

# ΒΕΑΒΟΗΕΜΑ III





# BEABOHEMA 3

Truly, BeABohema has deemed itself ready to be sent out again, so I'm at it again--can't have a mag without a ToC, can you? Well, this is it. So let's get formal instead of having all this bulling around. BAB is published bi-weekly. Yes, bi-weekly. If you find that hard to believe...well, we try. And we're late every time. But that's the way things go. Actually, BAB comes out closer to quarterly, but don't tell anyone. Edited and published by Frank Lunney, at 212 Juniper Street, Quakertown, Pa. 18951. Or Ass Ed is Bill Marsh and he collects his bills at P.O. Box 785, Sparks Nevada, 89431, and everything is forwarded to his Swamp Skimmer. You can have BAB for writing a loc, an editorial (that's how I get it), an article, drawing some stuff and letting me use it, trading....all the usual jazz. With this issue...let's see...the price is...60¢. Over 80 pages if you want to include the covers, and DOUBLE:BILL goes for the same price, at under 60 pages. It's a better zine, you say? Yeah, well... So--60¢ per issue, \$1.19 for two, and \$1.50 for three. I may as well get generous. This is the March issue. March 11, 1968 right now. Let's see when it gets out. Deutsch Noodle Press Publication 7!

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Backcover by Robert E. Gilbert and cover by Jim McLeod. I don't know why I said that backwards. I'm just tirde. This is the last stencil to be typed, and this is the last word...

bellowings?????????????  
!!!!!! ! of a bohema

Being slightly more than the month I said I would get this issue out to you, I bring you BAB 3. Like it or hate it, it says a few things, and you should have a few things to say about it yourself. A few minutes ago I went downstairs and stuck about 64 of the pages together, and what I have doesn't look at all bad to me. I don't mind telling you that I wouldn't mind seeing my own zine sent to me by someone who had published it, if you can get the meaning of what I just said. Page count isn't such a hot thing in itself, but there are some damn good words written on these pages, as if I would have to tell you in this meeting of the minds. There are belligerent words, and there are fun words. There are words that have been typed to extinction, and there are words for which you'll have to look in the dictionary (yeah, Richard...I mean you!). And if you have an understanding of the people pouring themselves into these pages, you know the type of feelings and emotions they are getting across. Leo Kelley is pleasantly tolerant of almost anything, though I know could get his swiftly striking hand moving if I gave it half a try. Piers Anthony is trying to carve his Hugo, and one of these years he'll make it, I'm sure of that. Robert E. Margroff and Andy Offut just like to tell of some idiotic things which have happened to them as a result of their connections with sf. Fannish or serious all the way down the line, there should be some sort of appeal.



Tell me something, people. What is a real fannish person? Does he have to live in a hub of fannish activity, or can he live in the sticks, grasping out when he sees the chance to pick the people fruit from the tree. Cause I know for sure that BAB just can't be a wholly serious fmz. Yet everyone is labelling it as serious, and asking for some sort of whimsy and fun and dopiness. But just about the only stuff I can see in this issue that may be at all construed as "serious" are the fanzine reviews. The "Mandroid" (and while I'm on that subject, let me state that the "introductory" page to the 'Mandroid' section is in error--the original story by Anthony, Offut and Margroff appeared in IF. Terry Carr...may you let a misspelled word slip by! You used the wrong info in front of The Ring and I based this entire search for the special section of BAB on that simple little note pertaining to 'Mandroid' as possibly being the only three author novelette ever to appear. I track down these mighties in the sf field, and then I wipe out on the whole mess! Argh...) section of this issue isn't exactly what you'd call a determined effort to improve the field through the rational criticism of uneven events being carried out within the genre. The guys probably got a kick out of writing about the dummy contests they've entered, and possibly you'll beware of future such.

Gary Hubbard...well, will you ever believe him again? I mean, the way everyone believed that Zelazny article. Well, the next Campbell article he has which is coming up in the next issue...but I'm not going to lapse into one of those things again.

You can find the warlike attitude of Faith Lincoln in this mag. Opinionated she

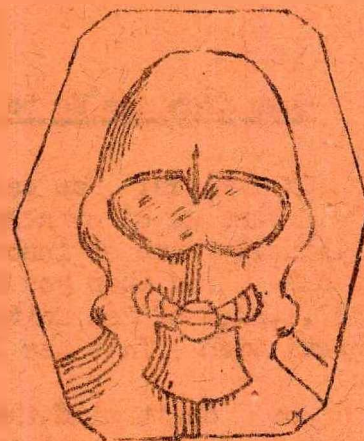


is. Intolerant she is. Stupid at times she is. BUT SHE CAN MAKE HER POINTS, and she has been known to not go into a review of a book simply because she couldn't pick out the readable parts of a book that were incompetently written or simply boring. She will never review anything because it feels wrong, or doesn't appeal to her. You know that when Faith picks out a book, she knows of what she speaks, and she's not ignorant of stories which have been rehashed or poorly thought out, either in the writing or the editing stages.

As a picky reader, she brings upon herself the tag of being a real bitch. Bill Marsh has complained, saying "she doesn't seem to like anything". Her frank letters have been put down by other people, and yet she exhibits a trait which I find admirable: She says what she means.

Others must find this a desirable property, for there are people who write as Faith (and other of the contributors to BAB) does. Mike Deckinger says the biased BAB view is "a pleasure to behold", simply because some other zines are bland, and opinionless. Ted White comes on too strong for some people; they're actually scared of him. At times Ted White is so logical and penetrating he shatters other people's preconceived ideas of what is Good and Great. But for others he simply reinforces established thoughts, and for every person Ted White offends, there must be at least one he has instilled a hope of personality in. He breaks the period of indecision--almost--which may exist when you can't think of whether to go along with the crowd in over-praising, or breaking away and serving your own ideas up for judgment. And as long as we have two sides to everything--or more sides for that matter--we will have people like Ted--unpopular with a group in one corner, and the god of the other group.

You may find opinions in this magazine written by myself or by some other person. Not being able to speak for people such as Piers Anthony or Norman Spinrad or Ted White, I can't say how they feel when they write something they know will infuriate some people, and introduce a faith into others. But I write almost entirely without emotion. My fingers sometimes simply pound out the words, without much more than a guiding thought from my head to keep the message going. For the most part, what I write is a part of me. It reflects my feelings, whether they be of disgust, or amazement at the intolerance displayed by some groups (immediately springing to mind is The Second Foundation, a group founded simply to pass the word against the New Wave. Like, why the hell can't Lester del Rey and Pierce and Moskowitz simply say that they like the older hack-work instead of trying to pick apart the New Wave. Not advancing their own ideas, but belittling the oppositions'.) But none of my comments are directed at people, and should not be interpreted as such. Ideas...ideas which should have the right to coexist. New Wave should be able to live with Old Thing. Both have their good points. RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY with QUIP. If you don't like one or the other, let it alone. Don't destroy. Build up, and make the ideas you want to get across appeal to the masses. But know the basics of your thought, and don't let the driving force behind you be the destruction of the opposition.



All too often in this world is has ended in the destruction of all.

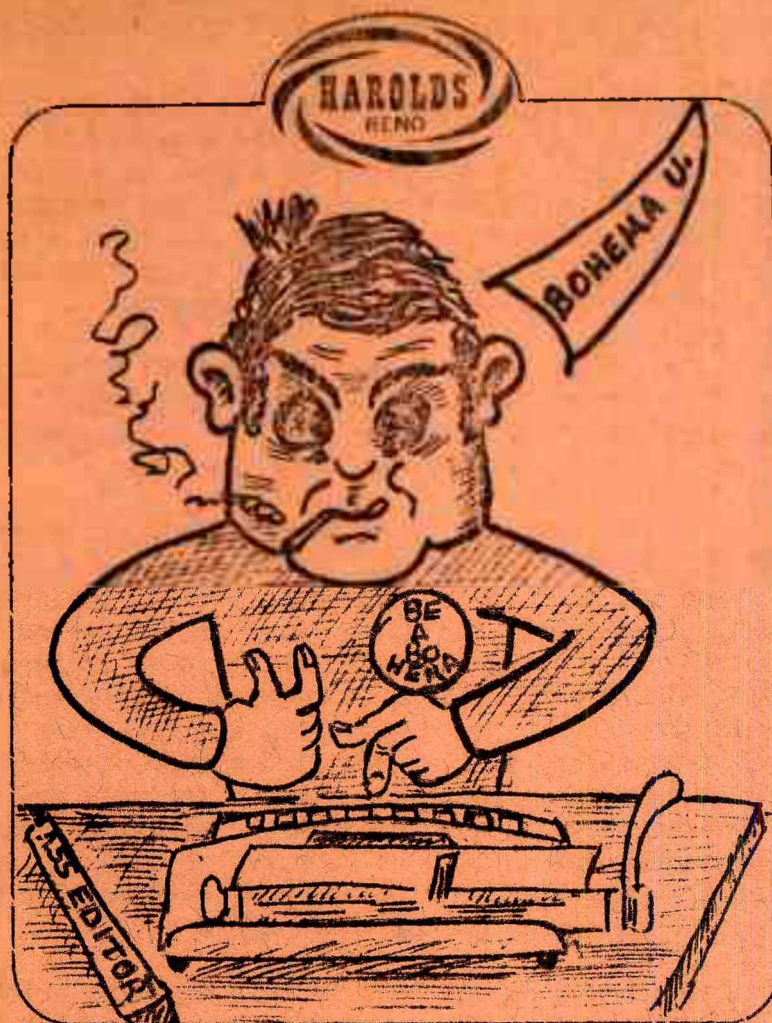
--FL--



# FROM THE SWAMP

Irrational Ramblings,  
Irrelevant Ruminations,  
And Upright Ravings,

By the Ass Editor



## Memo from Ass Ed to Head Ed

Okay Flash! Now see what kind of a mess you've gotten me into? First you take advantage of my naive and kindly nature in lending you some of my drawings (originally done as innocent psycho-therapy) which you plastered fearlessly throughout BAB I, and then you bully me into accepting the fearsome?...awesome?...gruesome?...post of Ass Editor. Incidentally, how come you don't use a period in the abbreviation? That Ass is supposed to be an abbreviation for assistant?...Isn't it?

Now I don't mind the fact that you were so ~~unusually~~ overly courageous as to use my doodles as the sole interior art of that first BAB, but you had to use them in contrast to that great JACK GAUGHAN cover. (he is the greatest! Right?) the thing that I do mind is that despite the enraged and unanimous furors to protest their appearance from all the art lovers among BAB's readership...incidentally, has anyone actually proffered you my lucre for the damned thing?...you so manipulated my diseased ego that my slop art was back in BAB II, with a bacover, yet! I mean....after all, what will Dah....wain say? (Yeah, let's start some good healthy fanzine feuds!)

But this Ass Editor bit! At first the idea was only mildly appealing. I thought you were expecting me to continue officially in my old capacity as a sort of spiritual advisor to you in your fannish editorial undertakings. You know...sort of Chap! in to the Bohemia Order...but then you inform me that you expect some WORK!! out of me!! Jeesh!! (Yeah, I may be overdoing the exclamation points again!!!!) ....Ghod, though...it is titillating to hammer the things out on the old typer!!!

I haven't yet figured out just what it is that an Ass Editor on BAB is sup-



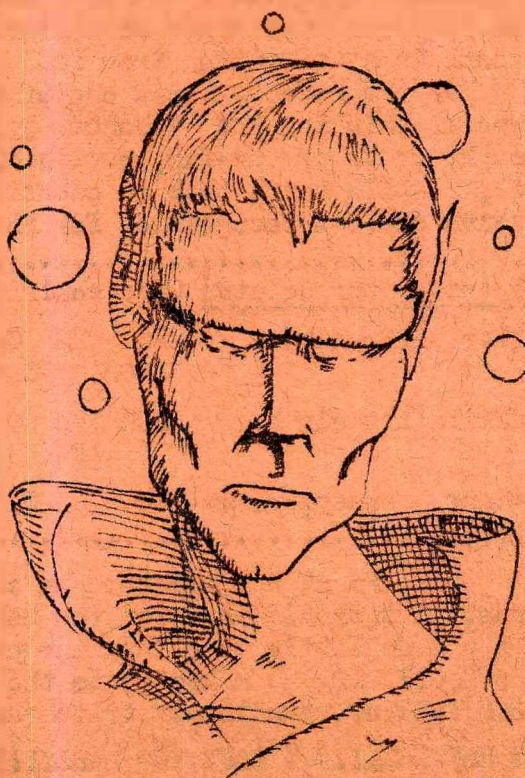
posed to do. (Man, I wish you'd clear up the mystery of that missing period in the abbreviation. It bugs me!) I don't get too many fanzines...the Warden won't let me keep them around the Swamp Skinner. She says they're corrupting and might be seen by the children...and the only example of a co-edited...bi-edited...multi-edited...zine that comes immediately to mind is YANDRO. (Golly! I forgot! YANDRO doesn't really exist!!) Should we edit BAB in the Coulson manner, with you being Juanita and supplying all the intellectuality and physical labor and me supplying the elfin charm like Buck? Nope! On second thought, our being analogous to a husband and wife team is a nauseous contemplation...nothing personal! In lieu of specific instructions from your magnificent, chief editorial self, and not having an analogous fanzine example at hand to extrapolate from, I am forced to play it by instinct.

You did mention, though, that it would not be unseemly for me to do some type of periodic column, so...this is it. I also appreciated the way you came out in the last BELLOWINGS with the reluctant and grudging announcement that Western based fans should direct their contributions to me! I think you should reiterate...with some enthusiastic cogency next time...in the next BELLOWINGS that manuscripts originating west of the Rockies ought to be properly addressed to Le Olde Ass Editor. (Heh heh!! That gives me first dibs on all them groovy California fan-writers!) Yeah, you handle all art submissions and locs. I am too kindly and humanitarian to cope with all those incensed and grouchy locs anyway.

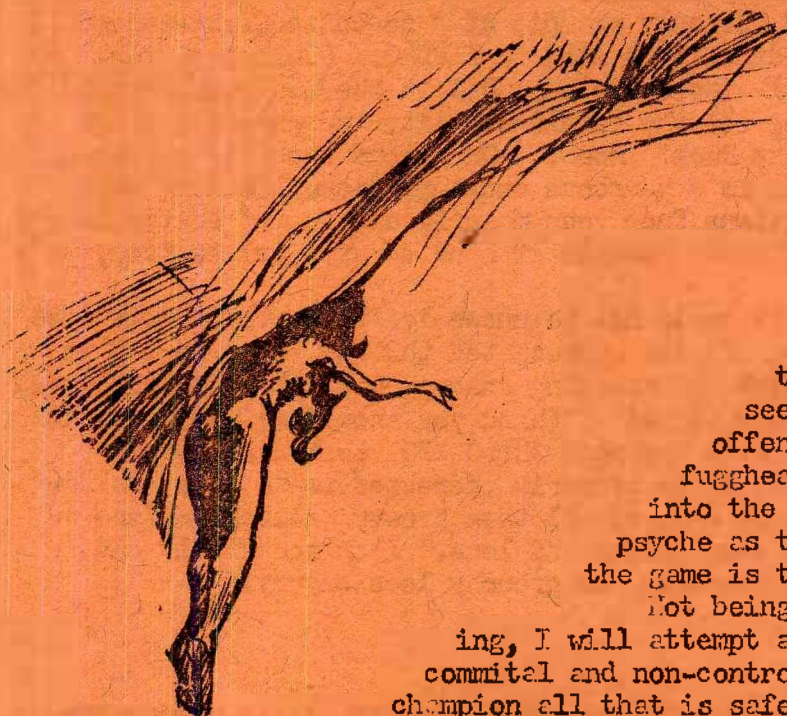
### General Inanities

Hi there all you friends(?)...tolerant but bored readers(?)...nauseous on-lookers(?)...appalled proponents of good taste(?)...semi-appreciative, fellow advocates of idiotic mediocrity(?)...nascent enemies(?)...longtime, avowed enemies(?)...and generally lovely people of Bohemia fandom! This is the first--possibly the last--of what purports to be a continuing column for B.B. in which your humble and obedient Ass Editor will indulge in a rather disjointed and idiosyncratic potpourri of blatherings. To what purpose? Damned if I know for certain, except possibly to provide a launching pad for my own views and varying paranoid-as, since my correy is getting completely unmanageable and I am too cheap and indolent to resort to the logical alternative of publishing my own fanzine. Anyway, my Buddy Flash asked me to help out...so blame him.

