



Number 20

Redd Boggs, editor

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"Improve every opportunity to express yourself in writing, as if it were your last." -- Thoreau, Journal, 17 December 1851.

R. F. Starzl is New Wave!

Spokesman for Boskone

In a brief article, a "Comment" on Jerry Kidd's "Some Comments on Science Fiction Circulation," in Science Fiction Review #38, June 1970, Ted White gives us some inside information on the sales figures and the profit-making potential of all the science fiction magazines. He tells us, for example, that subscriptions provide little, if any, profit, and that the newsstand sales of Galaxy, If, F&SF, Amazing, and Fantastic hover around 30,000 copies apiece -- a dismal figure which is less than thirty times as big as the circulation of SFR itself. Not surprisingly, Ted characterizes the lot of them as only "marginal" money-makers.

Analog -- still according to Ted -- is another story, but one with a similar ending. As he shows, it is a relatively lavish production, with high word- and artwork-rates for the sf field, a big editorial budget, and heavy publishing costs. And yet, as Ted says, Analog -- at least according to "educated speculation" -- "is probably only marginally profitable, and may not outlast its present editor."

I am sure that Ted is right. Analog is really a curious apple, an anomaly at Conde Nast -- as it would be anywhere -- and a relatively expensive one at that. What indulgent publisher is this who puts out, and puts up with, Campbell's personal little journal, his fanzine? What unworldly ignoramus is this who underwrites Analog as it trundles along, becoming more and more peculiar, espousing increasingly crackpottish, reactionary, elitist notions, without expressing his consternation by snapping shut his billfold? Why is such a magazine sent forth so unflinchingly, never missing an issue year after year -- come war, come recession, come distributor collapse, come (one supposes) even revolution, when other magazines, shamelessly devoted to pure entertainment, fall by the wayside? Analog, after all, is only "marginally profitable," and thus no more viable than the rest.

One was astounded to see the magazine plunge on as hardily as ever after Conde Nast and Samuel I. Newhouse swallowed up and digested Street & Smith. Messrs Street and Smith may have continued the magazine for the sake of sentiment, like baby shoes preserved in bronze, but Analog is hardly even Mr Nast's bastard son. It is too idiosyncratic to appeal to any publisher possessed of his wits, it would seem, and certainly it is scarcely calculated to appeal to a really wide audience, any more than I. F. Stone's Weekly or The Realist is. It is aimed deliberately at a limited readership, and doesn't even worry about alienating the liberal and rational elements of that. Certainly if making Analog popular and profitable were the main consideration, the publisher would fire Campbell and find him an editor, amiable as a shaggy dog, who wouldn't turn off so many people every issue. Consider the Black outrage at "A Difference of Intelligence," Campbell's editorial in the October 1969 issue, as a random example. Most publications nowadays prudently and thriftily refrain from offending their Black readers out of hand.

So why Analog, which sits there at Conde Nast, rather resembling an old hardcoal heater, all isinglass and brass, squatting somewhere in the corner of a modern plastic office. "What's that!" strangers exclaim, staring goggle-eyed at the monster (discreetly screened off by partitions and stuck in a cubbyhole behind the gents washroom, one supposes). Well, what do they say at Conde Nast in reply to the question? Perhaps "Just ignore it -- it'll go away after a while. It's just a tax write-off"? (But it can't be: Analog always makes money, just not a lot of it.) Or: "Uh, that's one of the Old Man's little hobbies. S. I. positively dotes on 'scifi,' as he calls it"? Or (even more desperately): "Heh heh, just one of the Old Man's cute whims. Writes most of the little stories in it under pen names. Did you ever read anything by Joe Poyer, or Lawrence A. Perkins, or Joseph P. Martino, for example? Oh, lucky you. Well, you see..."?

No. We are making a mistake when we think of Analog as a science fiction magazine and of John W. Campbell as the editor. The financial backer or backers of Analog obviously do not think that way. They regard Analog, first and foremost, as a propaganda mill for the right wing and Campbell as a propagandist of formidable puissance and persuasiveness. The stories (aside from those which echo Campbell's own ideas) are only incidental to the magazine, the bait that lures the suckers. Analog's raison d'etre is Campbell's editorial. If Campbell died, retired, or backslid into rationality, the magazine would fold instantly.

To assure that some 100,000 bovine customers can be rounded up each month and choused toward the slaughterhouse, Analog's backers are willing to shell out largehandedly to keep the institution going. In his article Ted estimates that "the editorial and production budgets of Analog must be at least double those of other magazines." But of course those other magazines only have editors who coo and gabble pleasantly about trivialities, in effect playing with their toes, while Campbell sells biological warfare to the American multitude.

