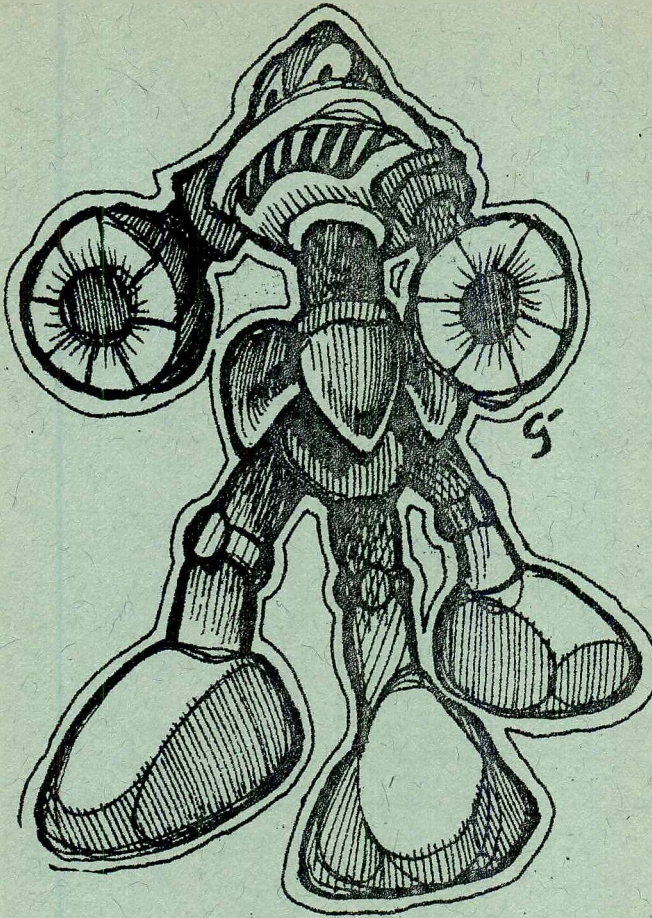
"Just like that? You nobody, without credit to your name? You walk into the nest of sizzling worms and find out what happened to SF during the past ten years?"

"That wasn't the only reason, but sure, why not?"

"I suppose you'll next say you wanted to do something about it."

"Changed my mind. But let me finish my analogy."

I nodded.



"Growth by intussusception is the process by which food is taken and made like part of one's self. In SF groups intussusception occurs most frequently by making new writers conform to the group's own patterns of behavior, thus changing something unlike it to something like itself."

"You're suggesting that virtually every person is expected to become a conformist in the image of the present power structure. A rather difficult concept to support, isn't it?"

"Why should it be? Man has been doing it for centuries. Every live organism has a kind of irritability and adaptation index. Plants, within their narrower capacities, can adjust to heat, cold, stony obstacles and so forth.

"Man, when he is cold, places clothes on his body, and when he is warm, takes them off. This sensitivity or ability of living things to react to their environment is called irritability and the changes that take place in the organism in response to external uncomfortable stimuli are called adaptations."

"So why don't writers and their power structure simply adapt to one another, since they're both organisms?" I thought I had the slippery son of a bitch trapped. And maybe I did but he was too dumb to notice.

"It's a bit more involved," the lecture droned on. "All organisms exhibit the property of functioning homeostasis. This means that every organism, when stimulated to change, draws upon its resources, whether great or small, to restore its former form and function. Homeostasis is a better descriptor in many ways than the use of the two words irritability and adaptation."

"So what?" I asked without sarcasm. "So SF writers and fans form an organism, and they have a kind of operational homeostasis."

"Yeah. This. A group, whether a group of writers, or a university, or a government body, or members of a hippie commune, or feuding clans, they will always act together to form an almost living, reacting organism, though perhaps not consciously so. Its extensive protective mechanisms move in rather predictable ways against those individuals, groups or outside organizations who would appear to be a threat to the sub-culture in any way."

"And you're a threat?" I asked, unbelieving.

"No. You are. You've taken some nasty digs at some sacred cows, though all cows were well de-sensitized against just words, of course." That last came out with sarcasm.

I only put some shoes out to wear. Some people put them on, some didn't." It was his turn to laugh, and I suppose there was great humor in it.

"The very ones who claimed the shoes didn't fit, struggled the hardest to put them on," I said, and I laughed, too. "You're right. I've never seen a bunch who claimed to smell a scent, but smelled their own holes first."

A finger waved at my four noses, eight eyes and four mouths. "But the same kind of protective mechanisms are found in adolescent gangs, large commercial firms, with wealthy, dignified stockholders, or even supposedly neutral governmental organizations. Many of these will respond most swiftly according to their depth of in-group controls, the peer-group, don't squeal, gang-squealer clause, their feeling of persecution, as members or as a group, the members' recognition of possible loss of position, power, money, prestige if the threat is to be realized."

"Nuts!" I finally spat out. "Any organism will adapt to external stimuli in time."

"Ah, but that supports my analogy. If external stimuli is sufficiently painful, the natural anabolism of any viable organism spontaneously does the rest. Usually the ballot box provides the necessary external stimuli to our whole society, as does freedom of speech, due process and other guarantees of individual liberties."

"Nobody has been stunting your freedom of speech lately," I reminded.

"No, not directly. But what is predictable is that the organism in certain rather predictable ways will find means to blunt a voice which pains."

"Next you'll be quoting the need for a devil's advocate." But the absurdity didn't take.

"That's what you, Paul Hazlett, have been," the son of a bitch said.

"Some people write in to BeABohema and run your name up and down the gutter line, and into the backhouse, down into the ploppy stuff, too, just for good measure," I said contemptuously, hoping to get him off the lecture platform, also. "Why don't you apologize to them? You've apparently hurt their sensitive little feelings."

Gutless! That's hardly the word, but it's the best I have. I blush to repeat his answer. "I will, if they ask, and if they tell me how they've been hurt. But I don't believe many will."

"Why?"

"Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. Matthew 6:5."

"A Bible-quoting son of a bitch?" Somebody call me those things, I'd punch 'em in the gut, if they have a gut.

So now you know--we all know! Perry A. Chapdelaine is a chicken-shit. He's a hypocrite, dishonest, not to be invited into the homes of the best of us, a deceitful bastard, blowhard, lousy writer, ingrate, a real down the backhouse hole motherfucker. He ought to be tuned out as soon as he comes on, and I'll help, by God, to get him out of the union, I will!

He's so damn scared, he's even turning me off! You know that? Paul Hazlett! Me! He's going to shut me off!

Says, "Ted White wants it that way," he says.

Hollow flatulent tube of puffy air, that's what.

--Paul Hazlett

WHITHER ROCK

BY
GREG
SHAW



Dan Goodman brings up an interesting question in *Apa* L 266: "What do you think comes after rock? Something will, you know. The next bohemian generation will have its own music; which may be partially derived from rock but will likely bear no closer resemblance than rock does to jazz or folk."

It's a good question and it deserves an answer. Or at least some attention. To begin with, I question the assumption that musical trends originate with "bohemians." The folk craze of the early sixties is the only example I can think of that might qualify, and who can be sure how it started? Sure the beats dug folk, but wasn't that after the clean-cut college kids in the East started getting into it? I heard one theory that because popular music (R&R) was so rancid in those years ('59-'63) people were ready to assimilate folk on a mass scale, jazz (the only other "honest" musical form around) being too esoteric by then. I myself am of the "the time was right so it happened" school. :: At the risk of stating the obvious, I'll point out that every other development in American popular music can be traced directly to black people, who have never had a sizeable bohemian generation, as I understand the term (though the black life-style is certainly relaxed enough to appear bohemian to many rigid whites).

There's also the question of whether there will be a next bohemian generation, as Dan implicitly suggests. At times I doubt if there is even a current bohemian generation. As far as I'm concerned, the last time it was clear who was a

bohemian and who wasn't was in 1966. As soon as the mass media picked up on the "hippie" thing and high school (and even subteen) kids began adopting the appearance, habits, opinions, etc. of the fantasy media hippies, bohemian or "hip" (a more convenient term) culture ceased to exist.

The way I understand the concept of what a bohemian is, it can't exist except as an alternative to something else. If everyone's a bohemian, then nobody is. Right? And I think that's where we're heading right now. Of course I don't mean to imply that the masses are really becoming hip, because they're not. The classic image of the bohemian is that of a sensitive, introverted, intellectual individualist. People like this seem to be getting scarcer (for better or worse-- I make no judgment), but the point is that the outward trappings of the way of life traditionally affected by these people have been adopted on a mass scale by young people in this country, making it impossible to tell the "real" hip people from the mob. And since a true individualist would not stand for being part of a mob, he'd be likely to (a) go off by himself somewhere, or (b) start looking straight again and confine his deviations to the inside of his head. Both these alternatives are coming into use now.



The conclusion, of course, is that since hip people can't easily recognize one another any more, communication breaks down, and any kind of "hip culture" becomes impossible. :: I don't think the word "hip" will mean anything to my children's generation.

But what about popular music? Not enough is understood about how musical styles develop to predict what factors will be important in the next development, but that's no reason for me not to discuss some points which may be relevant.

