



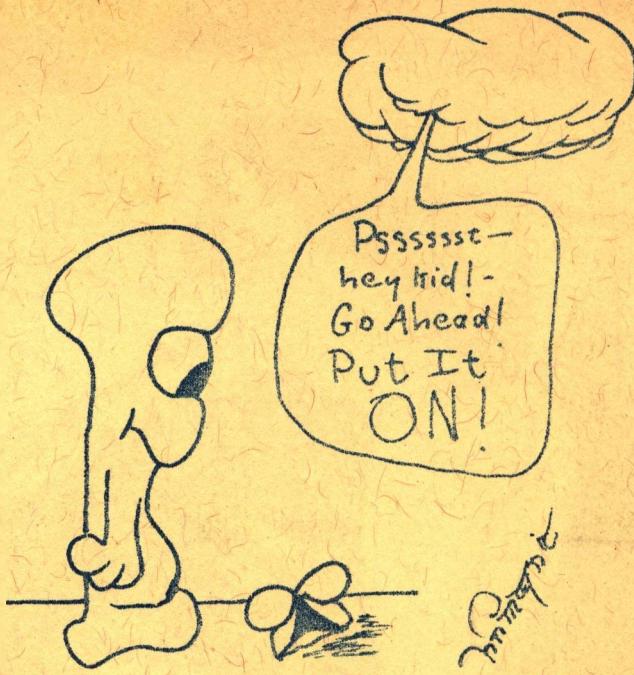
GRANFALLOON #17

Edited and published by:
Linda and Ron Bushyager
1614 Evans Ave.
Prospect Park, Pa. 19076

Electronic stencils:
Eli Cohen

Australian Agent:
Paul Anderson
21 Mulga Rd.
Hawthorndene
South Australia 5051

British Agent:
Philip Payne
University College
Oxford, OX1 4BH, England



Available for 75¢, 3/\$2.00, all-for-all trades, articles, artwork, and substantial letters of comment. Back issues 10, 14, and 16 can be purchased for \$1.00 each. Please make checks payable to Linda E. Bushyager. May 1973. Vol. 6, No. 1.

CONTENTS

Call of the Klutz	2
<i>editorial by Linda E. Bushyager</i>	
Science Fiction, Is It Good Literature?	10
<i>discussion by Don D'Ammassa</i>	
List of Hugo Nominations	15
Daughter of the Mind	16
<i>fiction by Ron Miller</i>	
Circus Maximus	22
<i>poetry by Darrell Schweitzer</i>	
The Alien Rat-Fink	24
<i>book reviews by Richard Delap</i>	
A Tale From A Crowded Alehouse	36
<i>fiction by Jeff Smith</i>	
Cacodaemonic	42
<i>poetry by Michael Gilbert</i>	
Omphalopsychite	44
<i>the lettercolumn</i>	
Potpourri and Why You Got This	54

ARTWORK

covers by C. Lee Healy	
art portfolio by Bill Rotsler	
Grant Canfield - 28,29	
Richard Delap - 2	
Steve Fabian - 10,12,13,14	
Connie Faddis - 22,23,42,43	
Freff & Canfield - 34,35	
Frohlich - 32	
Mark Gelotte - 37,38,39,41,53	
Terry Jeeves - 44	
Ron Miller - 16	
Dan Steffan - 48	
Jeff Schalles - 1	



This issue departs from past issues in its heavy emphasis on fiction and serious critical articles. Ideally, GRANFALLOON is a more balanced fanzine, with humorous articles, fanzine-oriented reviews and articles, sercon articles, book and movie reviews, and only a rare piece of fan fiction. But since I wanted to empty my files of articles (some of them submitted four years ago), this issue is very sercon. Since I have now wiped out my backlog of material, I hope some of you will submit some good sercon and humorous articles (no fiction or poetry, however) for future balanced issues.

Fittingly, my editorial is along the same, serious vein. Its subject is one that has been troubling me for a long time. What I'm saying is my opinion of how things are, and the picture may not be as bad as I've painted, or it may be worse, but it is a subject which needs to be discussed. Please let me know what you think.

COMMERCIALISM IN SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM

I've noticed a depressing, increasing trend toward commercialism in fandom -- everything from Dick Geis saying he wants to live off the profit from his fanzine, THE ALIEN CRITIC, to Harlan Ellison demanding that pros be paid for appearances at conventions.

Perhaps I find commercialism in fandom so depressing because I am too idealistic. I see fandom as a wonderful group of people joined in a common interest, not as a bunch of separate cliques bickering for control. I see conventions as gatherings sponsored by a local club to provide entertainment, information, education, and socializing for the benefit of the attendees, not as fund-raising promotions for the benefit of the sponsoring group and/or committee chairman. I see fanzines as periodicals designed to further communication between separate fans, not as vehicles for ego-tripping soul-bearers who want fame and/or profit. But perhaps I'm in the minority.

THE WORLDCON

To me, the Worldcon is the culmination of what fandom is about. It should be a time for renewing acquaintances with old friends and making new ones. It is a lot of interesting panels which give me information and insight regarding the SF I love to read. It is old SF movies to enjoy. And of course, it is the Hugos, which should be meaningful awards presented to fans and pros for the year's best work, voted on by knowledgeable fans and pros.

To me, the people sponsoring the convention should be doing so because they love fandom; they feel they can put on a convention which will be better than anyone else's; they want to honor certain well-known fans and pros by choosing guests of honor; they want to give something to the attendees. Ideally, a con committee should present any con (including the Worldcon) to fandom as a gift. Practically, a small membership fee is required to defray expenses. The people who sponsor the convention should be volunteering their time, effort, and sometimes money for unselfish reasons.

The Worldcon should not be put on for the benefit of the con committee and the sponsoring club's treasury.

But is this the way Worldcons are run? No recent Worldcon has printed a proceeding or financial statement. Rumors abound that several conventions made HUGE profits which may or may not have ended up lining someone's pockets. No one seems to know. But I do know that when no financial statement is printed, and when no rules are laid out in the Worldcon rules regarding financial matters, it is possible that someone could divert funds into his own pocket.

It is a question of ethics. I feel that Worldcon committee members should be reimbursed for all legitimate expenses prior to and during the convention, and possibly to a portion of bidding expenses. But I also feel that the remaining profits should be passed on to the succeeding convention or to legitimate fan charities.

L.A.con gave money to three "fan charities" -- The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund (TAFF), the Institute for Specialized Literature, Inc., and the Building Fund of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Inc. I agree that TAFF is a very fine fan charity. However, Elliott Shorter said that no money has yet been received. Giving LASFS itself undisclosed amounts of money seems ethically questionable. And does anyone know what the Institute for Specialized Literature even is? I don't -- no one I know does. If you do, please tell me. And no one is LASFS has spread the information. Is a charity few people in fandom have heard about a legitimate fan charity?

To me, L.A.'s refusal to pass on money to Torcon is not legitimate. It gave the money to the Worldcon emergency fund instead. How much money, no one knows, save the L.A.-con committee members and possibly the emergency fund treasurer, Joe Hensley, if he has received the money. The emergency fund already had several hundred dollars in it, and has not been used since its initiation following St. Louiscon. I wonder how much future use will be made of the money. On the other hand, Torcon definitely could have used the money to pay for expenses incurred prior to the actual convention. The money could also have been used to reduce Torcon membership fees or to provide special services at Torcon -- such as a big, free party for members on Saturday night. But since the emergency fund has never been used, giving it additional funds is of questionable value.

Should extra money from a Worldcon be passed on to anyone except to convention goers? And whether or not that money is given back to the fans in some form, and whether the Worldcon is really making a profit or not, shouldn't all money be accounted for?

I think so. But so far fandom has had remarkable apathy regarding this question. Probably this was because up until the last few years Worldcons made very little, if any, profit. But now that Worldcons have about 2000 attendees, tens of thousands of dollars pass through the con committee's hands, and there is a great potential for large profits, losses, and mismanagement of funds. There are lots of expenses involved, such as the program book, the GoHs rooms and possibly meals and airfare, the Hugos, special equipment such as the runway for the masquerade ball, guards, film rental, unionized film projectionists, nametags, and so on. I could believe that Worldcons don't make much profit. But rather than know this on faith, I'd prefer receiving a financial report. And I'd also like to make sure that if a con lost money, no committee members would have to foot the bill; also, if the con made money, no committee members would line their own pockets.

I would like to propose the following rule at TORCON:

"Within six months following a World convention, the convention committee shall publish a full financial statement showing itemized expenditures, income, and distribution of any profits. Any operating losses shall be paid for by donations from all attending members of the convention. Any profit shall be passed on to the succeeding convention for use as operating money until the convention and shall then be applied to a reduction of membership fees."

This proposal might also include something along the lines that "Up to 50% of the profit over \$500 may be given to generally recognized fan charities such as TAFF or DUFF." Please let me know if you feel that such a rule would be a good idea and if you have any ideas for its wording or content. I believe that whether a convention makes a profit or not, it should be accountable to its supporters.

What I am getting to is the basic concept of conventions. Perhaps conventions really are put on for the benefit of the sponsoring group. Several regionals consistently make profits of over \$500/con. The committee plans functions to keep the congoer happy, but the committee's basic aim is to make money. I feel this goes against the basic spirit of fannishness. Conventions should try to break even. Their basic aim should be to provide the best con possible for the congoer. If a con makes a profit of around \$100, that's fine. If it makes more, it should use that extra money for the benefit of the con attendees. A consistently large profit should show the con committee that it is charging excessive fees; the fees could then be lowered.

But maybe that's only my idea of how a con should be. Maybe the majority of the con attendees disagree with me. If the con attendees feel it is all right that a conven-

tion makes a ~~profit~~ while they pay high membership fees and have no free parties, that's fine. But if the attendees assume that the con committee is putting on the convention for that attendees' benefit and that no large profit is being made, and if con attendees object to large profits being retained or wasted by the sponsoring group, isn't something wrong?

In other words, if LASFS sponsors the Worldcon and almost all the profits go to the LASFS building fund and the attendees don't care, that's fine. But if the reason they don't care is that they don't know about it, something should be changed.

If conventions are going to be run like businesses, with the profits going to the con committee, this could be a good way to run conventions. Several new conventions have sprung up which seem to be sponsored by individuals or select groups with the aim of making money. There is nothing wrong with this, provided that everyone knows this is how the con is being run.

But is it fair for some people to volunteer their services as auctioneers or helpers when other people receive the profits if any? If a convention is to be run like a business, then everyone should be paid in a business-like manner.

THE WORLDCON ART SHOW

The International Science Fantasy Art Exhibition is held every year in conjunction with the Worldcon. Did you know that whenever it is run by Bjo and John Trimble, they are in complete charge of the show and receive all profits? They also take any loss. The Worldcon committee gives them the hotel room, free, as a service to the convention. The Trimble's pay for all those guards, hangings, and other equipment. The commission (15% of the selling price) of any artwork which is sold and the artists' hanging fees (25¢ per piece of work for all divisions plus a general registration fee of \$2.00 per artist (no fee for juniors)) go to the Trimble's. NONE OF THE MONEY GOES TO THE WORLDCON.

I talked with Torcon committee chairman, John Millard, and he said the Trimble's will be running the artshow at Torcon under this arrangement, as a service to the convention. DISCON chairman Jay Haldeman said that the DISCON artshow in 1974 will be run by the Worldcon committee, so that any profits will go to the Worldcon.

Now in principle, there is nothing wrong with this. Probably several years ago the Trimble's lost money with this arrangement. But at a convention like L.A.CON, where several hundred paintings were sold (I'd guess over 10,000 worth), the Trimble's could make a sizeable profit. Naturally those guards cost money, and shipping the paintings and hangings to a con could cost a bit. Bjo also spends a lot of time and postage corresponding with prospective artists. And, of course, the Trimble's put in a lot of time and effort and do an excellent job.

But I do object that VERY FEW PEOPLE KNOW ABOUT THIS ARRANGEMENT. The specific finances involved are not mentioned in the Worldcon Progress Reports, Program Book, or literature distributed by Bjo. For the most part, everyone naturally assumes that the Worldcon receives the profit, if any.

When I heard about this arrangement at L.A.CON, I asked several artists if they knew about it. None had been informed before the convention, several had heard about it during the convention, secondhand. Since the artists pay a fee for hanging each piece of art (whether it sells or not), a registration fee, and a 15% commission, and since this money, minus expenses, goes to the Trimble's, IT MIGHT BE NICE IF THEY WERE TOLD ABOUT IT!

Furthermore, auctioneers like Jack Chalker and Tony Lewis donate their time to auction off the art. Many other people help out at the information area of the artshow and at the final auction. These people also help set up the show. All these people donate their time. Yet the Trimble's receive the profits, if any.

If the Trimble's want to run the artshow as a business, and if the Worldcon committee which is swamped with work wants to let them run it, fine. But wouldn't it be more equitable if all the people involved were paid something, even just a token amount? If they want to donate their time, ok, but they should be informed that the Trimble's receive the loss or profit. No matter what the financial arrangement is, shouldn't everyone at the convention, especially the artists who are most affected, be told about it? No one should hear about it by hearsay.

FANZINES

Are "fanzines" which make a profit fanzines or prozines? Certainly no one can blame a fanned for cutting his mailing list or boosting his price in order to try to break even. Most fanzines lose money. But when a fanzine editor deliberately chooses material for its saleability rather than because he personally likes it, or boosts his subscription price well above costs, is his "fanzine" a fanzine any longer?

In THE ALIEN CRITIC (formerly RICHARD E. GEIS), Dick Geis brings up this question. He says:

"LOCUS, the bi-weekly SF newszine published expertly and mostly on schedule by Charlie and Dena Brown. Is LOCUS an Amateur Magazine and thus eligible for consideration for a third Best Amateur Magazine Hugo Award in 1973 at Torcon, or is LOCUS a prozine in fact and not eligible?

Does Amateur mean non-profit? I tend to think so. LOCUS does turn a profit, and a handsome one I should say. In fact, there is some question in my mind whether LOCUS should have been on the final ballot this year as an amateur magazine, at L.A.CON.

Or does 'amateur' mean that nothing is eligible so long as the publisher does not make his living from his fan effort? Even if a 'small profit' is turned?

One of these years a convention committee is going to have to face this question. Because if a magazine is eligible that shows a small profit and is not the primary income of its publisher, then AMAZING and FANTASTIC could be nominated for Best Amateur Magazine...and next year RICHARD E. GEIS could qualify as a prozine. How does that grab you?

But THIS YEAR of eligibility, 1972, REG is as yet non-profit and is qualified for the Best Amateur Magazine award, and I am eligible for the Best Fan Writer award. So it figures I want to shoot down LOCUS, right? I admit it all. I'm shameless. Now please address yourself to the profit/non-profit/LOCUS amateur magazine question -- it's a valid question and should be dealt with before a concrete precedent is set... if anyone but those directly concerned is interested.

What say you, Lapidus, Warner? Pelz? Ted White? Weston? Gillespie? Etc.

Even if Charlie and Dena withdraw LOCUS this year, the issue still must be resolved, because next year...and the year after that..."

Dick Geis also states that he hopes to someday actually make a living from his "fan-zine." In fact, he changed the title of the zine to make it more commercial. He has also applied for a business license so he can obtain a Second Class Postage Permit.

I believe that Charlie and Dena Brown treat LOCUS as a business on their income tax return, which may be Dick's next move. So are these magazines fanzines?

A friend of mine asked me how much profit I thought LOCUS made. I said, it probably wasn't much, what with postage -- maybe a couple of hundred dollars a year. He then said, "Take a look at the LOCUS sub rates and figure it out for yourself. You'll be surprised." So I did and I was.

