

Barabachama



BEABOHEMA 13

What each and every one of you reading this bit of explication are holding in your hands at this moment is a piece of history. This issue of BAB, #13, is the first issue in which I, Frank Lunney, have not written an editorial. Last summer rich brown, writing about BAB in FOCAL POINT, suggested that if I couldn't write a good editorial maybe I should do something different: not write on at all. It's taken 10 these many months for the advice to sink in. Also, I'm going back to school tomorrow and I don't have time to write anything if I want to mail this special issue out before I leave home.

This is the long awaited (by myself) issue of BAB hereby christened the special Bob Shaw issue. It can be obtained for \$1, except for contributors, and if you don't have the issue by now you're not a contributor, so you'll have to pay the buck. All the money I get goes to the BoSh Fund.

Regular issues are available for contributions of words or artwork, trades or 50¢. The current regular issue, #14, was published a month ago, in typical Lunney fashion.

BeABohema is edited by Frank Lunney at Box 551, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa. 18015 and published on the Daytsch Drindle Press back in Quakertown. This is DNP publication 19; slowly but surely I'm stretching toward publication 100 Harry Warner said he was waiting for when he wrote in the lettercolumn of BAB 2. Nothing can stop progress!

BAB is published monthly, possibly. Everyone getting this special issue will also receive #14, regardless of whether or not you normally would have received it. Just a special little bonus; it may be more of a bonus if you like music at all. If not, remember that you don't have any real choice in the matter. Back issues 3-14 are available. 3-9 are 60¢ each, 11, 12 and 14 are 50¢ each, 10, too. Very few issues of #12 are left, which shows what an important issue it really was.

On page 4 is "A Story for Shangri LaAffaires", by rich brown; "Shaw Enough" by Robert Bloch starts on page 6; Gary Hubbard's "The Cracked Eye" is on page 8; on 16 is "Thoughts While Typing: One Way Out...And Others" by Greg Benford; 21 is "Imu and Uri" by Jay Kinney; 22 is ProBoSh by Jeff Smith; and page 27 is the conclusion with "Cum Bloatus."

Art is by Grant Canfield--2,13; Brad Balfour--4,29; Lee Hoffman--6,7,23; Doug Lovenstein--9,10; Jeff Schalles--11,32; Dan Osterman--12,25; Alpajpuri--14,19; Mike Gilbert--15,16; Joe Pearson--18; Alexis Gilliland--19; Jay Kinney--21; Andy Porter--27. The cover is by Dan Osterman.

How about a quote: "Looking ahead, Liza saw that they would soon be crossing the mouth of the small inlet. Among the thick, weed-fingered undergrowth she caught a glimpse of something white, and then another. Perhaps they had found the swans' roosting place. She tapped Roses' knee and pointed. He glanced over his shoulder, backed his oars. The boat slowed at once, stopped opposite the entrance to the inlet, and began to drift stern-first on the tide. He rowed gently, keeping in position while he examined what Liza had pointed at. He nosed the boat in closer." --from Chronocules by D.G. Compton.

This is the end of the colophon of the special Bob Shaw issue of BeABohema, the Hugo nominated fanzine.

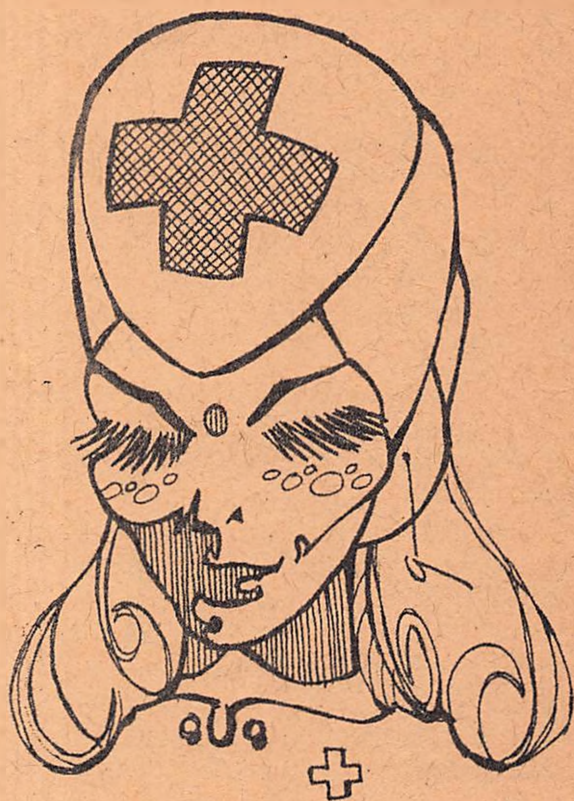
a story for shangri l'affaires

Unless you were there, unless you were part of it--even a small part, as is granted to neofans, such as I was at the time--you cannot possibly understand what it was like to have been in fandom and a fan in 1958.

It was a year of great, wonderful joys and sad, terrible sorrows. The Solacon, a fannish dream for a decade, was realized in that year, but it was also the dreadful Year of the Jackpot.

Science fiction, and science fiction fandom, which for so many years had seemed to have been granted an immunity from Death--as if we were all Republicans in that Great Democrat's scheme of things--was hit in that year with the passings of Henry Kuttner, Cyril Kornbluth, Vernon McCain, Francis T. Laney, Kent Moomaw and Bill Courval.

At the same time, the fannish rallying cry of the old Outlander Society (LArea fans who lived in the "outlands" and met on a regular basis in the



FAAN FICTION / RICH BROWN

late 40 and early 50s)--South Gate in '58!--was about to become the Convention of the Century.

The dream, of course, was not realized as it had been dreamt, as so often is the case with dreams: The three words and two numbers had been intended to gather all the old members of the Outlander Society together on the steps of the courthouse in South Gate on Labor Day, 1958, for one last meeting. When the appointed day rolled around, only Dotty Faulkner, a frail old lady in her 90s, and Rick Sneary, the little hermit from South Gate, stood on the courthouse steps. If there were any other Outlanders around, they existed only in Rick's and Dotty's minds' eyes. There was just the two of them and the banner they held that rippled softly in the afternoon breeze and read: "The Outlander Society: South Gate in '58."

It was a year of joys, a year of sorrows, and very much a year of tribulations: Two major fan-feuds, one over the LonCon Charter Flight and one over WSFS, Inc., droned on and on, as fan filed suit against fellow fan and counter-charges met charges and were met by counter-counter-charges. The WSFS hassle did not end until the Solacon, as far as most of fandom was concerned, when Anna Sinclair Moffat cracked down her gavel and proclaimed to the warring factions who'd brought their dispute there: "This is not a meeting of the World Science Fiction Society, Inc. This is the Solacon!"

Nineteen and ought fifty-eight was also the year when the first fakefan I ever met, Kenneth Kane, died. It wasn't mentioned in the fan press because Ken was, after all, a fakefan: only a collector. He never contributed amateur fiction or an article or even so much as an LoC to a fanzine. He despised the idea of attending a convention--but did so to further his collection--and looked down on fan-clubs. The first time I thought to write down the details of the meeting I had with him, I intended to contribute it to SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES: The thrust of the story, as you may realize by the time you reach the end of it, made it perfectly suited for that journal of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Instead I contributed a profile of Ted Johnstone that was butchered. I vowed it would be my sole contribution, and it was. But now, over 12 years after the event, I still haven't got a better title than the one I started with, even though SHAGGY has been through a couple of editors I never even met. Despite the fact that this is appearing in BeABohema, and despite the fact that even the latest incarnation of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES has been on the shelves for a couple of years at least, this is still very much a story for SHAGGY.

Ken Kane was really a fakefan. He thought sf was worthless trash. But somewhere, Ghu knows how, he came across fanzines, realized that most of them were published in quite limited number, and for their scarcity was able to imbue them with some value. He did not even particularly enjoy reading them, but he did so to further his collection--the fanzine reviews not only clued him to zines that were unlisted in the Fanzine Index, but also mentioned, from time to time, the sale of fanzines between fans so that he could have some idea of where certain zines could be obtained.

Ken died in a stupid accident. Fell down a flight of stairs and broke his fakefannish neck. His death is of no concern to this account, save that it is historically factual: He died that year. Period. So if you expected this to be one of those maudlin pieces about fans who have Left Us, I am sorry to have disappointed you.

Ken's father was a millionaire. Ken, as a result, happened to have a fanzine collection that would make even Pelz drool and the likes of Ackerman howl with envy.

I happened to meet Ken because he was looking for a particular fanzine. A particular fanzine that few collectors even know about--and which, if they did, would send the completists among them into a froth and a frenzy.

Item: On Oct. 7, 1939, Robert Anson Heinlein--the Robert Anson Heinlein--published his first, and only, fanzine. Entitled DOT, but spelled ".", it consisted of a carbon-copied "." typed neatly in the center of the first, and only, page.

Item: Only two copies of . were published and mailed out. One of them went to Lt. Cmdr. Arthur Bentz, a Navy friend of Heinlein's and sometime sf reader who was then corresponding with him.

Item: Bentz's home, in East Wharton, Ill., was destroyed by fire shortly thereafter. Bentz was not inside the house, but his copy of . was.

It follows, then, that THERE WAS ONLY ONE COPY OF . LEFT IN EXISTENCE!

The second copy went to Julius Schwartz, then editor of FANTASY MAGAZINE, who reviewed it in FM#39. The review noted: "We didn't even know it was supposed to be a fanzine until its editor, Bob Heinlein, wrote asking if we'd received it."