Campbell is neither the first nor the only person to be paid a princely salary just to entangle us in semantic cobwebs and keep us in a state of querulous confusion on a regular basis. Perhaps he is an unwitting propagandist -- perhaps he does not even know why somebody keeps

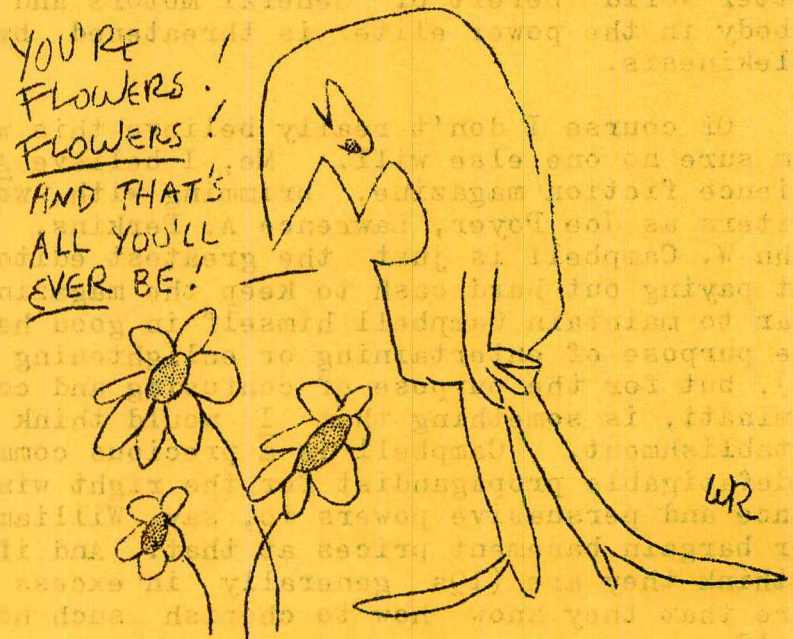
Analog going so relentlessly -- but he is a reliable one nevertheless. His hortatory works, collected by Harry Harrison, ought to bear the Nihil Obstat of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. H. L. Hunt, C.S.C., and the Imprimatur of Archbishop Robert Welch, D.D.

If it is just a happenstance that Campbell believes as he does -- some tendency that can be traced back to birth trauma and early toilet training -- it is nevertheless no happenstance that he is given the opportunity to ensnare us in his star-spangled macaroni month after month and year after year. Ted reports that Analog not only outsells all its competitors, but also prints almost twice as many copies as it sells. Some generous backer is anxious to give Analog the exposure it deserves, and even a little more.

Fandom and prodom are but small segments of the audience Campbell is expected to keep in a pother -- to confound, if not persuade -- but not an insignificant part of the total population, after all. We are intellectuals, we write and communicate a great deal, and we are critical of things. We have a small, but measurable, effect on public opinion, or at least have the possibility of attaining this power. It is worth squandering a few thousand bucks a year to help keep such potential troublemakers offbalance and out of the struggle. If we waste our time experimenting with -- and arguing about -- such arrant claptrap as Dianetics, the Dean drive, water-dousing, the Hieronymous machine, and the open-ended insanities of pissyonics, then we won't be concerning ourselves with such basic matters as "I-don't-remember-this-road-before-where-the-hell-are-we-going?" From the evidence at hand, I would say the scheme pays off handsomely. The nuttiness in sf circles these days can be blamed, at least in large part, on John W. Campbell.

Indeed, a certain amount of insanity in the world at large can be traced to science fiction and thus ultimately to Campbell. Just yesterday (as I write) on the University of California campus I read a notice tacked to various bulletin boards and walls announcing an open meeting of the Cryonics group. These are the people who assure us that we can live forever if only we sign up to deepfreeze our bodies to await a future when all disease is conquered and we can be reanimated by advanced technology. This Cryonics meeting was being held only a few days after President Nixon vetoed a bill granting \$2,760,000,000 to build new hospitals -- now, in our lifetimes -- and congress is working to override the veto.