LOCUS costs \$3 for 12 issues in America. Taking this as the average subscription cost (since the higher rates outside the U.S. are taken up by extra postage), each issue thus costs about 25¢. 1500 copies are run off, of which some go to book publishers (free) who in turn send the Browns free books for review; some go to artists and contributors; a few go to collators; and a few go to trades. So say only 1250 are subscription copies and that each issue costs 8¢ in postage, leaving a net income of 17¢ on 1250 copies and a net loss of 8¢ on 250 copies. That's \$212.50 income per issue, \$20.00 loss. Costs for a 10 page issue would run something like \$30 for 16 reams of paper; \$10 for ink; \$10 for electrostencils; \$2 for regular stencils. That's \$52. Add on phone bills, wastage, go ahead and call that \$52-\$80 instead. Plus that \$20 equals \$100. \$212.50 - \$100 = approximately \$100 profit/issue. And since LOCUS is bi-weekly, they could easily be making over \$2000 a year. I'm not saying they are making so much, but I don't know why they couldn't be. (Charlie? Dena?) So is LOCUS a fanzine?

Only the fans can answer this question. I really don't know where to draw the line. It is very hard to measure someone's intent which would seem to be the only valid criterion. Obviously AMAZING and FANTASTIC intend to be prozines and make a profit. Dick Geis seems to intend to run CRITIC as a business. Recently Andy Porter has been trying to increase ALGOL's circulation by advertising in prozines and getting ALGOL displayed on newstands. Does he intend to make it a prozine? LOCUS seems to be making a large profit and is aimed mostly at professionals. Of the 383 ballots received in this year's LOCUS poll, 100 (26%) of those responding read no fanzines except LOCUS and another 170 (45%) read only 1-5 general circulation fanzines, which indicates to me that probably many of LOCUS's readers are not interested in fanzines as a whole. So are they reading LOCUS because it is a fanzine or a prozine? And what do the Browns intend LOCUS to be?

Since it is very hard to draw the line between some kind of profit-making fanzine and prozine, at the present one can only hope that anyone in this category would withdraw himself from the fanzine Hugo nominations if he intends his fanzine as a profit-making semi-prozine. Or one can hope that fans will try to discern which fanzines are fanzines and which are semi-prozines and then nominate in the appropriate categories (such as nominating the editor of a semi-prozine for Best Professional Editor). Or convention committees could move nominees into appropriate categories. Another solution would be to refine the definition of Best Fanzine.

An important, off-the-track comment, is that naturally, one also hopes that anyone nominating and especially voting for the Hugos will be knowledgeable about the nominees before casting his votes. If you are not familiar with more than two of the nominees, I maintain that your vote cannot be an accurate one and that you should not vote in that category. Anyone who votes for the one fanzine or book he has read is downgrading the meaning of the Hugos with an uninformed and ultimately meaningless vote. I'm afraid this has been happening, which is one reason I feel that a Hugo nomination is probably more accurate of what is "the best" than a Hugo win.

Some may accuse me of bringing up the semi-prozine question out of envy because I want the Hugo. Horsefeathers! If you've gotten this far in this long-winded editorial, you'll realize that I'm an idealist. And as such I don't want a Hugo unless I feel GRANFALLOON deserves it. I don't think GRANNY has yet been the best fanzine. I felt it deserved a nomination two years ago (it didn't get one) and last year. I'm not convinced it deserves one this year, since only two issues came out, but I can't help but be pleased that GRANNY did get a nomination this year. I doubt it will deserve one in 1974, based on this issue and the next.

But I am interested in seeing that truly deserving fanzines get that ultimate symbol of recognition -- the Hugo, rather than see zines which are prozines at heart win and moreover which keep winning year after year because of their commercialism and the fact that many readers only see one or two other fanzines and cast uninformed votes. If a fanzine is truly best, it should win more than once, but to win on the basis of uninformed votes is a hollow victory.

PAYING THE PROS

Some pros, most notably Harlan Ellison in his L.A.CON speech, have stated that Worldcons are making huge profits and that pros should be paid fees for speaking. And while L.A.CON committee member Milt Stevens hotly denied that huge profits had been made, L.A.CON did refund membership fees to all the pros and fans who appeared on L.A.CON's panels.

For years it has been the unspoken policy of regional conventions to pay for the Guest of Honor's room, banquet tickets, and sometimes plane fare. Sometimes the regionals also give free memberships to panel members, free meals to the GoH, and sometimes pay the GoH's bar bills. Other GoHs have received paintings, plaques, and other memorabilia to commemorate their visit.

Just how much should be given to a GoH or a panel member is a sticky question. Again one must consider the basic purpose of conventions. Are conventions informal gatherings for the benefit of the attendees, or are they commercial ventures for the benefit of the con committee and/or sponsoring group?

I take the former view. Conventions are for both the fan and the pro. For it is here, in an informal gathering of devoted SF readers, that the professional gains criticism, adoration, information, and even story ideas from his readers and fellow professionals. This is why, I think, pros attend conventions. Perhaps some only attend to exploit the attendees by flamboyantly selling copies of their new books. But most come to get some feedback and to ENJOY THEMSELVES. Many of the regularly attending pros are also fans: Lester del Rey, Gordon Dickson, Hal Clement, Bob Silverberg, Terry Carr, to name only a few. They like fans and parties. They enjoy attending panels AS PART OF THE AUDIENCE. They like the free exchange of ideas that goes on at conventions. They even enjoy browsing through the huckster tables. I really think Lester del Rey would be indignant at the thought of being paid for his attendance at a convention. Why should he be paid for enjoying himself?

Other pros are not as fannish, but they still enjoy conventions. They like meeting their readers and fellow professionals. Maybe they don't put out fanzines or even subscribe, but they do gain something from conventions.

I really don't think fans want to see any pros at conventions who are there merely because they are getting paid for it. If the fans just wanted to hire a paid entertainer, they'd get an astronaut, movie star, or rock group. Or more likely, if we had to hire pros in order for them to show up, we'd just do without

and entertain ourselves. Its great to talk with and listen to the authors whose books we love to read, but we enjoy talking to them because they are PEOPLE, not just names on the front covers of books. Interactions between pros and fans at conventions are great because both the fan and the pro are getting something out of it. And isn't that reward enough in itself?

I do think that the GoH should have his room and banquet tickets paid for. If the convention can afford to pay the transportation, that's nice too. Why? Not because they are HIRING a GoH. But because they are HONORING him. These are men who deserve to be a guest of HONOR. Plaques, paintings, and special dinners are all very appropriate to honor these men. But when you pay a pro to appear, I don't think he is a Guest of Honor anymore, he is then merely a paid speaker.

While it might be nice to give everyone who helps out at the con (including panelists, auctioneers, registrars, and committee members) free memberships, it is just not practical. If a con is trying to benefit the attendee, it is aiming for a break-even situation. Many cons do break even, or lose money - especially regional conventions. If a con happily does make money, perhaps these memberships could be refunded to everyone who helped out at the con. But to make fees mandatory for all those involved would probably necessitate increasing membership costs.

Furthermore, if some conventions begin the precedent of paying speaking fees to certain pros won't pros who don't receive fees feel left out or demand fees too? Eventually won't this lead to all conventions being forced to pay fees to the pros? And if to the pros, why not to the fans who participate on panels? Not only might this put an undue financial burden on small conventions, but as I've tried to point out, it is downright unfannish.

Ideally, all those who help with the convention are donating their time and effort because they love fandom and WANT to help out. They enjoy the egoboo of appearing on a panel, the excitement of working on registration, the satisfaction of being on a committee which does a good job. If they get their membership fee back, fine. But if the free parties must be eliminated or exorbitant fees charged which will lower the quality of conventions for everyone, these people shouldn't even want free memberships.

I told you I was an idealist.

Maybe I am too much an idealist. Perhaps these ideas are totally impractical. After all, people are people. Often people feel that with all the work they've put in, mere egoboo or satisfaction aren't enough of a reward.

So maybe conventions should be run as commercial ventures. They would still give the attendees some of the things he wants -- movies, panels, the chance to meet friends. But everyone involved would be paid a fee, including the "GoH." The attendees would know about the arrangement and would be content. Perhaps registration fees would go up, but considering all one gets at a convention, they are remarkably cheap now. Cons would be easier to run too. One wouldn't have to rely on the goodness of some unselfish fans and pros who donate their time -- instead one could have hirelings handling registration and a few professional lecturers performing in front of the paying audience. This seems to be the trend in conventions. I've heard of several groups on both the west and east coasts which are planning to be professional convention committees. They'll put on the con for you, take a share of the profit, and be a professional con-giving business. But I feel that this is contrary to the basic traditions and goals of fandom. To me, commercialism should have very little part in fandom. But perhaps trufans are passe. Perhaps idealism is foolish. We live in a world which is based on capitalism, slick commercialism, and the mighty dollar. Perhaps we once read those enchanting science fiction and fantasy novels to escape the mediocrity and banality of everyday existence. But how many fans read SF any more?

SCIENCE FICTION

IS IT GOOD LITERATURE ? -----

Every once in a while I get hung up on this subject, and to get it out of my system, I write a loosely organized essay to soothe my ruffled feelings. This time will be a bit different; I've planned everything in advance, and if lacking the tightness of Buckley's essays, I will at least be comprehensible. The first thing to do is to define our terms.

The first, and stickiest, is "SF." Rather than add yet another fruitless effort to the ever lengthening list, I'm going to be both arbitrary and liberal and include everything possible. For this reason, within the limits of this article, any piece of literature that falls into one or more of the categories below is SF.

1. Conventional SF: This is the every day story which makes up the vast bulk of SF. The majority of the works of Poul Anderson, Robert Heinlein, Arthur C. Clarke, and Theodore Sturgeon fall into this category.
2. Fantasy: This includes both the heroic fantasies of Tolkien, Eddison, Carter, and Howard, and the more tame variety of Beagle's *A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE*, PEABODY'S *MERMAID*, *THE YEAR THE YANKEES LOST THE PENNANT*, *TOPPER*, and many others.
3. Supernatural Horror: Ghost stories, vampires, Stoker, Rohmer, Peter Saxon, Mary Shelley, voodoo, occult, and so on.
4. Science fantasy: another arbitrary definition which I use to include Edgar Rice Burroughs, Norton's *JANUS* books, John Norman, Ralph Milne Farley, Otis Adelbert Kline, and all their imitators.



5. Borderline: The mainstream authors' ventures into SF, like GILES GOAT-BOY, ON THE BEACH, A CLOCKWORK ORANGE, FAIL-SAFE, and THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN. After all, we can't claim Orwell without accepting the rest.

6. Avant-garde: This is the one that rouses the most protest, the works of William Burroughs, Eugene Ionesco, and others, and much of the "New Wave" writers.

So any story that falls into one or more of these categories is probably SF by my definition with the exception of the last. Avant-garde fiction is not necessarily SF, but if it also falls into any of the other categories, it is SF; it is not excluded simply because it does not follow the more conventional forms. Also, a book can be both SF and non-SF. ON THE BEACH is both SF and contemporary. CAVES OF STEEL is SF and mystery, and so forth.

The next term is a bit easier, but I will still have to be slightly arbitrary. The word is *literature*. I will take it to include all conventional prose, experimental prose, poetry, and drama. Although I personally would include comic strips (e.g., Barbarella, Phoebe Zeit-Geist, Pogo Possum, and others), for the purposes of this moment I will leave them out.

Our last definition is *good* as applied to literature. Here's where the trouble starts. What makes any literature, SF or otherwise, "good?" Let's examine a few of the choices.

1. Good literature is that which has lasting value. This is a cop-out. By this definition none of us will ever live long enough to discover which books were good and which weren't. Also, the "test of time" is subject to fads (like our current revivals of Captain Future, Doc Savage, and the Shadow) and chance (at least one of Shakespeare's plays has not survived to the present). So this is not a satisfying definition.

2. Good literature is that which has serious intent. This requires even more omniscience, and a good deal of doublethink. First, how is one to know for certain whether or not the author was just amusing himself by writing an intricately symbolic novel (if he indeed even intended to do so) or whether he was trying to reform society? Secondly, why can an author not be serious about writing a good adventure story? Lastly, if seriousness is the only standard, then polemical speeches become the heights of literature.

3. Good literature is that which enjoys widest popularity. How many of us are willing to admit that the majority is always right? By that standard, VALLEY OF THE DOLLS, the best selling novel of all time, is the greatest novel of all time.

None of these definitions satisfy me, and I doubt they satisfy anyone else. So I offer another, and again arbitrarily, decree it to be the correct one. Good literature is that which is most pleasing to the reader.

AN ESSAY by Don D'Ammassa

Of course, this opens a whole new Pandora's box of definitions. Just which reader should be pleased, and what do I really mean by a pleasing novel? Should I accept Algis Budrys' statement that the cover and blurbs are just as much a part of it as the plot?

So I'm going to be very singleminded and simultaneously disclaim all of my omniscience by saying that every reader is equal in that he has an equal right to decide what he enjoys, and his opinion is just as valid as that of Judith Merrill, John W. Campbell, Malcolm Muggeridge, Richard Nixon, or Don D'Ammassa. But at the same time I insist that no one has the right to make this decision for anyone else.

In insisting on the total subjectivity of value, I realize I am advocating what amounts to literary chaos. The fact remains that no one has yet come up with legitimate bounds for any form of art. Are the creations of Jackson Pollock and Paul Klee art? Are the masks of the various African tribes actually sculpture? Are electronic symphonies really music? Do Rod McKuen and e.e. cummings both write poetry? Is NOVA EXPRESS a novel? Is GILES GOAT-BOY SF? None of the questions have irrefutable answers. All reviews are simply expressions of opinion; P. Schuyler Miller refers to BUG JACK BARRON as pornography, I call it realistic. RITE OF PASSAGE was rejected by a dozen publishers before it won the Nebula, and SQUARES OF THE CITY sat around for years before it was nominated for the Hugo.

If you accept as I do that all literary value is the result of individual subjective interpretations of the author's product, then it follows necessarily that each SF book, in any of my six categories, is just as "good" as any book in any of the categories, and as any book not even remotely SF. Equally, all SF is totally worthless, as is every other work of art, if the person being exposed to the art finds nothing of value in it. I do add one proviso however. I will consider someone else's opinion of a book if it disagrees with my own, but it's unlikely that his will change mine. If, however, he has not read the book, his opinion is totally



worthless, logically by anyone's standards.

Then what criteria do I personally use to judge a book? I freely admit that I read each and every SF release that comes out, be it Lin Carter, J. G. Ballard, Robert Heinlein, or Jomo Kenyatta. How do I judge?

The answer is: within context. Burroughs is not a better writer than Sturgeon. Neither is he worse. Burroughs wrote better science fantasy; Sturgeon wrote better science fiction.

More contemporarily, which is the better form of SF, New Wave or Old Wave? Leaving aside the unrealistic categorization that these terms imply, I loosely characterize New Wave as those stories which de-emphasize plot, usually in favor of style, and Old Wave as those primarily interested in presenting a good story.

My observation, which is naturally arrived at subjectively, is that some New Wave is a total flop. Much of the early work of David Bunch completely turned me off, but a few of his more recent stories have been excellent. On the other hand, many novels by Robert Moore Williams, Lin Carter, Emil Petaja, and others have been so clumsy that I had to force myself to finish.

Some of the New Wave writers, most notably Ballard, Disch, and Piers Anthony, have gone so far beyond the conventional styles that the relative lack of plot goes unnoticed. It communicates on a new, but not necessarily inferior or superior level. Similarly, many Old Wave novels by which such writers as Sturgeon, Heinlein, Simak, and Norton can be read over and over again with no reduction of pleasure. I found CRYSTAL WORLD far superior to THE DOOR INTO SUMMER, but THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS is better than THE BURNING WORLD. It may be of interest to note that my two favorite shorter pieces of fiction are Ballard's "The Drowned Giant" and Sturgeon's "The (Widgett), the (Wadgett), and Boff."



This whole essay has been leading up to this -- Old Wave writers have been attacking New Wave Writers as purveyors of meaningless drivel, pseudo-intellectuals, phonies. New Wave writers and their fans respond that their attackers are stodgy and unartistic, totally lacking in talent. Despite the fact that there is no clearcut distinction between Old and New (What is Delany? Zelazny?), both sides have displayed a better intolerance that reflects poorly on both. Ellison has been ruggedly aggressive, going so far as to publish a New Wave anthology of Old Wave type stories (DANGEROUS VISIONS). They were good stories, mind you, but what was the line of distinction between them and more conventional SF? And neither side has paid attention to history. Granted that few people write Victorian novels any more (C. P. Snow is one), at the same time, people continue to read and enjoy Dickens, Bronte, and Thackeray.