When Ken first read Schwartz's review, he wasn't too discouraged. It wasn't until he talked to Heinlein in person (he flew to Colorado) that he learned that . had been circulated only to two people. "A dot," Heinlein had explained, "is the same thing as a period. A period is duration, of course, but it's also the end of a sentence. At the time, I was ending my brief duration as a 'fan' and trying to become a professional in a big way. DOT was my enigmatic way of saying that. But I didn't want to say it to too many people."

When Ken discovered, by his own hard footwork, that one of the two copies had been destroyed in a fire, he really started to worry, he told me later. But at the same time he realized that, if he could but track down and obtain Schwartz's copy, he would have every other fanzine completist by the balls. Some of the more stubborn ones would have to sell him their collections, he reasoned, since they would then realize that he was the only person who ever stood a chance of having a complete collection of every fanzine ever published.

But Schwartz had, by 1954 (when Ken met him), been out of fandom for a number of years and could not remember whether . had been sold in the collection that went to Joe Kennedy in the 1940s or the one he had sold to Jack Weidenbeck some time later.

It took Ken the rest of 1954 and part of 1955 to run down Weidenbeck's collection. He bought it in three separate acquisitions, and . was not in it.

This narrowed it down to JoKe, whose collection had been picked up by Swisher. And the Swisher collection, he knew, had been sold piecemeal to Al Lewis, Bruce Pelz and Conrad Christiano.

As fate would have it, neither Al Lewis nor Bruce Pelz had been the lucky recipient, for if they were and ever learned its value Ken's search would have been fruit-



less. Ken made discreet inquiries of both of them, flying from one coast to another to do so, and discovered this to be the case. Then he flew to Bartlettville, Md., to talk to Christiano (whose interest in fandom had waned as the result of his religious up-bringing). Christiano revealed that, upon his gaffiation, he had packed up all his fanzines and sent them off to "Kaymar" (K. Martin) Carlson.

This was almost too much for Ken to bear. "Kaymar" was, at the time, editing "Kaymar Trader" for the N3F, and distributing his entire fanzine collection to anyone who would provide the postage. In Minnesota (where Kaymar lived), Ken obtained a list of the neofen who'd made purchases. He had gone through the remainder of Kaymar's collection and ascertained that . was not among the left-overs.

My name was on that list. Which is how it happens that Ken Kane became the first fakefan I ever met.

There had been three before me on the list and eight were to follow. The first three had taken him from Minnesota to New York City, there to follow a private first class in the Army to Germany, then to go back to the private's home in Aspen, Wyoming, before finding . was not there; from there he had been to Miami, Florida, only to follow the fan he was after to Seattle, Washington, before being assured that . was not one of the zines he had purchased from Kaymar; and the third, who lived in Australia, sent him off to England, since he'd just sold his collection to an Anglofan, but again the search proved that the elusive . was not among the zines Kaymar had sent to the Aussiefan.

When Ken got to me he made it very attractive for a 15-year-old.

"You don't have the money to collect all the fanzines in existence," he said without hiding anything after he'd told me the whole story, from how he'd discovered .'s existence to what he'd done to track it to my door. "Therefor," he continued smoothly, "it's of little value to you. I will give you \$25,000 for it--and while you will not have DOT, you can have a great many other desirable things for that."

I have always been some sort of a nut about collecting things and then selling them off or practically giving them away for some niggling amount. I had traded my entire prozine collection--close to 1,000 pulps--to Paul Stanberry for two boxes of stencils and two reams of paper. When Greg Benford explained to my wife recently why he didn't need a copy of THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR from us because he had the original, which he'd bought for only a quarter, he was too embarrassed on my account to tell her that it was my copy he'd purchased. Things like that.

I've always been that sort of a nut.

"I'd be happy to sell it to you," I told him, and his eyes gleamed before I added, "But I didn't know it was a fanzine. I thought it was just an old piece of typing paper that had gotten into the package by mistake. I threw it in the trash and it must have been burned months ago."

If that had been a cagy move on my part, a stratagem to keep the world's most rare and valuable fanzine in my possession, it would have been one thing.

But it wasn't.

I had actually thrown it away. There was, and is, absolutely no doubt in my mind that it was burned.

I remember that he just sat there, on the chair I had offered him, without speaking or moving for a few minutes. Almost automatically he took a cigarette out of his pocket, put it between his lips and searched for a match. He couldn't find one, so he returned the cigarette to its package before he asked, "Well, then, do you have any copies of RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST you'd like to sell?"

--rich brown, 1970

SHAW ENOUGH

Students of genealogy have traced the Shaw family's antecedents to a period roughly corresponding to the Early Cambrian. Why they want to horse around with this kind of stuff I'll never know.

It's much easier to consider the historical Shaws, by following their family crest--vice rampant, on a field of double-crosses--through the ages.

Among the more prominent personages bearing the surname are:

T.E. Shaw, better known as "Lawrence of Arabia"--or, as some of his unkind biographers would have it, "Florence of Arabia."

George Bernard Shaw (born Irving Garfinkle) who will go down in history--as opposed to Rick Sneary, whose school misadventures caused him to go down in spelling.

Artie Shaw, the swing musician of the Thirties and Forties. Shaw has been married eight or nine times. He went bald quite a few years ago, and there's a theory that his baldness was caused from being pelted in the head by too much rice.

Susan Shaw and Sandra Shaw, actresses. Sometimes visible on the Late, Late Shaw.

by
robert
bloch



Larry Shaw, editor. Once he was a fan. But then, Al Capone was once a choir-boy. We can't all be perfect.

Which brings us to Bob Shaw.

The news that Bob Shaw may be coming to the United States is certainly cause for great rejoicing--in Ireland.

I have known this man for more years than you can shake a stick at--not that shaking a stick at those years would help to obliterate our acquaintance. I know, because I tried. I was willing to try anything, once prayer was exhausted.

But I still know him, know him from the first day we met at a science fiction convention. Shaw had come there, he said, to follow in the footsteps of Walt Willis. But I told him it was impossible; nobody could stagger like that.

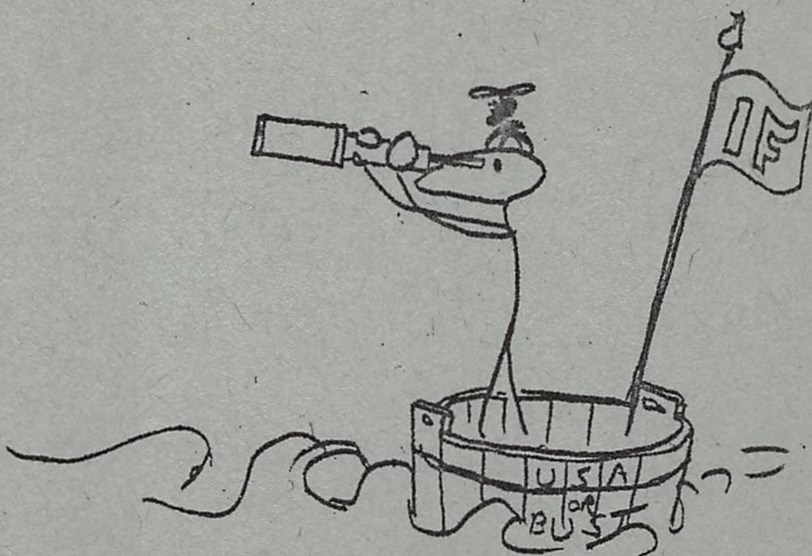
Then Bob Shaw went home and became a pro writer.

Nevertheless, when my wife and I went to Northern Ireland in '65, we renewed our association. It was Bob Shaw who conducted me on a tour of Belfast in the pouring rain. It was Bob Shaw who joined Willis, James White and the original John Berry (Irving Garfinkle) in a party on what proved to be a memorable evening. To be exact, September 18, 1965 (I told you it was memorable!).

And it is Bob Shaw who, if plans go through, will come Stateside. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished, for despite his many sins--and pro writing isn't the only one--I have always been of the opinion that there was something very admirable about Bob Shaw.

His wife, Sadie.

--Robert Bloch



THE CRACKED EYE

BY GARY HUBBARD

I sit here in an ivory tower of the mind, and, beyond the vacuum that separates me from reality, I view with a cracked eye the panorama of the world. My viewpoint is a distorted one, and I make no pretense that these things that I see are real.

I have led a strange life, and I live among the shadows of things bizarre and grotesque. Nothing ever happens to me in the normal manner--for the eye perceived the life through cracks and smoky distortion and Hubbard conducts himself accordingly.

Besides, I hate the normal and commonplace things of the world. I live for Far Samarkand, slaying dragons, cheating fate and ramming those windmills. It doesn't work that way, but I can dream. *oo*

October is my part of the year. All the good things in my life have occurred in October. And this is strange, for October is the funeral of the world. An organ plays a requiem for a dying world.

It's always dying, but it never dies.

Can you hear the music?

It's been raining all day, and now, with night, mist makes a cathedral of the planet. High above, a cirrus cloud curves across the sky in a jagged sickle. The shore on an unknown continent in the sky. And off-shore a star twinkles.

The mist shrouds the ground. It is at rest and in rapid motion. It sits on rooftops and on the ground. It shoots through the tree branches and strikes the street lamps with terrific force, turning them into icy globes of shattered light.