I have heard the observation made that only a stupidly pompous ass (Great Ghu! It just struck me! Frank, didja mean..?) would have an infinitely expanded ego as to undertake writing of the didactic and exhibitionistic (showoffy?) type so often encountered in columns--both those in professionally produced and amateur fan publications. Now I don't believe this for a moment! An example of the absurdity of such an allegation is immediately established by referral to the towering examples of John L. Campbell, Jr. and Harlan Ellison in sf and fandom and William F. Buckley, Jr. and Walter Lippman in the mundane world of letters. These behemoths are sterling examples of the genus and could one imagine more un-pompous non-asses? (Note how I stu-







diously balanced the old and the new, the Left and the Right and the ridiculous and the sublime in that analogy?...You can align them according to your

prejudices; I won't confess mine.) I, too, am an extremely modest, kindly and thoroughly objective person. So, if occasionally items or statements that appear in this column might seem pompous, egregiously erroneous, offensive, prejudiced and generally fuggheaded to the reader, he should look into the murky depths of his own twisted psyche as the cause. The cardinal rule of the game is that columnists are infallible.

Not being one to submit rules to oversteering, I will attempt at all times to be moderately non-committal and non-controversial in this column. I shall champion all that is safely mundane and mediocre. I will march forward, head held high and chest expanded, with the swelling ranks of play-it-safe conformism. Yes, fen. Through the generous auspices of Head Ed Lunney and I.D., the Establishment will have at least one voice in these pages to combat the insidious forces of chaotic anarchism and disruptive change that threaten even the inner sanctum of fandom. For that, revolted readers, is what I have finally decided the function of an Ass Editor on BAB is.

So, gentle fen, why not come along for the ride as Iy Buddy and I ride naively off into the quicksands of fandom to ignominious insignificance before sinking back into the mire whence we emerged. (Ring-a-ding-dong!...has Anthony been taking lessons in hate writing from Ted White?) It might be a lot of laughs...

For the record, I was one of the vast majority to whom Frank referred in last issue as thinking the Beabohemia jazz was crappy fun. Since the vaster majority thought it crappy un-fun, our Chicken Head Ed dropped the Bohemahood idea. However, I still think that on occasion particularly outstanding contributors should receive special recognition for their performance. Therefor...Rah-tah-ta-taaaaa!!!

.....  
The Ass Editor Salutes (For contributions to BAB II)

\*\*\*Lee Hoffman\*\*\* FOR THE MOST THOUGHTFUL, GRACIOUS AND L.DY-LIKE LOC FROM A FELLE FAN

\*\*\*Faith Lincoln\*\*\* FOR THE MOST CARPING, BOORISH AND THOROUGHLY BITCHY LOC BY A FELLE FAN

\*\*\*Harry Warner, Jr.\*\*\* FOR BEING HARRY WARNER, JR.

.....  
 Well, Frank has allotted me only 15 pages per ish (oops! Sorry, Piers..... Issue, that should read for the members of the literati that are also nitpickers.) so I can do little more than the preceding introductory remarks this time. But.. Fear Not!! If B.B makes it to the fourth issue, we will be back with a column chock full of revoltingly trite and innocuous repartee.

LEE HOFFMAN!!! I LOVE YOU MADLY!!!

--Bill Marsh





when the big big ball first approached the EARTH, no-one noticed a single thing. the science people who look at the sky saw a meteor but that was all. of course they HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING that it was very very round and very very black.

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through the atmosphere though and the science people who looked at things in the air said to themselves "we don't know about this - we should ask the science people who look at things in the sky" which they did. ~~THEY~~ FOUND OUT THAT IT WAS a meteor that would burn up very very soon and very very fast. which it didn't. s l o w l y IT c a m e to a stop. on the surface of the earth where it rested on a dune until the science people who look at little black balls came to see it. They announced that it was not the same as little black balls at all. They tried to chi p i t h m e m a h i t a m r i t a n d

s s

BUT NOTHING AT ALL HAPPENED SO in the end They decided to measure it. They announced that it was bigger than the moon.

of course they HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING that it would start to roll. which it did.

at skwashed all the people that were living around it and then it kept on rolling.

OOOOOOOOOOOOO\_\_\_\_\_

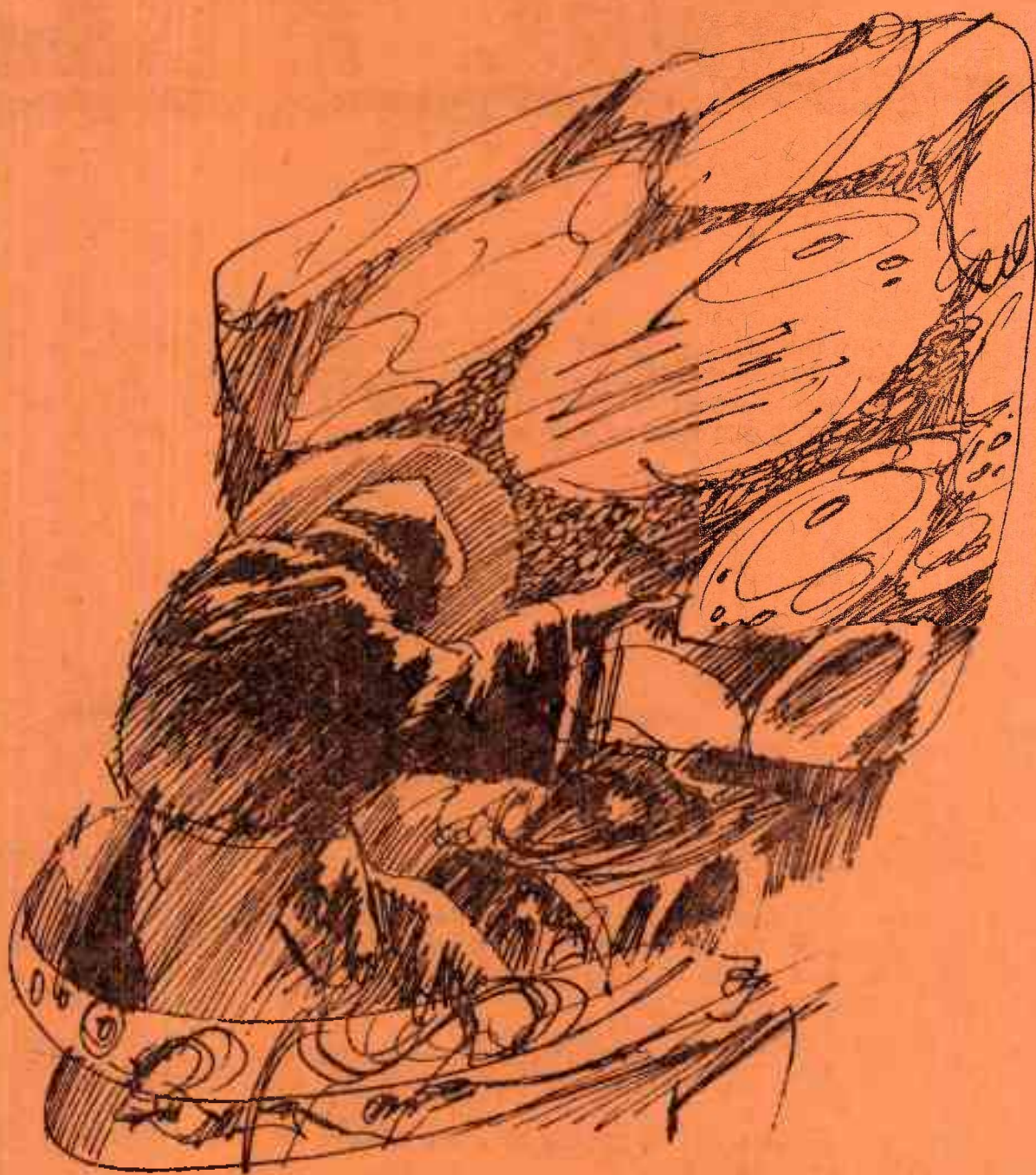
and rolling.

---/David T.Malone/



<sup>8</sup>TRACKING

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# S T A T I O N

This is the first of what will be, Frank Lunney willing, a regular column for S.F. containing ramblings, grumblings, comments, observations and general fan-type fol-de-rol in assorted sizes and color combinations.

To start off with a bang, not a whimper--consider this quotation from the eminent Dr. Samuel Johnson:

NO MAN BUT A BLOCKHEAD EVER WROTE EXCEPT FOR MONEY.

I agree with it largely but not wholly. The only amendment I would make to the good doctor's statement, from my own probably paranoid point of view is:

NO MAN BUT A BLOCKHEAD EVER ~~WROTE~~.

I make this amendment as I remember too many rejection slips, magazines who accept a story on the second submission, two years after the first (the editors changed; the story didn't!), the cost of postage, Freud's concept of sublimation, the hourly wage of plumbers, publishers who hold manuscripts five months before deciding on their worth, and other facts and figures of the brave old writing world.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SCIENCE FICTION STORY CONTEST

The National Fantasy Fan Federation is sponsoring another science fiction story contest in 1969. I've been asked to manage it which means that all submissions should be sent to me and the best of them will be forwarded to Frederik Pohl for judging. At least three winners will be announced and they will receive cash money and egoboo. Despite what I said above, I now suggest--indeed urge--that all blockheads of the world should write, not unite.

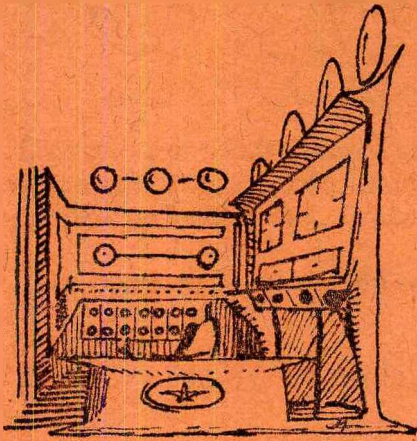
Here are the rules of the 1969 Story Contest. Good luck!

1. The Contest is open to all amateur writers in this field. We define an amateur as one who has sold no more than two stories to the professional science fiction and fantasy publications.
2. Stories must be the original unpublished work of the entrant, must be less than 5000 words in length, and must come within the field of science fiction and/or fantasy in the opinion of the final judge, who for 1969 is Frederik Pohl, Editor of Galaxy and If.
3. Stories should be typed on 8 1/2 x 11 sheets of white paper, double-spaced, with the title on every page but the name of the author omitted to insure impartiality.

Contestants may enter any number of stories. Each should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope and the entry blank. A fee of \$5.00 should accompany each entry, unless the contestant is a member in good standing of NFFF or



BSFA, in which case no fee is required.



5. Contestants are expected to retain one or more copies of each story entered. The NFFF undertakes to use all possible care, but cannot, of course, guarantee against accidental loss in the mail.

6. First prize is \$15; second prize is \$10; third prize is \$5. Other prizes may be awarded if in the opinion of the final judge any other stories merit them.

7. Final judging begins November 1, 1969. Stories must be in before that date.

Results of this Contest are to be announced to the winners as soon as the judging is completed, and announced to the membership in the first issue of TNFF to appear in 1970.

SEND ALL ENTRIES TO: Mr. Leo P. Kelley  
Apartment 19M  
500 East 85th Street  
New York, New York 10028

I'd like to encourage every amateur writer to consider entering NFFF's Story Contest this year. Write the best science fiction story you can and when you have it finished, reread it and maybe rewrite it to make it even better. Then send it along to me.

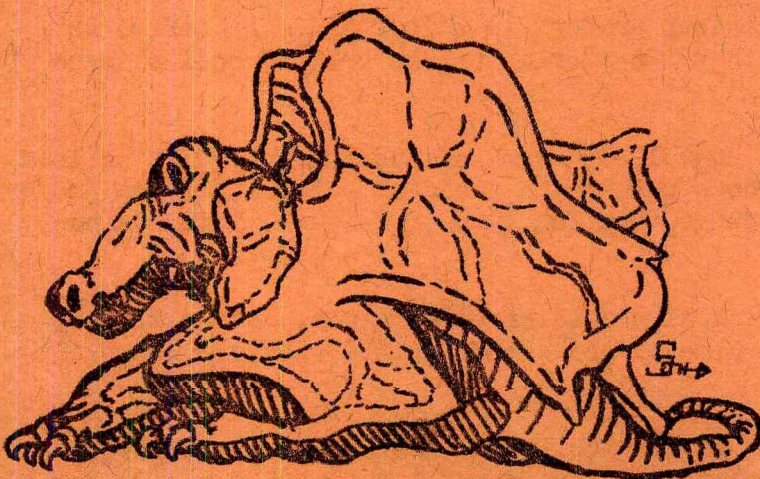
It occurs to me that I may want to return a story now and then to the writer for suggested revisions which would, in my presumptuous opinion, improve the piece. He--the writer--would, of course, have the option of thumbing his nose at me and my presumptions and simply returning the story for consideration as is. Which is fine and dandy as far as I'm concerned.

But enter the Contest. Do yourself and science fiction a favor--and some good.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### MEDIA AND METHODS

Media and Methods is the name of an educational journal relatively new to the field under its new title. (It used to be called, I think, Paperback Journal or something akin to that name.) I was reading the November 1968 issue some time ago when what to my wondering eyes should appear but the following excerpt from an article by a Mr. Frank Ross, paperback reviewer, talking about Ray Bradbury's The





Illustrated Man:

"But don't insult this fine author by calling him a science fiction writer. No one who has read him and has also read the hackneyed, constipated prose in the science fiction magazines would ever breathe that comparison."

Got my Irish dander up, that put-down did. So I wrote a letter to the editor, excerpts of which follows:

"Imagine my chagrin as a professional science fiction writer when I read Mr. Ross' comment: 'But don't insult this fine author by calling him a science fiction writer.' Mr. Ross was referring to Mr. Ray Bradbury.

In an admittedly parochial way, I can only say, 'Poor Mr. Ross.' Poor because he has, judging by the implications of his comment, such a limited knowledge of science fiction and the skills of science fiction writers. Had he more knowledge of the field, I feel sure he would not have made the statement--or at least have qualified it somewhat.

Perhaps you would want to refer Mr. Ross to writers like Philip Jose Farmer, Harlan Ellison and Robert Silverberg so that he might be in a more secure position (possibly) to evaluate science fiction and its writers. Is he familiar with what we are, rightly or wrongly, calling "the New Wave" in science fiction? Does he know such stories as Samuel Delany's "Corona" or Thomas Disch's novel, The Genocides? They rank high as literature and are not noticeably dimmed by Ray Bradbury's admittedly bright light."

They printed my letter in the January 1969 issue under the sub-head: "S-F: REAL AND COUNTERFEIT." An obvious reference to my novel, The Counterfeits, I decided, when I read the author's reply to my letter which the editor included as the coup de grace:

"Of the 400 odd (!) writers of science fiction today, one who knows and respects literary quality can admire only four or five. Three hundred and ninety-five are counterfeit authors. Leo P. Kelley--who he?"

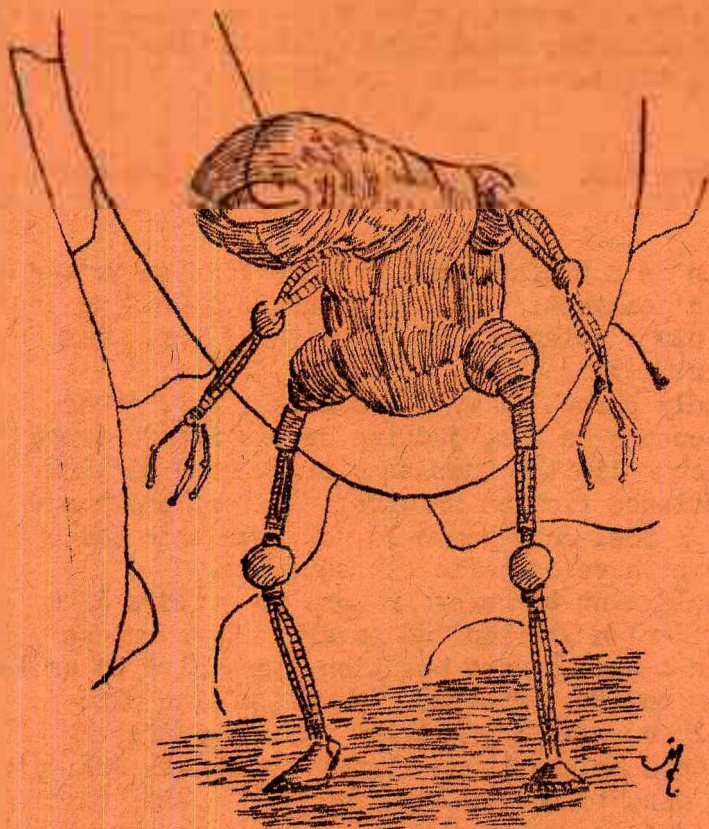
I mention all this for two basic reasons. One, why is it that people like Mr. Ross think so little of the vast majority of science fiction books and stories? Can it truly be that the literature is all that bad? My second reason for mentioning this matter is that Mr. Ross is one of the tastemakers of the teachers who teach English in the schools today, and if this keeps up Silas Harker is going to remain King of the Classroom.