The saddest thing is that just as SF has been the second class citizen of the literary world, so now the bulk of SF fans are using the New Wave coterie as the "niggers" of SF. The New Wave people, just as certainly as the Black Nationalists, are reacting with hostility.

It is time for us all to grow up. Just as there is room in the publishing world for SF, so there is room in SF for New Wave and Old Wave. What is sauce for the goose is not necessarily sauce for the gander. We can't resent the shunning of SF mainstream critics if we continue to shun experimental fiction. The critics cannot understand SF in many cases; even I, who enjoy experimental fiction, often find myself hopelessly lost in it, but that gives me no right or reason to condemn it as worthless. To do so would take the decision away from you.

We in the SF field brag about our openmindedness in the literature of imagination, and at the same time we condemn a portion of our own field. The contradiction is obvious.

I have a suggestion for each side. Experimentalists should be honest with themselves. Experimentation necessarily leads to some failures. This is not to be deplored, but it certainly shouldn't be bragged about. And before one can write good experimental fiction, he should first have developed control of conventional fiction. Only when one understands the rules can one break them with impunity.

And for the more conventional, I suggest a realistic reappraisal. Do the experimentalists really sit around and praise stories that they don't like? Obviously not. Obviously they enjoy them for some reason or another. When you stop to think about it, they're enjoying something that you are unable to experience. Since it cannot possibly bother you if they like something you don't, can it be that there is a slight element of jealousy involved?

So you stay on your side of the street and I'll stay on mine, and maybe some times we will meet out in the middle. But don't act surprised if, when you build your house on my land, I sneak out one night and burn it down.



HUGO NOMINATIONS -- TORCON 2

NOVEL

There Will Be Time (Poul Anderson)
The Gods Themselves (Isaac Asimov)
When Harlie Was One (David Gerrold)
The Book of Skulls (Robert Silverberg)
Dying Inside (Robert Silverberg)
A Choice of Gods (Clifford Simak)

NOVELLA

Hero (Joe Haldeman/Analog)
The Word for World is Forest (Ursula LeGuin/
Again, Dangerous Visions)
The Gold at the Starbow's End (Fred Pohl/
Analog)
Mercenary (Jerry Pournelle/Analog)
The Fifth Head of Cerberus (Gene Wolfe/Orbit)

NOVELETTE

Goat Song (Poul Anderson/F&SF)
A Kingdom by the Sea (Gardner Dozois/Orbit)
Basilisk (Harlan Ellison/F&SF)
Patron of the Arts (William Rotsler/Universe)
Painwise (Jaees Tiptree, Jr./F&SF)

SHORT STORY

Eurema's Dam (R. A. Lafferty/New Dimensions 2)
The Meeting (Pohl & Kornbluth/F&SF)
When It Changed (Joanna Russ/ A,DV)
When We Went to See the End of the World (Robert Silverberg/ Universe)
And I Awoke and Found Me Here on the Cold Hill's Side (James Tiptree, Jr./F&SF)

PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

Vincent DiFate
Frank Kelly Freas
Jack Gaughan
Mike Hinge
John Schoenherr

PROFESSIONAL EDITOR

Ben Bova (Analog)
Terry Carr (Universe)
Edward Ferman (F&SF)
Ted White (Amazing, Fantastic)
Don Wollheim (DAW Books)

AMATEUR MAGAZINE

Algol (Porter)
Energumen (Glicksohns)
Granfalloon (Bushyagers)
Locus (Browns)
SF Commentary (Gillespie)

FAN WRITER

Charlie Brown
Terry Carr
Richard E. Geis
Susan Glicksohn
Sandra Miesel
Rosemary Ullerot

FAN ARTIST

Grant Canfield
Tim Kirk
William Rotsler
James Shull
Arthur Thomson (ATom)

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

Between Time & Timbuktu
The People
Silent Running
Slaughterhouse -5

VOTE FOR THE HUGOS!

Now is the time to join TORCON if you have not done so. Registration is \$4 supporting, \$7 attending from now until Aug. 1, 1973. After Aug. 1 and at the door it will be \$10. Write TORCON 2, P.O. Box 4, Station K, Toronto, 12, Ontario, Canada. And when you vote, remember to vote only in those categories in which you are familiar with the nominees. If you are only familiar with one or two of the nominees, please don't vote, since your vote will be meaningless - instead vote in those categories you are familiar with. Also, don't forget to list 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th places -- in an Australian ballot system such as this, your secondary votes can become even more important than your first place votes in determining the winner.

MIND DAUGHTER



RON MILLER

Rackham, a small village in western England, is a cluster of houses and shops of the picturesque sort, whose name has probably never been heard fifteen miles from its main street. Rackham is snugly imbedded in a comfortable fold of the Cotswold Hills and consequently enjoys equitable summers and not too unendurable winters. In spite of its cozy attractiveness, Rackham is for some reason avoided generally by outsiders, and, reduced to its own efforts, has scarcely managed to keep its meagre population at a steady state. There are few children and even fewer young adults, a result of big cities like Cardiff, Birmingham, or Bristol, being as attractive as they are (at least by contrast). Defecting Rackhamites travel the only two directions offered by the village's single main road: north and south, but to most townspeople, they lead only to Rackham's neighboring villages (with the unlikely names of Great Badminton and Wotton-under-edge), and no further.

Not very much more than a mile from the furthest outskirts of this sad little town, squatted the ancient cottage of the eccentric recluse called old Marquard. This homely structure was well-known to the villagers, who passed it several times a week, with its strangely asymmetric, half-collapsed, half-right appearance -- hunchbacked and frog-like. Of its occupant, old Marquard, little if nothing was ever seen. There were very old men who spent their days in the tobacco-colored taproom of the Basilisk and Lion who could recall from their too-distant youth a glimpse or two of an even then shabby, withered figure, walnut head imbedded in a froth of cream-colored hair, tottering unsteadily about the saggingly askew cottage. Nodding over their whiskeys and ales, the elders would silently wonder just how old old Marquard could be. He was old when they had been young, and could be nothing less than ancient now. But with Rackhamites being notoriously unimaginative and, lacking the slightest shred of superstition, speculation stopped at mere wonder.

One can imagine the sensation caused when old Marquard one day, for the first time in anyone's memory, called for the village's doctor.

One cool, mid-spring afternoon a young girl appeared at the door of Doctor Bujold and very politely requested his services for old Marquard. The doctor, after a moment's brief, unbelieving surprise, quickly gathered his necessary equipment and, bundling the girl and himself into his old Morris Mini, was very soon rattling along the five miles that separated his mid-village office from old Marquard's place. Approaching the wart-like thatched cottage, the doctor was suddenly aware that he, of the whole population of Rackham, would be the first not only to speak with old Marquard (he assumed conditions would permit this) but he would also be the first to visit the interior of the mysterious old house (a more likely assumption). The young girl who rode quietly beside him, slender hands folded primly in her lap, had never uttered a word since her surprising message. He wondered, for the first time, who she was. No villager, he was certain, Rackham was too closely-knit and bored for anyone not to be

aware of a new face. A relative, perhaps, of old Marquard? A grand-daughter - no, a great-grand-daughter -- possibly on a visit. But the doctor suddenly turned and looked at the girl again. She was staring placidly at the road ahead. Perhaps ten years old (much too young to be sent on five-mile errands!) with long, mahogany hair and large, wide-spaced indigo eyes -- like too big tears on the verge of rolling down her cheeks. Her small face reflected a pale oval in the windshield. The expression on it was far too adult for his liking, he thought. But the records were there: old Marquard had never married, he had never fathered any children. He must, he noted to himself, ask old Marquard about her. The girl never looked at him.

She followed him into the decaying, loaf-shaped house when they arrived. Doctor Bujold promptly, for the moment, forgot the girl and her mystery. He had never been inside such a room before. It was long, narrow, and low-ceilinged; with heavy black beams and rough grey planking and leprous patches of yellow plaster. There was the comfortable, thick smell of old leather and rich tobacco. Thousands of books contributed their musty, close fragrance and lay in littered profusion over floor and furniture like a brittle, yellow autumn. There were a dozen oil lamps and a score of heavy, greasy candles that had dribbled translucent tallow over antique books. Two or three large world globes in handsome gimbals and one dark-blue sphere of the heavens. Fossils (none he recognized) and oddly misshapen skulls hung from pegs alongside government maps of Gloucestershire county, Philadelphia, the Falklands, and one strange one labelled "Lyonesse." Gleaming brass instruments poked out of the orderless clutter here and there like brazen mushrooms. The light had an inexplicably spotty quality -- as if it had more sources than the single, dirty window by the door. Perhaps the least interesting of objects in the strange, suggestive room was tucked into a half-lit corner, old Marquard himself; like a flower, wilted from the lack of light.

"Hello, I'm Doctor Bujold."

"Good afternoon," answered old Marquard, in a half-whispered voice, like the rustle of dry leaves, "please come here and sit down. There's a chair, there, just move that case anywhere..."

"Thank you, this is fine. Well, what seems to be the problem Mr. Marquard?"

"That's exactly what I hope for you to tell me, doctor. I would recommend that you begin with my heart: I suspect the trouble lies in that region."

"We shall see, then." The examination lasted just over ten minutes. Bujold was silent when he finished and carefully packed his instruments into his bag before saying anything at all. "You're going to have trouble with your heart someday, Mr. Marquard."

"I feared that. Will anything happen soon?"

"No, No, the potential is there, but, at the present, the danger, if any, is minimal."

"I see."

"You understand, of course, that at your age..." he was bloody uncomfortable, and rose to leave.

"Of course. You've told me all that I need to know," he was almost inaudible, his voice sunken to a rattling whisper, "I've got enough time to finish..."

"Well, then, I'll be off..."

"Thank you, thank you very much."

"Oh by the way," he stopped at the door, "who was that young girl who brought me here?" He could hear her stirring in some adjoining room, "I don't ever recall seeing her about the village before."

There was a very long silence before the dried-up old man answered. "She's my daughter."

Summer sprang full-grown upon Rackham. In the balmy, lethargic days the strangeness of the little girl who lived in the old house out of town passed away. She was accepted, as a foundling or an orphaned niece, that old Marquard had adopted as his own daughter. She was often seen in town, with her hemispherical wicker basket, and she occasionally spoke to friendly townspeople -- they found they easily recalled her hauntingly musical voice, long after her words had been forgotten. She lacked nothing, for old Marquard provided for her every need. Though she was never seen in anything but a black velvet dress, with tasteful, narrow white trimming, it was always crisply clean and pressed. From somewhere old Marquard resurrected a bicycle: it was patchworked and paintless, but nevertheless she rode it nearly every day and her trips into town became more frequent. Her name, it was discovered, was Deborah.

One remarkable circumstance only drew an abnormal attention to Deborah. It is doubtful if any resident of Rackham could have intelligibly explained their odd apprehensiveness and genuine discomfort when watching or talking with her. Had they ever given it conscious thought, they would have realized an indistinctness about Deborah. It was an effect just the opposite of those optical illusions in which grey spots appear on a grid when viewed indirectly, out of the corner of the eye, but disappear when the illusion is looked at directly. One morning, in the Rackham General Emporium, a Mrs. Dougherty was engaged in a light conversation with one Miss Fleming. Standing next to the latter was Deborah, who made a small noise with her ever-present basket. Looking toward the sound, Mrs. Dougherty gave a small yelp of surprise. Although Deborah had been directly in front of her, she had not seen the girl at all until she consciously looked at her. This quality of insubstantiality had caused insignificant ripples of comment through the sparse gossip of the community. It was credited to the haziness all things assume in summer's heat, for no one could dislike or slander the little girl in black with the twilight eyes.

Choosing any day at random and multiplying it ninety times would result in the total unvarying blandness of Rackham's summer. Toward the end of this season, not more than a month after the above incident and preceding an autumn that promised to be like most other Rackham autumns, Doctor Bujold chanced to meet Deborah on the street. It was his first opportunity to speak with her since their initial meeting.

"Well, hello Deborah! How's Mr. Marquard?" (He disliked calling him her "father.")

"He's well, thank you."

"On your way to the shops?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, then, I shan't keep you. Would you like some candy? Here's a penny..."

"No, thank you, sir," with which she darted across the cobbled street to the shops just opposite.

Blast the child! he thought, for just as he turned his head, her figure suddenly flickered and blurred, like a rippling heat mirage.

Then, in the last week of summer, when the cool air chilled at night, something happened that horrified all Rackham, that it has yet to recover from. A noisy dart game at the Basilisk and Lion was abruptly halted by the sudden, wild apparition of Digger O'Dell, a local laborer. The man was in terrifying shock, deliriously babbling. He burst through the front door, his tremendous bulk sagging and swaying like a groggy bear. His broad face had a fishy pallor, he gasped spasmodically for breath. The barkeep came to his senses first, and, enlisting aid, half-carried the sobbing, shivering hulk to a table. He was given a brandy and, after several minutes, was finally able to speak with some minimum of sense, though what he said was as fantastic as though he were raving still.

"Oh my Gawd, my dear Gawd," moaned Digger, over and over. He took the brandy, spilling it, chocking on the alcohol and his tears.

"What happened, Digger?" "Come on now, Digger, tell us...."

"My Gawd...In my auto...I...I've hit the little Marquard girl!"

A ghastly hush blanketed the room, for there wasn't a man there who hadn't liked Deborah. Someone said they were going to be sick.

"I wasn't going but twenty miles an hour, I swear it, when I just suddenly sees her ahead of me - you know how she just suddenly comes and goes like - I warn't going fast a tall, but Lord help me! I thought I had cut her in two! There was just her head and shoulders, up on my bonnet," poor Digger was literally choking; gagging on his words, "But they moved - slid along until all of a sudden she was inside with me, her legs sticking through the floor! Then, my Gawd! She turned to me and smiled! I left her standing in the road behind me, watching me, right in the same place she'd been..." He broke down completely, and no more could be gotten out of him all that day.



The attitude of the Rackham citizenry changed toward young Deborah. They meant her no malice, such a thing was foreign to Rackham hearts, but Digger O'Dell's story, patently impossible though it may have been, still added to a general, vague suspicion of the child. Suspicion of just what, was impossible to say, but nonetheless a wariness had grown and fewer people spoke to her, fewer would even consciously look at her - as if she had the "evil eye." But none were unkind to her, she was spoken to when she spoke first, for in their minds none could admit any truth to O'Dell's fantastic tale. Yet, nagging them and undermining their simple logic were a small number of undeniable and disturbing facts: in Digger O'Dell could be found no more solid a citizen; sober, clear-thinking, and honest. Big, powerful, and slow-witted, but by no means unintelligent, he simply hadn't the imagination, capability, or incentive to create such a story. Immediately after the incident he left town and spent the winter with his aunt in Newport, from whence never a word was heard.

Probably the most insidious and superficially inane rumor was mongered by an elderly spinster named Vaughn. Her story went, so far as it did, quite a bit like this: scores of years ago, old Marquard had been married (the records of which became lost, somehow) and a daughter resulted from what was undoubtedly an unhappy or tragic union. In her tenth year the daughter died. Now, according to Mistress Vaughn, old Marquard has somehow managed to conjure up the spirit of his long-dead Deborah: She was, in fact, a ghost. This strange idea had a certain vogue - it contained a particular appeal for the logical but generally uneducated minds of Rackham. Deborah was regarded with a sort of uncertain curiosities.

A short time later, old Marquard's grocer received a large order from him for a vast quantity of uncommon herbs and incense. The day after the herbs order, Doctor Bujold was urgently summoned to old Marquard. Deborah wasn't in sight when the doctor entered the mystical, dark room for the second time. He called out his name and a thin voice beckoned him to a dim connecting chamber. In it was a thick odor of pungent incense and the incredibly old man, who lay on a rough bed, a single threadbare sheet revealing starkly a shrunken, skeletal body beneath. There was little movement. Old Marquard's voice came fluttering like soft wings -- not so much a voice as a sigh.

"Come," breathed the dying man.

"What can I do for you?"