There's a chill in the air.



The mist covers over a dead cat lying in a gutter.

It rained later that night and into the morning. The next day was overcast. The gray of the sky blended together with the concrete streets and the brown of dead leaves.

The birds are passing through. On their way to wherever it is they go to in October. Some say they go South, but when I was young I believed they went to the moon.

A few scout birds fly ahead of the pack and vault onto a telephone line. They perch there until they are joined by others. Then, when some arcane number of birds are sitting on the line, the first few fly off. They seem to go in relays. First a few, then a few more, then a few more.

Off in the distance another flock of birds is spreading across the sky like an air-going, giant amoeba. First they come in a ragged cloud. Then, as they pass over my head, they form into an elongated, swirly cone. Reminiscent of a tornado travelling parallel to the ground, or a DNA molecule. Further away, they form into a lone, straight line. Then the line contracts and compresses. The birds form into a big globe...then the globe BURSTS...into thousands of bird-shards. Each little bird is hurtling in its own random direction.

I understand that the movements of birds in flight were used to predict future events in times past. Some people cannot appreciate a thing for what it is.

The wind rapes the leaves from the trees.

High above, a Braniff (a solitary bird in red plumage) jet flies into an open space between two cloud banks. A beautiful sight, but her smoke trail is like a brush stroke of black to an already funereal scene. *oo*



You know, there is this dead cat that I have to pass every day on my way to work and, every day, I stop to see what work the maggots have made of it the night before. There those little devils are, like glops of animated rice, crawling over that cat-corpse, incessantly eating.

So far they've stripped away most of the skin from the inside of the cat's mouth, most of its head (the eyes are long gone, but that may have been the work of birds), the area between its hindlegs.

But I'm a little worried. A couple of nights ago the temperature got down to 25 degrees. I hope the creepy little things aren't killed off before they finish the cat. I'd like its skeleton.

It would be nice if one could live one's life without thinking about it. But one does. *oo*

You have no idea how hard it is to mentally conceive of a woman eight feet tall. You have the tendency to forget her height and have her doing things that logically she couldn't. Like sitting in chairs built for normal sized humans. Or exaggerating her size and having her do things that even an eight foot tall person couldn't do. Like picking up a man with one hand. *oo*

Here I am, on the first day of vacation with a smile in my heart and four dollars in my pocket. I don't expect to be doing much for the next two months, actually. This week is a grimmy. An uncle of mine is visiting this week with his hoard of kids. I hate kids and these are worse than the usual lot. So far they have managed to turn my room into a shambles and break several pieces of jewelry (I collect junk jewelry and trinkets just in case a flying saucer lands. The



aliens might want some artifacts to take back with them in exchange for something valuable. Like maybe a gun that will dissolve kids).

Life goes on.

The eye has been watching a few of the things going on around here, and I've come to the conclusion that a strong, unified group working toward a noble, humanitarian goal is bound to do the wrong thing. When the Civil Rights movement started it sure had a good goal in mind, but somewhere things got off the track somewhere. Things have gotten so fouled up that it's going to take another hundred years to straighten the things out. The trouble with people is that when they start fighting for a vague, idealistic goal after a while the fighting becomes an end in itself. So the NAACP and the Civil Rights Commission have become vested interests picking nits to keep themselves in power. Last winter the CRC got a court injunction against one of the townships around here to keep them from putting a nativity scene on the courthouse lawn.

And if the Black Panthers ever achieve their stated goals? Could be bad. In the Middle Ages there was a military-religious organization started called the Knights-Templar. Their purpose was to keep God's laws and fight in the Crusades. A noble goal for the time, of course, but after the Crusades ended they didn't have anything specific to do, so they started using samurai tactics on anyone they thought wasn't keeping God's laws. Finally they had to be forcibly disbanded.

Group effort doesn't show me shit. It may be good for quantitative work, but the quality of mass produced humanitarianism is about as good as mass produced anything. You come up with a lot of lemons. *oo*

That thing in Vietnam is just a game. I know. I used to be on the third



string.

From the time I was in the Army, I remember remotely thinking about the possibility of ending up in the Big Nam, as we quaintly put it. I remember thinking that if I were ever sent there, I'd get killed. But so what? Dying in a rice field would at least be a change from living in the Army.

I remember reading where a West Point grad said something to the effect that wars like Vietnam were needed so that guys like him could put their education to some good use.

I remember living with the Special Forces. Remember what I said about the Knights-Templars and Black Panthers? Same group. The SF and the Marines are more religious organizations than military ones. Like the Indian Thuggee cult they worship death. Failing an enemy to destroy, they turn to self-mutilation. The SF paratroopers I was with tried their damndest to break an arm or a leg on a jump. A cast was a status symbol. Remember the Heidelberg dueling clubs?

I remember being out on some of the tactical maneuvers they hold in Germany to impress the Communists (not unlike an ape beating his chest at a rival). The blue army vs. the red army. A kind of superfootball. And Nam is the Superbowl of superfootball.

Hell, they end this one and the teams will all go into training for the next one. *oo*

You know, the past tense of shit is shat, but I've never seen it used anywhere except in a pamphlet on dirty jokes written by Sigmund Freud (a very interesting little work, the title of which escapes me at the moment). Wherever excretory functions are ever mentioned, the word used is usually "defecated," which



is a pretty awkward word and doesn't even give you a clear picture of what the guy is doing. Might as well say he "geplonked." *oo*

To be a pacifist in this world you have to have a finely developed taste for masochism. It isn't even normal for a person to be a pacifist. All mammals fight. Intersocietal conflicts establish an individual's place in the feeding and sexual pecking order. The strongest ape in any primate social group or the strongest lion in the pack gets to eat the most food and lay the best females. Works the same way in human society. On a much subtler level, of course. Not on a physical level all the time. Courts take care of a lot of conflicts that used to be settled with claws and teeth.

'Course now, I'm a pacifist. Last time I hit anyone was when I was eight years old. Hit my brother on the chin. It hurt my hand so much that I decided not to do anything like that again. I don't even get angry at people. Tried to learn how to shoot a rifle in the Army, but it's too hard. And it gets pretty boring after a while. Got hold of a sword once and they are the most awkward things to hold that I can imagine. I can't see how Conan and John Carter and that bunch could walk around without those things getting in their way.

So, as a result of my non-aggressive ways, I can't afford to eat much and I don't have too many women. So go out and bite somebody in the leg and be a nasty bastard in general. It's the only way to make it. *oo*

A White Panther bookstore opened in Westland a few months ago. It stayed in business a few months. It was demolished by a bunch of greasers from the John Glenn High School.



"How come?"

They weren't selling any drugs.

Just yesterday a member of a musical group called The Buck Rogers Movement was shot by a bunch of kids who didn't like his long hair. He'll be blind, probably, if he recovers.

The Establishment you can handle. It's the ones behind you you have to look out for.

"Maybe he wasn't selling any drugs either."

Those drug people are a bunch of slobs.

At a pot party with my brother I tried to engage various people in conversations about Vietnam. All I could get was "Huh...yeah." Or "Hear the latest by the MC5?" "Yes, I know the MC5 personally." "See my wild new shirt?" "Got a new Corvette with dual phlange constipators and injected scum."

It had all the qualities of an Establishment cocktail party.

The A people and the B people deserve each other. *oo*

One thing that John J. Pierce's and Robert Moore Williams's Old Time Fans are missing (how the hell did the Generation Gap get into fandom?) is that there was good sf being written back in the Good Old Days despite them.

Those Good Old Days, back in the 1930's and '40's were grim, gray days of economic upheaval and war. A lot of people thought the world was ending, but some of us believed it was only beginning. We thought technological progress would save



"Gorcha"

the war and transform it into a better place (still can, but it's going to take a lot more technology than we thought it would). Back then, sf was written the way it should have been for then.

But now is a different place. And sf is being written for now. The future of back then is now. And we need to build our own future.

Appreciate and respect the past, but don't glorify it.

I've often thought I might want to be a cop. I feel that any group that has so many people against it must be doing something right. But, no, it's too much like a military organization. The reason that there are so many stupid and brutish types in the military is that no normal or decent person would take the job. Policemen ARE overworked and underpaid. Often the pawns of whatever local political machine happens to be running things. Maybe the only way to get any promotions and more money is to lick ass. And the local cop sees a lot more of the nasty side of human behavior than anyone should see.

Who would want a job like that?

So police forces take what they can get. Which means the sadists and bigots.

And the general public remains unconcerned about what's going on. In any society, law enforcement is an important business. But we hardly give it any thought, do we? *oo*

Love and Beauty only go good with a little salt.