And at the very same time, last evening, a local Women's Liberation group



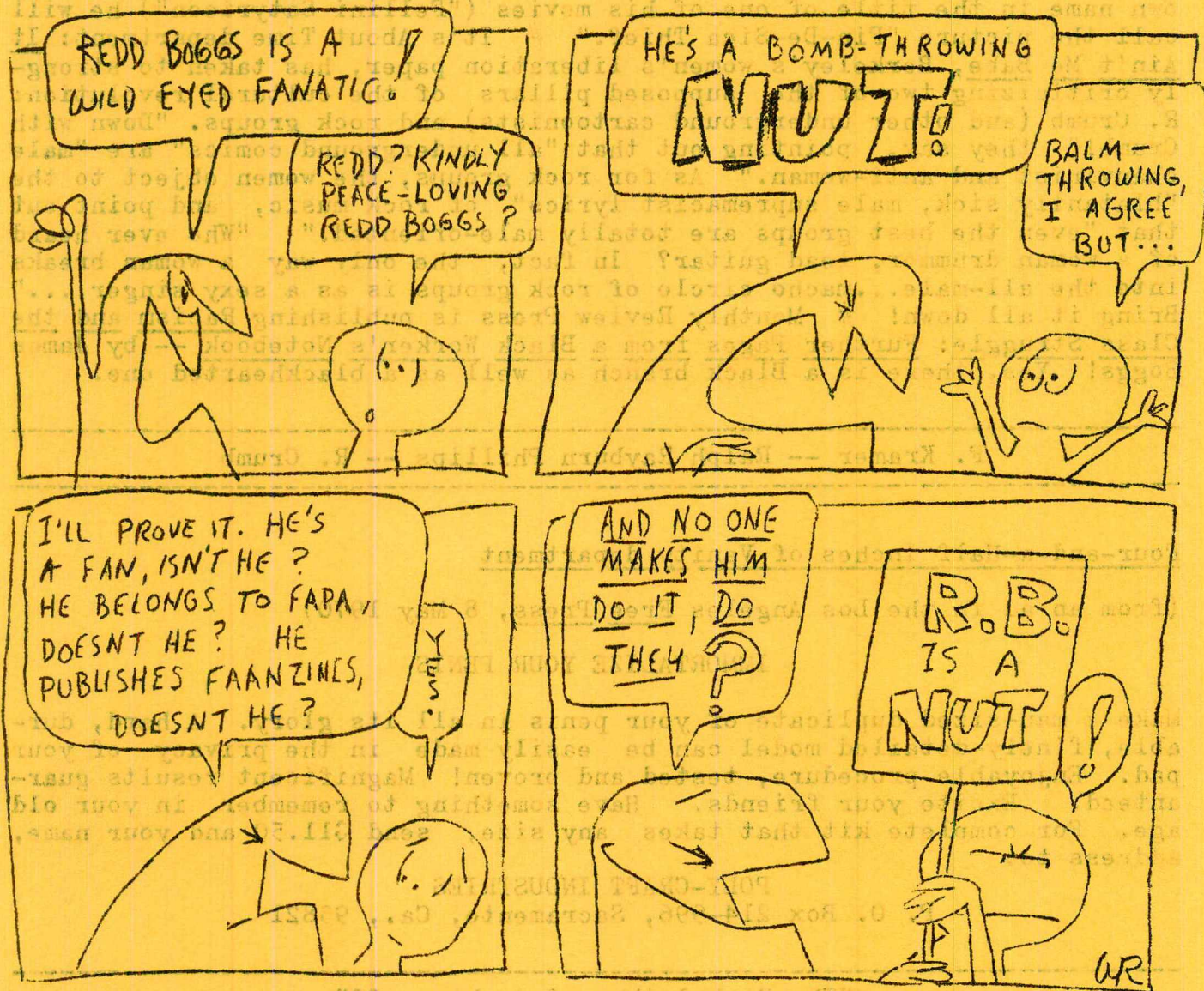
also forgathered, and spent part of the meeting -- so I am informed -- lugubriously discussing the doom of being forced to have "extra-uterine" or "test-tube" babies instead of babies carried in the womb and born the usual way. Such a godsend to all women (for so it would be, leaving aside all the romantic twaddle that surrounds motherhood) is of course far beyond our present technology, and the bugaboo, if they wish to consider it that, should not bring the women to a morbid simmer even for an instant. They should spend their time more profitably, addressing themselves to current matters: methods for equalizing social and economic opportunities for both sexes right now, in today's world.

I don't remember whether Campbell ever advocated Cryonics or extra-uterine babies, but such impalpable concerns are precisely the sort of thing Analog strives to propagate, in any event. Any capitalist who feels affection for his neck and likes it whole and complete ought to be happy to see the masses worrying about such far-out matters. People with such silly preoccupations riding them haven't the time and the inclination to be reformers or revolutionaries. We see clearly here how science fiction (for both these concepts are science-fictional) can be used to divert human energy from attacking present realities by political and social pressures to pointlessly rehearsing future dreams and nightmares.