"Nothing...You know as well as I this is the end."

"No..."

"Please let me talk...I had...an experiment...You must try to finish it. Mind...over matter...read my notes...make your fondest desires..and thoughts concrete."

"I don't know what..."

"And Deborah, dear Deborah...I so much wanted a daughter."

"Shall I fetch her?"

"Please..."

Bujold left the house in profound dismay. The old man would die within the hour. Poor, sweet Deborah! Had she any family left to go to now? Old Marquard's delirious ravings disturbed him maddeningly: such vibrant intensity from a man wasted to the very brink of life itself terrified him. The old man looked as if every atom of his strength and body had been drawn away, sucked out like a dead battery.

He found himself in the center of the broad, grassy meadow that surrounded the cottage. There was no warmth yet from the low, ivory sun and a heavy dew still clung in twinkling, cool beads to the long-bladed grass. The air was chilled and sweet. He turned and found Deborah beside him. He knelt and took her hands in his. "Deborah," he said, "Deborah, I have a very sad thing to tell you."

"Is it about my father?"

"Yes, it is."

"Is he doing to die?"

Promising himself to quit his cursed profession, he answered hoarsely, "Yes." Deborah said nothing but from her eyes, eyse the blue of the peal of iron bells, rolled two glistening tears. "I want you to come and live with me for a little while, Deborah."

"I would like that."

"Would you really? I'm glad. School will be starting soon, too."

"I would like that very much," and with her words still sounding in his brain, Deborah, like the wraiths of sun-warmed dew curling around them, like a half-remembered dream, faded, faded away, until there was nothing there but the distant cry of a raven. Even as he turned toward the cottage, Doctor Bujold knew the old man had died.

Circus Maximus

It is time for another ephemeral race
in the eternal and unchanging games
and the judges look down from their lofty seats
and jot things down in their notebooks
while the contestants crowd about the starting line --
The Burning Man, the ten faceless ones
and the clown.

An expectant hush prevails over the Cosmos
and the head judge sees that the time is right
and gives his signal
and the others give theirs

AND THEY'RE OFF!!!!

And the Burning Man streaks ahead
faceless ones groping blindly off course
"Get back on the goddamn track!"
groping groping Burning Man shining bright lighting the
way blinder than blindness beacon of reward in his
brainless brain animal-like clawing blindly blindly
clawing faces from faceless ones kicking



screaming scratching screaming SCREAMING
DYING dying dying sliding downward into the slime of death

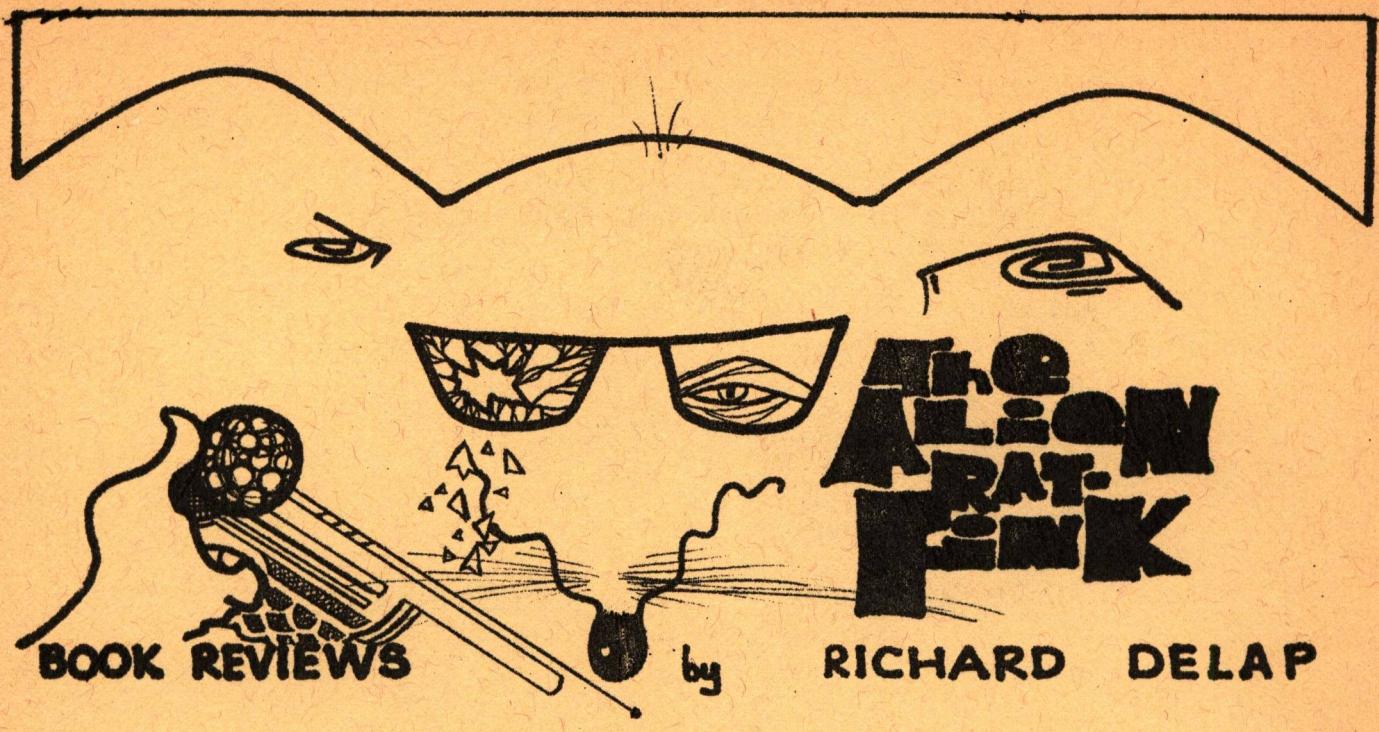
ten faceless faces staring blindly
beacon of reward out Burning Man's fire extinguished
extinguished ext-

And after this, when the dust has settled,
A figure is seen walking calmly through the remnants of
the carnage.

It is the clown, winner of the race,
smiling his innocent idiot smile
and deftly juggling
eleven shrunken heads.

-- Darrell Schweitzer





THE ALIEN RAT-FINK

BOOK REVIEWS

by RICHARD DELAP

TAU ZERO by Poul Anderson, Lancer 75185, 1971, 95¢, 207p.

I WILL FEAR NO EVIL by Robert A. Heinlein, Berkley Medallion Z2085, 1971, \$1.25, 512p.

STAR LIGHT by Hal Clement, Ballantine 02361, 1971, 95¢, 279p.

WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1971 edited by Donald A. Wollheim and Terry Carr, Ace 91358, 1971, 95¢, 349p.

ON MAKING A MOVIE: BREWSTER MCCLOUD by C. Kirk McClelland, Signet W4591. 1971, \$1.50, 359p.

THE LOST WORLDS OF 2001 by Arthur C. Clarke, Signet Y4929, 1972, \$1.25, 240p.

HORROR IN THE CINEMA by Ivan Butler, Paperback Library 66-627, 1971, \$1.25, 223p.

THE PANIC BROADCAST by Howard Koch, Avon N408, 1971, 95¢, 163p.

THE SENSUOUS DIRTY OLD MAN by Dr. "A" (Isaac Asimov), Walker, 1971, \$3.95, 150p. and Signet Y4940, \$1.25

BEING THERE by Jerzy Kosinski, Harcourt Brace, 1971, \$4.95, 142p. and Bantam Q7275, \$1.25

A CURE FOR CANCER by Michael Moorcock, Hold Rinehart and Winston, 1971, \$6.95, 256p.

THE SHORES OF ANOTHER SEA by Chad Olvier, Signet T4526, 1971, 75¢, 159p.

THIS WITCH by Wilson Tucker, Doubleday, 1971, \$4.95, 179p.

What a year for science fiction! No, I don't mean it's been a memorable or history-making year as far as SF is concerned, but the 70s are ushering in an era of unprecedented interest in the field of SF. An increasing number of mass-market and specialist magazines are devoting space to articles which, despite varying quality, are bound to bring in new readers. High school and college students have surprisingly stayed with the field in large numbers after discovering it through the Tolkien and Heinlein flap of the past few years -- the local university devotes a quarter of its paperback shelves to SF titles that sell so fast the shelfspace is seldom more than half-filled -- and "mainstream" readers are responding well to brushes with the genre through such authors as Drury, Kozinski, Lessing, and Crichton (not to mention the SF-nal related speculations by Alvin Toffler). SF is beginning to do what for years

has been promising it can do, reaching out in all directions, touching our lives today with the lives of our "Children's Children's Children."

Better still, the academic interest in SF is making terrific headway. Until just recently there have been so few good volumes of critical or historical survey -- Knight's classic IN SEARCH OF WONDER, Moskowitz's error-prone but still useful volumes, and the now hard-to-find works by Bretnor, de Camp, Lovecraft, and a few others -- that the year has been a veritable bonanza with at least five new critical/reference works, and more promised in the future.

There is so much SF being published these days that one reviewer cannot begin to cover it, much less make a valuable wide-coverage of all the splinter interest groups that come under the broad canopy of SF. Simply to read all the recent volumes devoted to Lovecraft or Conan (and numerous imitators) or various authors working in series and/or styles development, by sheer volume demands the reviewer specialize to be able to make worthwhile judgments. As for me, I've no intention of locking myself into a single corner, so you'll find me dabbling very little in "cult" areas, but madly kicking out in all directions instead. Lots more fun that way.

And speaking of all directions, at last we have the paperback editions of two of the 1970's most discussed novels.

Poul Anderson's TAU ZERO was published in a shorter version in GALAXY several years ago under the title "To Outlive Eternity." I didn't read this story then and have no idea what changes this lengthened version has incorporated, but unless they are quite extended, I'm very surprised the book publication engendered an enthusiasm (including a Hugo nomination) that was missing with magazine publication.

TAU ZERO is constructed around an idea that is smoothly developed into a series of mind-boggling wonders that will leave the reader breathless, as the spaceship Lenora Christine leaves on a 32 light-year voyage to Beta Virginis, within a year approaching "ultimate velocity" (light speed) where tau comes to zero and time aboard the ship nears a standstill. By the third year of the voyage, however, Anderson has bided his time with the book's most annoying and inept aspect, bothersomely weak characters and the generally insipid interrelationships between them. The women are as depthless as pretty toothpaste models, envisioned with repetitious and unrewarding descriptions of light on skin, smell, etc., and no emotional depth of any kind; the men fare a little better, but not much, since many of their actions are in response to the women and therefore lose plausibility.

But characterization is never given much chance to dominate the novel (fortunately) as the reader is caught up in the situation itself when the ship collides with a small nebula. The decelerators are destroyed and the accelerators can't be shut down. Speed increases and increases until the inverse tau is so enormous that the ship is consuming everything in its path for fuel, time in the universe outside the ship surpasses a hundred billion years, and the ship barrels through entire galaxies with the only acknowledgement of passing "a metal noise...like a profundo gong." Tau creeps down as the crew creeps by degrees towards madness. Anderson neatly capsulizes their desperation at one point -- "What was illusion? What was reality? Was reality?" -- but otherwise he expresses their conflict with the enormous, nearly incomprehensible outside passage of time and space with little more than stock melodramatics (hardly more than one should expect, I suppose, considering the lack of conviction they otherwise display). So the book's only real failure is Anderson's disinterest in his people, which is not to be confused with inability, since Anderson

has proven many times that he can handle characters with expertise and dramatic honesty. There is no sympathetic tie between the false microcosm and convincing macrocosm in this instance, however. Neither one enforces the other, and they exist together only in a tepid circumstantial alliance.

As the ultimate crisis is reached when the universe goes into its death throes and space no longer continues to expand, one wonders if the novel has reached a literal dead end in which Anderson has opted for nihilistic tactics. Anyone familiar with the author will know better, while for apprentice buffs the book is a good crack into believable extrapolated science bejewelled with hard visions of human immortality. The weaknesses are serious, yes, but still far less serious than the pervading triviality of Larry Niven's RINGWORLD, the second-rate novel which beat this one out for the Hugo. And in spite of its flaws, I would class it as one of the few recent novels which should be read.

*

Until the publication of I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, Robert Heinlein's most unpopular book seems to have been his 1964 post-holocaust novel, FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD. But the disappointment engendered by that book was but a ripple compared to the thunderous damnations greeting this latest novel. It is, of course, to be expected from those who hold STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND in some sort of special esteem as the highpoint of Heinlein's career (which, though an interesting novel, is by no means his best), but somewhat of a surprise to find that Heinlein-buffs like Alexei Panshin attribute the concepts in the book to a decline rather than to the obvious growth they imply.

Fans of SIASL seem to have been expecting a book which would be Heinlein's version of Thank-You-For-All-The-Fame-And-Money and instead have been given an acidic, far from grateful kick-in-the-ass black satire of monstrous proportions. Like all outsized monsters, it lumbers a bit, is ungainly by all natural standards, and often has trouble keeping on its feet. It's all very easy to laugh at such a beast, but those who turn their back on it are going to be the first to scream at the first touch of those murderous teeth. The bite of satire is painful, but to refuse to face up to it is to offer one's self as a sacrifice to the gods of misdirection. Such gods are a very real threat in this day and age, and I for one congratulate Heinlein in his efforts to deal with them. Heinlein's powers are not waning. Not by a long shot. He's merely stopped writing the "Heinlein novels" so many expect from him and is being unfairly berated for a lack of sympathy he directs toward the ineptitudes he finds in today's amateur philosophies.

The plot is disarmingly simple. Johann Sebastian Bach Smith is the richest man in the world, but his body has long been ready for the grave. He survives with the help of machines and constant surveillance until a body can be found for a brain transplant. Smith's world is a nasty look-ahead from the world we have today, a future where money buys relative safety in a technological-social environment run wild, murder and violence is a matter-of-fact daily threat, and morality has adjusted as it must, to fit such a surrounding. The brain transplant is made, with the result that Smith must not only cope with a woman's body (the only one available at the moment) but must accept the body of his secretary, Eunice, the convenient victim of a street mugger. The fun starts when Smith discovers Eunice's "mind" is still inside the body and "unity," the oneness of twoness, becomes hilariously literal.

One of the major subjects (actually, the major subject) of Heinlein's close examination is the confusion of sexual identity, one of the few subjects left which as been far beyond the ability of most current SF writers. (Hank Stine's SEASON OF THE

WITCH tackled it several years ago and came off very well, but was ignored presumably because the publisher was a porno-specialist house.) Bisexuality is moving closer to the 'norm,' while sexuality in itself has removed itself from the tangential areas of emotion and has become a center to which emotion tags along for the ride. There is an occasional tendency for Heinlein to take some biased nosedives when dealing with untrammeled homosexuality and indiscriminate promiscuity, but then it's very hard to tell exactly where the balance tilts too far because in the next paragraph Heinlein is likely to knock it out the window with a throwaway phrase or action. The method itself becomes confusing, and I would guess that the intent was to illuminate the confusion in our own minds by presenting it in this way.

The novel jumps from silly emotionalisms to offhand truisms -- "Eunice, sex is the one subject *everybody* lies about." (Heinlein's italics) -- with the ease of a circus acrobat, which again brings us back to the point of the whole thing: either you know your identity or you know nothing. There have been comments about the irrationality of the basic situation, the two minds in one body, which is never explained with any science but is stressed with Eunice's repeated comment, "the body remembers." Such criticism is irrelevant. To disregard the idea because it can't be rationally explained in exacting scientific standards is as meaningless as measuring to the ends of the universe in feet -- the yardstick simply has no value. Heinlein's science is social and it is as hard as it can be made in this day and age, with the familiar, but still important message: too many people make for goals of self-destruction. (For contrast, the "hard" sciences are relegated to satirical bits of "news" that edge closer and closer to farce until finally we get outrageous bits like the story of the suggestively monickered Miss Molly Maguire, the hottest star of the sensie private film industry, who claims the title of the first woman in history to give birth to a child during a sky dive!)