--Gary Hubbard

THOUGHTS WHILE TYPING:

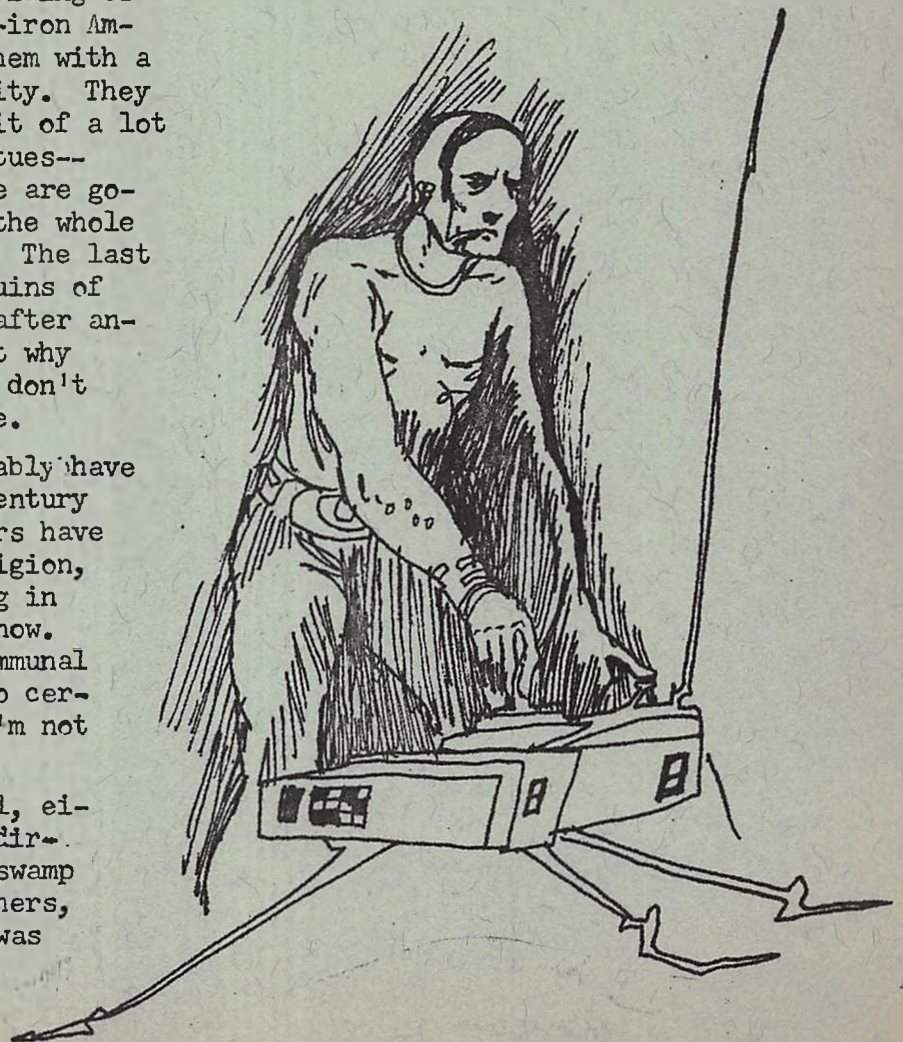
You and I are trapped. Trapped by General Motors and Social Security, megapolopolis and CBS.

Almost all important modern institutions are Gargantuan. They've swollen far beyond human scale. They don't listen to us, and worst of all, we begin to forget that those monoliths contain real human beings.

Most of the alternatives to this cultural style are independent communes. They're fine for some, but I don't think most people, however hip they are, can drop out that much, and I know I'm not the sort to join a group effort. Communes have played a major role in providing escapes from mainstream, oats-and-iron America, but I've always viewed them with a certain lack of emotional affinity. They seem to run counter to the spirit of a lot of the traditional American virtues--though admittedly, some of those are going to have to go, too--and on the whole they don't seem to have worked. The last century was littered with the ruins of one communal farming adventure after another; I've never been sure just why they died, but I do know that I don't feel drawn to that sort of scene.

Communes right now probably have a better chance than the 19th century ones, if only because the members have fewer hangups about sex and religion, and because it's easier to bring in outside money by arts & crafts now. But it also seems to me that communal living is an avenue open only to certain types of personalities. I'm not one of them.

I'm not all that unusual, either. My childhood was lifted directly from the cliché suburban swamp of crewcut, hard liquor TV watchers, with one difference: my father was an Army officer and we travel-



one way out...and others

ed a lot in Europe and Asia. I turned into a word head, read a lot of books, peered into Buddhist temples and didn't have much to do with other kids. I've always been that way. Maybe it's a disability and maybe not, but that's the way it is. I didn't fit into the rest of the stereotype, though: I wasn't a smart kid. I was little better than average in school. Maybe even more important, something shortcircuited in me and I didn't hook into the learned-reward, work-duty ethic the adults were selling. For a long while I didn't get into anything--I just read books, talked to friends and stayed alive.

--I was a teenager, about 16, before I discovered science. It was a great revelation. Things worked by natural laws! --I could hardly believe it. Kids grow up with adults making the rules; I felt as though I'd stumbled upon some carefully-guarded secret when I found out that the world ran certain ways without giving a damn what people thought. It was a glimpse of a beautiful, pure reality I had never suspected. Most of the rest of my adolescence got eaten up by physics, searching for those elusive Platonic beauties. I got into math and science in high school and I got better grades --how antiquated those words sound--though I didn't give much of a damn about them. From there I went to a university--it was 1959 and science was identical with Fighting The Reds--and worked on physics. That was the central focus of eight years. I got a PhD in 1967 and went to work for the University of California.

I've come to what I think is a livable alternative to a standard middle-class existence: the rats-in-the-wall approach. It goes like this: Select, from the cataract of choices society presents, only the simple, human elements; withdraw from anything that only serves to jangle your head and disorient you from direct,

BY
GREG
BENFORD

personal contact.

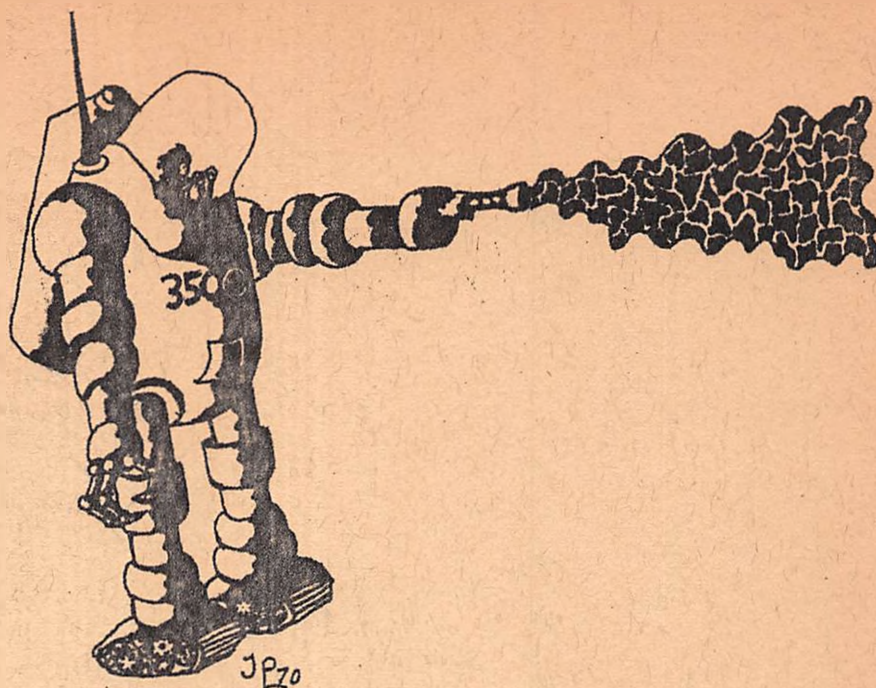
I started picking up on some of this when I started work. I found I didn't like the aura that surrounds most scientific and technical enterprise. The best scientists work from intuition backed by clear, simple reasoning, but the legions of technocrats who throng the sidelines are more often than not the same regimentation-freaks we've seen pushing pencils for General Motors. The sad truth of the matter is that while science contains its own moral axioms and crystal-line interior clarity, most of the

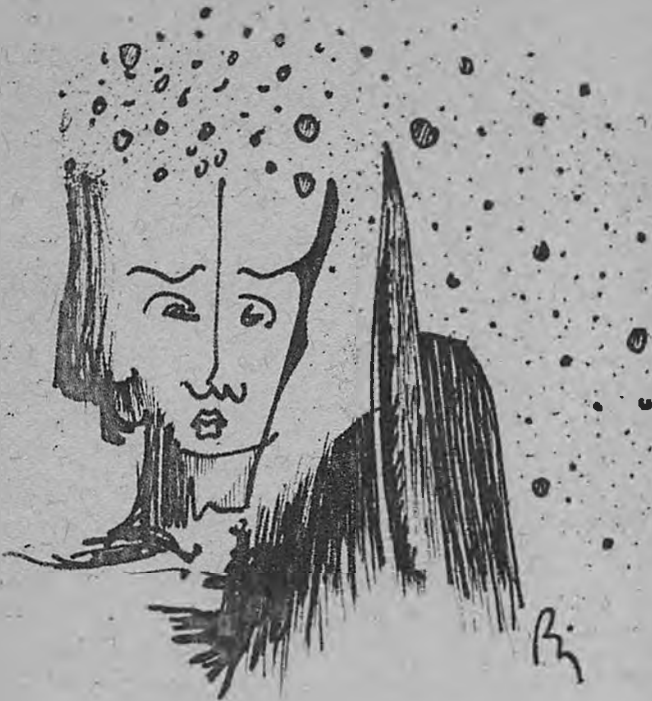
people who are attracted to it sacrifice their wholeness as personalities. They quickly confuse the austere logic of science with efficiency and organization. Most of them never do get unscrambled. The final stage is an unwillingness to let go and open up, and a preference for deferred rewards that makes these people socially undistinguishable from used-car salesmen. Hermann Kahn on wheels. It's a classic example of cutting off aspects of life and ignoring the moral lessons that work can teach you, if you'll let it.