Campbell's major efforts in these times have been directed toward the task of blurring and confusing the division between science and pseudoscience. As a current and fascinating example of this Machiavelian subterfuge, I cite D. A. L. Hughes' "Rare Events" in the July 1970 issue. According to Campbell's reader surveys in the past, Analog is read by many men in the engineering and technical fields, and what better way to manipulate such people -- whose one-sided education taught them less about history and culture than the designers of Hilton hotels know about architecture and beauty -- than to divert them from thinking about current problems into the labyrinthine byways of fruitless, philosophical speculation about pissyionics and its place in science? Serious work in sociology and economics might overthrow the system and lead to a better world bereft of General Motors and North American Rockwell, but nobody in the power elite is threatened by experimentation in ESP and telekinesis.

Of course I don't really believe this wild theory for a minute, and I'm sure no one else will. Me, I believe Analog is just a doublepeachy science fiction magazine, brimming with wonderful yarns by such great writers as Joe Poyer, Lawrence A. Perkins, and Joseph P. Martino, and John W. Campbell is just the greatest editor the field has ever had. But paying out hard cash to keep the magazine going (including \$20,000 a year to maintain Campbell himself in good health and comfort), not for the purpose of entertaining or enlightening anybody (except incidentally), but for the purpose of confusing and confounding a part of the illuminati, is something that I would think of if I were part of the Establishment. Campbell is a precious commodity indeed: a clever and indefatigable propagandist for the right wing, much superior in intelligence and persuasive powers to, say, William F. Buckley -- and he works for bargain basement prices at that. And if our masters are as smart as I think they are (IQs generally in excess of 89 or thereabouts) I feel sure that they know how to cherish such heaven-sent gifts, even as I would.

WHAT ROTSLER! BY WILLIAM ROTSLER



And whiffy-zut to you, William Teach.

Figs and Thistles

Ted Johnstone ripped his copy of The Nehwon Review #6 into three jagged hunks and returned it to me along with a note accusing me of losing my sense of wonder when I lost my virginity (!). The envelope was endorsed, "DECEASED, LEFT NO FORWARDING ADDRESS -- RETURN TO SENDER." The lamented death of Mr Johnstone (no doubt of apoplexy) was surely the most violent response to "A Clown on the Moon," and one of the most intriguing results my writings have ever produced. # A peace symbol to be added to the keys of your typewriter can be obtained from Mechanical Enterprises, Inc., 5249 Duke street, Alexandria, Virginia (where?!). # The director of the film classic "The Bicycle Thief" (we learn from un-

reliable sources) is thinking of making a sequel about a man who steals bicycles in the 1890s. Impressed with a fellow director's use of his own name in the title of one of his movies ("Fellini Satyricon") he will call the picture "Fin-De-Sica Thief." # It's About Time department: It Ain't Me Babe, Berkeley's women's liberation paper, has taken to strongly criticizing two of the supposed pillars of the cultural revolution: R. Crumb (and other underground cartoonists) and rock groups. "Down with Crumb!" they say, pointing out that "all underground comics" are "male chauvinist and anti-woman." As for rock groups, the women object to the "blatantly sick, male supremacist lyrics" of rock music, and point out that "even the best groups are totally male-oriented." "Who ever heard of a woman drummer, lead guitar? In fact, the only way a woman breaks into the all-male...macho circle of rock groups is as a sexy singer...." Bring it all down! # Monthly Review Press is publishing Racism and the Class Struggle: Further Pages from a Black Worker's Notebook -- by James Boggs! Yes, there is a Black branch as well as a blackhearted one.

F. Kramer -- Ralph Rayburn Phillips -- R. Crumb

Four-and-a-Half Inches of Vanity department

(from an ad in the Los Angeles Free Press, 8 May 1970)

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Make a man-sized duplicate of your penis in all its glory. A hard, durable, finely-detailed model can be easily made in the privacy of your pad. Enjoyable procedure, tested and proven! Magnificent results guaranteed. Excite your friends. Have something to remember in your old age. For complete kit that takes any size, send \$11.50 and your name, address to:

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"The Raskolnikov of jerking off"

A Wanderer in Cockayne

(6) The Infidels

At the entrance to the U. C. campus, Holy Hubert, a street evangelist familiar to the scene, raises his hoarse voice to shout hecklers, to shout the traffic that rumbles past on Bancroft behind him. "You are all so corrupted by dirty sex magazines and pornographic books you'd even accuse Jesus Christ -- the holy son of God -- of sin! Sure, he was tempted in the wilderness, but he didn't yield!" Hubert grins a gap-toothed grin at the skeptical crowd and sweats thinly in his open-throated white shirt. His face is blotched with hard freckles, turning to skin cancer perhaps. A Bible lies in the dust of the paving not far away. He will need it by-and-by.