What a sad and sorry thought that is! It reminds me that Catcher in the Rye is banned in some schools.

Educators are talking these days about "relevance" in the classroom and in education. A Canticle for Leibowitz is a helluva lot more relevant than some things still being taught. Let the Mr. Rosses of the groves of academe can tout Bradbury at the expense of the broad spectrum of science fiction.

What can those still in school do to educate the educators and librarians? Anything?





# The Contest

A CONFESSION  
BY  
PIERS ANTHONY

In late 1962 I decided to end it all. All work, that is: I packed my wife off to earn my living, while I stayed home and wrote science fiction. The same time that I made my first sale, I joined a fan organization called NFFF (I was once informed the initials stood for National Funny Farm Federation), so my indoctrination as neo-writer and neo-fan were simultaneous. Actually I had been both writing and collecting SF for a number of years, but that's a complicated story in itself that has already alienated a parcel of BEABOHEMA subscribers. Since I became a fan in my own name, while a pro as "Piers Anthony," the fans weren't aware of my dual-agent status at the time.

One of the useful services NFFF performed was putting hopeful writers in touch with each other, so they could comment on their stories and improve them. I duly became part of a group of five (it varied, and a couple of members were dropped for lacktivity--damn that insidious fan lingo!--but it wound up as five) hopefuls. There may be five more ornery individuals in fandom, but this is questionable; these were aggressive, argumentative, sarcastic, neurotic bastards, except for two that were female (I once addressed one of those as "the distaff division of the K-9 corps"). In short, just exactly my kind of person. We had a ball, and every so often we also got some serious writing done.

In the midst of this comfortable situation dropped the 1963 NFFF Story Contest. One of the fringe members of our story group happened to be the organizer of the contest that year, so naturally he tapped up for submissions. Two agreed to enter, but I balked. I had already made one pro sale, and didn't think I should compete with the fans. And I had another pretty good story trying the mar-



ket. "That's OK," the contest-boss said. "I'll fix the rules so that you don't count as a pro until you've made more than two sales." And he did

I still had my doubts about the ethics, but I compromised. I wrote a jok story that I knew had no chance of winning, so that I could enter it and satisfy the contest, without actually competing. I did it in essentially two draft--that is, I made pencil notes, then jammed a sheet into the typer and did the final submission version. Ordinarily I am far more meticulous; three full drafts is my normal, and some go more. I sent this in and returned to my pursuits.

The story was titled "E van S," a play on the word "evanesce," that refers to a kind of disappearance or vanishing. The main character was, naturally, a little fiend (not a demon--he was very sensitive about that) named E van S. What did the two initials stand for? Evil Spirit, of course. He put a curse on a housewife's TV set so that the programs were even worse than usual. The puns were horrendous. Here is an example of a ball game it showed:

And now the leadoff better in the first inning is coming to the saucer...And here comes the first pitch of the game, a banana peeler...and it's a triple-play ball, and the side is retired!...What a play! And now a word from the Everdull Razorstrop Company. If your child is willfull and undisciplined--

Strike! The pins fall, and the score is ten to nothing. The batter is pouring around third base...fourth base...and he's hauled down on the five-yard line. Coming in for the free-throw is "Skinny" Meatflab, seven foot five inches, famous for his jawbreaking toehold...eight, nine, ten--he's out! The pitcher is leading by a half length going into the backstretch--



That should give you half a notion of its nature. Meanwhile, the contest boss was pestering me again for a real entry. I still felt it wasn't fair, since by this time I had made a second sale. I didn't care how the rules were juggled, a fan contest should be for fans. But he wouldn't get off my neck, and he suggested that I had no right to determine what the rules should be, and here I was complaining about bum contests and such and refusing even to contribute to a real one...well, finally I weakened and compromised again. I sent in a serious entry--but not a c'rrent story. I set the limit at the time I became a pro, and ruled out anything I had written since then. So, in effect, I was drawing from the time I had been a fan, the level I was at then.





Meanwhile, a fan had written asking me to contribute to his story fanzine. For him I dusted off a 1958 story, "Deva," about a creature that formed itself into a human girl so she could give children to the man she loved. She could, too--except that the man turned out to be impotent, and it was all for nothing. About six months went by and the fanzine didn't appear, so I figured nothing would come of this. So that was the story I entered in the NFFF Contest--one of the most sensitive and subtle pieces of my early writing period. It had four levels of sexuality that bypassed the screening judge completely, and was pronounced the best entry up to that point.

Then, naturally, the fanzine was published. It was ONCE BEYOND THE TIME, and it was copyrighted. I got on the typer in a hurry and notified both fanned and contest of the mixup. The fanned said not to worry,

the copyright was only for protection and he didn't mind at all about the contest. The contest boss said the story was disqualified, however, and he shipped it back to me. It looked as though this contest, at long last, was falling into the normal contest mold.

I was left with the joke entry to carry the ball. The funny thing was that the screening judge knew I had submitted that, and claimed to be able to recognize anything I wrote. But she told me that there was an entry far superior to mine in the contest. She meant "Deva." (Names were deleted from the manuscripts for the contest, for objectivity.) When the disqualification occurred, she learned the truth and was appalled. She had never suspected!

The contest proceeded--and damned if "E van S" wasn't one of the final group of seven! Fred Pohl, the judge that year (and just about every year, I guess) rated it part of a three or four way tie for last place, remarking that this writer showed promise but needed to get the humor under control. I had pleasure, at a later date, reminding him of that comment after he had published some "Piers Anthony" material. Anybody who thinks he can recognize my work by type is off his nut.

So I was out of it. But remember those two correspondents who also entered? They took first and second places in the contest, and each of their stories was subsequently published as an IF "First." So this was the contest I'm glad I lost, because they needed it more than I did.

As for me, I go right on writing the deadly-serious, multi-level fiction that is the only thing, both correspondents and editors inform me, that I am capable of. I just can't write humor; I don't know where it's at. Alas.

Has anyone noticed that Norman Spinrad's 3rd favorite word is

CENSORED



# SEVEN WRITERS-- and a guy who also writes--OR: ANATOMY OF A CONTEST *by numer eyns*

An article in the last issue of beaBohEMa dealt with IF Magazines 1954 College Science Fiction Contest. It was the anatomy of a contest, from an outsider. Here it is from an insider--number, so to speak, one. (For some really fantastic contest shenanigans, contact REM Margroff, the guy out in Iowa who has successfully collaborated with both #1 and "#8." The yoyos behind the SF contest in which HE won a prize never printed his story!)

The contest was announced in IF far in advance; it was open to all college students who read it or heard of it. Possibly it was not announced to all colleges; at #1's school the college newspaper received a notice and printed it. (Moral--if you want to write, read--or leaf through--the journals in your field!) This is how #1 "merely got the breaks."

The stories' premise was to be life in America 100 years from now (1954). #1 sent in "...and Gone Tomorrow," a story "proving" his thesis--that there is no perfect government. After a time lapse, #1 received a letter dated 6/10/54, as follows: "The judging of IF's College Science Fiction Contest has reached the final stages, and your ms is among those still in the running."

"In event you should be one of the seven winners chosen, we would like to have ready a short (200 words) biography and photograph of yourself. Information we want is age, birthplace, chosen career, major subjects, degree you are working for, hobbys (sic), jobs, service record, and other data you think pertinent."

"We must have this by July 1st."

"Best of luck."





"Eve K. Wulff, Ass't Editor."

On August 6:

"CONGRATULATIONS!

"Your manuscript will place among the seven winner in IF's College S.F. Contest. You will receive further information in a short while.

"Please let us know at once if you can be reached at the above address during the week of September 13th, also if you will be personally available for the award, which will be made locally.

"Meanwhile, this is to be held confidential. Do NOT release this news to anyone. Our public relations office will contact the press so that all announcements will coincide.

"Let us have your reply not later than August 15th.

"(signature illegible) For the Judges."

On September 7:

"Our heartiest congratulations on winning first prize with your manuscript entitled "And Gone Tomorrow" in IF's recent College Science Fiction Contest.

"Your cash award of \$1,000.00 will be awarded to you by the Honorable Andrew Broaddus, Mayor of the City of Louisville. Will you please, therefore, telephone Mayor Broaddus for an appointment at which time it will be mutually convenient for you to receive the award. He is expecting your call.

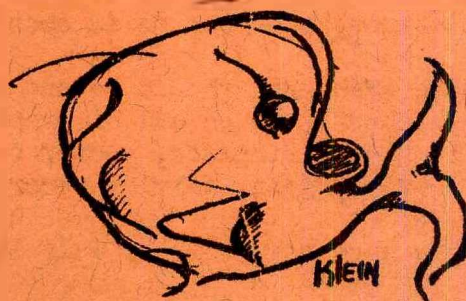
"A copy of the November issue, which contains all details of the awards, will be mailed to you.

"Best of luck and I know the ceremony will be an exciting one.

"Cordially James L. Quinn, Editor."

(In all correspondence #1's name was spelled correctly. In the write-up with his picture in the 11/54 IF--his name was misspelled. The terminal "t" was dropped, along with the ellipsis in his title.)

The appointment was made. The mayor, elected by virtue of having a small but enriching string of dry cleaning emporia (and being in the right party) lifted his broadus from his mayoral chair, forked over the funds, shook hands perfunctorily, and said, "Congratulations, Young Man." No ceremony, no photographers--IF got shafted! (There had been a page one picture-story in the Sept. 5 Sunday newspaper, and other publicity.) There were only seven prizes announced and awarded. Seven were featured in the 11/54





IF; seven were listed in the 9/5/54 press release from IF's PR people. (Strangely, #1 has always thought that Harlan Ellison was among them.) Winners 2 through 7, their colleges and their story titles:

Jack Nelson, Brigham Young University, Utah ("Men of Boru")  
 Leo P. Kelley, Wilkes College, Pa. ("Dreamtown, USA")  
 Lee Holman, Whitworth College, Washington ("The Third Party")  
 John R. Arnold, Cornell, New York ("One Remained to Question the Gardener")  
 Edward D. McHugh, Dartmouth, New Hampshire ("Image of God")  
 Stanley Gleit, ECNY, NYC ("It's Really Sirius.")

Second prize was five hundred bills; the others received a hundred each. #1 was apparently the only writer who eschewed formality and submitted under his nickname, Andy.

Nothing is known about #8, or even that there WAS a #8. (Now let's hear from #'s 2,3,4,5,6 and 7!)

There is one aspect that should be noted well by all: the next three stories #1 submitted to IF were turned down. Eventually H.L. Gold bought #1's "Blacksword," saying he did "not like andy offut as a byline." #1 said let's use "a.j. offut." This was done. "Blacksword" was reprinted in "Mind Partner" and Seven Other Novelets from GALAXY and went through editions from Doubleday, SF Book Club and Pocket Books. Offut has never received a hapenny more than the small initial advance.

(Well, you know. Eight writers, plus the editor ((at 50%))...)

#1 hasn't the foggiest notion what ANY of those other 6 cats did after that. For all he knows one of them may be Ted Mark (F.W. Paul - Paul W. Fairman?), another Robert Bloch, and another Frank Lunney. #1 is mainly interested, objectively, in ole #1.

#1 does not consider himself a writer. He is just a guy who also writes, constantly. "#8" is, has proven it, and holds no other job, although his wife has been steadily employed. (#8 obviously tried harder!)

He has collaborated with "#8" and others, successfully. He also studied #8's Chthon (3 times) and made voluminous comments, suggestions, etc. on the mses. They served only to enhance a highly intelligent and well-written novel. Matterofact he also read, commented on, etc. "#8's" current novel--when it was a novelet.

His "Population Implosion" (IF, 7/67) was reprinted in Ace's World's Best SF--1968. His "Defendant Earth" (retitled by Pohl from "The Case of Mars versus Planet Earth et Al) will probably be out in IF by the time BEABOHEMA #3 is on newsstands everywhere (slightly higher West of, and on, the Rockies.)

And #1 has sold 8 novels since July, 1967, while working as an executive merit-ing, but sans, gray flannels. Two are SF; two more are borderline SF. All are pseudonymous; he has thus far used 3 other names (aside from "Andy offut", "A.J. offut", and "andrew j. offut"). He is a tough man for cross indexers (indicers?) He mailed out two more on New Year's Day..... Interviewed in his palatial home 69 miles from nowhere, where he is slowly but surely growing more and more hair, he at last admitted it. "Sure, #8 would have won that contest if he'd entered, as he modestly maintains. There was a conspiracy to keep him out. I finally lifted the ban on him a couple of years ago, and look at him now!"

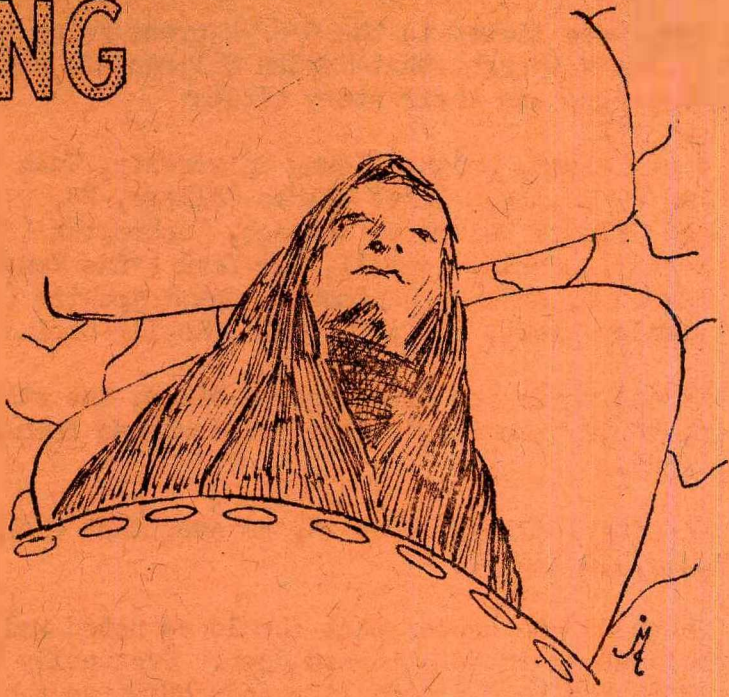
For a glimpse of #1's true personality, the reader is urged to read "Blacksword."



# CONTESTING

The only thing whackier than some of the contests I have entered is the mail I get. Take for instance (please!) this unsolicited letter from a complete stranger that begins:

"It has been decided that as a cat-lover extraordinary, the self contained within you will be the recipient of the Crapa Award of the Year, being awarded, of course, by the Cats Respecters Association Punitive Action, the assn which takes care of those who do, and takes care of those who do. Is that clear?"



Well, one thing's clear. It's clear that I'm not going to get my latest and greatest story written this week! Obviously this is from a fan who wants something.

I read on. Suspicions are quickly confirmed. I catch the name "Piers Anthony" in the garbage. Sure, the guy is always writing something he shouldn't. So what else? Andrew Offut, both a and o l.c.--and that doesn't mean "large capitals." Ditto for him. What else? Something about a "MANDROID issue, named after the famous (?) story written by all three of you."

Now that is different. And for once this letter-writer makes sense. Piers to shoot of his big typewritermouth. Andy to correct Piers. Rem (that'sa me) to clear up all the misconceptions and innaccuracies left by both slantheads. Sounds like fun. Only one catch. With typical famed efficiency, the letter-writer--one "Frank Dummy" if I make out his signature correctly--neglected to send advance copies of the "column by Piers Anthony" and "article by Andrew Offut."

Fortunately I know both Piers and andy well enough to correct them sight unseen. All that's needed is just a tiny hint of what they've run off about.

Referring to the letter, I see that Piers has sent something to BAB about a NEFF contest. Now I know that contest. Whatever Piers says about its mishandling is bound to be an understatement. Except for one thing. Whatever Piers implies about Fred Pohl being drunk or bribed is untrue. To my notion the contest clearly came out right. Naturally, it was one of the two contests in which my entries (both of my entries this time) finished ahead of his. There was one little thing that could have been improved: the actual winner shouldn't have been an ornery female (all females are ornery--especially the writing ones) whose story so clearly deserved the big (?) prize.

So much for A. Babble.

BY ROBERT E. MARGROFF



So now what does this Frank Dummy expect me to write about? Well, I see he mentions the name "Bob Silverberg." That reminds me of another story and another contest.

Back in '66 (which now seems like a hundred years ago) Piers, Andy and I were in almost constant communication. We told one another about contests--among other things. Piers got word of a "Computer fiction contest" that offered a grand top prize and a number of hundred dollar "runners-up" prizes. Naturally we all agreed to enter it.