What is finally the most interesting aspect of I WILL FEAR NO EVIL is that it is, to my knowledge, Heinlein's first defeatist novel, and as such it discredits those who brand it as a departure from the usual stand behind technology and scientific progress. Heinlein stands as strongly behind these ideals as ever before; what has changed is his attitude toward the possibility of error taking the upper hand. Everyone who has reviewed the book seems to have unexplainedly ignored the closing line: "An old world vanished and then there was none." The satire has come full circle and has again returned to the serious base from which it springs.

No, the book is not the Heinlein classic. It is overlong and too often wanders away from its main point. But it is certainly not the horrendously bad novel it has been made out to be and will likely be remembered in future years (if we have any) as one of the SF novels of this era to seriously extrapolate the horrors our self-made blinders may bring us up against.

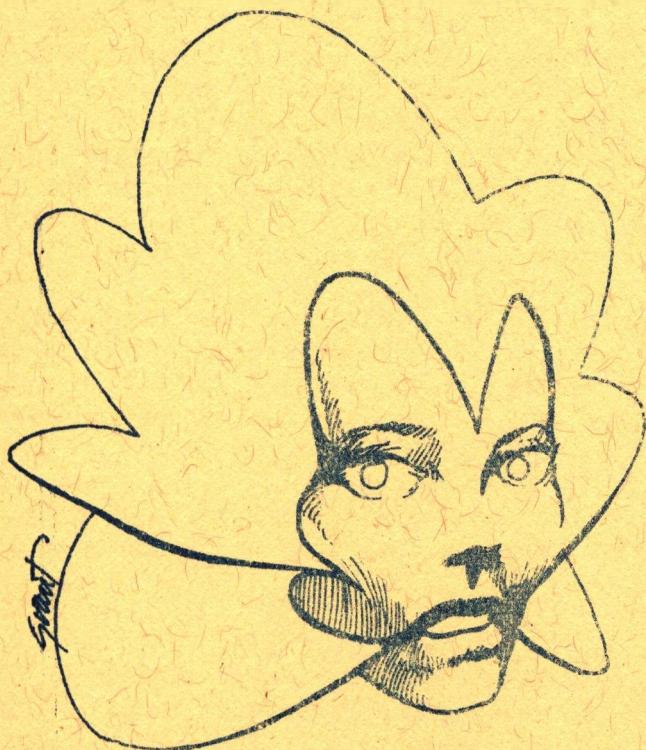
We should be grateful that Heinlein had the good sense to keep us laughing most of the way. It may keep the more sensitive among us away from the razor blades.

*

It is not entirely necessary to have read Hal Clement's classic MISSION OF GRAVITY to understand the sequel, STAR LIGHT, but reading the first novel would be as much an advantage to the reader as it would be an advantage to the author. Serialized in ANALOG in 1970 and managing to end up with the finalists on the 1971 Hugo ballotting, STAR LIGHT displays few qualities of real distinction and one assumes Clement garnered votes from readers who were just happy to have him writing novels again after an extended hiatus.

Dhrawn, a 40G planet of ammonia and ice, is undergoing a systematic exploration by the alien Mesklinites, who are physiologically able to withstand the pressure and hazards of this harsh world where Earthmen cannot even set foot and only supervise from a distant orbit. The guiding predictions of the humans' computers prove erroneous, however, and one of the Mesk ships finds itself in a disasterous position resulting from an unexpected temperature rise and sudden thaw. The ship is carried away by a flash flood and eventually begins to settle into a freezing lake, while two Mesks become imprisoned in the ice outside their ship. For all that Clement keeps mentioning their predicament, he never seems able to generate much concern about their threatened fate, since he leaves them dangling for pages and pages like straw men (or more precisely, straw Mesks) whose fate is not particularly important.

Most annoying is Clement's tendency to further water down the suspense with laconic dialogue bulging with endless scientific observations that are only boring tracts and unrealistic conversations. This dialogue continually pops up during crisis moments, again and again nullifying whatever sense of urgency might be developed and exposing the actual plot in all its thinness. There is also a counterpoint development of friction between the Earthmen and Mesks regarding a secrecy of motives that often brings the already slow plot to a complete standstill. The scientific speculations about a planet such as Dhrawn are as excitingly described as one expects from Clement, but nature-as-drama will not carry a story of fiction for very long, and certainly not for almost 300 pages.





The seventh Wollheim/Carr anthology in a yearly series - and their last joint effort for Ace since both editors are now working elsewhere - WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1971 is a big collection of 15 stories. It is well worth reading if you haven't been keeping up with the recent genre magazines from which all but two stories (one from ORBIT and one from QUARK) have been culled.

My own favorites include Gordon Eklund's memorable debut effort, "Dear Aunt Annie," about a newspaper advice columnist who is perfectly suited to give homey advice about living in a technological world since "she" is a computer; Neal Barret, Jr.'s hilarious "Greuspun Gift," about a very weird alien who tries to pose as a human being and does such a poor job of it that he is recognized only by an equally weird earthgirl; H. B. Hickey's "Gone are the Lupo," a very touching and emotional story of contact between man and alien; and R. A. Lafferty's "Continued on the Next Rock," a wacky love story that assaults the senses like a rampaging tornado.

Interestingly, only the first and last of the above stories have received much attention, while several other much less impressive stories have turned up on the awards lists. I didn't like Theodore Sturgeon's "Slow Sculpture" the first time I read it in GALAXY; I liked it even less rereading it in a recent Sturgeon collection; the third time around I'm coming to the point of actively hateing it. It is a pandering story in which Sturgeon discards all the insight he's previously employed in his study of human emotion and turns instead to mawkish lovesickness that is, to put it as harshly as possible, sickening. Clifford D. Simak's "The Thing in the Stone" spreads

a thick layer of his familiar 'homespun' but fails to sweeten a plot that has been recycled so many times it has lost all its flavor; while Gerald Jonas' "The Shaker Revival" forces humor down the reader's throat until he gags on it.

The rest of the book is taken up with reasonably good stories by Larry Niven, Robert Silverberg, Bob Shaw, Isaac Asimov, Michael G. Coney, and Ron Goulart, and a couple of duds by Gregory Benford and the late Arthur Sellings. It's not the best volume in this series, but not the worst either, and should certainly be read by those who want to keep up to date without having to wade through the innumerable magazines and anthologies of the previous year.

*

There has been a recent proliferation of volumes geared for film-buffs, several of which may be of interest to SF/fantasy fans. Signet's excellent Film Series has made available the film scripts of Milos Forman's delightful TAKING OFF and John Cassavetes's much discussed FACES, but neither book has the behind-the-scenes scoop aspect that makes ON MAKING A MOVIE: BREWSTER MCCLOUD such interesting reading. C. Kirk McClelland's discussion of the day by day trials of the cast and crew is impossible for a reader to assess accurately -- without having been there, who can tell where actuality and bias rear their respective heads? There is, thankfully, little of that gossipy "oh-did-you-know..." attitude that mars so much 'inside' reporting, yet at the same time, one feels that McClelland kept his eyes open and let little slip by unnoticed. There is also a definite plus factor in that the book contains both Doran William Cannon's rather tame original screenplay, "Brewster McClelland's Flying Machine," and the final shooting script, which, under director Robert Altman's guiding rewrites, emerged as a delightfully wicked black comedy. It seems a shame that the film was given such improper handling by the MGM publicity and distribution staff that it died rather quietly at the nation's boxoffices (you might watch for it as a second-feature at the drive-ins this summer, rather than waiting for a TV run which will undoubtedly embody drastic cutting).

*

Arthur C. Clarke's THE LOST WORLDS OF 2001 is a quiet but very readable blend of fiction and fact, combining Clarke's notes on the development of both the film and the novel, as well as excerpts rewritten for or deleted from the book's final published version. Clarke's fine story, "The Sentinel," which served as a taking off point for film director and co-author Stanley Kubrick, is included for those who may have had the misfortune never to have read it. Of most interest to SF readers will surely be the deleted episodes from the novel.

One section depicting an alien's landing on Earth and his help to the early apemen is an entertaining story-of-wonder in itself, though it is obvious why it had to be dropped in the long run. The same holds true for a final episode in which astronaut Bowman views many alien worlds and cultures in Clarke's varied handling of the "Worlds of the Star Gate" episodes. These scenes would not have worked in the film, and Clarke mentions them as being "dramatically irrelevant [and] unfilmable material ...but we had begun to realize exactly what it was Bowman must meet at the end of his journey..." (p. 225). In themselves, however, they make for some fine SF reading, much superior to the novel which tried to adhere strictly to the film and ended up a pedantic exercise that unsuccessfully tried to convey the stunning film visuals in words.

Ivan Butler's HORROR IN THE CINEMA is every bit as disappointing as John Baxter's previous volume, the biased and boring SCIENCE FICTION IN THE CINEMA, though for quite different reasons. Where Baxter had a field day uncovering negligible bits of minutiae and trying to apply erroneous standards to the film medium, Butler goes to the other extreme and bounces about in a hit-and-miss method that has indefinite standards and little chronology once he moves past the films of the silent era and the early thirties. I admit that I have some striking differences of opinion with him regarding the work of certain directors -- his arguments re the superiority of Roger Corman's indifferent TOMB OF LIGEIA and the absolutely wretched THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH seem to rely entirely on what he terms "flashes of imaginative power and originality" (which in the long run have a bit too much to do with Butler's delight in the cameraman's lingering over Corman's usual flashy-trashy decors).

And in spite of occasional agreements I may have -- his interesting bit on Polanski's superb REPULSION should whet the film fan's taste for his longer dissertation in the well-done THE CINEMA OF ROMAN POLANSKI (A. S. Branes) -- I still feel this book fails to live up to the depthful probing one would expect from such an effort devoted exclusively to one subject.

*

Fifty pages of Howard Koch's THE PANIC BROADCAST are devoted to his script of Orson Welles' headline-making 1938 radio broadcast adapted from H. G. Wells' THE WAR OF THE WORLDS, while another 50 pages are filled with photos, newspaper clippings, and an interview with Arthur C. Clarke. This leaves approximately 50 pages for Koch to make some sort of meaningful commentary about the whole event, part of which he wastes with a dreary chapter titled "Mars: Fact and Legend," the rest of which he dawdles away in a lot of mickeymouse bullshit that has little or no relevance to the importance and implications behind the resulting mass hysteria. It's the sort of trivia you find filling out the unsold advertising space in the daily newspaper, which is where it should have stayed. At least the newspaper serves a purpose: you can line your garbage pail with it.

*

For those not interested in films but in search of a little non-fiction to ease the strain of perusing bad SF novels, Dr. "A" offers a light afterdinner snack titled THE SENSUOUS DIRTY OLD MAN. For those who wouldn't recognize him from the dustjacket photo (what with a peek-a-boo brassiere painted over his eyes), no one should be at all surprised to find that the erudite Dr. "A" is in fact Dr. Isaac Asimov, long known for his ability to get laughs from friends and colleagues by wearing peek-a-boo brassieres over his eyes on the most meagre of pretenses. The book is filled with many of Asimov's useful scientific findings -- on oogling girls: "In such matters, it is best to be guided by the young lady herself...What is that carefully unbuttoned button whispering? (Well, get closer and listen.)"; on the effect of bikini-clad women: "She was a shapely wench of the kind that would simply fill a hardware store with hard ware."; on touching: "On the first indication that the lady was not satisfied to have her knee gently and therapeutically warmed by manual contact, he would have removed it upward and clasped the thigh instead. A lady is entitled to have her knee free if she feels that her thigh would be more grateful for the warmth." Lest one feel that the Good Doctor is perhaps tackling sociology without the proper groundwork, be assured that he can back up his statements with expert opinion: "If you think this quotation is too profound even for Shakespeare, you may look it up. You will find it in Act I, scene i, line 92 of -- what else -- King Lear."



Asimov's book may be strictly a novelty item geared to cash in on the current popularity of serious (?) books, but it shouldn't surprise Asimov fans to find the book very rich in humor and likely of more lasting import than the trend it parodies.

*

SF readers may not have had their attention drawn to Jerzy Kosinski through his excellent novels, *THE PAINTED BIRD* and *STEPS*, but threads of quasi-fantasy are woven through most of his work and now break into the open in *BEING THERE*, a novella-length salute to ineradicable ignorance.

Chance, a bastard orphan who has been raised in seclusion by an "Old Man," lives only for his interests in tending the Old Man's garden and watching television (which in his childlike innocence he only barely comprehends). On the Old Man's death, Chance is turned out into the street where, by chance, he is minorly injured by Mrs. Benjamin Rand, who takes him home and insists he stay until fully recovered. Her husband, a critically ill man with high social connections, assumes Chance is a family-less business man who has hit a snag, and takes his references to 'garden' and 'gardener' as intelligent metaphors. Through Mr. Rand, Chance meets the President of the United States who in the vagaries of social soft-soap also assumes a garden comment is wise and "one of the most refreshing and optimistic statements I've heard in a very, very long time."

By this point it is fairly obvious to the reader that Kosinski is going for the snowball effect, as person after person assumes he understands the deep insight and superior intelligence behind Chance's simple statements. As an innocent pawn, Chance seeks no power, yet power builds around him like a walled fortress from sources beyond his understanding. Even the discovery that he is "a blank page," with no recorded background history, serves only to be twisted into added confidence of his reliability.

The only point at which I take much objection to Kosinski's satire is with Chance's asexuality, with which he innocently turns two attempted seductions of himself (by a homosexual and by Mrs. Rand) into exhibitionistic masturbatory farces. True, this takes the ~~theory~~ of ignorance down to the most basic level, but somehow it brings a very false-sounding note into the story by making Chance so very inhuman that he loses character on a too-rigid pedestal of symbolism. Perhaps it's just me, but I find this very bothersome, weakening the whole work, though not to the point that I suggest the reader dismiss it (I do think the book is good reading) but enough that I ammend the recommendation with the reservation that it be taken with a grain of NaCl.

*

Michael Moorcock opens A CURE FOR CANCER with a note to the reader: "This book has an unconventional structure." Well, I couldn't find any structure, unconventional or otherwise, and whether one considers this latest Jerry Cornelius adventure a group of interconnected short stories or a novel isn't going to help anyone who needs more incentive than to find if the next page is going to clarify the last one (don't bother; it doesn't).

I would guess we're supposed to follow Cornelius's sex-and-murder filled trail with an eye to the perpetration of culture-farce, but the book is such a barrage of varied stimuli (scratch the head and rub the belly and hop on one foot) that one is exhausted long before he ever gets the ~~hang~~ of getting it all together. Perhaps Moorcock meant it as a form of mental calesthetics, but hell, even calesthetics have a purpose which is definable. Over 200 pages of trivia and cryptic dialogue to the point of madness, embellished with pointed spoofing of James Bond and his ilk (a favored Moorcock farce), doesn't make any more sense in retrospect at the concluding "conversion of the universe" and culminated incest than it does along the way. Though the book has an obvious link to Moorcock's preceding and very funny Cornelius volume, THE FINAL PROGRAMME, it has now dived so deep into new-wavism that it is merely incomprehensible.

The book ends with Cornelius riding off into the snow on a dogsled. "Mush," he said." Yeah, ~~hiss~~, groovy, ginchy, that's the word: Mush.

*

THE SHORES OF ANOTHER SEA is an appealing and dramatic title for Chad Oliver's first SF novel in almost 15 years, but in what I assume is an effort to bolster the human element, Oliver has underkeyed his book to the point that it doesn't muster up enough real drama to flesh out a short story, much less a novel.

At a research station in Kenya, East Africa, Royce Crawford lives in temporary self-imposed expatriation with his wife and children. His job is to trap baboons for shipment back to the States, and he is satisfied with both its experience-in-culture for his children and the relief from the high-pressure existence that has become so un-



bearable for him in America. His contentment slips away, however, in a series of ominous events: first, a feeling of unease, of being "watched;" next, on a hunting trip, the sight of an "arc of white" in the sky and a strange humming noise; a day later, the baboon cages have been broken into, with one of the animals missing and another "literally pulled...apart."