To me, one of the most obvious things about pop music (though few pop music "scholars" seem to be aware of it) is its close relation to dancing. People like to dance, and any form of music must be essentially danceable to attain wide popularity. This is especially true of black people, among whom, in fact, new dances come first and the music springs up to meet the requirements of the dancers. I know next to nothing about the way dance styles change, but it seems to me that lots of forces are involved. There has been a steady progression in this century (and before, too, I guess) from rigid, structured dancing to a looser, more expressive style. Certainly social forces are at work here, ideas of morality and so on, that have placed definite restrictions on the pace at which dance styles have been allowed to change.

The music itself has had no such restrictions; jazz was being played pretty much the same way 30 years before white people began dancing to it, and black people were playing and dancing to what is basically rock & roll in the late forties. So a case could be made that musical styles have become popular because they fit the way people wanted to dance at the time.

Another very obvious thing about pop music is the fact that it begins with black people, is picked up by hip whites, becomes popular among whites, loses its vitality, and degenerates while the blacks are meanwhile inventing something new. Black people seem to need their own in-group experiences that can't be shared with whites, especially in music, and this process has undoubtedly had a lot to do with

the rich development of pop music in this century. :: So one approach would be to look to the blacks and see what they're doing. But there's a feedback process that needs to be examined first. The length of time it takes whites to pick up on black musical innovations has been growing progressively shorter until now it has practically reached the vanishing point. Black people were playing jazz 50 years ago and Dixieland for years before that. Whites picked it up in the late thirties. They were playing R&B with electric guitars and all in the mid-forties. Whites got hip to it in the early-mid fifties. Blacks were playing pure rock and roll in the early fifties, and whites started doing it almost immediately, 2 or 3 years later, watching the new releases carefully and jumping on the good ones quickly with cover versions by the likes of Georgia Gibbs, the Crew Cuts and Pat Boone, that sold in the millions.

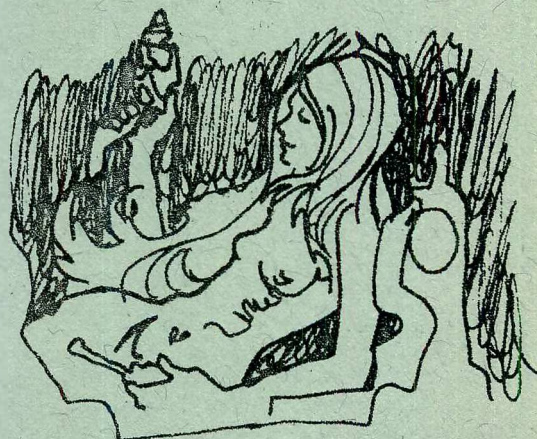


For the past few years soul music has been the dominant force in black music. Yet while soul is popular among white kids, there's been no movement among white musicians to begin playing it. I think the mass-acceptance of soul music by the original black artists is responsible for this, because for the first time a black musical style doesn't need to be "cleaned up" and popularized by white musicians for white audiences that are afraid to listen to black music.

In the last year or two a lot of soul styles have been cropping up in white rock music. The syncopated, "funky" beat ("Spinning Wheel," "Come Together"), the choppy guitar chording and short fast runs (Sons of Champlin, etc.) and, in part, the vocal styles of artists like Joe Cocker, Delaney and Bonnie, Dave Mason, et al.

But why has it taken so long for soul music to be assimilated into white music, when it's been the dominant form among blacks for almost ten years? During the sixties music went through two major and unexpected digressions. To begin with, The Beatles and their followers in 1963 turned up with a revival of the rock and roll of the mid-fifties mixed with some current soul songs. But they also had a third type of song, a purely white style of unprecedented vitality. I refer to songs like "She Loves You," "I Wanna Hold Your Hand," "Can't Buy Me Love," "All My Loving," "Hard Day's Night" and so on. Here again, as far as I can see, The Time Was Right, and suddenly any number of new groups were popping up, exciting and original music was being made. The time was right in the sense that the folk thing was pretty much played out and no clear alternative was being offered by the black musicians, for reasons that will be explored later. White, mid-sixties rock and roll flourished for a few years, then disappeared. Only a few diehards (like myself) still listen to or make such music.

The reason it disappeared is the second digression. "Psychedelic rock." LSD. Flower Children. All the rest. The San Francisco musicians were the first to express their drug experiences in their music, and it was good music. It was good because it wasn't about drugs ("I just dropped in to see what condition my condition was in"); it was music that couldn't have been made by people who hadn't experienced acid. The impact of drugs on the main-



I LOVE MINUS-ZERO
NO LIMIT

stream of musical development, though, occurred with the wide-scale popularization of drugs, in that much shallower people were having the drug experience and coming out of it with nothing profound but rather ideas like "Héy, I just had a heavy acid flash! Let's make a record about the windmills of the mind and the elusive butterfly of cosmic consciousness!" Things weren't helped any by the fact that other shallow people bought up the records and thought it was all Very Significant.

1967 and part of '68 were the years of Psychedelic Rock. Some of it was good, most of it was worthless, but the significant fact here is that for the first and only time I know of an important trend in pop music arose without any cultural roots as a basis. That music didn't come from anybody's life; it came out of left field. It didn't reflect reality back to give people a better understanding of life as the best music does. All it related to was what went on in one individual's mind under the influence of a drug.

When the psychedelic thing died out after less than two years, it had already done its damage. It had effectively destroyed the development of white mid-sixties rock & roll. 1968 found everyone looking at his piles of psychedelic albums and feeling lost. Indeed, the pop music world was in limbo in 1968 and throughout much of 1969, and in this context it's easy to see why the "Rock & Roll Revival" happened. There was an instinctive grasping out for roots, for some music that was real, meaningful and satisfying. For this reason, also, the few groups that managed to keep their heads through it all and continued turning out honest music rose to unprecedented heights of popularity in the last two years of the sixties. The Stones' triumphant tour is the most obvious example, but more significant is the success of The Who and The Kinks, who both had their first large-scale hit albums in 1969.

So let's put some of this together. What about black people? Soul music has shown no sign of change or development in five years or more. Everybody has been exposed to enough music by now so that it's hard to tell white from black, sometimes, especially when both are copying from the same source. I think black people may be losing their position as innovators in pop music, partly because with increased affluence they're losing the unique experiences that spawned their music in the past. As far as dancing goes, the trend toward free and loose movement reached a peak in the LSD years with what was known in San Francisco as Freak Dancing. Shortly afterward the legions of youngsters doped up on marijuana began trooping in to the Fillmore to sit on the floors, and as long as marijuana is popular young whites will have no interest in dancing. That's just my opinion, of course, but there seems (as far as I can observe) to be a direct cause and effect pattern here, on a large scale (not to say that a particular individual can't enjoy dope and dancing both). Outside of the Fillmore, in the discotheques and clubs and at parties, the prevalent style of dancing seems to be of the soul style, which is tight and rigid in a way never seen before. The pressures that drove the blacks to innovation in the past have plainly eased, and it doesn't look as if we can expect anything new from them in the foreseeable future, as far as music goes. So it doesn't look like dancing will be as large a factor as it once was.

Getting back to music, what comes next? Rock is still in a state of confusion, no doubt about that. All sorts of combinations of styles are being attempted in hopes of coming up with something that will become the next trend. We've seen soul-rock (Joe Cocker, Janis Joplin), latin-soul-rock (Santana), jazz-soul-rock (BS&T), country-rock (one of the strongest movements, but lacking the necessary elements to give it world-wide appeal on any lasting basis) and, most promising of all, gospel-rock and gospel-soul-rock (Delaney and Bonnie, Dave Mason, etc.) and a taste of "pure" gospel ("Oh Happy Day"). No one can deny that Gospel is an honest, rootsy music with great depth and power. It's also the only such form remaining

that hasn't been bastardized and popularized into mediocrity, mainly due to black people's strong compunctions against letting it out of the churches. They know what will happen.

But I don't think Gospel will be the next big thing. To return one final time to my "the right thing happens when the time is right" theory, I believe something will happen soon. I think the classical to jazz to pop to rock & roll to rock progression has ended. Each of those changes involved a fundamental change in the form and structure of music, as well as the instrumentation. I don't believe technology will be providing us with new instruments that will change the face of music. Moogs and such are gimmicks, and can be used to good effect as such, but electronic music will never achieve mass-popularity. All instruments, styles, structures, etc. are already possible in today's rock.

With communications as they are and the "global community" predicted by McLuhan already taking shape among young people, music of universal appeal is needed, and to be universal it must be basic. People are becoming more and more concerned with things of truly basic importance, and any music that strikes a basic chord deep within its listeners will be popular. We're in the '70's now, and we have need for our times to be reflected, and given form and meaning in the process, by our music. From time to time a musician or group of same will arise who are capable of doing so, using the styles and techniques available, with greater or lesser originality, and they will be the sensation of the moment. I personally believe that it's inevitable that a group will come along who will do for the seventies rock what The Beatles did for the sixties. And they needn't leave rock to do so, for rock has come to mean the music of our times, and as long as civilization continues on its present course, at least till the end of this century, I'd say, rock will be with us.

Beyond that no one can say, but we can be sure that whatever life in the 21st century is like, the music that reflects the forces and pressures acting on people then in a form that provides meaning as well as emotional catharsis will be the music that people will listen to.