(Sadly, there's a fatal schism in these times that cuts off science from the people who are really coming to grips with the world as it is. The worst aspect is that the hip community is isolated from the great cultural adventure of this age: the attempt to understand our universe. They're into the essence of it--they dug 2001 immediately--but they can't get into it as a way of life. They haven't taken the years to learn how to do research. The nearest thing to a hip community in the sciences today is the liberal faction--usually much better and more radical and self-aware than our old friend, the corporate liberal--but they're rather hung up with politics.)

I saw all this and I knew I had to either avoid it somehow or leave science altogether. So in two years, by wangling and working and keeping my eyes super-open, I maneuvered myself into a completely free position in the University. I do research on what I like, the way I like to. I can write popularizations of science--which are desperately needed--or investigate problems as they come up, or just sit. I don't get involved with big projects. And in all aspects of my life I try to deal with few people, so the contacts I have are deeper and more human. This is really the whole idea, of course--look through the plastic society hype they're trying to sell you, and find some people.

This ties into another aspect: if you're going to try to change this world, you've got to be competent. People respect ability and they listen to it. (This is especially true of Americans, I think.) A minority with credentials will be heard above the noise of a sizable crowd. So instead of spreading my political activity over the entire spectrum, I concentrate on scientific questions in which my education does me some good. The ABM boondoggle, for instance, was incredibly complicated. The opinions I registered on that, through professional organizations and letters to congressmen, probably meant more than the usually uninformed cry of





the doctrinaire liberal. (And we may prevail yet, by God.) But it only took a couple of evenings' off from watching Walter Cronkite to learn what I needed to know, and write the letters and articles I thought appropriate.

That's a rib, really: we never watched Cronkite, or anybody else. In fact Joan and I don't follow the news at all any more. This began in 1968, when events started to bug us so that we were in a continual depression--that was one bum year, for sure--and we realized: for what? Why become saturated and dragged down by the day-to-day fluctuations of the world? The news had gotten to be a hobby with me, taking up a half hour or so a day.

People's standard reaction when they find that you don't follow the news is that you're ignoring the cares of others, making yourself

insensitive to humanity, "hiding your head in the sand," etc. That's a delusion. It seems to be an unspoken assumption that keeping up with current events is itself a positive gesture toward improving the world. Nonsense. It's strictly an entertainment for most people, and the media treat it just that way; something to relax with at 6 P.M. Keeping informed about really important happenings doesn't take much time, and actually doing something about them requires the same essential energy it always did. Anything really important you'll hear about in conversation, anyway. More important, if I'm not strung out about palace revolutions in Zambia, I have time for local matters: boring stuff like zoning and school bonds, minor elections and free schools. Traditional liberals don't get involved with that; the John Birch types have known this for years, and that's why they're winning so heavily at the local and county level.

So I live with my wife in a home out in the country--though rapidly being besieged by suburbs--and focus on a few intimate relations with other people, a respect for the wild things under my care, and an immersion in the creative things we like. Instead of saving the world, we're trying to save everything within arm's reach, including ourselves.

The only other workable alternative I've seen is a semi-tribal structure, but



I wonder whether they can last. Certainly right now there's a yearning for small groups; people function best that way. Teenagers are disoriented because they no longer figure in the family or tribe, they're useless, there are no fields to plow and herds to tend. We have built-in instincts of tribal exclusiveness that we picked up in the millennia we spent as nomadic bands, roaming the grasslands and forests.

But against the small, communal economic institution is arrayed population excess, pollution and mass weaponry. It's hard for me to see how management of these three things can be done without a top-down system, and that dooms small units. In fact, looking far into the future, I don't see any hope for the naturally small commune until the human race can leave this planet altogether. The problems are just too big.

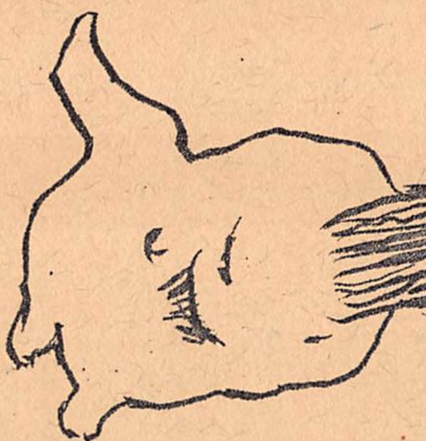
(An aside: once we get into space on a respectable scale maybe we can regain that way of life, at least for those who want it badly enough. We can dump radioactive pollutants--which are by far the worst--into the endless vacuum of space, to clean up the Earth. More important, once the race has spread out through the solar system, our invulnerability is assured; no war will kill everyone. But what's more --and is really the point--I think small communities will be possible again. Once you can live in space, there's no limit to where you can go. A ship injected into the same orbit as a comet could live off the raw minerals in the comet head for decades, and be totally beyond the reach of authorities confined to the planets. Harvesting the nitrogen, carbon and water in comets would provide a balanced ecology ...and freedom. Man would be able to live once more in small, isolated units, to indulge his inherent clannish loyalty...)

But that's a very long time away, indeed, and no help to us now. While men have always banded into small groups, other men have kept pretty much to themselves, or at least maintained a deep inner life. I think this last alternative is going to be the only one open to most people in the decades ahead. Most of us will have to live within the system, push gently on the walls and work to maintain a human, livable space around us.

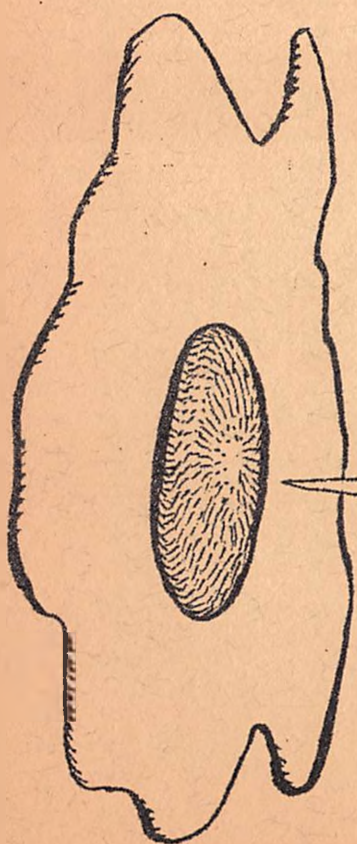
I don't have any faith in mass movements in this country; the best revolution I can imagine is one which links up all those spheres, but doesn't destroy them. For people like me, who basically like to be left alone, communal effort isn't it. We lovable hermits can exert a small, steady pressure that may add up to something, and more important, we'll be happy that way.

And after all, that's really the point.

--Greg Benford
October 3, 1970



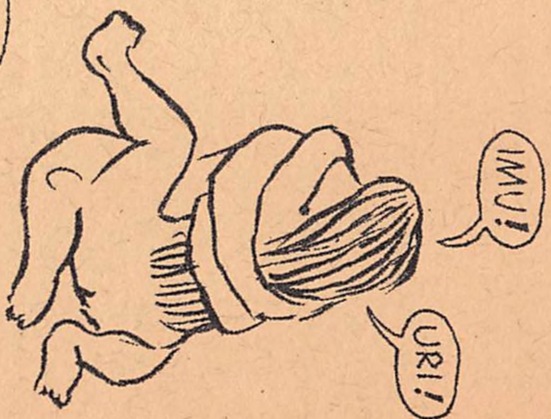
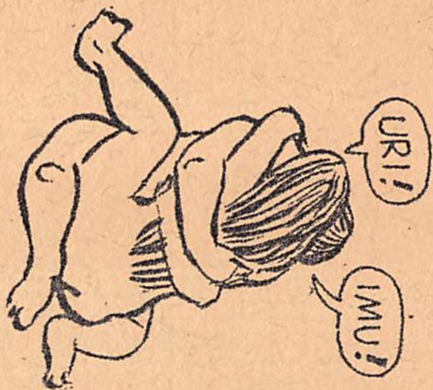
Kimmy



FRIED
AGAIN!

IMU & URI

A LOVE STORY



The reason for the BoSh Fund and the special BoSh fanzine issues is that Bob Shaw is a fan--who writes particularly well and whom many would like to meet. Because he writes fannish material for fanzines--whereas most pros write about their own work in fanzines--the fact that he is also a pro is often ignored, the assumption apparently being that the Bob Shaw whom Terry Carr publishes is not the same Bob Shaw whom Richard Bergeron publishes. However, they are one and the same person; and the pro writes fully as well as the fan.

Shaw first appeared professionally in the August 1954 NEW WORLDS with a story called "Aspect." Four other stories appeared in the British prozines of the mid-fifties, and then, discouraged by what he felt was a lack of quality in them, Shaw "retired." His next story didn't appear until the January 1960 IF, and then he disappeared from the professional scene until 1965, when "...And Isles Where Good Men Lie" was in the October NEW WORLDS. He had a long novella in the American magazines with what is generally regarded as his best story, "Light of Other Days" (ANALOG, August 1966). A nominee for both the Hugo and the Nebula, it failed to win either, but its popularity is such that many people can tell you with no hesitation that it has won or the other.

"Light of Other Days," like "Burden of Proof" (ANALOG, May 1967), is a "slow glass" story, and has been dually praised: for the concept of slow glass (glass through which light does not pass instantaneously, but after a period of minutes, days, even years) and for its fine human drama.