We compared entries, that not being illegal. Piers promptly announced that he would win the big prize. I promptly announced that my story was a cinch to take it. Andy just said he'd enter his. (Let this not be construed to mean that offut is a modest writer with abilities inferior to Anthony's and Margroff's. Andrew is by no means modest.) The race was on.

Came the finish. We all lost again. All but me. My story ended up in the "runner's-ups."

Then came the long wait. Not for payment this time. As I can remember, I was paid almost immediately--a result, no doubt, of this contest being conducted by professionals rather than amateurs. I waited for publication. I was never more anxious to see anything in print in my life. I just lived to see that damned magazine with my "prize-winning" story in it.

Nothing. Months and months of nothing. Finally, eight or nine months later, I wrote. What, I asked cautiously, had happened? Had they neglected to send me a copy of the issue of the trade journal with my sensational story in it? How could they be so careless?

Back came a reply from the managing editor of the publication. They had published the thousand buck winner and three or four runner's-ups chosen at random. As for the rest, they didn't think there was enough reader interest to warrant publishing them. Besides, they needed more room for ads.

What about my interest? I demanded!





I had many, many friends (thank ghod I didn't have to name one!) waiting breathlessly to see the issue with my story in it. Surely they wouldn't disappoint all those people! Besides, take a look at the rules of the contest--it says you'll publish!

You take a look, I was told in effect. The rules state that they'll publish the big winner and that the runner's ups may or may not be published at their discretion. Or not, see. It just so happened they'd decided on not.

So I wrote back. Naturally. If they felt that way about it, they could jolly well return my story.

There was nothing they would like better, the not-so-friendly editor replied, but unfortunately the rules prohibited it. All prizewinners became the sponsoring trade magazine's property as soon as the awards were announced and the "prizes" accepted. However, there might be a way out. If I would just return the hundred dollars.....

WHAT! Return prize-money I had legitimately won! Return it after something over a year's time! The man was mad!

I had, as I saw it, but one recourse. I wrote to the SFWA president, who happened then to be Bob Silverberg.

Bob was sympathetic. He also had troubles of his own about then. Nevertheless, he did write to that unmanageable editor. He pointed out that I was a poor, starving, frustrated writer without real talent who foolishly imagined that his real prize would be the satisfaction of seeing his prize-winning story in print. As for the hundred dollars, doubtless I had--in the tradition of poor, starving writers the world over--squandered it. It had been over nine months. The chances were that by now I had acquired three more cats and a pregnant girl friend. Have a little pity. Suppose there was a rule on paper--why not shave it? Of what use was the story to them? Or did they, after all, intend to publish it?

Stoneheart melted, of course. The trade journal sent nice letters to each of the unpublished runner's-ups officially returning the publication rights they had "bought" under the rules of the contest. Everyone who had "won" in the contest now had some remote chance of eventually seeing his story published.

So my story was immediately snapped up by Analog or Galaxy or Fantasy and Science Fiction--right? Wrong! By now you should know how the system works. You can have a prize-winning story of extreme quality that you're sure should have placed first in any contest. You can have it, and then you can spend the next ten or fifteen years trying to find an editor with perception enough to publish it! You can, as I'm sure Piers Anthony has been saying, have that experience.

But take heart, all you Pullers-for-the-Just! I ain't done yet. I ain't near done yet. One of these lousy days, one of these rotten years, that nonwinner of Piers' will be bought and published. Then my runner-up will be bought for a justly higher price, published impressively, and then....

Let's wait and see. Shall we?



IF  
YOU STARTED TO  
READ  
BACKWARDS  
RIGHT NOW,  
YOU WOULD  
FIND  
YOURSELF  
FACING  
THE SPECIAL  
MANDROID SECTION  
OF BAB!

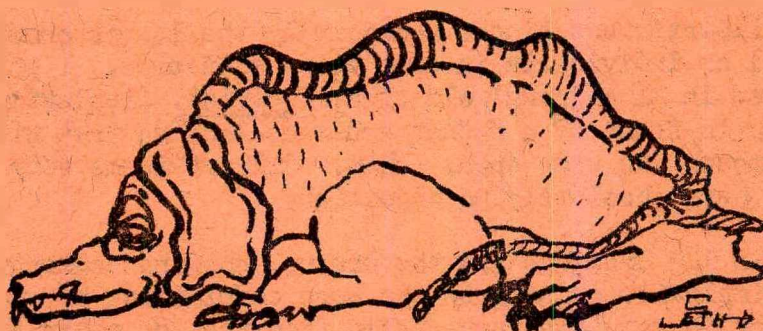


Yeah, that's what the preceding three articles have been. They'll be the next three articles if you're someone like Denny Lien. But all seriousness aside. This giant special page is here to announce the placement of the special section of BAB 'cause I'll be damned if I'm going to string lights around the three articles. The fact that all three articles have to do with contests is something else which I have nothing to do with, fortunately. Like, all I did was try and work this thing out. The people involved wrote the articles, and since all three are so modest, they chose to write of their own adventures in the arena.

For all In-The-Darkers, MANDROID was a story written by Anthony, offut, and Rem for the most literate of all sf magazines, ANALOG, and it appeared there a few years ago, I guess. Maybe I even have it around the house somewhere, but I haven't read the story yet. Those of you who have, consider yourself better off than I.

So now--if you haven't splurged and read, get your nose in the mag!!

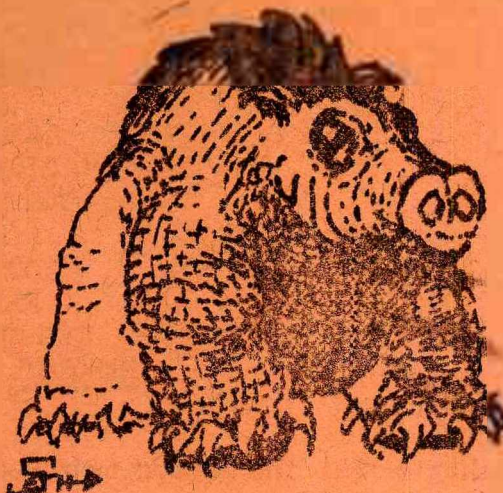
Goobar Zinc!!





# BULL ARTIST

BY  
SETH DOGRAMAJIAN



First off, I would like to publicly make amends with Jack Gaughan for that business about Frazetta last issue. (We have already done so in private.) Jack had sufficiently answered my questions as to his liking Frazetta's art back in September. However, the first installment of my column was written before that point in history, and thus, when the article is pubbed some four or five months later, it brings up a question which had already been answered. A very touchy situation. Sorry, Jack...

\*

\*

After talking to several thousand (huh?)...well, maybe just several hundred, people, I've noticed what might be called a lack of appreciation for one of fandom's oldest artists. Perhaps it's because his work appears so often that he's taken for granted. In almost any zine you pick up you'll find a spot illo with the signature of REG who is (when he reverts to his secret identity) Robert E. Gilbert.

REG has been doing art for fandom something like 15 years. Just think of all art he has lost by sending it out to faneds who later stopped publishing! According to his own records, he has sent out over 1300 illos since June 1961; many were lost, or at least not printed. For example, he mailed out 162 illustrations in 1967, and so far only 61 have seen print. 'tis a pity...

The majority of Gilbert's art pieces (especially the larger ones) are scenes depicting an individual or individuals in some weird situation. I believe one well remembered illo appeared in Al Andrews' old zine, Iscairiot, displaying a large-breasted woman standing in front of a rather gruesome-looking tree with a mouth! Of course, the tree's mouth was wide open. Ahem! Gilbert seems very fond of using female types. I have absolutely no objection.

Most outstanding in REG drawings are the unusual shading combinations he uses. These range from the simplicity of dots to the more complex use of small circles and cracked lines. His work is very distinguishable from that of other artists by these shading techniques. A good example of his varied shadings would be the cover on Fantasy News #2, depicting a girl floating or drowning with all sorts of strange things going on around and behind her. In this cover he uses a variety of line patterns, dots, circle-line patterns and cloud patterns. Beautiful.

Many faneds (no names) don't care for, or at least--don't care about, Gilbert's



material. Normally I would say there are those who like certain things which are not liked by others, but in the case of REG art I've found the difference of opinion to be too radical. For example:

At the International Convention of Comic Art I ran into a faned (still no names) who is rather famous for going to conventions. While we were throwing a bit of bull back and forth someone commented on Riverside Quarterly. I believe I made mention of the Jack Williamson article therein. Anyway...the faned soon began to rank on RQ because it contained REG art. When I asked him why he didn't like the Gilbert art, he simply smiled and said, "Well, you know!" The editor of Riverside Quarterly, Leland Sapiro, considers Gilbert to be the "tops" in fan art, as do many other faneds.

In one of fandoms better and best known fanzines (even now, no names) the editor said something to the effect that "(Robert E.) Gilbert hasn't improved in 12 years". Even if REG hasn't improved much in the past 12 years, that by no means says that his art is bad. I don't think his art needs very much improvement, especially when you consider that he makes no profit from it (except possibly in the area of egoboo). The beauty of his art is the style he uses. When art is stylistic, it is not required to be 100% accurate.

The only complaint I can muster is one that may be applied to a great number of fan artists: REG often sends out material that is obviously below his standard talents. These appear to be rushed drawings.

I hope this article has served to give a little credit where credit is due and has pointed out where fandom is doing this artist an injustice.

### Opinions anyone?

I'll be publishing a REG folio in the February issue of my zine, EXILE. Six pages worth. If anyone is interested, I'll try and have extra copies printed up. The collection includes nudes, aliens, sea monsters, men, women and a variety of other such stuff...

Till next installment....

@

@

@

Ikons on the wall  
Cannot speak but  
Only smile in  
Rigid forms.  
I shall speak with Gaea today.

I've always cried  
When I saw the ikon  
Of the Hanged Man.  
Why can't they let him  
Down?

"Take the sword and  
Put the heathen to death," they said.  
I took the sword and  
Raised it high over his head  
And disemboweled myself neatly.

See, the priest  
Sensing the altar.  
Sensing the people.  
So carefully sensing the uncaring God.  
Oh for a breath of Zeus's air!

Convert!  
They told me it was  
Baptism or the sword.  
Like a good Greek  
I accepted the bath gracefully.

--Raki

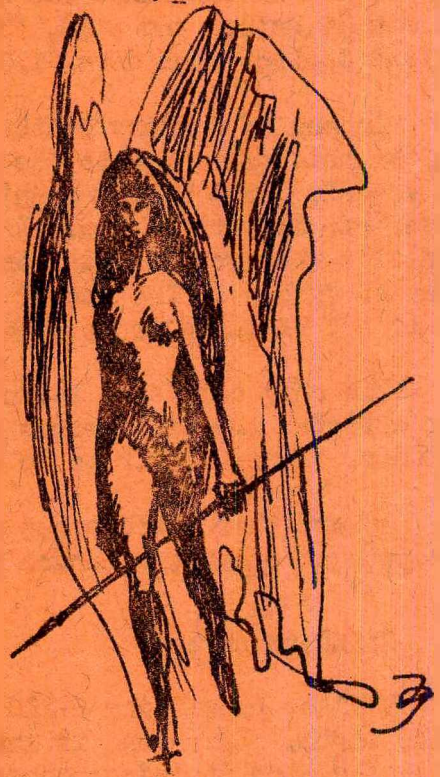


# SUNDAY SCHOOL SWORDSMAN

This is about heroic fantasy, a form better known today as sword and sorcery. A form of incredible age and remarkable endurance in that the original story lines, conventions and cast-types of all heroic fantasy stories being written today were probably set down before there were words.

When ancient man went to war with the intention of fighting a rival tribe for one reason or another, he went **not** only with the intention of killing his fellow man; he had it in mind to battle the other guy's gods, too. Often, in the midst of battle, one's own god and the enemy's could be seen clinched in a life-or-death struggle, and a particularly brave--or boastful--warrior might tell of having bested a lesser deity--a tree spirit, perhaps (who were not at that time the nubile female spirits that we know from Greek mythology and Weird Tales. They were burly male spirits with legs like tree stumps and claws and fangs that could rend a man's guts out in a moment.).

To win a war represented not only a military or political conquest, it was a religious and moral



## GARY N. HUBBARD

victory as well. The followers of The True God and The One Good Way Of Life defeat The False Demon and His Evil Worshipers Who Practiced Unspeakable Acts And Had Bad Habits. The account of the battle becomes Scripture and Legend at the same time and the real reason for the conflict--whether it be greed, hate, watering rights or mere boyish exuberance--is covered up or forgotten.

By the time they got around to putting the story down in some sort of recordable form, it had been changed from an account of a full scale battle to a personal conflict between the two gods involved. So that in the Book of Joshua a war between the Israelites and the Philistines becomes the story of how Jehova wrestles with Baal besting him in two out of three falls, or, as Robert Graves suggests in The White Goddess, the stories of fighting giants in Celtic folklore may recount conflicts between rival religions. The fact that they are usually fighting over a girl suggests rivalry between two local sects for the favors of the White Goddess (the Goddess was worshipped throughout ancient Europe. Conceptions of Her differed from locality to locality which probably led to conflicts over who had The True Doctrine of the Goddess which in turn led to stories of fighting giants.).



The preceding is not to be considered an exact analog of how tales of high adventure and heroism originated. The point is that religion of some kind or other has been prominent in heroic fantasy. After Christianity became prominent in Europe, belief in and mention of mythologies other than that of Christians was discouraged. So the heroic gods were reduced to mere mortals, the Goddess to a princess with a magic ring, the Evil Gods to evil wizards or malignant spirits (which every right-thinking Christian believed in) and the powers wielded by the gods became magic.

But magic is just applied religion just as technology is applied science, so the beliefs of the ancients (that the world is full of mysterious gods with strange powers to varying degrees and that a brave man can defeat a god or become the ally of another) has remained a dominant element in heroic fantasy to this day. So that Conan is always beating up on some Stygian deity or its underling or calling upon Crom to help him out. Brak lives in a world which is a battleground between Yeb-Haggoth and the good guy Nameless God. Elric is in the service of the evil gods. And Elak has to contend with them constantly on the way to his throne.





Religion is a well ingrained element of modern heroic fantasy, and nobody is more aware of this, I suspect, than Lin Carter. Gods and godlings cavort through Carter's works so much that I suspect he has the word on a stamp so he doesn't have to write it out constantly. Imitating Howard and borrowing from Lovecraft extensively and Burroughs a little, Carter has created a forgotten history of Mankind wherein the species originated on Mars at some period in the dim past, migrated to Earth at some later date, exterminated a race of intelligent dinosaurs, and settled on Atlantis presumably until it sank. And running throughout this implausible fantasy are Carter's gods. Thousands of them. Good, evil, and indifferent. Sometimes he overdoes it, I should think.

However, despite the fact that he makes good use of this important element of heroic fantasy, he's a skilled writer, his characterizations are good and the plots carry themselves well, Carter's stories are incredibly dull. This is because by dwelling upon the religious angle, Carter has missed the thing that really makes an heroic fantasy story. The Prime Mover--bloodlust.

When the apeman of the movie "2001" picked up the bone and smashed it in the skull of that other ape, he not only learned how to use tools; he invented entertainment, too. To a bunch of vegetarian apes living hand-to-mouth with the prospect of sudden death at the claws of some predator everpresent, it must have been exciting and pleasant to see someone else get his. That first killer ape not only started a fad that is still very popular today, he became, with the telling and retelling of his act, Gilgamesh, Arthur Pendragon, Beowulf and Conan.

The purpose of heroic fantasy is to provide sublimation for the human desire to kill somebody just for kicks. Other literary forms do the same thing but heroic fantasy does it best because personal combat with knives or swords is the sincerest form of hate. And magic? Well, if life isn't going right for you--if things never turn out right for no apparent reason--it's certainly not your fault. Some evil spirit or black magician must have it in for you. Wouldn't you like to really smash that guy? Let Elric do it for you.

The trouble with Carter is that he misses this point. He believes in tales of wondrous magic and high adventure and fantastic gods. Thongor comes on strong but he's only a Sunday School Swordsman like Pat Boone with a boy scout knife. He's too noble to be bloodthirsty; he can't be a hero. But there's nothing wrong with Carter's writing a little sadism wouldn't cure. Read up on your Spillane, Lin.





## ++++ A COLUMN BY PIERS ANTHONY

New you all know the editor of this fanzine, Frank Lunney. He is one of those types who thinks it is funny to parody, satirize, and insult fan and pro alike, and nothing at all is sacred. He is already making enemies ham over fist. Naturally when this jerk told me to do a column P-- BAB, I told him right where he could put it.

Right--up his fanzine. Herewith.