POSTSCRIPT: This essay was originally written as a mailing comment in Apa L. There were quite a few comments, most of which revolved around a few points that I'd like to take the opportunity to clarify here. The most common reaction was to mistake this piece for a history of rock & roll. I wouldn't undertake such a history at any length less than 300 pages; in fact I wouldn't undertake it at all. This is a simple extrapolation from recent trends and broadly indicated patterns. The most important objection to the essay itself is my neglect of the importance of Bob Dylan and folk music. I don't wish to underemphasize the importance of this branch of music, especially over the past few years, in affecting styles on song-writing, or the increasing popularity of such music. But it's my belief that the mainstream of popular music, at least for the rest of our lifetimes, will be dominated by electric music. I suspect, in fact, that folk will continue to become more popular for a long time; but I think the proportion of such records on the charts will remain about where it is today for at least 10 more years. This particular question is open to considerable debate, and in the end possibly boils down to a matter of opinion: I admit I don't much care for folk music. Most of the other objections took issue with my dismissal of electronic gadgetry such as the Moog. The existing electronic instruments, and new ones that may be developed, will surely have a place in music, and, as I implied, a good musician will be able to create some beautiful music through their use--the point is that purely electronic music will never have broad-based mass popularity, for the reasons given. I say this mainly to refute the science-fictional speculations of the Fifties that had 21st century teenagers walking around with John Cage coming out of their transistors. It won't happen. And "Switched-On Bach" is the exception that proves the rule, in this case.

BY GREG
BENFORD

JOTTINGS

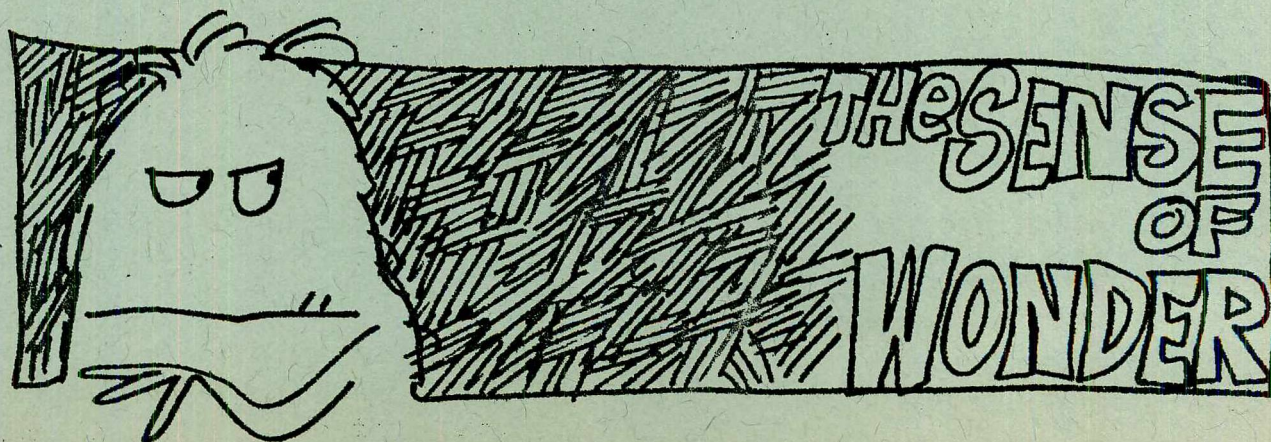
The only time I ever worked or lived near a colony of vegetarians, I was ignorant of their dietary habits for some weeks, but noticed that certain members of my immediate associates (this was while working in a lab) appeared to be quite old and drawn. In fact, the man I worked for was retiring that month and I thought him to be about 80; he was, of course, 65. All the others were vegetarians as well, but he'd been one since 1911 or so. Of course this proves nothing, but it was quite a shock at the time. I've always wondered how much I can believe the ferociously vegetarian magazines one sees, with their articles about Olympic wrestlers who eat only garbanza beans and rice. I wonder how vegetarians feel about the use of animals in medical experiments which test possibly life-saving drugs, for later use on humans? (Or what about the other way around? There's a free idea for a stf story.)

I think violence sells well in fiction because it is clearly action to the reader/viewer, and easily understandable; not because it's sadistic or hurts people. And violence involving people vs. people is the easiest to motivate, and more personal: "Who gives a damn about a man fighting a storm?" TV must deal mostly with externals the audience can see, so psychological twists are neglected.

It was no accident that I began reading the novels of Raymond Chandler when I lived in La Jolla, California. Palms grow there; faded mansions are hidden in the hills and there is that pleasant mood of dissipation the movies have long since taught us to associate with either tropical islands or the legendary Southern California. Chandler helped make that legend.

Chandler is a good writer. He has that elusive quality, style. And he knows how to weave a plot. (Or did--he died in La Jolla in 1959.) But most of all Chandler can draw a picture of a Southern California I've only vaguely espied peeking out from under the freeways and traffic problems. It was a different world, somehow--one only has to flip along The Big Sleep until he runs across a description of the clear, sharp view down the Pasadena hills, and he knows this is another world.

In many ways it was a better world. Chandler was an Englishman who had a taste for Americanisms. When he lost his touch for American speech and attitude his mind began to travel fondly back to his days of childhood in England; he died



planning to return there and spend the rest of his life. I like to think the thing that attracted Chandler to California and to America in general was a feeling that here was a quality that had, over a period of time, seeped out through the cracks in the stiffening British society and found its way across the ocean. What I'm talking about is a crispness, a verve for life that England had in the Elizabethan age and never regained. "Verve for life" is too vague a phrase, really--I mean the sharp quality that enters the judgment of a people concerned with a personal style and personal honor. If I try to describe this in detail I'll just beat it to death; in a way, I guess you had to be there.

If you chance to read a Chandler book, notice the economy of words he employs. Of course he writes good (and somewhat unrealistic) dialog. But he had to hear this somewhere, had to get the feeling for American speech, from his surroundings. In his few scattered articles, Chandler has referred to the effect American speech had on him, how much more alive and full of shadings of feeling it seemed after years of middle-class English-English. It was there, and he found it.

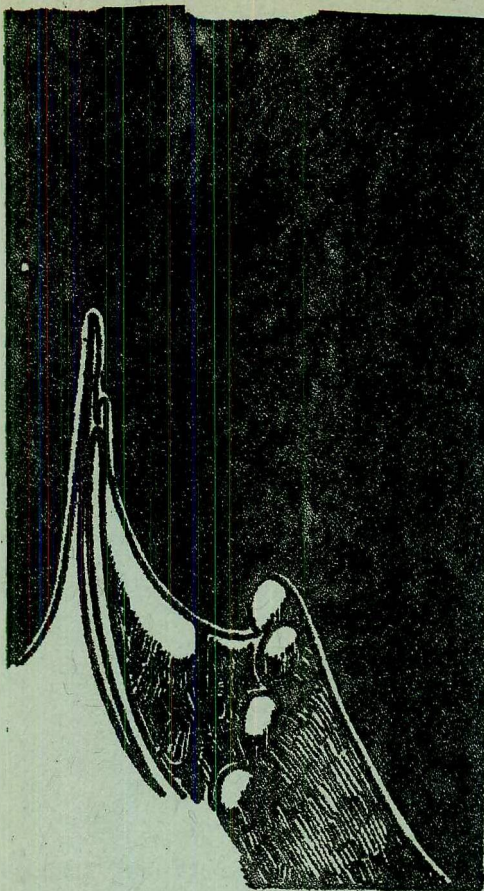
I'd like to think that what he found wasn't just a speech pattern, but a way of life. America in the '50's and '60's--the only one I know anything about on firsthand knowledge--has messed up enough good things and elevated enough of the bad to convince me that the age hasn't any real conscious appreciation of style in life. Kennedy was middling-good, I think, in that quality--and he was a paragon compared to the men who served in government around him.

So I'd like to have seen the age of Chandler--the '30's and late '20's of Southern California. Maybe it was as bland and tasteless as this one. Maybe Chandler simply moved in a relatively small group of people who thought this way. But I'd appreciate knowing whether the world he pictures existed, and what made it come about.

Some of you may remember that in the Spring of 1964 Maria Mayer won the Nobel Prize in Physics. I attended the University of California, San Diego, where she is a professor. Among all the hubbub that followed the announcement, I knew I would go quite unnoticed, so I went to the press conferences and interviews that took place on the University grounds, and had a chance to observe, firsthand, the works of modern scientific reporting.

It was pretty terrible. The first thing I noticed about the questions asked Mrs. Mayer was the absolute lack of background of any of the writers there. Background isn't just jargon--it's an ability to understand the subject matter on something more than a crude basis. People who are going to instruct the public should know more than the public does. Mayer's essential discovery was that the atomic nucleus has a definite structure; every particle which it contains can, at times, be clearly identified as having a definite energy, angular momentum, etc. The nucleus doesn't have to be treated as a bunch of particles, all more or less





the same. In other words, the statistics of the particles (the description of how they would move in a mass--that is, all together) aren't as important as was previously thought. So Mayer was able to predict numerous nuclear properties with her theory (the "shell" theory--particles move in definite energy levels), and **it has continued** to meet with astounding success.

The reporters didn't even try to understand that. The description above has admittedly been vague and perhaps inept, but it does give an idea of what Mayer did. At the press conference, questions arose which had nothing to do with her theory. Nobody had done any homework. They expected to come in, pick up a handy press release and go home, perhaps adding a few "personal, human touches" in pencil at the bottom. When I saw the results over the next few weeks, I sympathized with the poor layman who honestly thinks he should know something about science. There are books that do it well--Asimov is an excellent writer in this field--but those books can't cover the fairly recent works. And you sure as hell won't find anything out from the newspapers, or most of the big circulation magazines. Maybe it's too much to expect. But I can remember reading a year or so ago a very lucid article which appeared on the front page of the NY TIMES, con-

cerning a recent advance in number theory--and that is a quite abstract field, even for theoretical physicists.