An interesting sidelight on slow glass is the discussion of the concept in "Brass Tacks," ANALOG's letter column. In the April 1969 issue Paul Blass "proved" that slow glass really produced not a delayed image but a death ray. Editor John Campbell agreed, mentioning that L. Sprague de Camp had used the death ray idea way back when, and concluding, "But slow glass made some lovely stories, didn't it?" In the September issue Hal Clem-

PROBOSH

BY
JEFF
SMITH

ment said: wrong, wrong! "Essentially all the radiation would be reflected. Sprague's towel bar and Bob's window panes would be about the shiniest pieces of glass even seen from the outside."

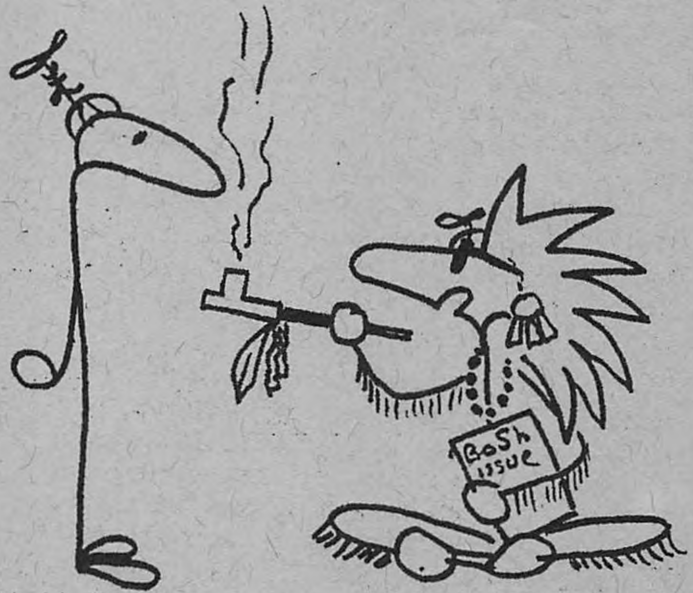
My science is lousy; I agree with Campbell.

Shaw's first novel was Night Walk, published by Banner Books in September, 1967. Hurt by poor distribution, the novel was generally ignored. It since has been reissued by Avon, which was connected with the short-lived Banner line.

Night Walk is an odd novel; it manages to be almost completely satisfying yet at the same time uniquely frustrating. It is one of the best-written adventure novels ever to appear in science fiction, but it is so good the reader feels cheated that Shaw had not tackled a major subject.

The background of Night Walk could have been used for a serious novel. Null-space travel has been achieved; the spaceship flies through a portal and comes out lightyears from its starting point. The problem is that there is no telling from which portal the ship will emerge. To get to a certain point, one merely sails through these random portals until the destination is reached. This presents some difficulty in the colonization of planets; new worlds are found only by luck. The planet Emm Luther, colonized by Earth, needs to find another world because of its own population problems. It sends out half a million probes and finally achieves success: a habitable but uninhabited planet.

Earth is in no way willing to give up its colonization monopoly. It wants the location of this new planet. Agent Sam Tallon is sent to learn this. He does, but is captured by the Lutherans and brainwashed. The Earthers, how-



OF COURSE IT'S A PEACE PIPE. WHAT DID YOU THINK IT WAS?

ever, have developed a mechanical method of protecting such information, and the Lutherans only believe they have erased it from Tallon's mind. They aren't worried, though. He is blind and helpless on the southern peninsula of the planet, separated from civilization by X miles of swamp.

This situation could be used for a cerebral study of colonization and anti-colonization, a political novel. (This need not be cut and dried; Ursula K. LeGuin's The Left Hand of Darkness is a political novel.)

What Shaw wrote is one of the best adventure novels ever set on another planet. It is crisp, involving and intelligent. There are sequences of man against nature, man against man, and man against himself. If it fails to really tackle any of the issues it alludes to, at least it doesn't pretend to. It just tells the story of Tallon's escape from the prison Pavilion. (From which, of course, no one had ever escaped before. Minor peeve: Why? Why are heroes Heroes only if they do something no one has ever done before? Why couldn't someone have escaped fifteen years ago, just as a change of pace?)

The best thing about Night Walk is the writing. Shaw can turn a phrase with the best of them.

Not one of the handful of manned ships that accidentally made open-ended jumps was ever seen again--on Earth, anyway. Some of them may still be going, carrying the descendants of their original crews, cosmic Flying Dutchmen glimpsed only by uncomprehending stars as their destiny of flicker-transits takes them beyond the reach of human thought.

A spring morning, lovely with pastel mists, had moved in over New Wittenburg, bringing a feeling of life to the tree-lined streets, laying bars of clear, fresh sunlight across the concrete desert of the space terminal.

This is writing you don't expect when you read an adventure novel.

Characterization is also worth mentioning. The people in his novels are unlike the people in most science fiction novels. In fact, they are the kind of people one reads about in mysteries more than anything else. I can't explain that, really, except perhaps to say that sf characters seem to be mostly a compromise between ourselves and theirtrueselves, while mystery characters are close enough to products of their own environments, not ours. Shaw has realized these environments very well, by keeping them close to ours--the differences are there, to be sure, and important differences, too; but Emm Luther is much like Earth, and as a consequence the Lutherans are much like us.

I particularly recommend Chapter 15 as an example of fine characterization, and I recommend Night Walk as a good--if little more--book.

The chronology of Bob Shaw's novels is difficult to keep straight. Night Walk was published first, followed in order by The Two Timers, Shadow of Heaven, The Palace of Eternity and now One Million Tomorrows. However, The Two Timers is billed as his third novel, and in SF COMMENTARY 17 Shaw says that Shadow "was conceived and partly written many years ago, which puts it in an earlier time slot than Night Walk." I don't know the full story behind any of this, but the following is the mythological chronology I worked out to settle my own mind. None of it is to be regarded as necessarily true.

Shadow of Heaven was the first begun and conceived, Night Walk the first

completed. Night Walk sold to Banner. Shadow was completed and sold to Banner. The Two Timers was written and sold to Ace. Night Walk had been published, but then Banner folded and Avon inherited Shadow of Heaven. They sat on it until well after The Two Timers was published, and then finally brought it out. This all makes Shadow of Heaven, published June 1969, the second novel and open for discussion now.

Unfortunately, that novel and I don't get along at all. I found it absolutely appalling. I knew logically that it can't be as bad as all that, but I haven't a good word to say about it. It bored me to tears. It took me over a month to read. I confess to a lack of objectivity and will move on in a moment.

The way Avon set the type is odd, in conjunction with the text. The first twenty-five lines appear on the first page, all of which is very nice and promises something as good as Night Walk. "McLeod was a gloomy little man who, in a lifetime in the newspaper business, had put a million slips of copy through his hands, yet never failed to summon up a fresh look of savage hatred for each new sheet that was handed to him." is as terse and eloquent as the average of Night Walk. Here are the bottom two-and-a-half lines from the first page: "He glanced up at the copy girl and sniffed. 'Nice perfume, Jean. Smells expensive. What is it?'" Turn the page. "Jean smiled, highlights moving on her fashionably pearlized skin. 'It's called Roast Beef.'"

Oh well. That struck me as the level of the entire novel, and I didn't like it. And unfortunately, it was published after The Two Timers.

The Two Timers (Ace Science Fiction Special, August 1968) is billed on the back cover as "stunning" by its editor, and Lester del Rey is quoted as calling it "a damned fine book." I can't improve upon either of those statements unless I were to say "brilliant." And I mightn't be far off.

The common concept of parallel worlds is that at every crucial moment of history a parallel world is formed. There is one where England crushed the revolt of the American colonies, one where the South won the Civil War, one where John Kennedy survived the assassin's bullet, etc. I disagree with this theory intensely, because "crucial" is a value judgment, and the sheer diversity and number of worlds seems to



to deny the possibility of an anthropomorphic God who would make the value judgments for all of these universes.

The theory that I myself have always favored is that a near-infinite number of parallel worlds are created every instant, with every combination and permutation of possibility in existence. Unfortunately, this theory may have been exploded in "Brass Tacks" for October 1968 by Gerald Shifrin:

1. On some of these alternate worlds the inhabitants are certainly aware of other ~~Hernate~~ worlds. ((I believe "Hernate" was a corruption of "alternate," occurring during the translation of script to typescript.))

2. On some of these the population may have a mass psychosis.

3. On some of which this psychosis may be a form of paranoia resulting in a desire to destroy all other alternate worlds.

4. On some of these they can and do. Period. End of a sub-genre.

So, if all possible worlds can exist, they don't.

The fallacy in this argument occurs in step one with "certainly." We can just assume that no one anywhere really knows anything about parallel worlds, if we want to stick with this theory.

The Two Timers operates from a third theory, although perhaps it is just a variant of the first.

Jack and Kate Breton are on their way to a party when their car breaks down. Jack refuses to go to the party after working on the car and Kate, angry, decides to walk there. As she is going through the park, however, she is attacked and killed. Filled with remorse for letting her go, Jack slaves for years working on a method of subjective time travel. When he achieves it he returns to that night and shoots the attacker, saving Kate's life. He is returned to his own time, but nothing has changed.

Jack realizes that he has created an alternate universe in which Kate is alive, but so is another version of himself. Not about to give up now, he slaves for several years more until he can travel to the parallel world. There he challenges his other self--who has reverted to using his formal name, John, conveniently for the reader--for the right to live with Kate.