You see, I am another of the above-described ilk. But there is madness in my methods, and ye ed, by a freak fluke, happened to appeal to that madness. "Just think," he suggested insidiously, "how many more faneds you could infuriate by answering them in BAB instead of with individual letters ....."

Accordingly, I am cutting off a major segment of my correspondence and writing this column instead. I expect to upset some people and to be quite unpredictable. Consider, after all, the way one redoubtable fan describes me:

Piers Anthony writes a letter as if he were doing you a favor by writing you a letter. I suggest that Mr. Anthony's perch on the ladder of literary success is not as high as he seems to think. One successful novel and a handful of mediocre short stories does not make a writer. Neither does writing insufferable letters.

Neither, I hasten to add, does writing an insufferable column. So unless you, idiot reader, are pretty ornery yourself, get lost. Nice people do not read junk like this. Go--your chaste mind will stand improved for the omission, and the time saved can be well spent polishing your halo. GO!

Are we Bohemas alone now? Then let's get serious.

My name is Piers Anthony. I am the pseudonymous incarnation of a rather quiet Florida milquetoast whose neighbors find him a dull oddball with an unkempt front lawn and a cute baby girl and a working wife. I stand five feet, ten and three quarters inches tall in my cold morning feet, and half an inch less on my hot feet in the evening. If this sounds like so much (get the disparaging mainstream overtone)





science fiction, I recommend that you try measuring yourself in the early AM and late PM. You are likely to discover that you too shrink in the daytime. (No--that isn't what I meant, little girl! It's your height that shrinks, not your--and I said bare-footed, not nude. However...) Your doctor will try to tell you that this is accounted for by compression of the ligaments between your vertebrae (no, dear--"brae" is not the plural of "bra." Put it back on, please.) or some such; we insiders know that it is really because a tough day of SF-related activity removes its pound of flesh (no, no, honey--I wasn't getting personal! Yes, of course there are two pounds there...) and thus diminishes stature. I also weigh 137 pounds (give or take one, as already noted) and forget whether that is thirty or merely twenty lbs. underweight. And I am  $3\frac{1}{4}$  years old.

It should be obvious from the above specs that I can hardly carry a sizeable fanzine from the mailbox to the house, let alone read it and answer it properly. Yet I find myself deluged with the things. Since I mainly write letters asking to be removed from fanzine mailing lists, one might wonder why these amateur publications keep coming at me. Alas, I know the reason, and it is a very bad one. The faneds don't give half a damn whether I have body, brain or conscience. They ship their hard-sweated productions for only one reason: I am a pro writer. It does not matter that I am not much of a pro; a single sale to a third-rate magazine (the kind that wins Hugos) is sufficient to invoke that nefarious magic.

What, precisely, have I done professionally? Well, I started writing for publication in late 1954, and I made my first sale in late 1962. (Nothing like beginning with a bang!) Since then I have sold 18 stories and 5 novels, not counting resales to anthologies or foreign publishers. The total comes to slightly better than six hundred thousand words and a little better than seventeen thousand dollars. There are an additional four hundred thousand words--3 novels and/or 53 stories--that remain unsold at this writing. If you count all the submissions I ever made to pro publishers, adding them up cumulatively (though many items thus count several times, as they bounce and go out again) the total is 300 submissions for five million words. In short, only one-eighth of what I submit sells. How this compares with the fortunes of such notables as Norman Spinrad and Ted White I don't know. I suspect that both have a higher percentage of sales than I do, however. (I mention these two because they started selling pro SF within a few months of the time I did, and have progressed at a roughly similar pace. And are similarly ornery.) Ted may have a higher wordage total, but I may have made more money; Norm has sold more illustriously. (Perhaps Norm and Ted will comment?) I think it would not be much amiss to rank me with these two, at any rate, as a rough guide to where I stand quantitatively--though as has been pointed out, my perch is not as high as I seem to think.

So what about quality? There are hacks who can publish a million words a year, and it signifies only what they are...hacks. Exactly how good am I? This is difficult to judge, since each person's taste differs. My novel Chthon was in the final five for both Nebula and Hugo, but has also been suggested as a candidate for Worst Novel of 1968. My novel Sos the Rope won a contest, but is otherwise an unremarkable action-adventure piece. I had only two stories published in 1968--the one in ANALOG was voted second in its issue (to a Harry Harrison serial) and the one in IF (one of the dental series) received a bonus for being one of the top five pieces published in GALAXY and IF that year, according to a reader survey the editor took. So it would appear that my material goes over reasonably well with the average reader, for whatever that is worth. I have a low regard for reader taste; indeed, all my sales are made to editors, not readers, despite the grandiose notions of some fans. As for individuals, some









rave about my stuff and others are sickened by it. For every Harlan Ellison who informs me that I am one of the dawning greats there seems to be a Ted White who wants me to know that I am nothing.

Let's try to put this into perspective: I am a rising writer of high ambition who prefers honesty to hypocrisy. I earn my living by writing and selling science fiction. I do not see that it makes me either modest or conceited to say so, or to present the relevant statistics. Obviously my reputation is tiny compared to that of any established professional--but those others have had more time and better connections than I, and perhaps the balance will shift a little in the coming decade. I have laid out my intention to do my very best and to rise as high as my talent will take me--but I also freely admit that the final level I achieve may not be an auspicious one. Those who take exception to my tremendous conceit might do well to read my statements more carefully; I dis-

like being castigated for attitudes erroneously attributed to me. Meanwhile, read my work and form your own opinion.

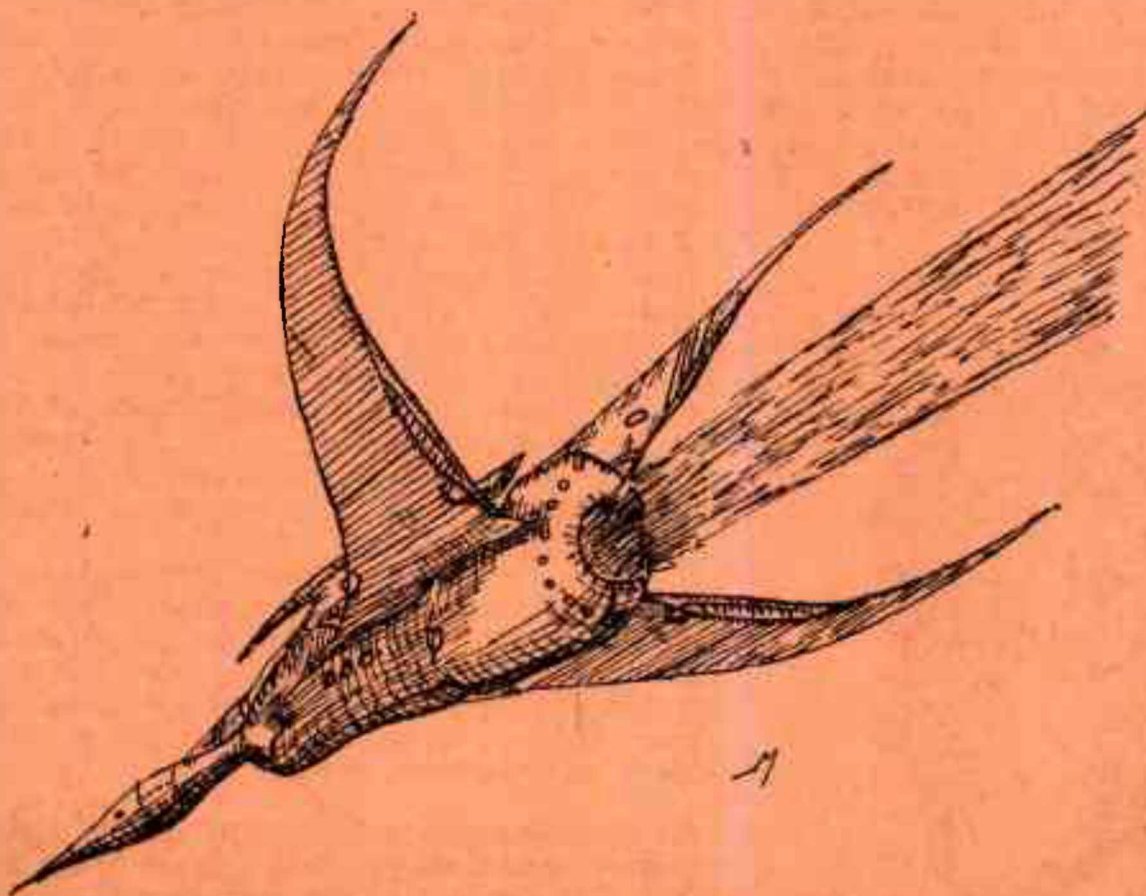
Now about my relations with fandom. For several years I subscribed to NIEKAS and YANDRO, writing occasional letters. On request I did my first fan essay: the cover article for NIEKAS 17, published late in 1966. I was told that my discussion there of the Arabian Nights entertainments was a popular piece; and that year NIEKAS won the fanzine Hugo, so I felt I was contributing to a certain extent. But basically I knew fandom to be a time-consuming matter, and preferred to remain on the fringe after my 1963 stint in N3F. I am by no means a fan become pro; I am a pro who has dabbled in fandom. Then PSYCHOTIC, now SF REVIEW, revived; I read a copy, liked it, and sent a note saying so. My address was run with the letter, and suddenly was common property. I began getting requests for autographs, requests for personal correspondence, requests for comments on fanzines. I began tearing my hair. How was I to write my fiction, with so much time absorbed by fanzines? I hated to throw out a publication that had taken so many loving hours to prepare, and that was mailed to me gratis, for the hope of a comment. I spent far too long having my fiction bounced with slips not to sympathize with the faned's need for response. But so many--I simply could not, reasonably, keep up with them all. So I replied to each as befitted it, gentle to the gentle, tough to the tough, insolent to the insolent--and I tried to explain.

I got OS, a charming little neozine, from a little girl said to dwell above a lecherous old man. She ran her mimeo nude, so as not to splatter her clothing, and thus got ink on her breast. So I wrote to her: "I have a young and cute little girl of my own, you know. When I kiss her she giggles; when I hold her she squeals; when I undress her she kicks her feet. It is hard to do all that while reading a fanzine. Oh--my little girl is five months old." I guess my comment was too strong, for I never heard from OS again, and in due course learned she had gafiated. I got my copy of ALGOL with a request for an article about the background on my novel Chthon; I obliged. I got SHAGGY, and saw therein a favorable mention of Chthon: I wrote expressing my appreciation for the mention, but saying frankly that I found very little of interest in that magazine, and please drop me from the mailing list. SHAGGY chose instead to run that letter (intended to be private) and send me another issue. I struck up an incidental correspondence with Joanne Burger, who put out an annual book listing I had seen advertised; next thing I knew, she had a fanzine of her own, and please could she run my letter in PEGASUS?



I got a sample WARHOON and sent it a dollar, suspecting that I'd better keep up with this one though there was not much of immediate interest therein for me, plebian as my taste may be. I got NEUTRON and had some correspondence with its editor. TOMORROW AND...asked permission to reprint my DANGEROUS VISIONS commentary done for NIEKAS. At one point I tried another approach: I lumped HOOP, SANDWORM and SF OPINION together and sent them a joint letter. That way I was able to explain in greater detail why I preferred to be removed from their lists. I gave them a facetiously phrased but accurate account of my state--pretty much what I have already covered in this column--then went on to comment on each individually. The HOOP editor had a story, and I tried to comment on that though there was nothing much I could recommend except plenty more practice (that's what's needed for most fan fiction--and it took eight years practice for me to make the grade). SANDWORM had mentioned me in its pages, and I gave due thanks; but it also was being clever at other people's expense. It lambasted Dangerous Visions and Philip Jose Farmer in a manner I deemed unfair, so I gave back the same: "You are a damn ignoramus," I said. "Get lost." The context was clear, no? The last page (it was a four page letter) was devoted to Dean Koontz's magazine, the best of the three, and for it I had some contributions. These fanzines had requested comment from me, and for once I had done a decent job.

So what happened? Koontz took everything personally (though it had been addressed impartially to a trio) and replied with his own 3-way missive. We had some correspondence and got along OK; I read his first novel and did a review of it for his next issue--which has not yet appeared. SANDWORM's Vardeman selected the negative portions of my letter, again taking it personally, inserted editorial comments





challenging me to identify anywhere that he had criticized DV or solicited me for comment (he should read his own fanzine!); it seems that humor wasn't so funny when directed at Vardeman himself. Next issue ran letters from fans telling me what a beast I was; the quotation near the opening of this column is one such, by Roy Tackett. Roy had read Chthon and liked it, but figured that was the only novel I had done. Typical! I am left with a certain curiosity why he writes to fanzines, if not as a favor. As punishment? Bob Tucker, who apparently hadn't bothered to read the whole of even that biased fragment of my letter printed, decided I was just angry and impatient. OK, Tucker, an answer for you, and a challenge: you had some wild talent nigh thirty years ago before you settled down to a long loud silence, professionally. Now you seem to feel that those who are trying to make good in today's more competitive market are impatient. How's the water, lately? Published any new stories or novels, these past few years? If you wish to joust with the newcomers, how about doing it where it counts--or are you content merely to snipe from the anonymous security of an apa? I have sold a no-holds-barred story to Again, Dangerous Visions; why don't you prove you can match me by doing the same? I'm sure Harlan Ellison will be happy to entertain a submission from you, and that fans will be interested to see how your current fiction stacks up against that of the author of "a handful of mediocre short stories."

As for you, Vardeman-- you are very clever, and I commend your spirit--but why don't you make your cases on valid issues, rather than by cuts and irrelevancies and cleverly inserted typos? I would think you would value integrity more than a seeming vindication of a mistaken point...

And yet the fanzine parade continued. I wrote to the distaff editors of GRANFALLOON expressing my problem, and had this reply: "Well, here I am sending you another copy of GRANFALLOON, even after your pitifully pleading letter lastish ...you poor thing..." And she asked for a contribution. What could I do? I threatened her with a spanking and sent her a story. I contributed to SPECULATION after I received an airmailed copy from England. I wrote a letter to ARIOCH! I wrote to the Canadian KEVAS & TRILLIUM with some cartoon suggestions ( and never heard from it again--say, that trio took me at my word! Can it be true?); I sent please-drop-me notices to TRUMPET and ODD and NYARLTHOTEP and NARGOTHROND and SYZYGY and ID and A BLEEDING ROSE and WRR and TANSTAAFL and CRY, sent a compliment to THE VINEGAR WORM, regretfully begged off further copies of QUARK and WARHOON, never quite did answer ICENI or BUDJA-BUDJA or THE NEW MILLENIAL HARBINGER (because I don't know the postage to Australia) or DMSFF or GOLUX or MATHOM...and so it goes. Somewhere in there BEABOHEMA got to me, and here I am contributing to it...but brother, there has to be a limit. I am working on a sequel to Omnivore, and it is two months behind.

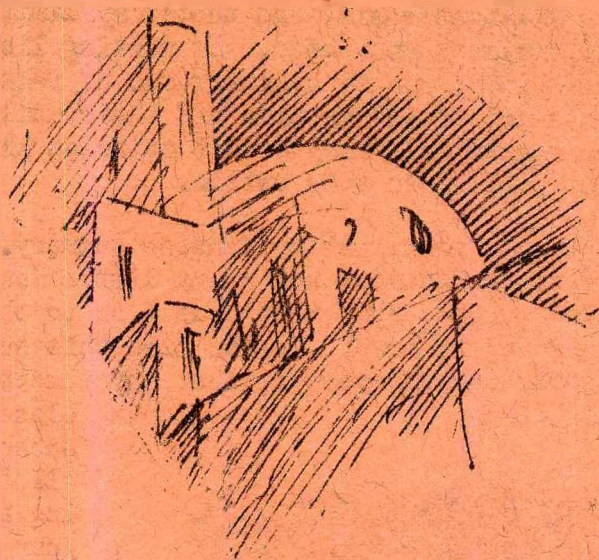


Here, then, is my current fanzine list, the ones I will receive without a scowl. They are not necessarily the best, but for one reason or another have gotten their hooks into me for the duration. This is not a fanzine review column (look elsewhere in the issue for that) so don't expect anything very useful.

\*\*SF REVIEW--formerly PSYCHOTIC, and the liveliest creature around today. This appears to be the one place that a number of pro writers will write to. If you figure I'm ornery, read this fanzine and



realize that a number of your favorites have sharper typers than I do. (Actually, when the few, such as Spinrad, White, Ellison, Koontz and, yes, Anthony who do write to the less prestigious fanzines get lambasted the way they do there--is it any wonder that the great majority of pros simply ignore fanzines? He who throws away a fanzine unread continues to be a great guy; he who writes frankly to the faned is either idolized or castigated. I feel that the greatest respect is all too often meted out to the most arrogant...if the fans but knew it.) Anyway, this one is a must for anybody.