The final straw, I think, came at the end of the press conference. Just as Mayer was about to leave, one of the journalists rushed up to her with a microphone and blurted out, "Professor Mayer, could you say that your theory really put life into the nucleus?" She just walked out, and I did too.

A fair number of the proposals William F. Buckley puts forth in The Unmaking of a Mayor are quite good. I tried one of them--paying all the people in a city like NY welfare they'd normally be due, but requiring them to live in relatively rural parts of the state or area--on a former NY resident, and encountered a fantastic amount of deep-rooted emotional reaction. Most of it was "it's like packing them into cattle cars!" which is maybe understandable because he was Jewish. Still, there's a great deal of opposition to realistic ideas, because they mean changing thing, and everybody knows that's bad. Look at how rigidly liberals cling to the welfare system, resisting any changes, after it has long failed to deal with the problems it pretends to face. I think the political divisions of today don't matter as much as flexibility.

It's interesting that most sf critics hate each other, unless they clump into schools, a la the Milford Mafia, etc. One aspect that's always bugged me about the more literary sf critics, and particularly Blish, is that he seems particularly unable to feel the life, the narrative drive and power in a work. He sees the structure ok, and the careful blending of action and background and interesting intellectual points thrown in, and all the rest, but he rarely digs the

push that makes the reader keep turning the pages. What's more, I think he does not have much of that push in his own work. One never gives that much of a damn about what's happening in a Blish novel.

ALPHAVILLE, Godard's sf-cum-pop-art film, is a disappointment. I felt throughout the film that the director had simply taken a lot of words he's heard around lately, and injected them into otherwise unrelated conversation. The plot is basic and hack: Lemmy Caution, a secret agent, wanders around Alphaville (a City of the Future, run by a computer and filled with lifeless people) and giving the viewer a chance to see all the stereotype dehumanization. Finally, after much play is made of mechanized sex, mechanized people, mechanized work, etc., Lemmy Caution kills a lot of these robot-like people (after all, they're anti-life), throws the Giant Computer & underlings into chaos, and escapes with The Girl.

It's interesting that Godard ends up with a hero who supposedly represents humanism and virtue, but his only visible asset is the ability to shoot faster than the bad guys. All this is done with the blank-faced, ambiguous New Wave style that seems to find more significance in the style of lighting cigarettes than in human emotions. Satire? Maybe.

Evidently Godard has read two or three sf books and thinks it is all a brilliant idea, new and fresh. He tries to invoke a more sfnal atmosphere by throwing in phrases like, "I have driven several light years to get here" and "he might be a Galaxy spy." A lot of these are funny, though unintentionally so, and all are vaguely like William Burroughs, another artist who is trying to Elevate Science Fiction. Godard's typically French phobias are in here, too. A character remarks that of all the people who come to Alphaville, "the Germans, Americans and Swedes adapt best." (How could he tell whether Germans or anybody else were more cold and rigid is a mystery, though, because in this film everybody is cold and rigid.) And there are the machines that cheat people to betray you, the automated food, the work schedules that force people to adapt to the demands of production, and so on. They all have elements of truth in them, and they are all dreadful cliches. It seems curious that whenever a film depicts people responding to a machine culture, the people always end up machine-like. The worried, neurotic, anxiety-ridden--these are never shown, though they are the most frequent byproducts of computerization. Von Braun and Dr. Strangelove aren't the typical members of the industrialized, scientific state; they're in the elite. Most people are hung up in totally different ways, and quite frequently are just the opposite of the logic-burdened scientific monk.

A few more films like this, New Wave or no, and I shall begin to feel good about not knowing any French.

I wonder if it's occurred to the SFWA members who're proposing a Nebula Scroll Award in addition to the Nebulas, and maybe two or three of them a year, that in a few years there would be dozens of people who could have "...by the Nebula Award winning author..." on the covers of their paperbacks, or something like it. The Award might become so prevalent as to mean nothing. The Nebula might come to be like the Legion of Honor, which it is said was once awarded by a Minister to the husband of his mistress, for services to the state.

--Greg Denford



TURNIP COUNTRY

reviews

The Disappearing Future, edited by George Hay, Panther, 25p (UK)

The editor of this curious little volume opens his Foreward with an acknowledgement of compassion for publishers and editors "beating their tired brains to tatters for yet another peg on which to hang a collection of stories," and indeed judging on the basis of The Disappearing Future the reader would be compelled to conclude that the dead end of "theme" collections is rapidly approaching. Editor Hay selects as his theme "the future...as derived from present events and trends," a category that may possibly include a majority of all the science fiction ever written, and manages to produce an extraordinary hodge-podge of material, some of it totally irrelevant to the theme. Some of the selections are well worth reading, but insofar as the creation of an integrated theme anthology--well, a nine-year-old child working with a stack of assorted prozines could have done better.

Thirteen highly diverse selections: (1) An essay by I.F. Clarke on an anonymous piece of proto-SF entitled "The Reign of George VI, 1900-1925" that was published in 1763, in which Clarke makes a good point about the inability of people in a pre-technological society to comprehend the dynamics of accelerating change. (2) "The Show Must Go On," by David I. Masson, the finest piece of fiction in this collection, which effectively portrays a hideous future in which society is descending into utter chaos and nobody cares. (3) A mildly interesting essay on robots by Kit Pedler. (4) John W. Campbell's ANALOG editorial excoriating the Nat-

ional Academy of Sciences for voting overwhelmingly not to undertake at this time research into genetic differences of intelligence among human racial groups.

(5) "The Thorns of Barevi," a mediocre love story by Anne McCaffrey, which indeed takes place in the future, but isn't a future-predicting story in the sense that Masson's is. (6) A rather fascinating article on sleeping and dreaming by Dr. Christopher Evans. (7) An interesting but not really first-rate story by Christopher Priest, "Double Consummation." (8) "The Temple Scientists," an article by Edward J. Mishan postulating the tragedy that may occur in the future with the triumph of science. (9) "The Sunset Perspective," a weird Jerry Cornelius story by Michael Moorcock. (10) "Future Recall," James Blish's moderately interesting essay on the contribution that science fiction makes to understanding modern life. (11) An overly long story by Perry A. Chapdelaine, "Someday You'll Be Rich!", which is a waste of time for both writer and reader. (12) Samuel R. Delany's SFR essay, "About Five Thousand One Hundred and Seventy Five Words," which is interesting but has nothing whatever to do with the ostensible theme of this collection. (13) A nicely done New Wave story by Anthony Haden-Guest, "Welcome to Wesbloc/Wesbloc."

It is worth picking up a copy for a couple of the stories and essays, but The Disappearing Future is hardly likely to go down in history as one of the major collections of the decade--or, for that matter, of the quarter.

--Ted Pauls

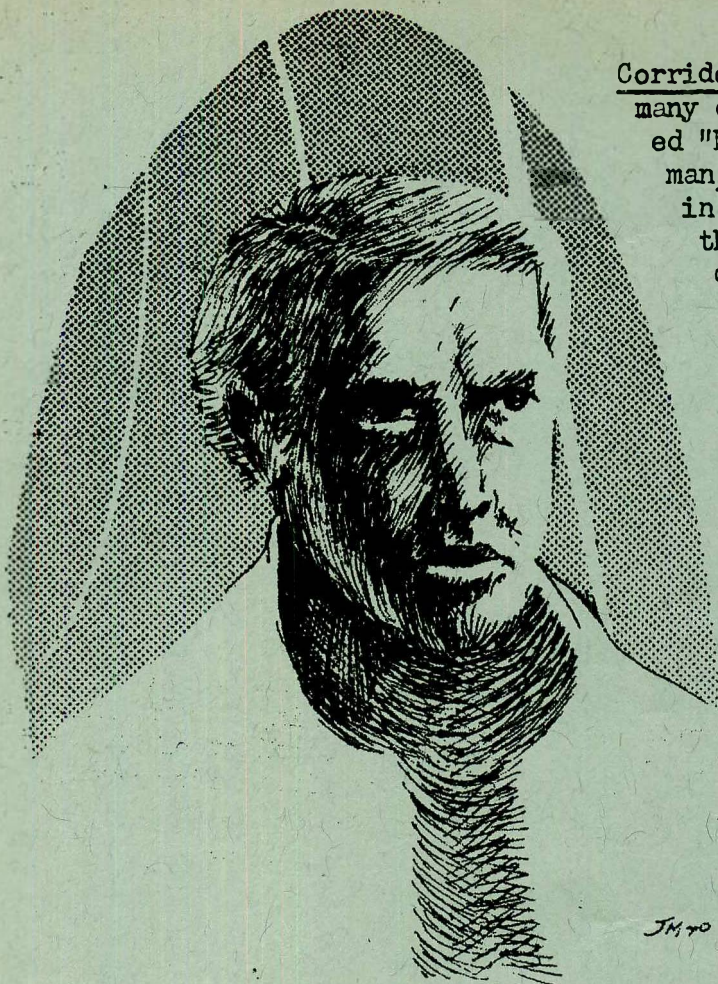
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The Black Corridor, by Michael Moorcock Ace Special, 75¢

Harry Warner, fandom's most prolific letterhack, once remarked (in a letter, of course) that the film, 2001, is rapidly on its way to becoming a permanent part of the lore of Science Fiction. Maybe not permanent, but the effect of the movie is beginning to show up. The Black Corridor is perhaps the first major novel in which it is obvious.