(7) The Beach: Dusk

There are sharp waves out there that cut the grey surface of this ocean with sudden silver; they are as numerous and as cold as stars. The sea merges with the bent sky at some remote distance; the mist shuts down against our questing sight and our aspiration. Closer in, the Pacific uncoils with casual strength and hurls toward the beach waters that have traveled under the seawind the lonely leagues from Tsugaru. In this world of monotonies, the last live color burns in the cold emerald of that rising surge. A broken plank with splintered ends, black from long submergence, tumbles amid flecks of white scud down the front of the wave, rushing like a bat across a green moon. Men with narrow stride have left aimless trails on this corridor of empty beach; so too man's presence has slimed this waterfall of surf. But the seawind that floats the night on moist wings chases the sand along the beach, and the ocean washes herself over and over, her billows purified and wild. A weave of seaweed with dark leaves is wound around the tossing plank. Navies of decay that war with wharves and ships cruise secretly in the plank's black veins.

"Remember, there are many Christian Slans in Slandom reading Slanzines."

I Never Would Have Imagined It department

(from Winnie #49, 24 July 1970, p 2)

"Parapsychologists should try to teach people to use extra-sensory perception instead of trying to prove that they have it, a psychic researcher said here yesterday. 'Much of the work done so far in parapsychology has succeeded in killing off the very phenomena it has been trying to prove,' said Dr Charles Tart, associate professor of psychology at U. C. Davis. Tart addressed about 300 persons attending an all-day conference on ESP and psychic phenomena at the U. C. Extension Center here. 'No matter how good a subject is, his ESP tends to disappear under typical laboratory conditions,' said Tart."

"Christ died for your sins." Yes, but what has he done for me lately?

Livelier Than the Male

Lawrence Durrell, who now lives on Lesbos, is a woman, according to a recent revelation. Two years ago she published a book with the anagrammic title of Tunc, and now we learn that her penname is an anagram of her real name, Ellen Ward Curler, and that her books are to some extent a put-on for the male sex, particularly her latest, a semi-science-fictional novel called Nunquam. I don't feel much about Durrell, except a jigger of regret that her books aren't sincerely instead of insincerely bad, but I wonder whether this revelation won't set off a domino reaction across the whole literary world. Norma Mailer -- can it be? Wilhelmína Empson? Theresa S. Eliot? Ernestine Hemingway? Merde.

I await the latest literary quarterlies, cringingly, and wonder in the meantime about science fiction. There is an open secret about a few sf writers: C. L. Moore, in which the initials stand for Catherine Lucille. M. (for Mona) Farnsworth. L. (for Louise) Taylor Hansen. But I am keeping my ears aflap to learn whether Stranger in a Strange Land was written by Roberta Heinlein. And I wonder if it is really Rochelle Zelazny? Does the J. in J. G. Ballard stand for Janet? Phyllis Josie Farmer -- can it be? Jacqueline Vance? Laura Niven? Wilma Tucker? Meg Reynolds? Fritz Leiber? Has Astounding/Analog been edited all these years by Joan Campbell?

Even more interestingly...what about FAPA? "Hoffman is a woman -- I swear to God!" Rich Elsberry wrote on a memorable postcard sent me from New Orleans in 1951, and if one can't believe Elsberry, who can one believe? But what of the other members? I take it that all femmefaps (even Hoffman) are females indeed, and not males in drag, but are we to suppose that among all the male members there are not a few who are "passing"? Who are they? Donna Fitch? Johanna Foyster? Norma Clarke? (But if so, what of Georgina -- I mean Gina?) Lena Bailes? Alma Perdue? Harriet Warner? Teddi White? Dian (Redd) Boggs? Lawrence Durrell has thrown open the door. Now ~~we~~ you can all come out.

Is FooFoo dead?

Oh, What He Said!

Chet Huntley, NBC television commentator, whom I remember seeing, once or twice at least, on Jim Harmon's TV set many years ago offered a few interesting observations in Life magazine before he retired:

On President Nixon: "I've been with Nixon socially; I've traveled with him in his private plane; I've seen him under many conditions. The shallowness of the man overwhelms me; the fact that he is President frightens me."

On the space program: "Covering the astronauts was an exercise in boredom. The networks all got trapped. Most astronauts are dull as hell, nice guys, mechanics. The only ones who had a mind of their own didn't last long."

No, he's alive and well in South Gate.

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