\*\*SHANGRI L'AFFAIRS--I thought this was going to be a local Los Angeles type publication, but it became apparent that it had emerged thoroughly from its gafia. I stand in awe of the 1968 Christmas art supplement, and SHAGGY is also a good entertaining general publication.

\*\*ALGOL--Here we have a faned who is arrogant as hell, but he does a good job and the thing is well worth reading.

\*\*SPECULATION--British, and about the best review fanzine I've seen. Some fanzines get a little too involved in the minutiae of the contributor's thought processes--I mention WARHOON--but SPEC seems generally to have both penetration and dispatch. (I never saw the-- I understand--recently defunct AUSTRALIAN SF REVIEW, and for all I know it was better on reviews.)

\*\*NIEKAS--This now comes out once or twice a year, a hundred pages at a time, and the nominal editors are only loosely connected with it. Of greatest interest to Tolkien and childrens' book fans; about the only jarring notes are my own occasional contributions.

\*\*Y---O--Another arrogant faned who prefers anonymity. Since my problem is similar, needs I must honor his.

\*\*PEGASUS--This, unlike the forgoing entries, is a little name production. Joanne Burger runs a regular listing of SF novels published, and this is about the only place I know where such information is handy. Some of the newszines do it, to be sure, but this is alphabetical by author. I understand she also plans to run the transcript of my chat with the Houston SF club, so what can I do but subscribe? ODD may be more sophisticated, but I happen to like PEG, is all; leave me my foibles, huh?

\*\*LOCUS--A frequent newszine and I like it.

\*\*SF TIMES--A larger, fancier newszine and I don't like it.

\*\*BEABOHEMA--This is yet another arrogant editor with a marginal production. You can tell which writers he likes because he pans them. Leo Kelley runs a halfway decent column (so why aren't you reading it now?) and the cartoons are insidious. This is where the action is not at...yet.



OK--that's six, and that's my limit. If your count of the asterisks doesn't jibe, so soak your head. My waiting list is down to one, at the moment. This is GRANFALLOON, run by a klutzy duo of femmes. I have been waging a battle for several issues not to get my name off their mailing list, but these gals have sex appeal. Know something? They aren't quite as klutzy as they would have you believe; I fear I will lose this battle.

That, then, was my fanzine summary. What about all those deserving and undeserving productions not on my list? How do I stop them from descending on me in continued masses, sympathetic as I am to their cause? Well, I have a secret weapon. I am going to move. By the time this sees print, my St. Petersburg address will be no good, and chances are that any fanzines sent here will wind up as dead third-



class mail, since I understand the post office doesn't forward such. I therefore suggest with all the respect I can muster that all you slaver-ing faneds out there cease and desist from wasting your postage. If you have somewhat to say to me, you may address it to this column, c/o BEABOHEMA, and Frank Lunney will open such mail and run selections in the magazine. If you threaten him forcefully enough he may let me see some of it, and then I'll pull the tender wings off it in this column. Only rarely and capriciously will I reply directly, henceforth. This, I fear, is the only way to protect my time without pulling up stakes entirely; it is a desperation measure that had better work, for beyond it lies only the garbage can. The fanzines on my list will be notified of my new address, of course; that's their cross. I'll probably answer points raised in those other magazines, but if you pick up my address from any bastard that chooses to run it (Geis is one such, I'm sure), be advised that I still won't feel any great compulsion to reply.

This, I suspect, has been a more-than-adequate introduction to me; in future I will be going on to other matters not necessarily related to science fiction. If, having met me here, you conclude along with Mr. Tackett that you don't much like me, you have my sympathies. I liked ASF for years--my collection is complete back to 1945--then I read one of its editorials. Ouch! I simply had to divorce the editorial personality from the magazine's fiction, and you may find it easier to do something similar for me. At any rate, right here is where you find me, if you (ugh) want me. How's that for candor?

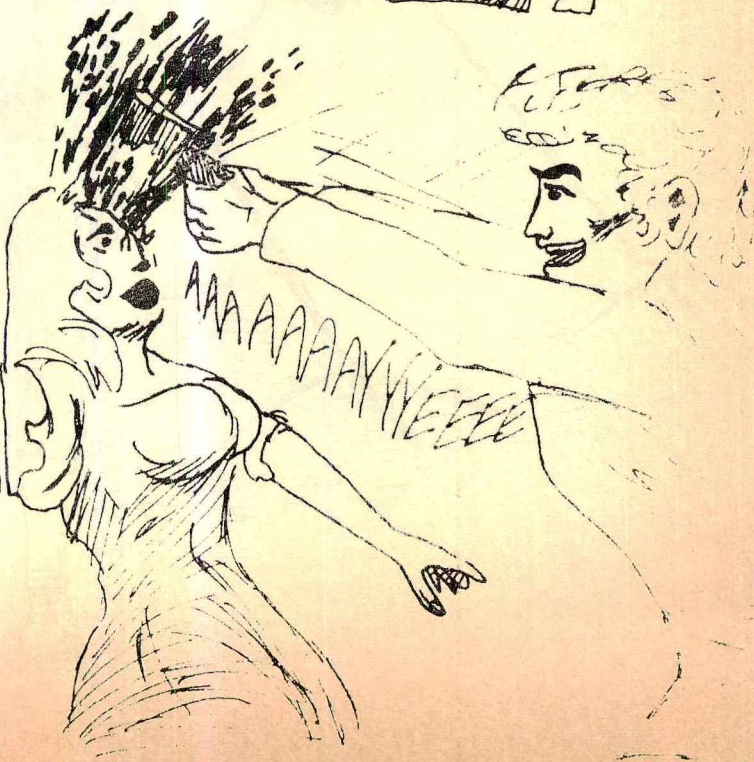
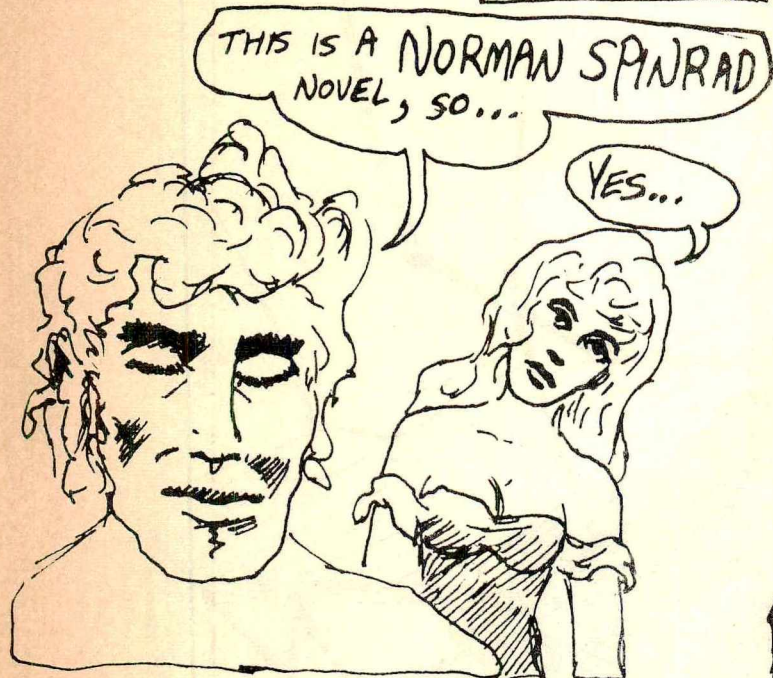
In conclusion, I quote in its entirety a postcard received from another perspicacious fan, Ted Pauls: "Congratulations! You have been voted 'The Best Piers Anthony of 1968.' Anytime you're in Tecumseh Springs, Missouri, drop into Elmer's Saddle Shop and pick up your plaque."

Ah, Ted, but wait until you see the '69 model....

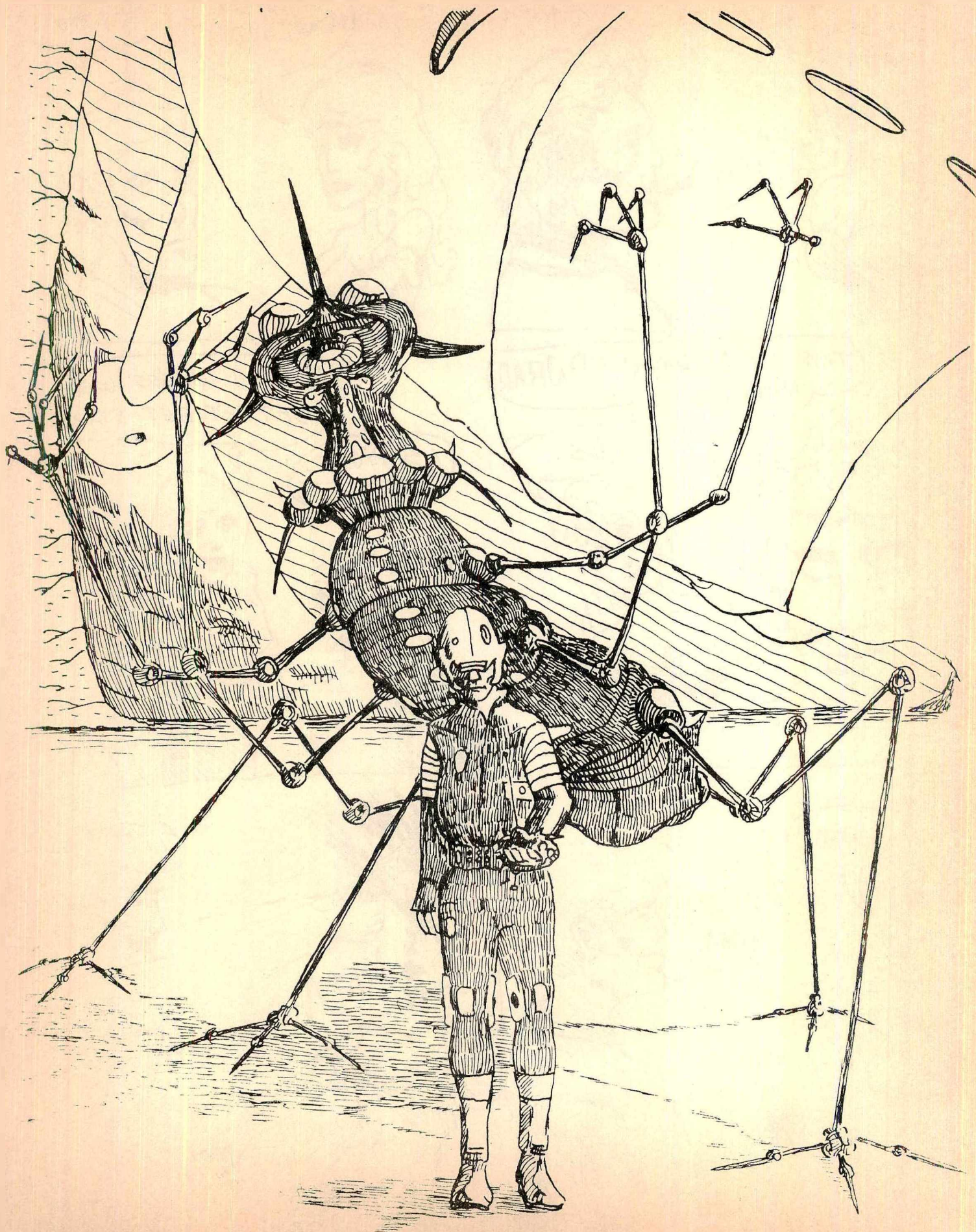
I am the central monarch of  
All I survey.  
The cot, the bowl, and  
The subject rats give my  
Domain more splendor than the kings

-----Raki











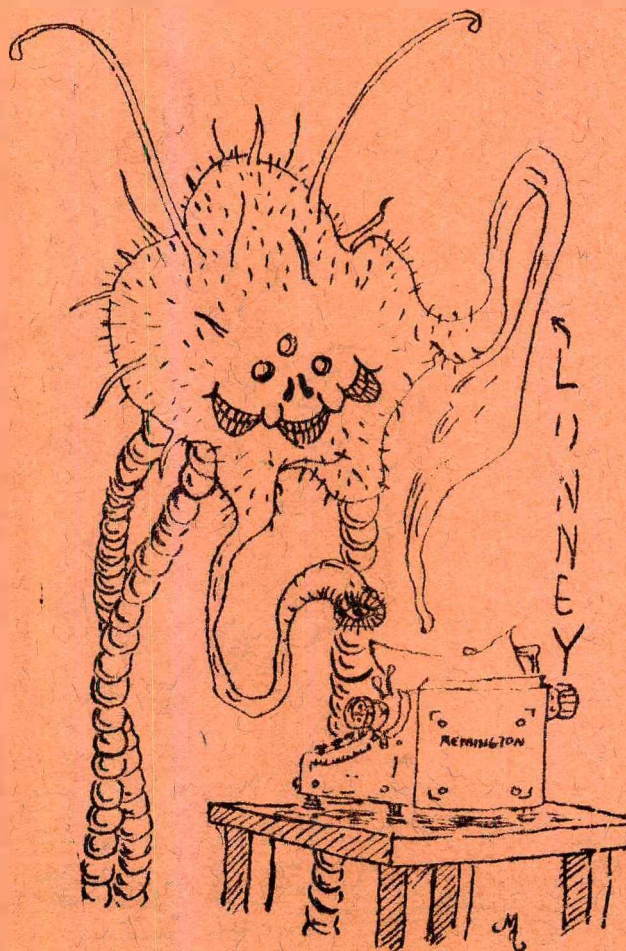
# first impressions of fandom

BY DALE A. GOBLE, JR.

Hey out there, pay attention! I'm talking to you delving through stacks of musty books in the back of some nameless bookstore (did you ever notice how the science fiction section is always in the back, usually in the darker corners of bookstores?), and you cranking the mimeo (998 clank, 999 clank, 1000 clank), and you behind the enormous stack of fanzines and backlog correspondence moaning about having no time to read, and you receiving your Book Club editions in the plain brown wrappers. You are fandom. So what? you say. You know you are fandom, The Chosen, but did you ever wonder what you look like to an outside world?

How about a glimpse of your image from the eyes of a brand new neofan? After ten years of enjoying The Literature in paranoid seclusion, I am finally starting to contact fandom, and certain things come blaring out of the confusion that is beginning to trickle into my mailbox; some impressions of what is happening out there.

Take for instance some of the people in fandom, since fandom is people. As I sit here in the relative security of Suburban Sacramento and gaze benignly out at the world of fandom, the mist clears in certain areas to reveal some of the towering (relatively) figures of our chosen field of madness. Down here to my right looms the ever ominous figure of Harlan Ellison. It is rather hard to picture Ellison as looming; that's just a figure of speech. Ellison brings to mind many questions. Like, why? And how? And really? Can this conceivably be the Ghod-image of all fandom? Is this idol of our worship a bitter, dirty-mouthed, free-wheeling egomaniac with visions of sexual fantasy coursing through his brain? You bet your autographed copy of Dangerous Visions it is! We all want to be like him; to awe everyone with our greatness; to bring fear to the hearts of honest writers; to have such an image that the ravings we scream are accepted as unconquerable; to be able to scoff at talent and truth because ego wins out every





time. The tongue is mightier than the sword, especially if it is sharper.

Speaking of ego, way over in the corner of my fog-map, the clouded fogure of the institution called Frank Lunney emerges. Now I have heard many descriptions of The Quakertown Flash, among them The Greatest Teenage Con-man in the world, and he describes himself as his generations answer to Clark Gable, Errol Flynn, Tom Mix, James Bond and Captain America; the best little league pitcher in 500 years; a superb art critic and editor extraordinaire. Despite his claims to such outstanding physical prowess, I know him to be a gigantic mass of intangible ego, equipped with three self-satisfied smiles and one semi-tangible pseudopod for manipulating a typer.