At times Corridor seems to be a bleak version of the spaceship sequences of 2001. It presents a very logical answer to the question of why they send rock-hard, impersonal zombies on extended space flights. Ryan, the protagonist of the book, is not such a person, although he is perhaps the strongest, sanest person left in the world from which he is escaping, and after several years in space he begins to come apart at the seams. He imagines that there is another person on the ship with him; that his friends and family, who are in suspended animation, are awake and are plotting to seize control of the ship from him. He hallucinates a great deal and is troubled by dreams and memories of his past.

Perhaps the most brilliant single aspect of Corridor is its depiction of a society wherein everyone is insane by our standards. Overpopulation and street violence have made it unthinkable for someone to venture outside of his house alone or at night. There is one extremely memorable scene in the book in which Mrs. Ryan manages to get enough courage up to go out into the corridor outside her apartment and clean the door, only to dash back in again in terror when she sees her neighbor watching her from behind a curtain. Paranoia and xenophobia have become the norm. Foreigners are rounded up and sent to concentration camps to be systematically starved to death and the largest political group in England, The Patriots, conduct witch-huntings and public burnings of suspected foreigners. In general, the world is going to hell for the same reason it is in A Cure for Cancer ((see the following review)): "the world is run by bad poets." (I quote from both books.) But this time it is depicted in a realistic and convincing manner. (Another curious similarity between the two books is a Patriot leader named Beesley.) We can actually see the beginnings of this new Dark Age in our own time. Moorcock intends us to; it's there.



Aside from its brilliance, The Black Corridor should be read because it destroys many of the popular myths about the so-called "New Wave." Ryan, the hero, is a strong man, one of the few rational people left in his world. But he is not a larger than life superman, so he cracks up under the strain that he undergoes. He is not a very moral person--he has committed his share of murders in order to steal the only starship in the world--but he does what he has to do in order to make an attempt to set up a new and better society. Another important aspect of the book is the complete lack of irrational machine-fear that some people claim all "New Wave" writers have. As we are told very clearly on the first page; space, the universe, machines are neutral. All of the troubles of the world and the personal difficulties that Ryan has are caused by men. We see Ryan going to pieces inside a beautifully functioning vessel which can do nothing to either help or harm him. The ship's computer is just another machine; it does what it is told and doesn't get any funny ideas like Arthur C. Clarke's HAL 9000.

It can only offer advice, such as what medicine to take in order to prevent nightmares, when it is asked.

The novel is superbly written, and contains nothing really new or extreme in the way of stylistic tricks. Moorcock is an extremely economical writer; he doesn't do anything he doesn't have to. You'll never find unnecessary froth in his works. They are simple in presentation, complex only in content. Corridor is written in a simple, straightforward present tense, with the flashbacks in past tense in order to avoid confusion. There is a little fancy typography of the Alfred Bester variety, but it is used only when it should be and to great effect. No showing off here, just a serious, convincing and utterly superb novel.

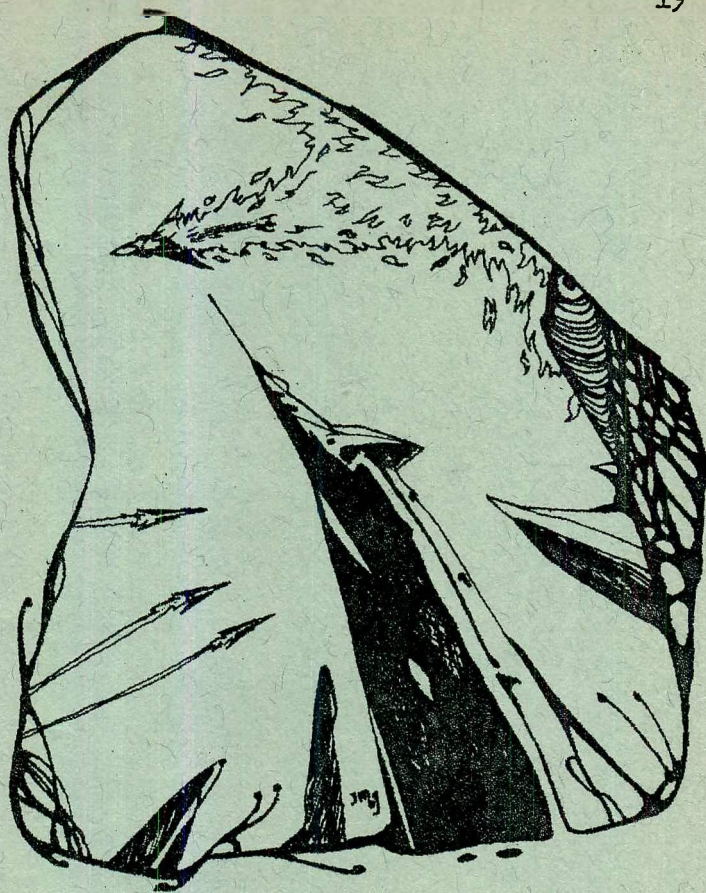
--Darrell Schweitzer

A Cure for Cancer by Michael Moorcock, NEW WORLDS #188-191, forthcoming from Avon

A friend of mine once referred to Jerry Cornelius, hero (?) of A Cure for Cancer, The Final Programme and dozens of short stories, as "The Captain Future of the New Wave." This seems close, but P. Schuyler Miller hit it right on the head in an otherwise uncharacteristically stupid review of The Final Programme by calling it the New Wave answer to the Cthulhu Mythos.

Jerry Cornelius, as we are told in the editorial of NW 191, is "an attempt to find a viable myth figure for the last half of the 20th century." Unfortunately, he doesn't quite work that way, at least not for this world. Jerry Cornelius is an

inhabitant of a fantasy environment that bears only marginal resemblances to our own. The names are all the same. We have London, Paris, etc., but that's about where the resemblances stop. I suspect that the world of Jerry Cornelius is a manifestation of the private fantasies of the author. In context with the rest of Moorcock's work it fits. The Catholic Church has ceased to exist and clergy are forced to seek work; the Israelis have sent a commando team to Rome to arrest the Pope; the United States has three million "advisors" in Europe in a "cleanse and burn" campaign against the Communists (an example of this is the saturation bombing of London when it is suspected that there might be a few subversives there); the American Indians have gone on the warpath again and are menacing Las Vegas; and the world is generally going to pieces.



Behind all this is Jerry Cornelius and his Chaos Machine. Don't ask me how it works; don't ask Moorcock, for that matter. It's a little black box that is charged when someone inserts his folded hands (and the person is killed immediately), and will somehow bring Jerry's sister back to life for a few days after there has been a sufficient increase in the Entropy level. Jerry is opposed by the vile, evil, gluttonous, villainous Bishop Beesley (a journalist by trade) who wants to preserve order and stave off Domsday for a while. Also involved is Jerry's conformist brother, Frank, whom Jerry kills in the end. (This won't prevent him from appearing in future stories. Jerry has been killed a couple of times, too.) After a certain amount of fooling around and cloak-and-dagging, Jerry obtains his machine (which was missing as the story opened), brings his sister back to life and somehow causes the Bishop and his mistress to be transformed into stone statues. After his sister dies, Jerry rides off into the sunset across the ashes of London in a dogsled.

The curious thing about all this is that it is not intended to be a satire, and, although there are some brilliant satiric moments, such as the Pennsylvania concentration camp sequence and General Cumberland's speech, it does not function as one. It just sets up this absurd environment and treats it as if it were reality. (It's set in 1970, by the way.) As you might expect, Jerry Cornelius is not a very convincing character--most of the time. Incredibly, there are times when Moorcock transforms him into a human being and the light, playful tone of the novel changes to one of deep emotion. The love scene between Jerry and the resurrected Catherine is one of these instances (and it seems like love, too, not incest). Jerry Cornelius has some insides--sometimes, and then only for a short time before he becomes the familiar comic figure again.

This, of course, makes a good Jerry Cornelius story very hard to write, and

the other writers who have tried them have uniformly botched them something awful. Cure, like all of the Moorcock JC stories, is a good one. It may not be believable; it may not be functional satire for the most part; and it certainly isn't Science or Speculative Fiction; but it is immensely entertaining, which is what it was supposed to be. Of course if it made any real sense, it would lose its charm. Read it, for something really different and way out.

--Darrell Schweitzer

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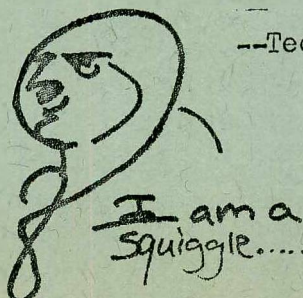
Over the Edge, by Harlan Ellison, Belmont B75-1091, 75¢

Following the introduction by Norman Spinrad, which is a rather interesting essay on Ellison and the New Wave, there is of course the inevitable introduction by Harlan. Among other things, it consists of a defense of Harlan's inevitable introductions, without which no Ellison volume would be truly complete. I've always enjoyed his introductions, actually. They, far more than his stories, reflect the unique personality of this multi-faceted genius. I even enjoyed Harlan's introduction to Over the Edge, although it is largely given over to a put-down of fandom and I somewhat resent "fans", in general, being condemned for what a few individuals have done to rouse the author's ire. Still, there are some lovely, Philip Wylie-like lines, such as the one about the reactionaries among fans "who cannot conceive of Captain Future having a need to get laid or urinate on cosmic voyages."