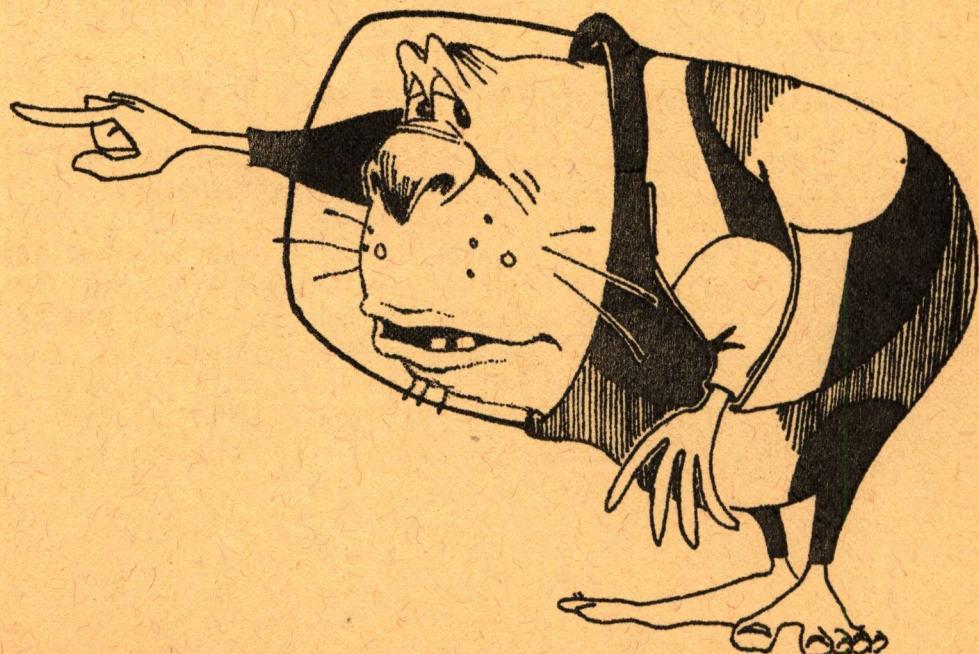
After the discovery of impressions in the ground -- "tracks--if tracks they were...as though a flat-bottomed post of hard wood or metal had been slammed into the earth" -- and the murder of one of his assistants, a native black, Royce concludes that there are aliens nearby who are conducting experiments of some kind. Of course, no one else takes this kind of explanation seriously, and even Royce's slowness in truly accepting his own supposition is obviously contrived for a sense of "realism" and to avoid at all costs any hint that the man might be just paranoid (in case a timid "Mainstream" reader might miss the glaring SF cover design?).

After this the book turns into a hodgepodge of items calculated to increase tension: a bushfire, a flash flood, the death of a neighbor whose body has become a house for alien intelligence, and eventually the coup de grâce, the kidnapping of Royce's daughter by the aliens. The saddest thing is that Oliver injects so many engaging little touches along the way that the reader cringes in having to swallow such a standard and uninteresting plot to get them. His descriptions of Africa sound very first-hand and convincing (at least to me, whose closest brush with the Dark Continent has been a Walt Disney Nature film), and his condensation of the great contrasts in modern Africa come across with a ring of truth. It's as if the things introduced for color and atmosphere went completely out of control and so hold the reader's attention away

from the central theme of terror and isolation. Lastly and damningly, Oliver refuses to divulge anything about the aliens' technology or purpose, shuffling the one character who has seen the inside of the alien ship (Royce's daughter) offstage after her safe return without even a murmur regarding what she might have seen. Saves the author a lot of time and trouble, I suppose, but I don't think anyone else (not even that timid mainstream reader) is going to be very happy about it.

*

There are a few brushes with fantasy (if you consider precognition fantasy) in Wilson Tucker's *THIS WITCH*, a lighthearted and entertaining adventure story with a plot lifted straight from the B-movies of yesteryear and plenty of the popular Tucker-isms of sparkling humor. In the Israeli-occupied Arab town of Khan Yunis, Westley Ross, a modern soldier-of-fortune, rescues a woman with "green diamond eyes" from a swindling Arab merchant. He calls her Kelly, and, making a pack to work together, they embark on a series of hide-and-seeks for Israeli Intelligence, searching for the missing key scroll of the Dead Sea Scrolls which is purported to have the clue to 200 tons of buried silver, gold, and jewels, the long-lost treasure from the Temple of Solomon. Tucker alternates suspenseful chases with smoothly introduced bits of history on the area and its customs, while building up an ever-deepening maze of double agents, secret motives, and various red herrings. By the time Ross decides he loves the exotic Kelly who remains by his side through thick and thin, they are both into trouble so deep that it looks as if neither one is going to survive long enough to make any future plans. But remember, this is really an old B-movie, and old B-movies didn't end on notes of despair and death. For those who are tired of messages, social commentary for its own sake, pollution disasters and political warnings, here's the perfect book. The messages are relegated to background props of a story that was written strictly to get away from it all. And once in a while it's damned fun to do just that!



THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY THAT TELLS THE REAL STORY BEHIND THE STORY

It all began many years ago in Woodlawn High School -- and if my memory is correct, in the library either before or after classes. Don Keller and I were talking about science fiction. (And while neither of us match the people who wore our names back then, one thing that has not changed is our infinite discussion of science fiction.

"You know," said Don, "I've been thinking about science fantasy adventure novels."

"Ummm," I replied.

"You know how they go?"

"How?" I asked, as it was obviously a rhetorical question.

"The Earthman here gets mysteriously transported to another planet, and he is attacked by someone or something, which he kills. The people on the other world then greatly respect him, and don't kill him as they had planned, and by the end of the story he's the ruler of the whole planet."

"Umm," I commented. It was about as close a summary as could be generalized out of 753 such novels.

"You want to know what I'd like to see?" he asked.

"What?" I responded, just chockful of enthusiasm. (It had to be either a Monday morning or a Friday afternoon.)

And he told me. And I chuckled. And I went home and wrote the story. I called it "A Tale from a Crowded Alehouse," and here it is. I beg of you: Read the story (it's short and painless) before picking up the commentary which follows.

-- JEFF SMITH



TALE FROM A CROWDED ALLEGORY

by Jeffrey D. Smith

Alan Gregory walked down the street, without a serious care in the world. And why not? Hadn't he just received a raise from his boss, and hadn't Marie just agreed to marry him? Indeed, he was quite happy.

His apartment was just two blocks from the bus stop, but already he was feeling deprived and was envisioning an automobile.

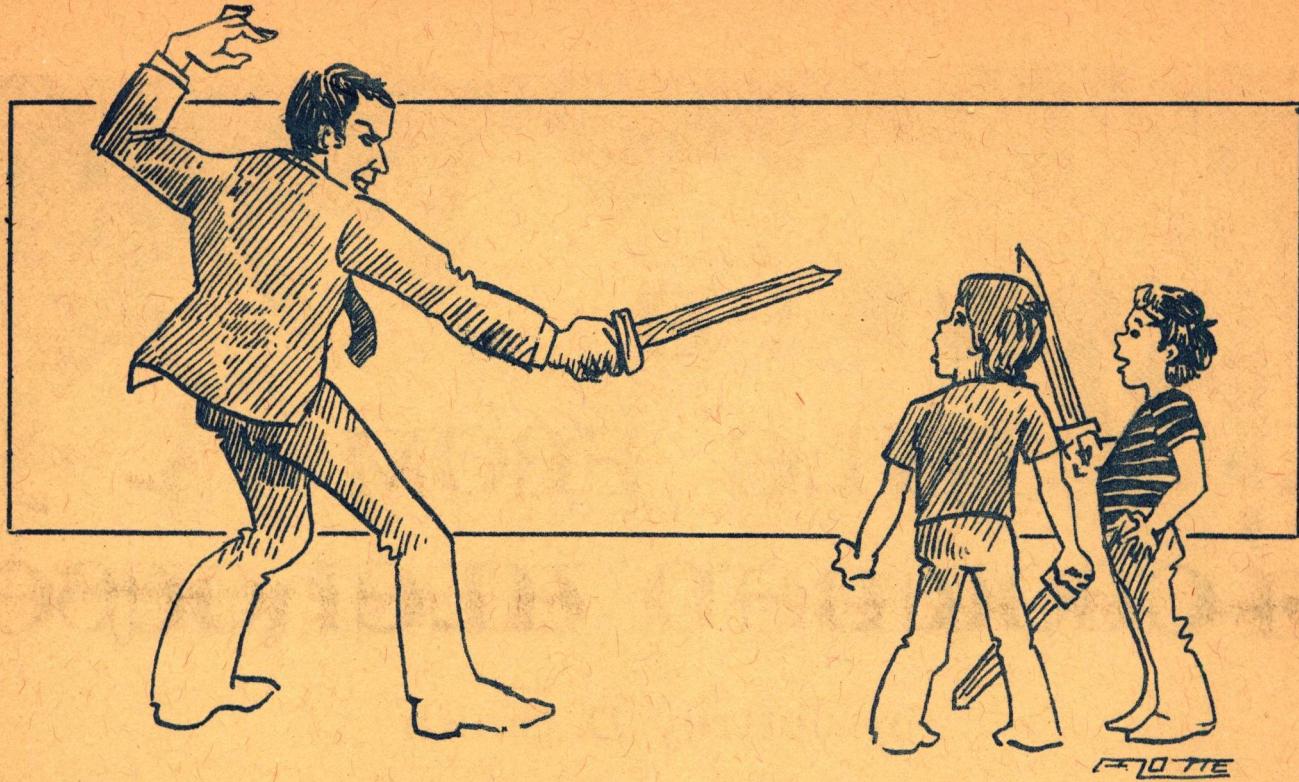
He continued his walk home, knowing that to his right were the impeccably even-spaced rows of apartment buildings, and to his left was the big mudhole, which, for all anyone knew, nobody owned. And since no one was really interested enough to find out, there it remained. It was a blight, sure, but since the only people who saw it were the inhabitants of Chartone Heights, no one else could possibly be bothered by it.

Anyway, as B.G.A., the Mad Poet of Chartone Heights, said, there was a certain symbolism to it. The Chartoners represented mankind and the mudhole was the world. The world was a dirty place, but man was by nature good, and could shine even in the murkiest murk. And, no matter how much he tried to better himself, except for minor changes he left the world alone. Non-involvement, saith B.G.A.

As Alan thought these thoughts, he glanced over at "the world"...

...and world it was; perhaps it was not "the world," but certainly "a world." It did not look like a mudhole.

On the lot where the mudhole usually lay, instead grew a large number of rather odd-looking trees, and either a clearing or the beginning of a plain. It was impossible to tell, for the whole scene stretched only from Ethridge Road to Francis Street, and no farther. Alan stared wide-eyed at it for some seconds, and then blinked, dissipating the...illusion?



Shaking his head, he continued on his way. He saw two young boys battling with wooden swords. Amazed, he watched that which he had considered obsolete. Neither seemed to be able to gain any ground upon the other, and it seemed that the fight would drag on interminably -- or at least until they had to go home for dinner.

There was another sword lying on the ground a few yards from them. Alan put down his briefcase and picked up the crude piece of wood. "En garde!" he yelled, and charged the pair. The boys turned with grins and hacked away at him. He felt them out at first, and then quickly disarmed them.

He smiled, retrieved his briefcase, and walked on. It was seldom that he had a chance to practice his swordsmanship. He had finished his lessons over a year ago, and had never expended the money for the luxury of joining a club. Now, perhaps he could.

He looked down the street and saw a monstrous creature, somewhat equine in nature, but too large to be an earthly horse. But again, when he blinked, it was gone. The only possible conclusion was that success had gone to his head -- he was "high" on thoughts.

So he tried to sleep it off with a quick cat nap.

When he awoke, he was surrounded by a thin, pale blue mist. He sat up with a jerk. The mist dispelled. He rubbed his eyes, certain he had just come from a dream. So he showered, shaved, dressed, and went to pick up Marie.

She lived a few blocks away, and he walked whistling. There he would call a cab and they would be off.

And then the street was gone and he was on the plain hinted at earlier. He looked about, but he could not find his world. All present beside the plain, the trees

off a quarter of a mile or so, and himself was the equine also seen earlier, and on it, a man pointing a lance at him. The beast charged.

He could not escape by running, so he steeled himself. His plan worked itself out. He would leap aside at the last moment and try to mount the animal, and if successful, dismount the rider. He didn't want to kill the man, so he would knock him out, tie the animal close by, and try to get back home.....Between them the gap was narrowing.

It was dark when Liamsu tethered his sgurd and entered the alehouse. It was, if possible, more crowded than ever. Through a stroke of luck he spied Ivar in the middle of the room, and fought his way to him. He tossed a stranger -- if there is such a thing in an alehouse -- out of a nearby chair and occupied it himself. He roared his arrival to the host and flicked a cockroach onto the floor with his finger. Then a servingwench appeared with a tankard of ale, which Liamsu downed at once, ordering another. He pinched the girl's rump and tried to make himself heard to Ivar.

"How'd things go today?" inquired Ivar.

"Hell," rumbled Liamsu. "I was just patrolling the plains when this guy popped up out of nowhere. Naturally I charged him, but instead of running he just stood there waiting for me. I was almost on him when he--" The servingwench reappeared. After she put the tankard on the table, Liamsu grabbed her and buried his face in her bosom. His right hand ran up beneath her skirts until it reached her claimant's-belt. He yanked it off and dismissed her with another pinch. She smiled and was gone. "Anyway," he continued, "the guy waited until I was almost on him, and then he jumped."

Ivar interrupted him to order another drink for himself. It was brought by a different girl. "Go ahead."

"But he jumped a little too late, and I could turn in time to skewer him. The sgurd ate him, and that was that."

"Too many of them transportees anyway," mumbled Ivar behind his ale. "We don't need any more of them. I think they all come from the same place. Let 'em stay there."

"Yeah, we don't need 'em." muttered Liamsu, finishing his ale. He checked the belt to see which room his servingwench was in, waved, and was off.



THE REST OF THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY

For three years I tried to do something with that story. It was written on March 18, 1968. On July 31 I sent it to F&SF. It came back ten days later. (Why, Andy?) So I tried GALAXY. Took them a month to decide. How about FANTASTIC? On October 24th I retired the story.

I'd still drag it out now and then. I had written over ten thousand words of a sword-and-sorcery parody entitled "Sibylfinger," and I managed to work "A Tale" into that. The editors of a fanfiction zine in West Virginia asked me for material. I sent "Tale" to them and they folded. Once or twice I prepared it for publication in PHANTASMICOM, which Don Keller and I edited, but there was always something else instead.

It stayed unpublished, lost in the drawer of unfinished manuscripts (which far outnumber the few finished ones).

Then: a golden opportunity. A letter came from a promising young fanned who showed signs of being able to keep going long enough to get the story in print. "I..I liked your 'Caveat Lector' in PhCom 3, and I'd like to invite you to contribute," he said. So I dusted off "Tale" -- which had so many pen and pencil marks on it that the first page was approaching illegibility -- and sent it off.

You've now read "A Tale from a Crowded Alehouse." You've probably realized what Don's story idea was. ("Suppose," he whispered, eyes burning brightly, teeth bared, hair waving wildly in the stuffy library air, "that in his first fight, the hero dies.") You know that the story was a mild spoof of the genre.

Now look at this letter from our Anonymous Fanned. But first, check your sense of wonder.

"Dear Jeff,

Enclosed you'll find your ms. 'A Tale from a Crowded Alehouse.' Its chief fault, I feel, and the reason why I'm returning it, is simply a lack of plot development. Your descriptions are excellent; the reader has no trouble whatsoever visualizing the story's action, either on Ethridge Rd. or in the crowded alehouse. But plotwise your story is no more than a good beginning. It could be developed into an excellent adventure, if, for instance, you had Alan captured instead of killed, and followed him as he learns what sort of society he has arrived in, discovers something of the nature of the transportation phenomenon, and finally overcomes certain obstacles and finds his way back to Earth (or any other suitable resolution). This would be a plot; what you have presently is simply an incomprehensible picture of an event.

Did I say the story was no more than a good beginning? It's a helluva lot more story than I've ever been able to write, so maybe I shouldn't throw stones. But seriously, you do have a well-developed ability to make the reader see what's happening as you write: I'm sure that if you're willing to put forth the effort to develop the story, you could make this into an excellent, yea, even a saleable manuscript. I'd like to see you try.