Another figure raises a stubby, much battered crayon through the poisonous mass of crud covering New York, the state. Yes, here emerges Jack Gaughan, surrounded by used crayolas and reams of inksplotched paper. His genius has got to be appreciated; he has, through mass production of his stuff, brainwashed fandom into believing he has talent, and fandom has convinced the pro publishers that this is what

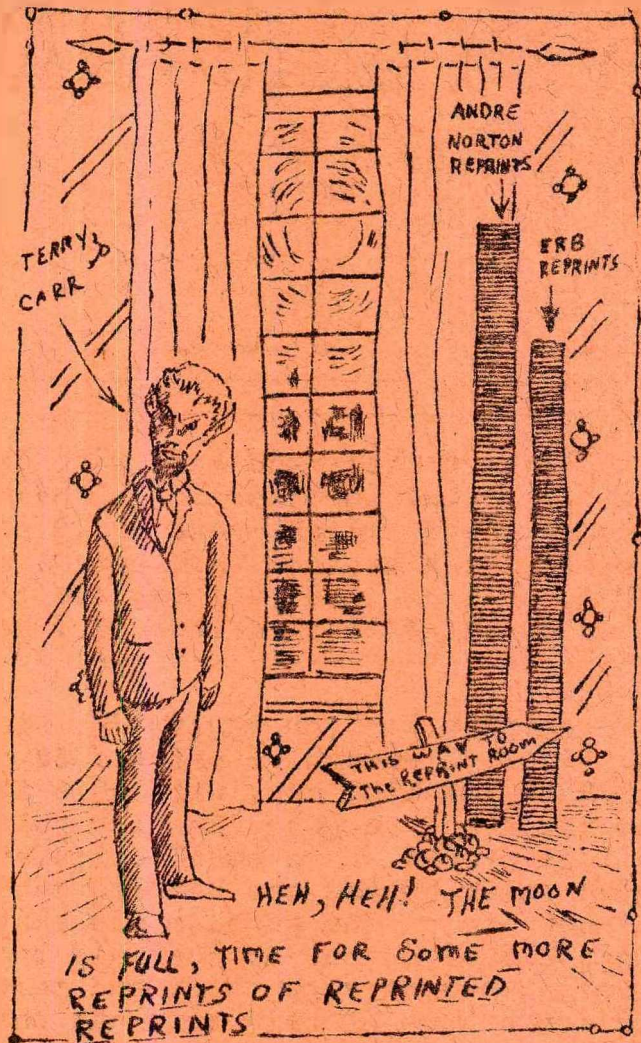




they want to see. By being so damnably prolific, he has befuddled the senses of fandom to such a degree that they confuse availability and quantity with quality when it comes to artwork. There are still in existence some few areas of sanity, but they are slowly being crushed by the Jack Gaughan machine.

Arising from the same general area we also find the meanest man in all of science fiction, the deceptively pleasant-seeming Terry Carr. He is really an enigma, beneath his polite and clean-cut exterior visage beats the black heart that has published six different editions of Jules Verne's Journey to the Center of the Earth, all identical except for the number and price; sixteen quintillion reprints of Andre Norton's stories; and other such greats as Jeff Sutton's stories and the Professor Jameson series. What terrible experience could have warped this fine young man to such a degree?

There are also great and lengthy discussions on what is the difference between fantasy and science fiction. I can't give you a definition, but I can give you an example. When Isaac Asimov writes a robot story, that is science fiction. When John W. Campbell calmly tells the Baycon that he doesn't shape the policy of his magazine, that is fantasy! There are others, like the arguments that good fanzines should look bad and good looking fanzines are basically bad, and the debate and name calling over Ted White's explanations of Everything, and many more, but perhaps they would be put to better use in another article (read: payment for another fanzine), so I shall close. So, fandom, this is how you come on to an outsider, and I can hardly wait to be absorbed.



I am a child  
Crawling on the floor  
Of earth and hoping  
That I might be allowed to  
Touch the stars before I die.

My mother is dead,  
Yet you say you've given  
Me a motherland.  
Will the motherland suckle my sister  
Or kiss away my nightmares?

I have driven the child  
Of a peaceful slave to kill.  
For I have turned him  
From my door hungry  
And dishonored.

--Raki



# FANDOM'S VOCAL POINT

BY AL  
SNIDER

Fanzines to be reviewed  
here should be sent to:

Al Snider, Box 2319, Brown  
Station, Providence, RI 02912.

Fanzines reviewed here will be those I find to be interesting and of general importance to Fandom. As such, I usually will review good fanzines, which means my 10 pt. rating system will come out with a pretty high average. My reviews are generally pretty lengthy, and I try to do more than just say the zine is good -- I try to talk about it as an artistic creation. *If I get carried away, bear with me.*

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SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW 28: Richard E. Geis, Box 3116, Santa Monica Ca. 90403; bi-monthly; offset; 50 cents, \$3 per year; contribs, LoCs. ¶ SFR [PSYCHOTIC] has, with this issue, undertaken a major change in its style and purpose. As Dick points out in his Editorial, he had an idea of PSY as a small-circulation personal-zine, but this soon ended as it became the battleground of the pros and a marketplace for new ideas. The problem was that he could make more money writing professionally than it cost him to crank, staple, and assemble a large number of very thick and meaty issues of PSY. Thus, the purpose and appearance of this zine has changed. However, the relative worth of the fanzine is unchanged. Dick remains his same old interesting self, and of course, the battles still go on throughout the zine. I am sad to see PSY leave us as a fanzine, but we shall always remember it kindly, and now we have SFR to successfully fill the gap. 9

QUIP 10: Arnie Katz, Apartment 3-J, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, NY 11201; bi-monthly; mimeo; 50 cents, no subs; contribs, LoCs, trade, etc. ¶ QUIP has, in my opinion, declined in quality since Arnie began to publish it regularly and with a smaller ToC. Sure, the old QUIP was often too long between issues, but it was very meaty and in most instances very good. However, now I'm sure it is easier to keep a regular reading audience and a better supply of material, but one has to make the decision on which is better. Most likely Arnie has made the best decision. There are three very good parts to the current QUIP line-up. The first are the excellent covers by Ross Chamberlain. The second are those things that Harry Warner throws into his feature "All Our Yesterdays". This column never ceases to amaze me, and this issue Harry does a great job on examining the Cosmic Circle of the early 40's. An outstanding job that Harry Warner deserves praise for. The third element is Benford's Fanzine review column. He does an outstanding job here, and in many cases has provided the lucid examina-



tion of fanzines that I only wish I could give. This issue Benford examines BEABONEMA, ODD, and WARHOON. The thing I like about Benford is that he sums up everything he has been trying to say at the end of his column. For example, here he concludes that what he was looking at was how these zines form their total impression, their gestalt, and whether or not it really works. A good job done. The one thing about QUIP which has bothered me for some time is its lack of real lettercol. I mean, QUIP has always been a good zine, and one would suspect that a good zine would get nice, long, juicy letters. However, either Arnie doesn't get enough letters, or else edits them to pieces and throws the rest away. I think the latter might be true, since I sometimes think Arnie is trying to prove too much with his work. After all, a few fuggheads in a lettercol usually provide someone next time to jump on them. If this process goes on, before you know it you have a 1. good running battle going on in your lettercol, or 2. a decent conversation that will be self-perpetrating. 7

TOMORROW AND...3; Jerry Lapidus & Mike Bradley, 5400 Harper, Apt. 1204, Chicago, Ill. 60637. 8 per year; offset; 50 cents, 8/\$3.50; contrib, LoC, trade. ¶ This zine strikes me as having a lot of promise, if it can keep going. The problem with enthusiastic young fans [like myself, perhaps] wanting to publish a large circulation offset fanzine is that they simply can't keep it up because of time and money. In the first place they usually have college and/or work to keep them occupied, and in the second place they aren't financially independent enough to publish on a large scale for any length of time. However, going beyond that, let's look at the contents. We can throw out the fiction, the poetry by Michael Jensen and Harriet Kolchak, and the reviews of 2001. I ignore the latter because I'm getting very tired of reading things about that movie. It seems like when a fanzine editor needs something to talk about 2001 just pops up. I liked it too, but c'mon now, fellas. That's going a bit far, don't you think? In the editorial by Lapidus one finds it very irritating that some wise-guy keeps sticking in comments. I mean, in many cases Lapidus has a hard time keeping his thoughts together [at least here] and the invisible censor sure doesn't help things any. Lapidus finally gets around the "Goshwowphboyohboy! Offset! Ain't it beautiful!" stage and starts talking, which is nice. I stopped reading editorials about "our next issue should be out in..." a long time ago, since a promise from a FanEd is about as good as PO service. I usually believe them when the next issue arrives. And while on the subject of offset, I think Mike and Jerry are of the conviction that offset is going to solve many of their problems. However, a zine reads the same, offset or mimeo. The content is the important thing, and granted you can do a lot more lay-out wise with offset, you have to use this potential before you can fully realize it. That's one of the major lacks of TOMORROW AND... lay-out. In a couple of cases they end up using photo-type for their headings, but surely not often enough. The Gilbert artwork is used very well, and that because it is very good stuff, but much of the rest of the artwork is left alone.....I mean, not placed where it will do the most good. I'll admit that this is a very hard job, I can't do it myself, but I think Mike and Jerry, to be successful, will just have to learn the trade from scratch. Lapidus does-in the BAYCON once again, but having read his comments about Donaho and Rogers in the



Cult more than I like to remember, I'll pass this subject up, just saying that it, too, has been talked up a bit much. Mike offers a small editorial that lacks much sparkle, and deals with the usual "next issue we will....we will publish on..." and all those other lies we all know that every FanEd tells. He ends up his one-page sojourn by mentioning the need for cohesion in Great Lakes Fandom. I will mention here that as far as I know Fandom there is rather limited, and by my estimation the major center would be Minnesota, rather than Chicago....but that leaves out Ohio totally. Okay, now that I have hit both editorials with criticism on content, I guess I should justify my stand. I think an editorial has to be something other than "Boy this was fun, and in our next issue..." since that is about as interesting as reading the only Doc Savage book you haven't already read. What is needed is an attempt at discussion. I think that Mike could have turned his editorial into something well worth saying and deserving more space. If he had continued his line of logic, talked about the need for communication between the separated groups, and tied in his Chicago bid with it, then it would have been worth reading. I think the major advantage of fanzines over prozines is that they can get the readers involved. Readers can write letters to the zine, and send contribs as well. A good editorial will mobilize conversation to the extent that readers will start writing letters that say, "Let me say a few things about your editorial..." instead of the usual, "I enjoyed FANZINE so much because it is pretty and...". As far as I'm concerned substance is the all important factor. An editorial creates a situation where substantive conversations can begin. Now, Geis gets away with just writing funny editorials because he has people fighting among themselves in the lettercol, and he can display a better set of contribs than most fanzines. However, the average FanEd has got to try and start his own conversation, and I think this is very true of TOMORROW AND..., since the only real piece of disagreement will center around Jerry's BAYCON piece, and even there that's a long way in the past. Frank Lunney wrote to me and said that this criticism was untrue because he thought most FanEds [and he cited himself as an example] really couldn't write a flashy editorial, and so they just put together other people's work so that they could say something. An interesting point of analysis here is that Mike, in TOMORROW AND... has surely proven that he can write good stuff, since his work on Heinlein in #2 was quite good, and his work on John Campbell and ANALOG this issue is also enjoyable. The point is that intelligence and editorial writing simply have to be paired together. If that happens, the result for the zine can be very beneficial. 6

HOOP 4: Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St. NE, Minneapolis, Minnesota, 55418; 5 per year; 25 cents, 35 cents mailed, 5/\$1; contribs, LoC, trade. ¶ HOOP has come a long way [as I think Jim Young has] since I first had contact with him. I was still in Los Angeles when he started to send some of his stuff through ValAPA. I was supposed to contrib to HOOP 1, but in my usual style never got around to it. Now, however, I think HOOP is very much worth taking the time to write either a LoC or a contrib. The major thing that HOOP has going for it is the style in which it is presented. I would say that Jim publishes the best ditto fanzine today, and also publishes the most personalized I have



read in a long while. Most of the issues are light, full of humor, and very interesting to read. This issue is overshadowed by the death of Jim's father, but even in the face of that terrible experience Jim shows his creativity in many facets. Jim is an artist who is getting better all the time, and when he teams up with Ken Fletcher, who I think is very, very good, they make an excellent cartooning team. I would imagine that fandom is going to need some cartoonists for the future, since Rotsler and Bjo do seem to have slacked off a lot in the last several years. Sure, Johnny Berry is around, but to my knowledge he lacks some of the basic artistic quality that seems to be showing up in Young and Fletcher. If they could get a little more print time in major genzines, I think a lot more people would start believing it. Nate Bucklin has an interesting column this time, as does Kusske and Fred Haskell. En toto I would say HOOP is very much worth reading, and besides that offers a good insight to several young fans who I would say have a good shot at being the big name fanzine men of the future [but don't hold your breath]. 6

THE WSFA JOURNAL 63: Donald L. Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md., 20906; monthly; 3/\$1, 7/\$2, 12/\$3; LoC, contrib, trade, review, etc. I think THE WSFA JOURNAL has several things going for it and several against it. First, it has a rather cold lay-out and attitude towards sending out issues that can hurt a fanzine if it wants to be a "big friendly meeting-place". Second, it can have a seeming stagnation of people in it. However, it also has several advantages that can help one to overlook seemingly cold administration, such as the warm content demonstrated this issue by Vardeman, Alexis Gilliland, and a folksong by David Halterman. Bob Vardeman presents us with his usual sparkling wit in a future talk with a postmaster. That scene is done well, and another tribute to the fine work Vardeman has been doing lately. Alexis Gilliland proves himself to be a much better artist here than anywhere else I have seen his material. In most cases his illustrations tend to be stereotyped and bland, but in this issue he has brought forward some very entertaining little items that would suggest, at least to me, that his talent has been underestimated. A feature by Thomas Burnett Swann this issue is very much worth reading, if you happen to be the serious and constructive type. I'm not, but then I'm sure that if I happened to have the time the analysis indicated here would be well worth thinking about. Gilliland can also write well, even though he keeps himself out of this issue for some reason. His little chunks of humor are always good, and I think Don should play them up a little more in THE WSFA JOURNAL. It certainly would help. One thing you can say about this zine, though, it's dependable. Not totally so, but at least more so than most fanzines. Maybe not worth spending all that money for, but it's certainly well worth reading. 6

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Next issue I'm going to try to start dealing with one aspect of fanzines at a time. This installment was more of an introduction than anything else. I tend to review very few fanzines, but almost all of the ones I do review are well worth reading. I don't think fanzines can serve as Fandom's focal point, since people are that, rather they serve as its "vocal" point. And to me that's rather important.

-Al Snider



# Turnip Country

## BOOK REVIEWS

### The Ring by Piers Anthony and Robert E. Margroff

Should a writer set out on a previously blazed trail, it is not unreasonable to expect his pushing beyond the last of the line, or charting his own course through the wilderness: no one will sing Hosanna if someone writing about, say, totalitarianism gets no further than Kcestler, or if two genre writers, having authored "A powerful novel of tomorrow...with meaning for today," use twice the length to reach barely half the conclusions of a mainstream dilettante--all this applies to The Ring by Piers Anthony and Robert E. Margroff.

Like its literary counterpart, A Clockwork Orange by Anthony Burgess (1962), The Ring is a novel of punishment and endurance. However, there ends the resemblance. Whereas The Ring is stuffed into the oldest of literary iron maidens: vengeance, endurance and triumph, the Burgess work just faintly emphasized the last two points. In the mainstream work, a totally nasty, totally obnoxious juvenile delinquent is "cured" (sic) by the equally nasty, equally obnoxious "Ludovico Technique," i.e. conditioning him to turn totally sick at the mere thought of violence:

"He will be your true Christian...ready to turn the other cheek, ready to be crucified rather than crucify, sick to the very heart at the thought of even killing a fly."

The protagonist, set free, finds his society mirroring his own crimes, everywhere finding a "tolchok in the litso.\*" In the end, the only reason his conditioning is broken because of the State, being no damn good, needs men of violence--not out of pity or compassion, not because they're wrong or because he learned his lesson.

Were the "Ludovico Technique" more gadgety, it would be indistinguishable from the ring: a disk inserted into the middle finger or big toe to shock the criminal, or boat rocker, should he think or act wrongly. However, this too has its drawbacks--"wrong" being any deviation from the norm of Ultra Conscience, "the presumptive ideal for current society." And though current society may include registered prostitutes, queers and employees of Vice, Inc., with popular pastimes of Black Sabbats, "somethin' a little hotter," and drugs that render any part of the body an orgasm, the ideal still shackles. Moreover, the tritest law becomes inflexible, even if a life hangs in the balance, e.g. no trespassing to rescue a drowning child in an off-limits lake.

The innocent thrust into this milieu is ex-spaceman Geoffrey (Jeff) Font. Recently returned to Earth--thanks to a mysterious benefactor--Font is out to avenge his family against the rich and powerful man who framed them, causing their subsequent deaths in space-exile. Having failed to use Pamela, McKissic's daughter as an emotional lever, the wronged man's son is caught, tried and ringed.

At this point the novel reaches a decisive fork, it could, like Burgess, consign the hero to the lowest circles in hell and pinpoint the origins in today's

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\*--Robert A. Heinlein, please note and compare Burgess' use of Russian to your in The Moon is a Harsh Mistress, then hang your head in shame.





world, showing the utter sickness and corruption of society; or just skim the surface, claiming sanctuary in the oldest literary corset: endurance/triumph--"Parsifal will attain the Grail for his cause is just." Following the second, much safer, yellow brick road, the authors lead Font from a skirmish with some nasty juvenile delinquents to the safety of McKissic's firm, General Gyromotors.