Between the introductions and the author's afterword, five pages of things he forgot to say in his introduction, there are twelve selections, eleven pieces of fiction and an interesting chunk of film criticism. The level of quality is commendably high throughout. There are a couple of minor pieces--the 1957 SATURN short, "Tiny Ally," and "Blank...", a story noteworthy principally for its Tuckerization of Isaac Asimov--but even the minor stories are well done. "Pennies, Off a Dead Man's Eyes" opens the collection on a curious note, being a story in which, as the author notes elsewhere, the SF element is not really central. "Final Trophy" is a conventional and very predictable story which is nevertheless extremely well done. This is followed by "!!!The!!Teddy!Crazy!!Show!!!", a nasty portrait of a TV studio inquisitor and his richly deserved fate. "Ernest and the God Machine" is a strikingly effective study of several characters, a small Carolina town and a rain storm, and is second only in this volume to "The Prowler in the City at the Edge of the World," Ellison's brilliant Jack the Ripper story. Returning to conventional SF, he then offers "Blind Lightning," an excellent first contact story, and "Night Vigil," which concerns the boredom of a man stationed in a sort of early warning outpost on the edge of the galaxy. Then there is "Enter the Fanatic, Stage Center," a story that lets you think you know what it's about until the last half-page. Finally, there's "Rock God," an extremely well-done, clever fantasy that I would never have believed was continuity for a comic book had Ellison not mentioned the fact.

Over the Edge is good, and it's Ellison, and does anything more need to be said?

--Ted Pauls



I am a
Squiggle.....

Cum Bloatus



David Gerrold

In the tenth issue of BeABohema, Perry Chapdelaine writing as Paul Hazlett (or whoever is writing Paul Hazlett's articles these days) has an article about the Pig in political patronage systems.

In that article he uses the following example: "A science fiction anthologist accepts an advance in trust for his writers. With a grandstanding flourish he presents \$100 to SFWA. He refuses to pay the writers until after publication, although contracts have been signed and the mss accepted. Isn't a publisher's advance a fiduciary trust? Or shouldn't it be?"

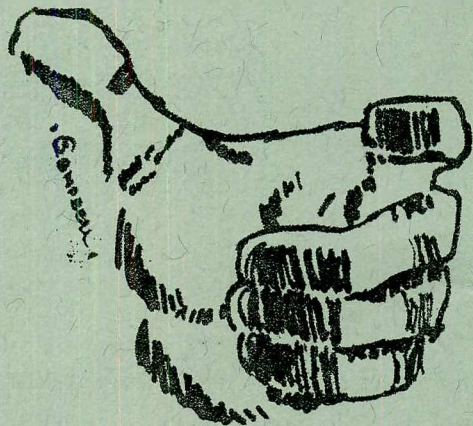
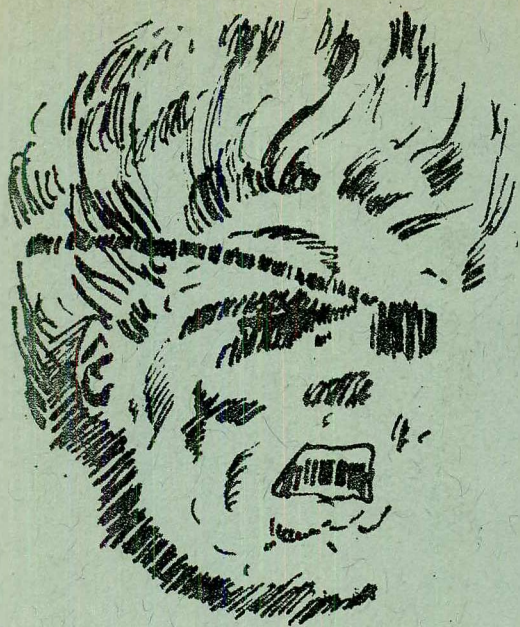
I assume Hazlett/Chapdelaine is referring to me. I know of no other anthologist who has donated \$100 to SFWA recently.

However, a few facts should be brought to light.

The anthology referred to is known as Generation. It was submitted to Dell Books on Sept. 5, 1969. I received word on Sept 18 that Dell would buy the book. The contracts for the book were dated Oct. 3. The completed manuscript was turned in to Dell's editor, Gail Wendroff Morrison, at Philcon, Nov. 16, 1969.

On Dec. 4th, Kathleen Sky was paid for her story out of my own pocket, before the check from Dell was received. On Dec. 10, 1969, the following other writers were paid for their stories: Steve Goldin, David R. Bunch, Jim Sutherland, Ed Bryant, Jody Harper, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (current Sec'y of SFWA), Gardner Dozois, C.F. Hensel, Evelyn Lief, Robert Ray, James Tiptree Jr., Jim Stevens, Barry Malzberg, Paul A. Carter, Joseph F. Pumilia.

On Jan. 6th, 1970, the following writers were paid for their stories: Piers Anthony (who was paid a half cent more per word than originally promised), Alice Laurence and Dennis O'Neil.



At the time of this writing, Vonda McIntyre has only been partially paid for her story. Two other writers, Gene Wolfe and Roger Deely, have not been paid. This is because both of their stories were added to the book in April and will have to be paid for out of my own pocket. I was contracted to produce only 75,000 words of original fiction. The finished book (minus story intros) is close to 85,000 words; hence, anything more than the original advance to the writers is coming out of the editor's pocket.

The \$100 donation to SFWA was also made out of my own pocket (NOT, as once mentioned, by tithing the writers). It was made because of the great help given me by several very thoughtful members of that organization and offered as a tangible way for me to return that help to all other members of the group.

Generation is scheduled to be published early in 1967. Although Dell has recently cut back their publishing schedule, this anthology has not been affected and will be published.

(I have also assembled a second anthology--one which was supposed to go to Dell because of an option clause in the first contract. Dell has indicated that although they are interested, they are not in a position to buy it. Other publishers are interested in the second anthology though and I have no doubts that it will be sold soon. No writers in the second book have been paid yet be-

cause the book is still unsold.

(I would like to note that in order to pay a higher word rate to the writers of the second book, I will not be taking the customary editor's share of 50% of the advance. Instead, I will take my share from the royalties (if any) when they come in.)

I would like to mention also that as an anthologist I do one thing that no other anthologist does. I send out periodic progress reports to the writers involved in each project. This is done to keep them posted on the state of the book and also to help slow down the rumor mill. *sigh*

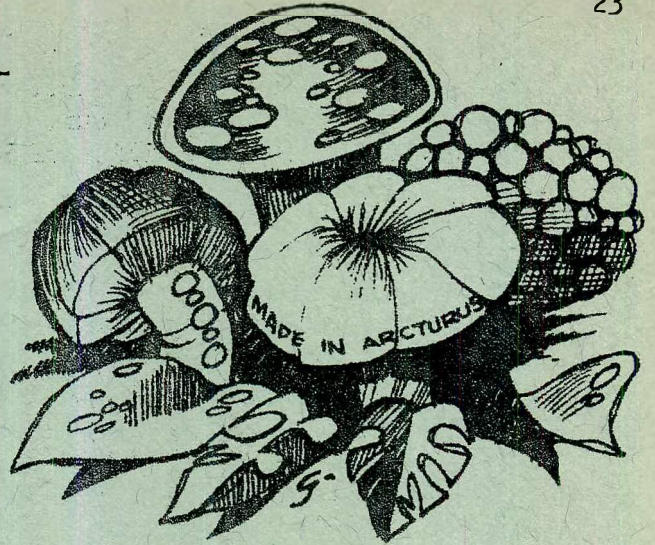
My books are open to anyone wishing to verify this information.

PS--There is one other writer who has not been paid for his story in Generation, and probably will not be. His name is David Gerrold.

Mike Glicksohn

Your lettercol continues to rival that of SFR for insults, vitriol and blood-letting and there still seems to be no clear way of figuring out who is telling the truth and who is lying. I suppose I must treat the entire affair much as I do the occasional NFL football game that I happen to watch. I know nothing at

all about what they are doing and I don't really care who wins but I can enjoy a well-executed or brilliantly conceived maneuver from either side. Perhaps, though, you could aid us mere spectators by setting up some chart indicating who is allied with whom and against whom? Can't tell the feuders without a program, you know. ((But of course you won't need a program with BAB any more. Perhaps I should draw up a chart showing who likes whom...))