Sincerely,
Anonymous Editor"

My first impulse was to write a long, indignant, patronizing, amused letter explaining what I have just explained to you. (I have wanted to do this to John Campbell and Robert Hoskins, too, on different stories -- but never to Ed Ferman or Damon Knight or David Gerrold, who have always had good reasons for sending stuff back. But this writing of long, indignant letters should not be done, and I've successfully resisted the impulse so far.)

I ended up not writing anything, accepting my rejection in silence, because I felt anything I said would be misconstrued. Everything else I ever sent him had been, from a letter-of-comment (that was cut because I was "jumping a little hard" on one of his contributors) to the story. This time I kept my typewriter shut. I have no desire to antagonize Anon Famed, because he is a nice person in every way. Too nice, I sometimes think.



But the story (behind the story that tells the real story behind the story) strikes me as richly funny, and I thought perhaps you might like to hear it.

I wanted to tell it.

- Jeffrey D. Smith



CACODAEMONIC

The pale moon cast a greenish glow
On the phantasmal barrow far below,
And a moonflower bloomed in
perverse jest
As the night air filled with dread,
unrest.

The air was still as in a tomb --
No zephyr stirred the aura of
gloom;
No breeze growing branches
swayed,
As of a sudden pipes played.

A tune filled with nauseous
strains,
Sounds that only death attains,
Spread across the ancient mound
Until a carven stone it found.

A long wail sounded;
From darkness shapes bounded
To set afire a towering pyre,
And watch as flames crept
ever higher.

The region lit by the baleful
light,
On blasphemous paws they
took to flight.
Pyrotechnic fire formed
lambent flames,
As from the smouldering pit
HE came.

She bound on the altar-stone writhed in terror,
As the time of the Rite grew ever nearer.

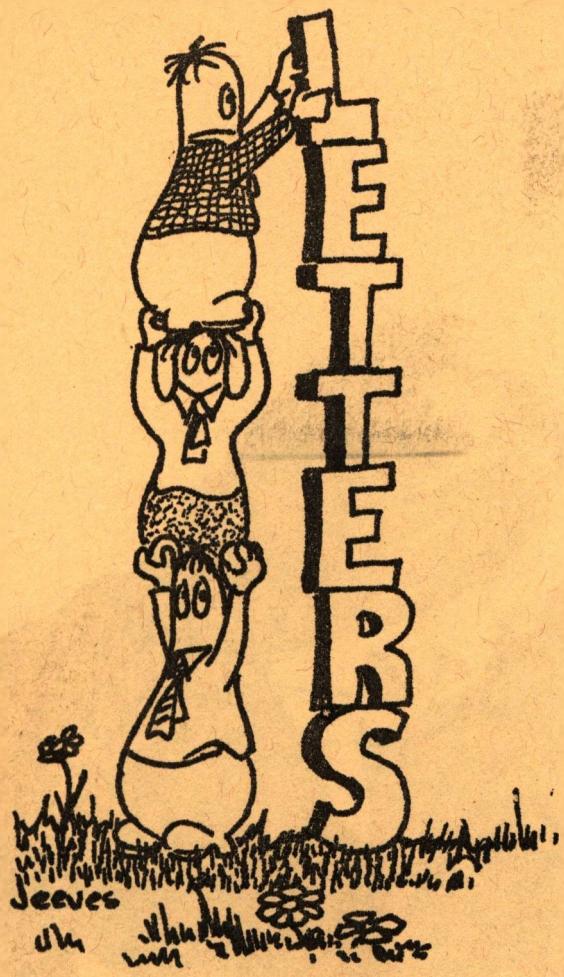
HIS disciples watched in an excess of lust
As they squatted ecdysiastic in the dust.

HE advanced to the onyx altar-stone;
From the maid there came a moan;
HIS garnet eyes gleamed in a hematic haze,
While the eyes of the maiden began to glaze.

HIS votaries leaped in demonic glee,
And spent the night in debauchery.

-- Michael Gilbert





OMPHALLOPSYCHITE

(Editor's Note: As I expected, most of the letters discussed Joelle Brink's analysis of *CLOCKWORK ORANGE* and Jeff Glencannon's fanzine column. Most people enjoyed Mike Glicksohn's column and my tale of house-hunting. Everyone also seemed to enjoy Ginjer Buchanan's humorous article, so much so in fact, that many people actually nominated her for Best Dramatic Presentation. Although 90% of the readers loved McLeod's portfolio, the remaining 10% hated it! Most people felt the back cover was superior to the front cover and should have been used as the front cover. Vincent DiFate and Steve Stiles also received extra praise for their illos. Surprisingly, several of you thought the picture of the house on page 1 was our house, but actually, it was not a picture of our new home.

Many of you disliked the black binding tape, so I guess it was one experiment which failed. In case you are wondering why I used it, the reason is simple -- the covers were printed on paper which was slightly smaller than 8 1/2 by 11. This combined with the use of 1/2 page frontispiece made about 1/4 inch of the paper stick out from the cover. I sought to hide this fact with the black tape. Now we'll see how well you like the paper sticking out, since I'm not using any tape this issue and since these covers are also too small. Thanks everyone for the locs. - LeB)

Don Ayers, 606 W. College, C-1, Carbondale, Ill. 62901

I appreciate the fact that the CLOCKWORK ORANGE article is subjective in nature and my orientation is toward an objective approach with all the raw data at hand for instant evaluation if that becomes necessary; it isn't the only approach.

My biggest gripe with Brink's article is that I seriously wonder if we read the same book. Her article becomes so subjective that I can't help but feel that she is reading things into the book that are not there. So Alex means "defender of humanity." If I counted all the stories that use the name Alex.... It doesn't necessarily follow that we are to assume the author was taking the meaning of the name into account (even though I can see Burgess as a prime candidate for this type of activity). Where are we told that Alex is writing a book, of man-eating cats, of Satanism? I don't remember that in the book I read. However, I am at a disadvantage in that I do not have access to the book as I write this.

Is Nadsat really dehumanizing? I wonder if speakers of the Russian language would agree, since it derives from that tongue. Or is it rather the slang of the society Burgess describes? On what grounds can a technically realistic novel of a future society use present speech patterns? "Right on!" "Hey, man..." and a thousand other idioms are therefore dehumanizing. Insert a conversation from the present into a 1940 dialogue and see if anyone can understand you...That's the purpose of the glossary at the end -- to facilitate reader understanding and thus aid in reducing sales resistance among potential readers. Furthermore, Joelle Brink betrays that she hasn't seen the hardcover edition of the book, wherein the publishers did not feel a glossary necessary.

If one proceeds to the film, the same suppositions are there, if in greater moderation. Where does Joelle support the statement that everybody's taking advantage of Alex in the clinic? All they are doing is performing a simple Pavlovian experience...but taking advantage of the subject? Come on: the reason he wanted the treatment was to get out of jail sooner. How does Joelle justify the conclusion that Alex realized that Beethoven was above all the violence only when he was in the chair? There never was any association with violence before that except when Dim got rapped for interrupting the singer. And was the finale just making love, or rape?

As for taking advantage of people, expediency tends to dictate the events. If CLOCKWORK was to be taken seriously, then the events must all hinge on what went before.... Interior Ministers must see that their party remains in power. Given that Alex's story reached the papers, it would be foolish, if not suicidal, to remain aloof from him and the problems which the government caused for poor Alex. Do we therefore conclude that the author is moving the plot along the most probable lines?

CLOCKWORK is an interesting experiment, but it won't engender advocates like Lovecraft did. If anyone hasn't guessed, I was not particularly impressed by either the book or the movie. Nor do I feel Jagger particularly engrossing; at least I don't make a point of going out of my way to look for him. One point that Brink narrowly misses is in the first section: "Kubrick's latest film...again involves bombardments of Goodness and Light, but this time instead of dropping monoliths on apes he is dropping Beethoven's Ninth Symphony...[into Burgess's novel]." He's still dropping things on apes.

Mark Mumpher, 1227 Laurel St., Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060

Joelle Brink's exploration of A CLOCKWORK ORANGE is impressive in the amount of work that seems to have gone into it, but it fails as a critical piece. I'm not certain whether Joelle considers the film a success or not -- at times she downgrades Kubrick, at others she finds the acting at least to be of a high level. I disagree with her opinions regarding Kubrick and the film, but more importantly I have come across several shaky, long-shot comments and at least two errors of perception. (I realize this is itself shaky ground, of course.) Joelle says that film-Alex has less tooth and less brain; this is hardly the case. Alex has as much power and self-awareness as he did in the book, and McDowall's performance should be enough to convince us of that. But when Joelle says it is rare when a film hangs so totally on an actor's performance as ORANGE, she not only contradicts her earlier statements regarding film-Alex, but also indulges in what seems to be her major critical tool -- wild, highly general statements of absolute judgement. Let us forget for a moment the historical judgement inherent in her conclusion and concentrate on its real substance -- the idea that A CLOCKWORK ORANGE is an actor's film rather than a director's. I'm tempted to call that idea ridiculous out of hand, because it applies to a Kubrick film, but I'll try to play a bit more fair than that. Malcolm McDowall is an essential ingredient of

the environment of the film; the overpowering style, and the unmistakable hand of the man behind the lens is what truly makes ORANGE the work it is. Kubrick made the film, not McDowall. Along the same line of comment on the characters and actors of ORANGE, Joelle says book-Alex is probably one of the best-drawn characters in all fiction. I'd like her to prove that. The two "errors" I found are: first, the thought that Nadsat is an ugly and empty language (what book did Joelle read? Surely not A CLOCKWORK ORANGE); and the observation that the sets in the film are 1970 middle-class interiors and backgrounds. I don't see how anyone could come up with those ideas. I won't try to prove I'm right and she's wrong, but anyone is welcome to think such perceptive distortion is non-debatable subjectivity. They'd be wrong, of course.

(Perhaps if Kubrick is filming with a subjective camera, you and I are reading Joelle's article with a subjective eye. I thought Joelle definitely liked the Kubrick version and did feel that Kubrick is the one who made the movie. She says "Kubrick is myth-making for the modern age." I think she meant that without McDowall, the movie might have been different. After all, Alex is the pivotal character, and an actor's interpretation of him could swing the movie, despite the director's molding of plot, scenery, action, and other actors. I think Joelle would have to agree with you, ORANGE is a director's film, but McDowall's excellent portrayal of Alex was an essential ingredient. -LeB)

Norman Hochberg, 89-07 209th St., Queens Village, N.Y. 11427

Joelle's piece was very well written and thought-provoking. It is a joy to find this piece in your zine rather than Leland Sapiro's, et. al. I think more people will read it now. The merits and demerits of Joelle's critical piece can probably be debated endlessly. She might or might not have done an objective piece--but that is immaterial.

Probably Joelle's most cogent point is that Kubrick chose a subjective camera. Immediately, this answers (or, rather, makes any answer and the question meaningless) the question "How can Kubrick condone Alex's actions?" One might argue that in taking Alex's point of view, Kubrick gave it a validity which it should not have. But since I don't really agree on this point, I gladly accept Joelle's view.

But she is not error-free. Probably Joelle's major split with me comes in her description of Alex's naturalistic evil. Our definitions may be the hangup (I may be defining her assumption of causality too strictly) but it seems to me that a major point of Kubrick's film is that Alex's actions are motivated by the fact that he exists in his society. His evil cannot be ascribed to another event, possibly not even a series of events.

Instead, Alex's evil is justified by his society. It is only natural that a person with Alex's make-up would turn out to be another Alex in the context of his England. In a sense, then, Alex's jailing and subsequent treatment are all acknowledgements (by England) of its Frankensteinian monster. The government has created the conditions which created the situation they are attempting to extricate themselves from. In this context it is truly ironic that their extrication process ends in another of Frankenstein's monsters.

Alex has been controlled since his birth; further control is no way out. Yeah, it's still cause-and-effect, but with several twists.

Jeff Glencannon has a few valid points (I sometimes wonder if the resurgence of apas that some people have been screaming about is a result of some fans feeling uncomfortable in genzinedom) but basically I think he is overreacting something fierce.

Not being a big shot reviewer or even a BNF, I hardly see most of the fmz that Jeff sees, but I do get a bundle of them. Seems to me that there are large numbers of cruddy fanzines around today too. There seem to be a large number of people who are not at all afraid to publish without graphics or fancy electrostencilled art.

Maybe Jeff will say - "Ah, but what happens when they see a Gf or Nerg? Well, I think that they may try some graphics then. But what is wrong with that? Why does Jeff restrict his category on improving a zine's appearance to learning "a few simple graphic tricks?" If the fanned can improve beyond that, what is wrong with that? I class improving a zine's layout in the same group with improving written material.

Bob Ruben, 1351 Denniston Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217

I didn't think anybody would have the nerve to describe Alex as a hero. And what a hero too! Look at the adjectives used to describe him: "compassion[ate], smarter, braver, kind, good, etc." Society, the ultimate scapegoat, is to blame for all that is wrong with him.

Look again, Ms. Brink. Alex is a cruel, sadistic, perverted, snivelling punk. The fact that society, as envisioned by Burgess/Kubrick, is almost as bad (almost but not quite) doesn't change anything. Alex can club a harmless drunk almost to death, but when he receives the same treatment from the police, all he can do is blubber to his probation officer dandy about how he has been abused.

In the film, Alex comes off a little better than in the book. In the film he is only a brutal selfish criminal, while in the book he's a brutal selfish pervert. The raping of a couple of ten-year-old girls can hardly be the act of the Good Guy Joelle has described. If Alex is an artist, he deals in arts we can do without.

True, Alex lives in a joyless, immoral world, (The music in the Korova Milk Bar

sounds like a funeral dirge, and only when someone is being hurt does anyone laugh.) but that world is not the cause of Alex's effect. Possibly gangs like his cause his world. At least, the state of his world, and Alex's brutality are the separate and distinct effects of either common or separate causes. If he is as great as Ms. Brink claims, why doesn't he escape the trap he is in, instead of playing the game of violence in a violent environment?

Ms. Brink fixes it so that Alex is the one who is always wronged in conflicts with the other characters. Although Alex is "kind" to his droogs, it is the type of kindness that is shown to one's inferiors. It is a condenscension that one would use on a

slave or a pet. When this "kindness" is used on people, it isn't kindness at all, but a malevolent delusion. So when his droogs deserted him, it wasn't the betrayal of a friend. They were just ridding themselves of an unwanted "leader."

F. Alexander may have been mad, but he was not a "mad dog killer." If someone kills a person you love, you'd hardly be expected to forgive him in a display of Christian magnanimity. Alex was indirectly responsible for Alexander's wife's death and for her brutal rape. No one can really blame Alexander for acting the way he did.

Alex was not "forced" to kill the Cat Woman. He should have rendered her unconscious. Surely someone with Alex's experience in beating people insensible could have fathomed the difference between striking someone unconscious and administering a death blow.

If Ms. Brink thinks that Alex has achieved "salvation" in that last scene of the film, she had better go see it again. That girl Alex is wrestling with is definitely "being taken advantage of." She is being raped.

Mike Glyer, 14974 Osceola St., Sulmar, Calif. 91342

METAMORPHOSIS ON A THEME BY BURGESS is on the whole exceptionally well-written coherent, and original. There are a lot of small things I would pick at --

-- sort of an intellectual guerilla warfare, because I couldn't make all those pint-sized criticisms relevant without creating an article as long and complex as hers. These picky things deal mainly with spots in Burgess where I feel she's read too much into the text, others with disagreement in interpretation. But on the whole it's too good to potshot, good enough to read several times and learn something new each reading. If this foreshadows the trend in fanwriting for 1973, bring on the rest. (I suspect it does, too; fanwriting has finally recovered from faanishness, and has developed beyond the SFR book review. Just look at Paul Walker's maturation for a start.)