There are only four characters of any importance in the novel--John, Jack and Kate Breton, and Lieutenant Convery, who after nine years is still trying to prove that John Breton killed his wife's attacker. All four are sympathetically drawn by Shaw, who exposes all their bad points but dwells upon their good points by working from within their minds.

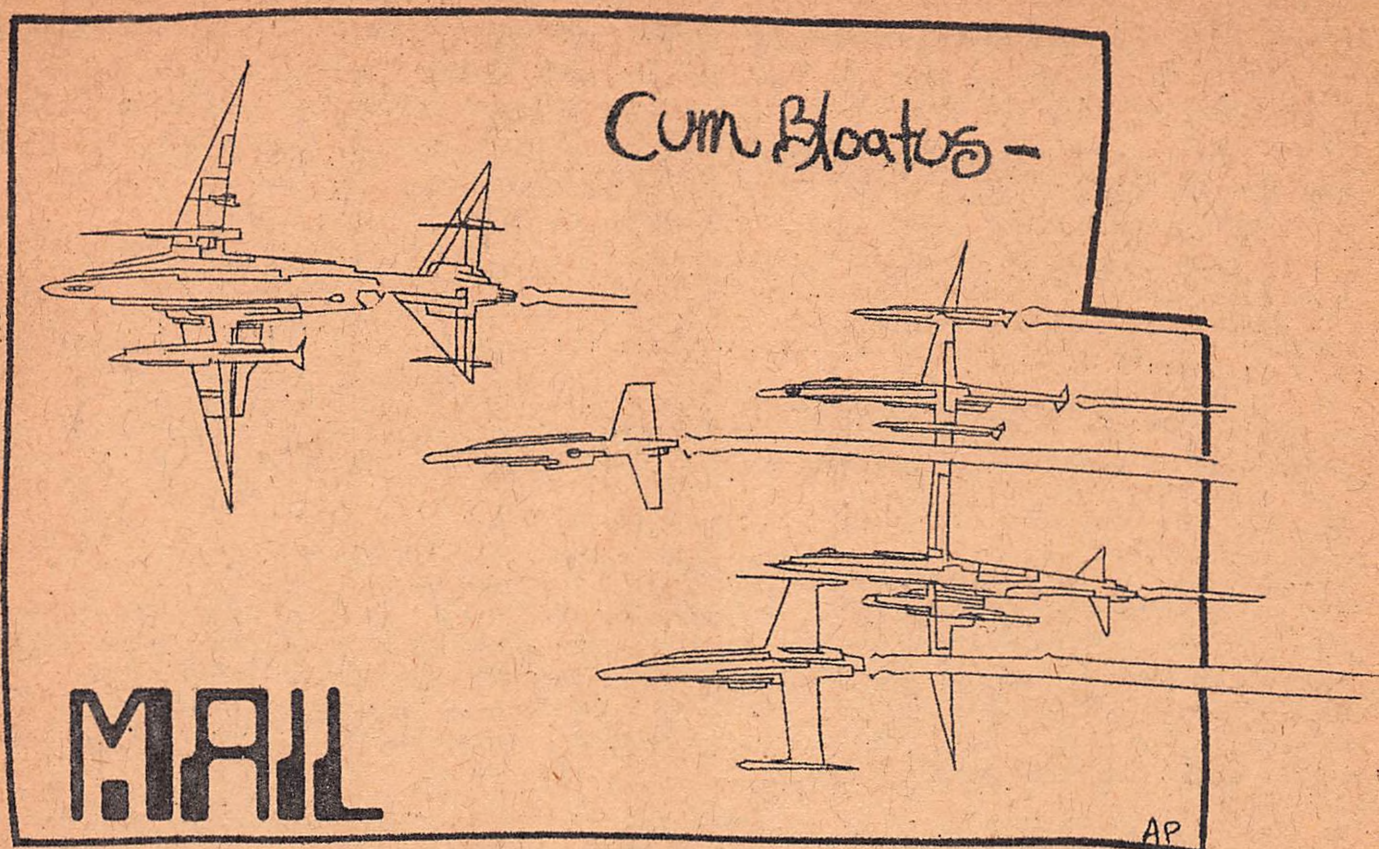
The writing is even better than ever before, more controlled, with perhaps one excess on page twenty-nine but perhaps not, though.

I have one complaint about the book, and that is the fact that it takes place in the future. There is absolutely no need for that. Every slightly futuristic touch could be modified to fit the present with just a little effort, and should have been. There's no more reason to put a straight-forward present-day story in the future than there is to stage a Western on Mars. Less, probably.

But that's my only quibble. The Two Timers is an excellent novel.

((End of Part One. To be continued at some unforeseen future date.))

--Jeff Smith



In the Light of Other Stories by Darrell Schweitzer

Bob Shaw's "Light of Other Days" has been deservedly praised as one of the best SF short stories of recent years. It is true that it is a deeply human story (something rare in SF, especially in *ANALOG* where the tale first appeared) and it should have won the Hugo as best of 1966. But one common statement about the story which is not true is that it originated a new idea. It didn't. "Slowglass," Bob Shaw's wonderful device which slows down light and thus allows the viewer to see past events, is 27 years old. It was first presented in a novelette by Anthony Boucher entitled "One Way Trip," which appeared in *ASTOUNDING* in August 1943.

Boucher's "lovestonite" was slightly different from the Shaw conception, but it was essentially the same thing. The main difference was that the flow of light through lovestonite could be controlled, so that it could be slowed down or speeded up at will. If a lovestonite "mirror" was filled with sunlight and this released in an instant, it would make a rather effective heat ray. At one point in the story Boucher's hero is shot at in this way, and although he's not hit, the ray passes close enough to him to give him a sunburn. Boucher never thought of the "scenedow" of Shaw (sort of a picture window into the past) and his lovestonite was just a scientific curiosity which was of no value whatsoever until an artist decided to use it to capture an image of himself in order to paint a self-portrait. Later in the story, a bunch of conspirators try to use the stuff as a death ray in the manner I have already described.

There is no similarity between the two stories. Shaw's is quiet, slow and

emotional, Boucher's is a rather choppy mish-mash of an SF revolution cum mystery story, jam-packed with wooden characters and every cliché imaginable. It does contain many good ideas, foremost of which is the lovestonite itself, but all these are totally lost in the ridiculous and totally unconvincing cloak-and-dagging.

So I'm not saying that Boucher's story is worth reading; it's very badly written and worst of all, boring. I wouldn't recommend that you ever try to plow through it, but I would like to set the record straight.

Bob Shaw didn't invent slowglass; he's just the first person to ever do anything with it.

((The following are all various locs I had all over the place. Different issues of BAB are dealt with in different letters, so handy, easy to follow signposts will be given to set comments apart. Handy Dandy Frankie at your service...))

#10

John Foyster, 12 Glengariff Dr., Mulgrave, Victoria 3170, Australia

The issue of BeABohema you sent me some months ago didn't interest me greatly--I am not particularly interested in which slob hates which slob--and number 10 doesn't do much for me either. I am pleased to see some favourable words being said about John W Campbell (though he doesn't really need them), but I'm not sure I would approach this task from the same direction as has Perry A. Chapdelaine. That's what makes the world go 'round.

But the real cause of my letter is Dr. Wertham's misrepresentation of Konrad Lorenz: since Lorenz has recently complained of the same thing (misrepresentation, but then by people like Robert Ardrey) I don't suppose it is entirely surprising. At any rate, Doctor Wertham glides gently from one proposition to another during the course of these three brief paragraphs. Doctor Wertham's real concern is with inexplicable (at least superficially) human violence (and a very worthwhile concern it is, too), and this is shown by his third paragraph. To deny the kind of "aggression" of which Lorenz writes any concrete existence, as Doctor Wertham seems to be trying to do in the first two paragraphs, is dangerous: for the truth always turns out to be the last explanation one thinks of.

#11

Dave Piper, 7 Cranley Dr., Ruislip Manor, Middx., HA4 6BZ, England

Perry Chapdelaine hasn't got the faintest idea of what he's talking about. I quote:

'dignity from daughters'

Well, I'm not sure what he means to be honest, but if he means respect I should mention that all I get from my 2 and 1/2 year old daughter is 'don't talk to me like that' and a smack, if I'm lucky, on me leg, or if I'm not, on me winkle.

The man don't know what he's talking about.

Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Dr., Pittsford, N.Y. 14534

Without going back and rereading both Orn and Anthony's previous work, I'm going to go out on a limb and dispute Donald Keller's claim that Anthony's prose is generally drab and emotionless. For whatever reason, I think that is the case in this particular novel--but not in his work as a whole. I recall particularly

some excellent, emotional passages in Sos the Rope, which Piers considers one of his weakest works, and I seem to remember also some of the action sequences of Omnivore as fairly good examples of a more interesting style than Keller implies. Macroscope, in point of fact, employs several styles, ranging from coldly unemotional in some sections to very involving in others, as in the "historical novel" passage.

.....