I agree with Harry Warner that there most definitely is, and should be, a place for the unpretentious fanzine. But when someone sends a fanzine to be reviewed surely we are justified in believing that the editor wishes to have his or her fanzine publicized so that fans will send in for copies, most likely enclosing money? If this is the case, then the editor must be prepared to accept the critical standards of the reviewer in question and if the zine is poorly mimeod, badly laid out crudzine with rotten illustrations then the reviewer owes it to his readers to tell them this so they don't waste their money. Fanzines that are, as Harry says, "...published solely for the entertainment the editor finds from creating something" shouldn't try to be included in what are basically buyer's guides unless they are willing to be measured up against the prevailing standards of fanzines. My own recollection of MATHOM and PEGASUS is that they are not personal zines but, or at least are meant to be, genzines and as such they should be compared with the other available genzines. ((I think you take the job of a fanzine reviewer too seriously. I doubt many reviewers consider themselves as recommending fanzines to a buying public; it's more a matter of telling the editor what the reviewer thinks of the fanzine, rather than writing a loc, and at the same time letting other people know what he considers his own critical standards. I've found that few people buy a fanzine because of a review they've read. In my case this seems to be, at any rate. And I think all fanzines are published because of the enjoyment the editor receives from "creating something." It's so in my case, at least. The task of getting the fanzine out every three months may degenerate into a duty after a while, but it won't stay that way for long or the editor will find his enjoyment gone entirely and his feeling of wanting to publish the fanzine will go away.))

I have the feeling that we may have been in on the birth of a little bit of fannish history when Harry proposed the term "prohhh" last issue. I hope it catches on because it just catches the sense of self-admiration that so many pros are indulging in nowadays. If things go much further we'll soon have author reviewing their own books because they'll feel they're the only ones who really appreciate the brilliance of their efforts. ((William Atheling, Jr?))

Piers Anthony adds some more interesting comments on the Disch thing to further confuse the issue then regales us all with an in-depth look at A Day in the Life of Piers Anthony. Fascinating stuff--maybe not exactly all that pertinent since the point to be made was a remarkably simple one but fascinating nevertheless. And I think that maybe Piers has inadvertently given us a clue into the nature of his fanzine writing. In that whole busy crowded day the poor bugger didn't once stop to take a shit.

Ted Pauls' review of The Moon People may well have entirely the wrong ef-

fect. It's such a brilliantly written condemnation that it almost tempts me to go out and buy the book! Error spotting in such a ludicrous sounding piece of crud would help pass many a dull hour. Ted is a prolific and literate reviewer and adds greatly to the readability of BAB; be sure he doesn't break his chains.

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Will Straw

I doubt that you were alone in being surprised by the TAFF results. I'd say that I was more than surprised, that I was distressed, if it were not for the bad taste that such a remark would exhibit. I have nothing against Shorter, but I feel that Rotsler deserved one of fandom's highest honors more than either of the two competitors. Fandom elected Shorter, however, and I don't want to sound like the "everybody's out of step but me"-type fugghead and say that the rest of fandom doesn't know what they're doing. Your remark that it was convention fandom, rather than fanzine fandom that defeated Rotsler may hold some validity, but I doubt it. It was the overseas results that did the most to defeat Rotsler, and overseas fen are mainly acquainted with Amerifandom through fanzines. I hope that Rotsler doesn't follow the trend of most losers and decline to run again; it seems almost ingratitude on the part of fandom for him not to make the trip sometime. I think BoSh's loss was partly a result of his being far more well-known ten years ago than today; past fame isn't enough for victory, however, and neos seem to have more dominance than I expected.

I can't agree with Glicksohn's statements that "I think it's a fair bet that a certain percentage of fans either looking for an answer to that question or because they can't find an answer. Fandom provides a refuge from the problems that beset the so-called 'mundane' world." I doubt that an individual decides to enter fandom, seeking a refuge from mundane problems; the actual discovery of fandom is usually done without any knowledge of the refuge it could provide. I don't think anyone--except those in gaffiation--leads a mundane life knowing that fandom is there whenever he wants to chuck mundane society, but refrains from entering. Becoming a fan is more equivalent to sticking a toe in the water, then gradually immersing himself, and the total realization of what fandom can offer is not realized until he is fully in fandom (or fully immersed, if you want to continue the analogy). I don't know if I'm coherent or not--what I'm trying to say is that Mike Glicksohn erroneously states that there are people out there who have never been in fandom, but realize that it is there, if they ever get so sick of mundane life that they have to seek solace elsewhere. Au contraire, someone doesn't realize what fandom can be until he has been in it.

The right or wrong, psychologically, of FIAWOL is largely dependent on the place where the fan lives. An isolated fan who does fanac entirely by mail, but who sees it as a way of life has something **wrong**--he must, to be so active in and dependent on a world that exists only when the mailman comes. But the fen in the large metropolitan cities are normal...most of my friends are friends because they have common interests, and those friends are a way of life, to some extent. If those friends happened to be part of fandom, and, consequently, fandom was a way of life, I would see nothing wrong with that. Fans in cities can't take power in fandom because they are unable to succeed in mundania...to be elected to a high position in the LASFS, say, would take all the powers of persuasion and personality that a job promotion would require. But someone who gets fired from his job, and goes home to run for President of FAPA obviously has some kind of character disorder...rather than face his problems, he ignores them, and goes into that world where he can be king of the heap.

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Harry Warner, Jr.



There's only one thing wrong with Seth Dogramajian's project, and it's a fault that is epidemic throughout the fanzine field, not invented by the Fan Art Clearing House. There's no real way for the fan artist to make sure that his individual drawings will eventually get published. As a hoarder, a compulsive pile-upper, a person who can never bear to throw anything away, it makes me worried to think about the occasional sketches that get destroyed and are permanently lost when a fanzine editor gaffiates without returning material to the creators or sending it along to a surviving fan. I assume that hardly any fan artists have facilities for making first-rate copies of their work before sending it out, and I suspect that the prolific artists don't even keep records about which pictures they sent where. If Seth could find someone willing to donate use of a good office copier and free paper, there would be a partial solution to the problem: make a copy of each drawing before sending the original anywhere and hang on to that copy until the drawing sees print. This wouldn't exactly preserve the original, since even the best copiers have considerable limitations and none do full-color copying as

yet; but some sketches wouldn't be lost in their only copies. I know that fan artists aren't really a major factor in the art world and it's highly unlikely that five centuries from now, posterity will be wailing over the disappearance of part of the total work of Kirk, Rotsler, Austin and the rest. But I also think about those lecherous old monks in the Middle Ages and the music some of them wrote to try to keep their minds on things of the spirit and the estimates that not more than perhaps one-tenth of all that music has survived in even one copy and how amazed those composers would be today if they could know that anyone outside their little clans felt an interest in their creations.

It sounds to me as if everyone is a pig, under Paul Hazlett's definition. Granted, he leaves out some of the people. But I'm sure that if there's something piggish about favoritism in filling union jobs, there's something much more piggish about Joe Everyguy driving at 80 mph on a crowded road after three hours in his neighborhood tavern. If the ordinary fellow has a lot of contempt for politicians (I have), you should sit around patiently in the midst of politicians until they get around to saying what they really think of the common guy.

Mike Glicksohn makes sense in what he says about the worth of fandom. But one thing is sometimes forgotten when fans go soul-searching over the worth of their hobby and its possible effects. They forget that much the same agonizing self-evaluation and doubts plague people who pursue almost any hobby. The newsstand photography magazines, which aren't too different from fanzines in that they are aimed at amateurs, not professionals, keep publishing articles in which camera fans are berated or defended for such things as sublimating the peeping tom or copulation instincts into picture-taking, forgetting the picture in concern for the equipment that produces it, and all sorts of terrible other things. Civil War



buffs keep explaining even if not asked about it that they aren't glorifying war and aren't living in the past and several other things. Record collectors soon discover that they can be blamed for Freudian behavior every time they put a record on the turntable, they argue endlessly on whether they're destroying live music by devoting themselves to its pickled aspect, and so it goes in almost every hobby with which I have any familiarity. I don't think it's possible for most of us to retain sanity in today's world if we spend all our time dealing with its most vital problems, and I think it's better if we spend part of our time relaxing in some kind of hobby, even if discovery of the ternal verities in the next millenium will prove that we've picked a hobby for which we're not well suited.

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Buck Coulson

I hadn't really intended to comment on this issue, but since Piers managed to imply that I'd called Ted White a secondrate pro I suppose I'd better clear things up. First of all, I didn't say "secondrate pros," I said "secondrate pro writers." There is a difference; Ted is a pro editor, and a damned good one. (Sure, he writes, too, but I'm far more impressed by his editing; I think that eventually he'll be regarded as one of the half-dozen or so best stf editors of all time, and he isn't going to be classed nearly that high as an author.)

I wonder at Dr. Wertham's ideas of "refutation." Various ethnologists produce evidence pointing towards a territorial instinct in all animals (which is not, by the way, the same thing as an instinct toward violence, but does produce a lot of the same effects) and Dr. Wertham says, "I don't think that applies to man" and considers that he has refuted the argument. He may be right, as far as that goes, but the quote he provided is about as far from a refutation as it is possible to get.

Basically, Chapdelaine has some good points. I quibble with most of his facts, but I'm too lazy to look them up. However, he seems to have one blind spot. "Differences are not synonymous with inferiority!" No, Perry, they're not --but 99% of the people of this country think they are, so until the young are better educated and the old die off, it's to our advantage to minimize racial differences, particularly unproven ones, and particularly in public. Hell, man, your neighbors think you're inferior just because you're connected with science fiction. As for the lack of competent Negro business organizers; I notice Negroes produce very few science fiction fans, too. Is it because they have a racial aversion to science, or because there aren't enough middle-class Negro families to produce fans in quantity? (Stf fandom being exclusively a subculture of our middle class.) So; I don't particularly agree with either Campbell's or Chapdelaine's racial arguments, but for Campbell at least they do fit in with his well-known pattern of turning popular "truths" over for a look from another angle.