At last somebody -- and how fortunate that it happens to be the fmz reviewer for a zine like Gf -- is discussing whether expensive repro is the best always, and whether it is even worthwhile. Glencannon talks about it from the vantage of the expenses' result on the fanzine, I'd like to take up the expensiveness' effect on the fannish behavior of the editor. Through gradually acquired experience with editors of several of the most expensively reproduced zines, I've come to believe that high expenditures on individual issues of a fanzine distorts the judgment of the editor -- makes him believe that he has produced something of intrinsic worth merely from having spent the money. The two most blatant examples each printed two issues of their genzines in 1972. One in an editorial asked for a Hugo nomination in terms that just about boil down to "I've spent all this loot on the package, how can you screw me out of a nomination now?" The other has in two printed sources that I've seen to date expended a lot of energy trying to rationalize LOCUS out of competition. The possibility that the Browns' fanzine has won two Hugos, and will probably take its third this year, because it is the best fanzine has not even occurred to him.

There is an underlying ethos at work here which can be expressed several ways. The most prominent way would be that in judging which fanzine is best (and thereby deserves the Hugo) the voter should consider the package foremost -- layout, design, artwork; he should consider second how much literature of "lasting value" is published in the fanzine -- this is a corollary to the first point, in that to justify placement in such an artistic package, the item must be of especial worth. Third, anything that conflicts with or detracts from consideration of the first two points should be ignored; personal biases about what you like to read, the editor's whimsical method of what to print, etc. That is to say, even if you don't like stuff on mysticism and astrology, or would prefer a fanzine that deals with SF or fannish topics, and even if its editor questions your lack of taste -- you should vote the Hugo to the fmz that best meets the standards of points one and two anyhow. I can think of two other faneds besides the two above who think something close to the above (all of whom shall remain nameless to avoid feuds).

I don't buy any of that argument. A fanzine is an extension of fannish activity -- rather than an ornamental and expensive written monument to the interests of an editor. Sponteneity is lost when you reject what interests/amuses you today because it might not be cost-effective. Something else is lost when an editor treats the concept of service as an alien idea. SFR and LOCUS were/are service zines down to the core, they gathered votes for the same reason they gathered large circulations: they presented detailed discussion of SF. They came out comparatively often. Their editors were good at discussing pertinent developments in the field as they came up. Until Donn Brazier started TITLE, they were also the closest and quickest ties a fan could use for published discussion, outside of apas. Not that either tried very hard, but when most fanzines are published two or three times a year, interaction time is nine months to a year; whereas you can get a note into LOCUS and have response to your scheme in a week.

Townsend Hager, P. O. Box 8087, New Orleans, La. 70182

I think that fanzines are essentially a verbal art; and I do indeed think the place of graphics is essentially to supplement the printed text. The purpose of a fanzine is the presentation of ideas for the reader's entertainment. Thus, text is more important than graphics because the digestion of ideas is more easily achieved with text. We're a text oriented society, that's all. Alpajpuri says (in ALGOL 18): "The manner in which the information is presented is a form of communication in itself." However, I must register a note of disagreement. It is indeed a form of communication and carries its own message. However, the message must be the same as the idea carried in the text. They are inseparable and complementary, and disjunction can result in nothing but chaos. So when Paj suggests that Andy Porter form his blocks of print into waves, triangles, and circles, I must cry "Hold, enough!" Although Paj believes that graphics shouldn't obscure print and drawings, I think a particularly unusual graphic layout could cause the text to be obscured.

I think Jeff's column has obscured the issue, and it is an important one. I say use graphics and layout experimentation, but within reason. Graphics must combine harmoniously with text to produce the maximum effect possible. After all, we are in pursuit of excellent. I think this is what Jerry Lapidus was trying to say all along, however he didn't make it clear.

Murray Moore, Box 400, Norwich, Ontario, Canada N0J 1PO

Ginjer's "Jam Today" would have brought up my estimation of whatever zine it appeared in, but somehow I feel that Glencannon's piece will bring the most comment and remain longest in memory. Handily it came soon after the penultimate ENERGUMEN, which drew a response from me along the same lines of thought, the role of money in fanzine production. Mike's mentioning in his editorial of that NERG that he paid Ellison for his proposed contribution set me to wondering if perhaps some features, art or text, in current fanzines were purchased, if such and such an artist did something for somebody because of the added inducement of a cash payment. I wrote and asked Mike. Mike assured me that nothing in the ish was purchased, but that wasn't really what was bothering me, although I was heartened to hear it. It seemed to me that if such a trend set in it would siphon the best material into the richest fanned's zine. This seems to conflict with the spirit of fan publishing as I understand it, and this is what I am concerned with, not if one particular illo or column was a cash acquisition. This ties in well with Glencannon's last column, where he considers the effect of expensive zines on the unaffluent prospective fanned. Personally, I don't care how much money anyone spends on their zine, but I don't like the possibility of having to bid for a particular piece of art or material. If fan pubbing were more or less commercial, it wouldn't matter, because it just wouldn't be fandom anymore.

(I have never paid for a column or piece of artwork and never would. This would be against the idea of fan publishing, for fanzines are amateur magazines. This goes along with what I said in my editorial. To me, fanzines are published for the fun of it. Whether lithographed or dittoed, filled with graphics or plain, the purpose of fanzines is to provide communication between fans, enjoyment for the reader, and fun for the editor. To run a fanzine for profit, print material for its commercial value rather than for the editor's pleasure, or otherwise make a fanzine into a business venture is to disqualify it from being a fanzine.-LeB)

Jeff Glencannon has some valid observations in his column, as usual, but I disagree with some of the conclusions he seems to draw. He's right that anything beyond basic legibility and good material is gravy, but I'm damned if I'll feel guilty because I'm willing to provide that gravy with each issue. As for being rich, well, I suppose by some standards we are. I have a relatively good-paying job, but it's still a battle to get from one paycheck to the next. When I published NERG #2, it reduced my total cash assets from about \$120 to \$40 and immediately thereafter I applied for welfare. (I didn't get it, since I had the \$40, and before that ran out I'd found a job and was able to pub #3.) But I disagree strongly with Jeff that I've been a rich fan from the beginning. I simply felt then, as I do now, that if I was going to publish a fanzine, then I'd publish the best damn fanzine I could, even if that meant spending more money. (*Ron nearly flipped at being called a "rich" fan. But I suppose that since both Ron and I work, we are better off than most fans. I suppose to fandom, having a middle class income is "rich."* Like Mike, I want to put out the best fanzine I can, and if I can spend a little extra money, I will. But when I was in college publishing Granny with minimal money, I didn't let that fact stop me from trying to publish the best-looking fanzine I could afford. Even when I had to trace illos because I couldn't afford electrostencils, I always tried to do a good job and to use only those illos which traced decently. I tried to use illos which matched the text, leave white space around illos, and in general use the most-pleasing layout I knew how to do. Just because I wasn't "rich" then did not mean that I ignored graphics. And just because I have more money to spend now doesn't mean that I'm going to ignore the written text.-LeB)

I also disagree with Jeff as to Granny and Nerg discouraging would-be faneds by their obviously expensive format. In a recent letter, Dick Geis wrote me: "Actually, you know, beginning faneds will be scared off in droves, after having seen a run of ENERGUMEN...You may have inhibited a whole generation of fans...I hope. But more likely the young upstarts will think it is easy and will rush into print with disasterous imitations." The point that neofaneds will continue their own way regardless of what I, or you, may do is not only reasonable, but demonstrable. Have you noticed any decrease in the amount of new fanzines appearing lately, Jeff? I sure haven't! They are there in the usual droves -- badly reproduced, poorly written, and full of the goshwowism that is the future of fandom. Linda and I may be anomalies, Jeff, but we're scarcely the villians you'd paint us as being.

I can't buy that fandom is becoming more formal either. I cannot think of a single fanzine that is trying to imitate what we've done with NERG, or one that is spending the sort of money we spend on our fanzine. (*I assume you are intentianally excluding GRANNY, OUTWORLDS, and ALGOL, all of which spend a lot of money and use graphics, but all of which have been in existence for several years. I think they all sprang independently from one another - each with slightly different aims.* GRANNY has been around for six years now and has been gradually progressing to the type of fanzine it is now. OUTWORLDS is an off-shoot of DOUBLE:BILL which was an often graphically-oriented zine. ALGOL also appeared about six years ago and has evolved gradually into its present shape.-LeB) The newer fan is far, far more likely to see dozens of "ordinary" fanzines before seeing an issue of NERG. He's going to be well aware that NERG is a rarity -- that people produce hundreds of fanzines on a less grandiose scale, and that these fanzines are just as well received, and often better received, than NERG or GRANNY. If Jeff can give me one instance of somebody discouraged from fan-pubbing because of what Linda or I have done, then I'll apologize profusely and cease publishing ENERGUMEN. There, how can you possibly doubt my sincerity now?

One thing that annoys me a bit is this notion that ENERGUMEN is some sort of machine, that it's the end product of a fanzine-production-line or some vast publishing empire that effortlessly produces attractive and interesting fanzines at the push of a button. Susan and I sweat blood, friends, and tears, to make ENERGUMEN what it is. We do 90% of the work ourselves, and we work at getting a good product. I doubt that any comparable fanzine has as much effort devoted to it as an issue of ENERGUMEN, if only because few other "known" fanzines have to bother slip-sheeting and de-slip-sheeting. If it comes out looking easy, well "The art is to conceal the art" as old Horace said (or maybe it was Zorba?) and I'll be damned if we'll put out a sloppy issue, just to prove we can do it.

Alan Stewart, 6 Frankfurt am Main 1, Eschenheimer Anlage 2, West Germany

I agree with Jeff Glencannon that many relatively poorly produced fanzines are much more enjoyable than some of the slick jobs that are turned out. The reason for this may well be that too much energy is being devoted to production and too little to what's going into that production, by which I mean the magazine contents. After all, what is an amateur magazine for? I would say primarily to relieve the editor's need to write -- the actual form that the fanzine takes is a matter of individual preference and ability. I see my own fanzine as a means of communication of my ideas to others, and not as a work of art.

I won't take any money for my fanzine beyond the cost of postage. But then that's because postage is my biggest expense, and I don't want to put people off reading my words of wisdom due to their high cost. I think maybe Americans forget that \$1.00 is a lot more money outside the U.S. than it is at home. I charge one international reply coupon inside Europe and two for the rest of the world (and that is airmail). I don't know why people don't make more use of these reply coupons. They are available in all countries, and exchangeable everywhere for stamps to cover the cost of postage of one letter at the normal rate. I think it would be much easier if these coupons were accepted as payment for fanzines. Sending money abroad is sometimes difficult anyway. My problem is aggravated by my being a Scot living in Germany where there aren't many agents for U.S. fanzines. (I think using international postal reply coupons for money is an excellent idea. Probably people don't use them very often because they just don't know about them. International money orders are also an excellent way of transferring funds between countries. Both the money orders and coupons can be purchased at post offices anywhere in the world. It is a lot easier than sending someone in the U.S. a pound note or scrounging up some German Marks to mail to Germany. So if you are subscribing to a fanzine in another country, why not send an international money order or the postal reply coupons? -LeB)

Grant Canfield, 28 Atalaya Terrace, San Francisco, Calif. 94117

I enjoyed Cannonfodder this time around, and I tend to agree with those who think Glencannon is on his way to becoming the best fanzine critic around. I am sad to see ENERGUMEN folding, of course, as it has been my favorite fanzine ever since its 3rd issue. But at least there's still GRANFALLOON. Or is there? I keep hearing these rumors you are going to fold GRANFALLOON, but say it ain't so, Joe. Where are all the fanzines of yestermonth? Everybody seems to be dropping into apas

(No, GRANNY is not folding, although it does seem to be coming out with less frequency now that I'm working full-time. I don't know how these rumors spread, but this one is false. It is amazing that general fanzines are on a definite decrease, but it does seem that everyone is folding and going into apas. And it looks like new fans are doing apa fanzines rather than genzines.-LeB)

I've gotten quite a bit of response from aspiring gagwriters on your mailing list. Terry Hughes and Ray Nelson began sending me copious quantities of good gags, as have such stalwarts as Alexis Gilliland, Morris Keesan, and Jay Cornell. I've also received gags from Ted Pauls, Doug Carroll, David Travis, Greg Benford, Greg Burton, Alpajpuri, Arnie Katz, Brad Balfour, Sheryl Birkhead, Calvin Demmon, Terry Ballard, and others. I've finally sold one cartoon based on a gag suggestion from Ray Nelson.



But I have yet to sell other cartoons based on gagwriter suggestions, even though the gagwriters now account for about 50% of my cartoons. The rest are my own ideas. I continue to enjoy moderate success with the "men's magazines," and have had recent cartoons in DAPPER, ESCAPADE, FLING, DUDE, and GENT. My biggest sale to date was a cartoon sold to GALLERY, F. Lee Bailey's new PLAYBOY-imitator. GALLERY pays \$250.00 for a cartoon! (The GALLERY cartoon has already appeared in the February 1973 issue. That cartoon, as it turns out, was the fourth cartoon I ever drew. It's two years old, and bounced at 28 different markets, some of which pay only \$5.00 per cartoon, before it sold to GALLERY. That says something for perserverance, if nothing else.) (Good luck in the future, Grant. People, don't forget to send Grant your gags.-LeB)

POTPOURRI

There are a few final comments, notices, and so on I'd like to make. Ron and I would like to thank those of you who nominated us for a Hugo -- we appreciate it. But as I said last year, I hope you will vote for ENERGUMEN this year in the final ballot, it deserves to win. We also support Australia's bid for the 1975 convention. In fact, we are hoping to go to the con. I would like to explore the possibilities of having a charter to Australia. If you are interested, please contact me.

I'm the American agent for the Oxford University SF Club magazine, SFinx, edited by Allan Scott. It costs 35¢/issue, 3/\$1.00, and contains mostly amateur fiction and sercon articles. If you'd like to subscribe, contact me.

I need written material for next issue (deadline end of July) including humorous articles, sercon articles, history of fandom articles, movie reviews, and the like, but no poetry or fiction. Several suggestions for articles I'd like to print:
1) History of Filksinging -- including lyrics for several songs; 2) Review of SOYLENT GREEN comparing it to Harry Harrison's novel, on which it was based, MAKE ROOM, MAKE ROOM; 3) Reviews of made-for-TV movies and the STAR TREK cartoon when it comes on in the fall; 4) Torcon convention report; 5) Comprehensive review/critical piece on the three Philip Jose Farmer Riverworld novels. I hope someone submits some good articles, or next issue will consist of only a great Canfield/Kinney collaboration portfolio, some cooking columns, and a long lettercol.

Seth Dogramajian (32-66 80 St., Jackson Hts., New York, N. Y. 11370) has put out the EXILIAN CROSSECTION ART FOLIO consisting of 48 bound lithographed drawings from a miscellaneous selection of artists, including George Barr, R. G. Krenkel, Canfield, Mike Gilbert, Connie Faddis, Jack Gaughan, Jim McLeod, Seth Dogramajian, Arthur Thomson, and Jeff Jones. Some Virgil Finlay pencil sketches are also included. The drawings range from a sublime Barr cover to a couple awful Robert E. Gilberts, with the majority in the mediocre range. But if you are interested in fan art, you'll probably want to send \$2.00 to Seth (add 50¢ for First Class Postage).

Susan Glicksohn and Joan Bowers have announced the MAE STRELKOV FRIENDS' FUND, to raise money to bring Mae to the 1974 Worldcon in Washington, D. C. Those of you who are ENERGUMEN and OUTWORLDS readers are familiar with her fascinating stories of life in Argentina. The fund needs at least \$700 by May 1, 1974 to cover air fare. Please send contributions of \$1 (or more if you can) to Mae Strelkov Friends' Fund, c/o Joan Bowers, Box 148, Wadsworth, Ohio, 44281. All money will be refunded if not enough is contributed.

WHY YOU GOT THIS ISSUE

If this
 is checked,
this will
be the
last ish
you re-
ceive

- Subscription
- Letter
- Contribution of artwork or articles
- Trade
- For review
- A book you wrote or publish is reviewed
- You are mentioned
- Sample
- You are Mike Glicksohn, Rosemary Ullyot, Jeff Glencannon, or Richard Delap and you promised me a column for nextish.
- You are not one of the above, but I wish you'd send me a column
- You are a fan artist whose work I admire and would like to see (or see more of) in my fanzine