Gabe Eisenstein, Rm. 407 Mosher, 200 Observatory, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104

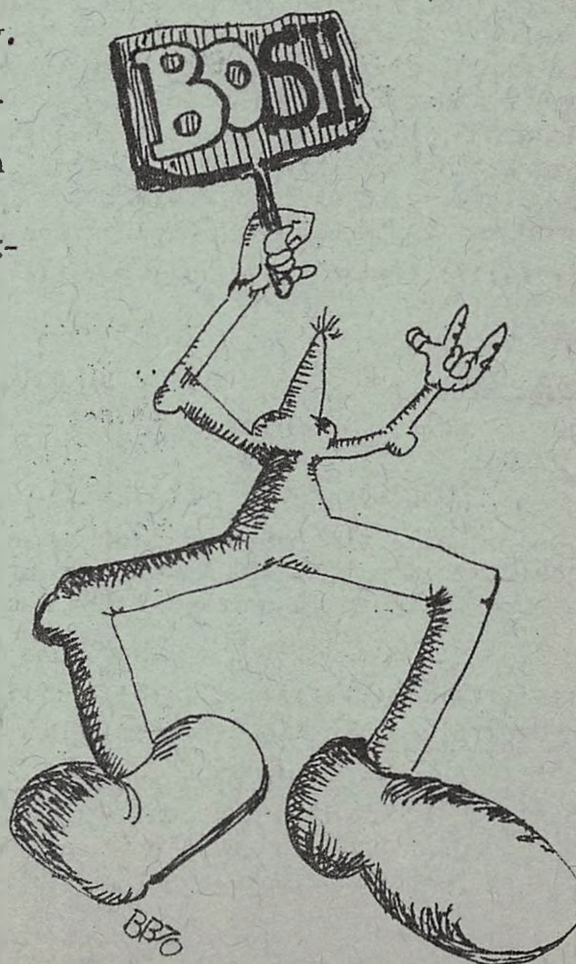
BAB #11 first prompts the reaction, I like yer attitude, Frank. It's basically the same as when we met over a year ago and when you were first beefing up the zine with hyped-up controversy, secrets that were going to blow SFWA apart, and things like Faith Lincoln--except that now you're getting rid of all those gimmicks and what's left is what I think will make BAB as much to my taste as any zine I've seen. And that's whether you have as much pro, fandom-shaking material or not. Like, DON'T LET IT BRING YOU DOWN cause it's only castles burning, and those who don't give a shit are always those who will lead the way. Geis's big trouble now is trying to please everybody with a "service" zine or some such nonsense. Luckily it hasn't done much damage.

.....

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md. 21740

I keep a carbon copy of all my locs, just in case I ever want to compare something published with what I wrote, but I haven't bothered to make this verification for years, not since the time I cut off a fanzine editor from all locs because he was re-writing my remarks completely and changing the meaning of what he altered even more completely. So I never bother to use a good piece of carbon paper and hardly anyone can read these carbon copies. It's something like the appendix which I carry around and will never use or even look at unless it goes out of whack.

It's splendid to know that BAB is changing over to the faanish nature, in accordance with what looks to be a real trend in fandom. But I might as well tell you the same thing I've said to several other people who have recently begun to issue excellent faanish publications. I don't dare to hope that this trend will sweep throughout all fandom and initiate a new golden era like the famous period in the 1950's when such journals as Fanvariety, Quandry and a whole batch of British and Irish fanzines were making us all so happy. I'm afraid that there's a major obstacle now that didn't exist in such magnified form a generation ago. People just aren't as friendly as they used to be and fandom isn't exempt from that general rule. I'm afraid that emotions and conditions in the mundane world have had enough influence on fandom to inhibit somewhat the true faanish spirit.



I hope I'm wrong about this, and I'm certain that individual writers and editors will be able to recapture the tang of the wonderful past era. But I fear a lot of disappointment when the people who do accomplish this find their missionary work restricted to a quite small part of fandom. Understand, I'm not complaining, because I feel that good faanzines are much more needed in fandom today than more sercon fanzines of the Riverside Quarterly and Science Fiction Review type. And there's always the chance that one of my previous theories will be justified by a faanish future in which the huge circulation fanzines will be the expensive, sercon type, and the ones with smaller budgets and mimeo or ditto reproduction will feature faanish fare. I think it's obvious that some sort of split is forming between the near-professional and the clearly non-pretentious fanzines.

The most famous example of a fake letter to a newspaper known to me happened at some Pennsylvania town whose identity I forget. The man who was putting out the editorial page needed a few more paragraphs to fill up the letter section. So he quickly wrote a short one as a reader who worked at night and couldn't sleep during the day because a hummingbird hummed so lously outside his bedroom window all day long. He announced his intention of killing the hummingbird with his shotgun unless some reader could suggest a more humane way of enabling him to sleep. This created a tremendous ruckus in the community, as half the town's residents wrote the newspaper to protest capital punishment for such an innocent feathered friend and the other half thought up ingenious ways to solve the problem without shooting the bird. The majority of these responses were apparently written sincerely by real readers, too.

Gary Hubbard's skywriting proposal isn't nearly as ingenious as the one I once dreamed up. I conceived of an obscure National Park Service employee growing fed up with his job, government bureaucracy, sightseers and jet planes. He had duties involving reforestation of large wooded areas in an area near a mountain-side, far enough north for leaves to change in autumn. He would choose carefully the types of seedlings that should be planted each year in an area of several square miles, and gradually in the course of several decades he would accomplish his goal just after retirement had removed him from getting fired: each fall, the pattern of different trees planted under his supervision would turn their leaves to flaming reds and brilliant yellows and somber browns according to species of tree and the whole would form the image of the NPS worker himself with his tongue stuck out and thumbing his nose, clearly visible from the nearby mountain and the passing jet planes.

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Will Straw, 303 Niagara Blvd., Fort Erie, Ontario, Canada

Much as I hate to disassociate myself from the Great Faanish Revival Movement for a second, and actually mention science fiction, I want to comment on Keller's review of Orn. I really couldn't give a damn whether the technical data was right--I can read and enjoy the most scientifically impossible story without noticing the implausibility--but I did agree with most of what he said. The main interest I have in Orn is one provoked by Ted White, in his mention that Anthony rewrote it, from a story that was originally to star the bird, and the bird alone...how much of the story was changed in rewriting? White said Anthony added the human characters after the story was written, but I fail to see what story there could have been without the humans. They provided the only interest the story had for me--seeing what humans looked like as seen through the eyes of an intelligent bird, and watching the bird get emotionally involved with homo sapiens. Without it, there was just the story of a bird and his love life, with a few Burroughs-Pellucidar-thrill-scenes thrown in. I'd agree that Anthony depended too much on the tragedies for a plot--the scene where whoever-it-was gets chased around by the giant dinosaur or whatever

seemed to me to be oversly long for a scene that was fairly insignificant to the plot. There was a considerable amount of padding added with these scenes.

Piers Anthony

And the letters in #11: Dean Koontz puts my name in his first paragraph, but from here it seems to be his own shoe that binds. What was there in my prior letter to occasion such antagonism? Let's see--I defended a publisher from an unfair attack; I described my typical working day; I suggested to Dean that he document his charges against me. Instead of doing so, he gets mad--which speaks for itself, don't you think? Dean, the smart child doesn't make unfounded charges against a larger one--unless he wants to get thumped. And whatever happened to that private letter you were writing me?

Paul Hazlett does make mistakes--I endorse David Gerrold's correction in BAB #12--but there is some very pertinent comment in the Hazlett-Chapdelaine piece. In fact, I believe I hinted at some similar aspects of living organisms, applying a prominent fan's name to it to demonstrate my point, a few issues back.

Greg Benford's JOTTINGS: he says "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...)" Well, I have been a vegetarian for a bit longer than BAB's editor has been on Earth, so it behooves me to comment. I feel profoundly disturbed about this sort of testing, and indeed I think there may be a stronger case for that "other way around" since a human being can become a guinea pig by choice, while vice versa isn't practicable, if you see what I mean. Generally I oppose the administering of unnecessary pain--but the question is, which pain is greater, that of the animal in the lab or that of the people who might use the perfected drug? So I can't give a firm answer. My personal compromise is to avoid the consumption of food whose source lies in animal pain or death, but to stand clear of animal ramifications until I have a proper basis on which to make a decision. It just is not possible to ponder every moral matter for five minutes and say "This is right, this is wrong." (It is possible to lambast people in fanzines on five minutes consideration--but that is hardly a life-and-death matter.

I'm glad Coulson pinpointed the flaw in the Campbell/Chapdelaine argument. I live in the South, but I'm no Southerner. I see too many pious platitudes whose practical meaning is quite other than their apparent meaning. Such as "separate but equal"--white and black schools are not equal; the white are far superior. Such as "I don't object to integration, but to busing"--when the average white child has been bused farther to avoid integration than he now is bused to achieve it, with no objections before. The racists seldom say exactly what they mean; they apply their meaning to what is said--and Campbell is a wonderful comfort to them. If he is not a racist, he is a fellow traveler. He remains an excellent editor, however.

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Have you really considered putting some real controversy into BeABohema? I mean, most always we hear something about Piers Anthony's mental gymnastics *ant on a toothpick*, why Phil K. Dick eats his string beans with a fork or somesuch. I mean the great mystery that's been whispered around for years, so far no mention has ever been seen in a fanzine: why 33 publishers have rejected the manuscript for Robert Bloch's Lefty Feep novel. Now that's real controversy! Why the rejections to this novel. I've read it and it approaches greatness, why say next to something I read recently in AMAZING--that serial titled Orn. Hope you can find out more about this, even from the great man Robert Bloch himself. ((Bob?? End.--))