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Alpajpuri

Ah--so Dan Osterman has finally found a fanzine that will accept his anti-war artwork. I'm using a lot of Dan's stuff in Carandaith, but a lot of his anti-soldier, anti-"pig" art turns me off because of the guy's fiercely negative re-

action to the terrible world around us. I don't react positively; that's not what I mean to say at all--but... well, this ties into your editorial comments on hair-length etc.

The letter you sent in to your newspaper was a Neat Trick--I mean, it's incredible that you could be so ludicrously irrational and extremist and radical and still be taken seriously, by both sides of the dichotomy in society.

BUT--after we stop laughing and/or blowing our minds over it, the realization hits of how really sad the whole situation is. As usual, the matter is not simple like RIGHT/WRONG, or even RIGHT/LEFT. It's significant that your mother volunteered to be classified as a "hard hat" in the hair issue; Communists, Fascists, Liberals, Conservatives, Hippies, Hard Hats, etc., do not mind being called those names, they know it, they acknowledge it and probably are proud of it, at least in that they've all come to their respective positions by themselves.

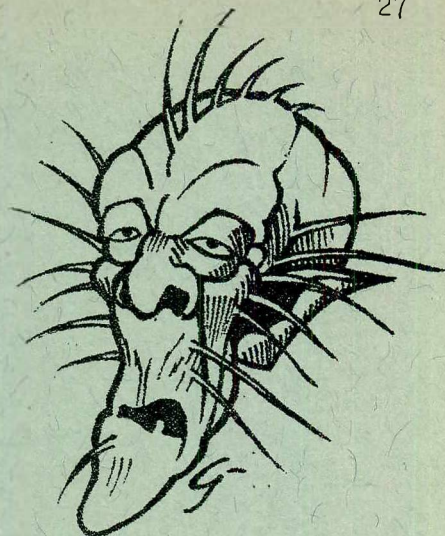
((I'd better explain about my mother. She didn't like being labeled a Hard Hat and was indignant that I implied that she was one. Even though she didn't know what a Hard Hat was. When she did find out who they were, she was insulted. I haven't gotten my hair cut, either.))

What I'm trying to get at is, you can't insult a "hard hat" by calling him a "hard hat." So obviously the problem must be approached from more than one direction.

Sometimes I think it's a *curse* that has caused me to identify strongly with people. When I go out on the street I can really pick up on the hostility, fear and incomprehension vibes that stream from the eyes of straight pedestrians when they see my shoulder-length hair and casual clothes. (Earl Evers sez this has happened to him because he's taken so much acid he's become telepathic, but I've been this way all my life.) I spend an awful lot of energy trying to get into people's heads, and when I see controversies from all points of view my usual reaction is to withdraw into a helpless kind of confusion. In recent years I've become almost apathetic towards politics and the world situation in general. I often think that in order to take sides in an issue I'd have to ignore some facts I can't avoid--usually the Opposition's point of view. I'm like a potential compromiser, but I haven't trained myself to put the pieces together. I see two sides of issues and can't go any further, because my head's being blown over by the ATTACK/DEFENSE trips everyone's on. I guess my reactions are too emotional or something.

In any case, I find myself asking you how can you dispell the false impressions and hostilities in Quakertown Pa? Now that you've demonstrated quite graphically (by your letter-to-the-editor) that the situation is really bad, what can you do about it?

Anything? ((Nope. I've found that the only way anything can be attacked is to make fun of it, and that's simply the way it is. It's the only way I can function. Mainly because points of view that I hold are in an extreme minority in Quakertown, and no amount of action on my part will heal any wounds in the consciences of people around me. And there's too much static from other people to do anything else but fight for a cause. The label of Communist has followed me so much that my brother had cards made up for me and a few of his friends reading



"I Am A Card Carrying Communist." The majority of the people around here throw the word around as much as they shit. The only thing to do is hold the people up to ridicule, if not person-directed ridicule, then that having to do with the group. It alienates, sure. But sane argument isn't going to change any man's opinion of anything. It's up to the individual. It was that way for me, at least. Not 2 1/2 years ago I was sporting a crew cut and at the time of the Democratic convention I supported the tactics of Daley against the demonstrators. I believe I even put that opinion on paper in one of Ed Reed's fanzines, though I'm not up to looking it up. I would sit in the school's library and discuss with others the rightness of our presence in Vietnam... "Ya know, Johnson isn't doing such a bad job. Someone has to stop them, or they'd take over the world." It wasn't a reasoned argument from a peacenik that changed me. It was a slow self-evaluation of my beliefs. And that's all that will work with people in Quakertown, or anywhere else....))

I dunno. I'm not about to go out and become a social worker or a churchman or a politician--my interests are a little too self-directed for that. I deal with issues in a mental environment, my (and other) fanzines. talk talk talk

sigh

That's one thing that bothers me about Osterman's artwork, the political stuff. I'm not saying he's especially wrong--I'm just arguing for a buffer meditation period in which we consider the external effects of his message.

Exempli gratis--Something I was thinking about earlier today. A young person will sometimes say something to another, something true but cruel. He makes the victim feel bad, and when chastised by others will usually defend himself by demonstrating the truth of his original remark (e.g., "you're ugly," or "you're stupid/ignorant"...) His companions will frown and be unable to verbalize just what it is that says he still shouldn't have said it.

The whole problem (hope I'm not being too incoherent), of course, centers around the fact that there are more factors to the situation than are being considered.

It's not enough to voice an idea, a concept. One must also take into account the manner in which this bit of information is being expressed and being received. The medium of the message is a factor too often ignored. It's not immediately tangible, it's almost invisible unless you've been trained to know what to look for. Choice of words; tone of voice; conceptual connotations, associations and context in the matrix of psychological/sociological relationships.

Am I being too abstract? Consider the following illustration--you're in a social situation and are relating to an individual who is behaving (you think:) immaturity. The immediate reaction, at least on my part, has been to tell them this, either outright or cloaked in the cutting edge of a social razor, using the judgment of their personality as a lever to topple their ego. In social situations, with onlookers, this is very easy to do and can be quite effective if pulled off properly. However, it's an ego trip and ego-trips are basically self-destructive, and in this case just as immature (in terms of spiritual development) as the actions of the young one.

But even if you detach the issue from your ego, if you sincerely wish to communicate the immaturity of his actions, you still can't do it on a simple level. If you tell him, even with a smile and a pat on the back, that you think he's acting childishly, the chances are (especially if his personality is basically immature) he will feel attacked and will endeavor to defend himself, and miss the point completely. An immature mind is an ego (self) obsessed mind, and as long as an individual is interested primarily in his self, any attempt to teach him he will see

only as it reflects of his own ego.

Okay. So you're trying to enlighten him to the light separate from his ego, so that the non-ego part of his intellect can then be motivated to pry itself away from the ego. This is one helluva defense for psychedelics: I guess, the only, tangentially. What I've really been leading up to all this time is the realization that the way to heal the horrible social schism we're faced with is not the writing of parody letters to the editor, or drawing pictures of grotesque, mindless monsters labelled PIG or SOLDIER or burning buildings. The way is through millions of honest, friendly smiles and quiet conversations, and Identifying. And so on.

Of course, in practical light my idealism shatters like a glass goblet... Revolutions are not won, I am told, by being piss-weak.

But oh, that line of thought (trying to anticipate) the thoughts of those who would disagree with me) always depresses me, so I shan't pursue it, just this once.

whew

Gary Hubbard's SERMONETTES column is fascinating--at last, a rap-column with no particular place to go, in no special hurry, and written by a suitably introspective head. ("Head" not in the sense of "one who turns on" but like brain; intellect; personality; thought-force pattern.) I'll be looking forward to future installments.

((I'm not sure there will be any future installments. To tell the truth, Gary's column in the last issue was one he sent me a year ago, just after the Woodstock festival was a reality and before the thing on everyone's mind was the great Woodstock nation-type of thing. And he submitted it to me just as I was getting into the controversy schtick. Thus it sat all this time, and in the meantime Gary may have gafiated even more completely, I don't know. His article was received very well, though, I'm glad to say, and some people would like to see more. Gary?))

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Jerry Lapidus

Notice that according to LOCUS, fanzines finished in almost the exact order of circulation? SFR won, followed by LOCUS, RQ SPECULATION (which I think averages a lot less than you imply here--and I think the British fan scene is a lot less meaningful in these terms, too, than you do), and then BAB. I don't like statistics like that--it looks too much as if circulation is the only factor, when it works out so perfectly, and even I'm not cynical enough to be able to take that cold.

Harry Warner. I don't think Snider is criticizing MATHOM and PEGASUS for, as you say, lack of "intention to produce a beautiful booklet that will be nominated for Hugo voting." The point I think Al was trying to make was that with the material, reproduction and writers present, both of these magazines could be considerably better. With tighter editing, more control over quality of writing and reproduction, these magazines could be considerably superior to the present. I agree with him here; it's not that a magazine has to look professional, but that the editor should make the best possible use of the reproduction and material he has available.

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 I Also Heard From Jeff Smith-(2), Lisa Tuttle, Jack West; Mike Kring, Greg Benford, Don Keller, Piers Anthony, Grant Canfield, Jonh Ingham, Dave Hulvey, Phyrne Bacon.

Illo by Joe Pearson



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