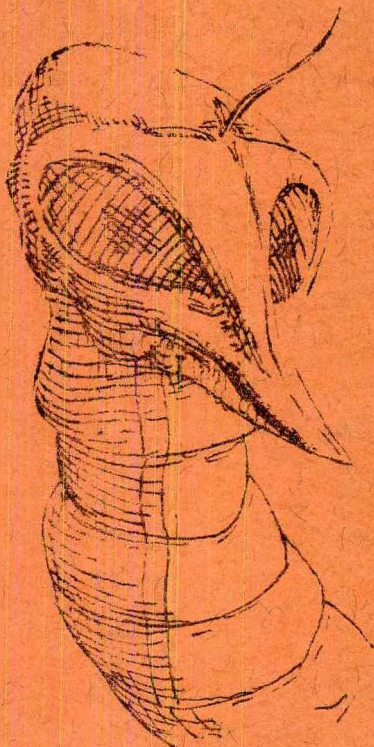
Within that den of ringers Font finds a Pure Woman who faithfully follows him through the storm:

".....she saw Jeff flinch, not from the knife blow but from the shock of the ring. She knew what it was like. She was amazed he had done as much as he did..."

"'Jeff!' It was Alice, leaning toward him from a chair beside his bed..."

"Destroyed! 'No!' she cried. 'What about Jeff--the driver?'"





"Had Jeff dies in the crash? Alice forgot her own discomfort in her anxiety for him ..."

even daring the deadlier soap box preachments on the ring:

"...Do you think I always follow the rules that have been laid down for me?...If I did that I would have precipitated a new spacewar or two and gotten my crew killed or executed a score of times. Individual judgment is what counts, not the law of Moses."

"...A ringer is guilty; he has committed a crime and been convicted. So he should be the one who--"

that alternates with McKissic's pangs of conscience:

"...Geoffrey Font Senior was framed, just as the boy believes..."

Geoffrey Font Senior was an innocent man..."

"...Jeff, also, in a more devious manner was framed. Since he is the survivor, I am doing what I can to help him..."

sandwiched in between glimpses of the denizens of the feral Gunnartown (the ringing of anyone of whom would have really produced an acerbic story a la Alec):

"...He grabbed a quart of beer--at least he still had some of that--from the top shelf, opened it at the sink and gurgled noisily. The fluid ran over his heavy jowls and onto his dirty T-shirt."

"...Her clapped but gentle hand slid over his forehead and began smoothing it the way he liked it..."

After three chapters of this, the book starts parroting itself, the only distinction between divisions becomes the degree of torture or passion, the length of discourses on the ring, the depths of McKissic's remorse and variations in revenge/get rich schemes. Eventually, even the authors tire, seek refuge in the cast-iron corset, and things pick up: Font gets de-ringed, an orgasm drug gets sprayed on McKissic's head, the judge who sentenced Jeff mounts a soap box and reads from Brian W. Aldiss's "Total Environment" (Galaxy, February, 1968), and--Gasp!--we learn why McKissic framed Font, Sr., why he tried to keep Jeff away from Pamela, and why he cared for Jeff.

The last two answers in particular fall flat, having been obvious from Jeff's first encounter with Alice. As in Anthony's two previous titles, the hero is involved with two women: one willing and available, the other taboo. If the latter was his mother in Chthon and his best friend's wife in Sos the Rope, Pamela McKissic must be---. (Now if I were a Freudian...) Even unfamiliarity with those titles doesn't hide the secret: who was the mysterious benefactor? or "I hear the

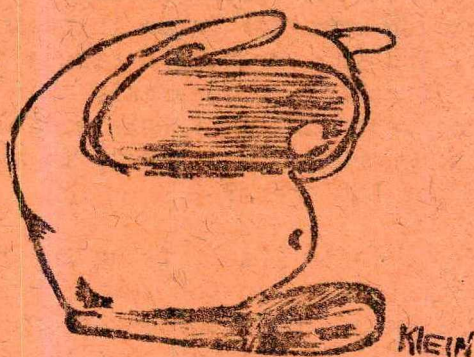


ringer's mother, Rhonda Font was a handsome article. You knew her pretty well ...." Still the point is blunt. If, as the authors suggest, the sexual revolution goes as far as the book pictures, the Pamela McKissic/Jeff Font factor will have crumbled a long time ago. Even if it doesn't, one of the Scandinavian countries is already out to legalize the marriage of brothers and sisters (re: Playboy).

Aren't two writers strong enough to break the iron girdle, especially when the triumphs of so many Parsifals have worn so many holes in it?

Stick to A Clockwork Orange.

--Faith Lincoln



### The Touch by Daniel F. Keyes

"Apart from causing some fifty thousand deaths, the first atomic bomb has much to answer for. It not only blew up Hiroshima. It also blew up the egos of some of our scientists to a remarkable size\*." Had Uncle Charles been but aware of our microcosm, he may have added, "It blew up the number of science fiction magazines, and filled them with tales of atomic doom, terrible mutants, the big bad nuclear reactor on the hill, ad nauseum."

Today, nearly a quarter of a century later, quite a few of these themes have met their fate at the hands of capable writers, and eventually got picked dry by lesser hands. Still, some scavengers can prow around the skeleton and, being unable to find a trace of meat, grind off pieces of bone from here and there to pass off as flesh. Yet this "flesh" can be turned into just one thing: soap. No shock, just soap. Did I say no shock? I'm sorry, there is one: the unlikely carrion eater is Daniel F. Keyes with his new novel, The Touch (Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc., New York, \$4.75).

Keyes' previous novel, Flowers for Algernon, provided ample evidence that a book could satisfy critical demands from all quarters and proudly strut the line between sci-fi and the mainstream. Now, the author has crossed the Rubicon into the latter territory, though his shadow still brushes the other bank--even if, ever so slightly.



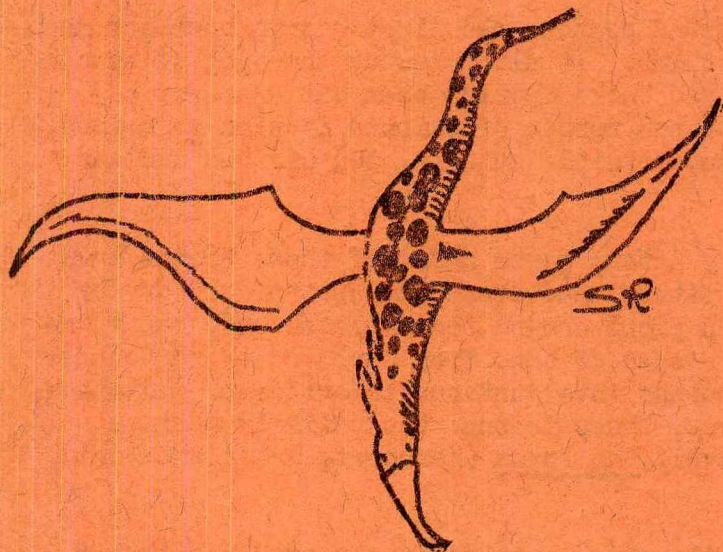
The once science fictional plot deals with two typical residents of Elgin City, Michigan: Barney and Karen Stark. The husband, a clay-model maker at National Motors, picks up a trace of radioactive dust from a chance encounter with an accidentally exposed co-worker. Three weeks are allowed to elapse before Tracer Control gets to decontaminating them. When the neighbors discover this, they

\*--Nigel Balchin



become understandably hostile ("Would you want a radioactive couple to live next door?"). But this pretty well dies down. After the town is scoured clean, the real problem emerges: Karen is pregnant, the radioactivity has made them both sterile, and they greatly desire a child, even if it is a caricature of the children of Hiroshima or Nagasaki. But the reactions of the townspeople toward this are uncomprehensible: if this were the first, of the--or among the first of--mutants, panic is understandable. But, in a generation of thalidomide babies, or the children of the LSD users?

Now, this in itself is an insufficient gimmick for carrying a novel, so it's about time to drag in the town's hostility again: a newspaper gets wind of their exposure, which leads to obscene phone calls, threats and "We don't want your kind around here." To further complicate things, the Starks get a visitor: Myra-- Karen's sister, once the object of Barney's lusts (Yum! Yum!). All the while, Barney is working on a sculpture to show the abomination his wife may bear.



Myra now leads Barney to a church dedicated to ugliness and pain, its parishioners being the survivors of Nazi death camps, ex-drunks, the survivors of A-bombs and all manner of misfits. Grotesqueness is fascinating, yet staring at a lunatic asylum is hardly enough to provide any more than a momentary distraction. So, it's high time to drag in the town's prejudice's again. A nationwide magazine, *NEWSLIFE*\*\* (surprise!), learns of the "radioactive man" and the rush is on. The book eventually culminates in Karen's giving premature birth, a dead child-- which means the author took the easy way out, rather than have the parents react over

having a different one in the family.

However, all is not lost. The sterile duo resolve to overcome their anguish and start anew, to adopt those children no one else wants, cripples like their's would have been: "We'll put things together and make a life," Barney might as well have said, "Come with me to Manipool. We'll visit the demons for Sunday tea." That, at least, would startle any surviving reader awake.

In one last great pathetic effort to wring out that last tear, the father surveys the dead embryo:

"...It had no arms or legs, merely stumps that ended at the shoulders and upper thighs... Of all the fetuses he had molded, he had never created one like that.."

---

\*\*--Allen Drury, stand up and cheer. You are not alone any more!



He obviously had never read Judith Merrill's "That Only A Mother."

As if that weren't bad enough, a handful of sure-fire cliches temper the plot, all of which could have been cut with no appreciable loss anywhere except in length: the father who disowns his child for changing the "good old family name"; the artist trying to complete his masterpiece before going blind; a sculpture straight out of D.H. Lawrence's *THE RAINBOW* ("Anna Victrix"); the hero's efforts at overcoming his sense of sexual inadequacy by toting a (penis substitute) gun and by committing adultery (Hoo boy! And I thought Norman Spinrad and Piers Anthony were something!); the family's fondest treasures contaminated by the radioactivity, and ruined by the decontaminating of Tracer Control...sob! sob!

However, that is only half the tragedy.

In *The Hugo Winners*, Isaac Asimov records that upon receiving his award "Daniel Keyes issued the immortal words: 'Listen, when you find out how I did it, let me know, will you? I want to do it again.'" His eagerness to duplicate his last feat easily accounts for the author's dragging in some scenes may have been left over from *Flowers for Algernon*, all flashbacks--the beating administered by his father after catching him masturbating; a bully working him over while his father watched--and just for the sake of variety, some rehashing--the whore about to be laid by Charlie Gordon/Barney Stark, when he panics at the last moment upon discovering her pregnant/clapped; the other woman, Fay/Tyra with whom the hero has an affair.

Since this book ranks up there with the definitive compendiums of tear-jerkers, may I offer a little advice on its reading (should you still be determined to wade through the prose): around page 87, when the story of the Starks' exposure starts to spread, switch to a rather similar scene in Robert Silverberg's *Thorns*--where Lona Kelvin's participation in the experiment leaks out to the public. The rewards will be considerable.

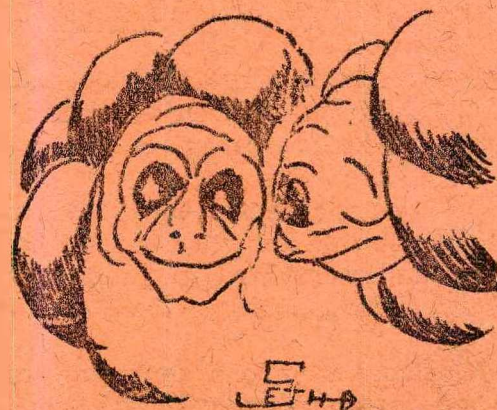
—Faith Lincoln

....And Offut Makes Three

In writing a short story, the author must differentiate between what determines a worthy story, a vignette and a mere joke. Arthur C. Clarke, in *Tales from the White Hart*, proved his mastery of the technique by the brevity of "themes--even good themes--that might have been strung out in ten or twenty thousand words." In one of these stories, "Armaments Race," Harry Purvis asks his compatriots:

"'...I wonder why we always are menaced by Mars? I suppose that man Wells started on it. One day we may have a big interplanetary libel action on our hands--unless we can prove that the Martians have been equally rude about us...'" (pg. 33)

That joke is funny in passing, but--in present form--not enough to carry a vignette. Maybe with some work... A dictum I wish Messrs. Andrew J. Offut and Frederik





Pohl had followed in respectively writing and buying "The Defendant Earth" for If, February 1969.

But since they didn't, here's the plot: a Martian lawyer, Lars Larkas (!)

("....His hairless humanoid body was, in point of fact, a very handsome olive color... He possessed the standard complement of two arms and two legs--but with a pair of intermediary limbs thrown in... His eyes--two--were set at the sides of his head--one--and moved independantly of each other, like those of an Earthly horse. The vertical slit of his, ah, nose and the nasty upcurving tusks resemble nothing I know of... His big cupped ears stuck out like those of a certain recent president...")

presents the peoples of Earth with a libel action--"In your periodicals, on your radio, on your television; in books of both stiff and soft cover, in conversation and drama and even poetry, you have designated the gentle inhabitants of this sun's fourth planet as every form of monster and imperialist invader." Reparations, to say the least, are very exacting: blot out the stereotype by depicting the natives of Barsoom as gentle and friendly, while presenting Earthmen only as foul fiends for as many years as the opposite was portrayed. Making this matter hairier, Earth will be blackballed from the Intrasystem Union, and not allowed to leave the planet without paying full recompense.

This situation presents enough potential for legal skuldruggery and courtroom finagling unimaginable since Manning Draco and the old Astounding "Space Lawyer," not that I mean to imply Offut is anywhere on a par with Nat Schachner, but since the situation is born in Clarke, it must die there. So one of the countersuits is spawned by the second part of the third sentence ("--unless we can prove that the Martians have been equally rude about us..."): "...the people of Mars have for several decades published and dramatically exhibited malevolent, etceteraetceteratetcetera ad M-finitum libel on the friendly people of this planet, by showing Earthmen as barbarous invaders and monsters attacking and displaying multiform and manifold attitudes of enmity toward the people of our great and respected sister-planet, Mars...in view of your suit it demonstrates your people's regrettable and barbaric lack of the civilized trait of fairness and justice."

The second countersuit ex machina springs from Lars' secretary Omilara Larkas whose fondness for imaginative writing and "weakness for Marker's Mark and branch water--tap water sufficed" spills the beans:

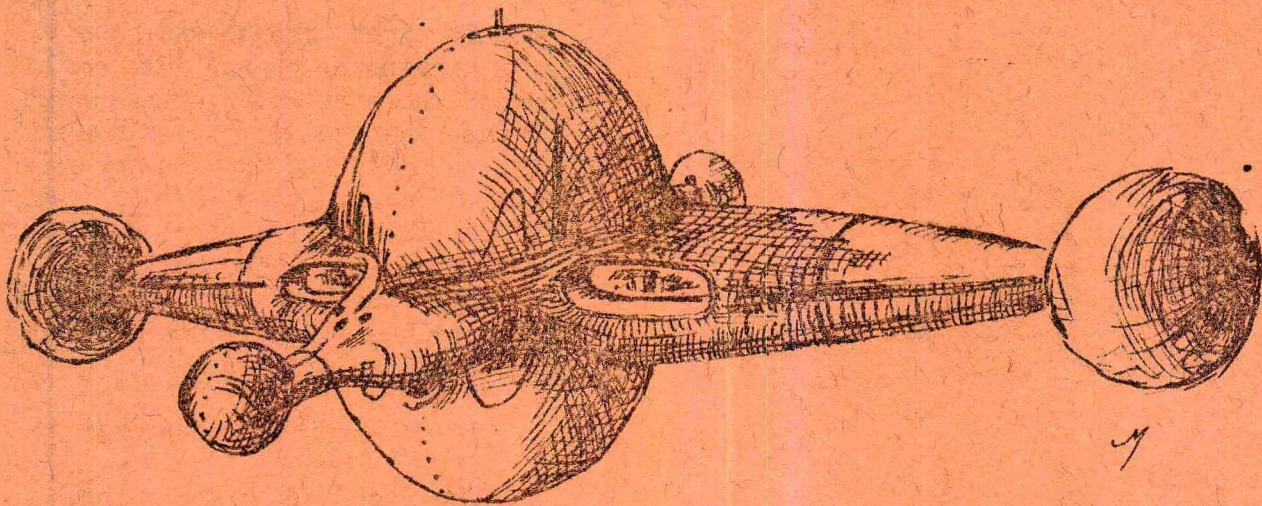
"'...You are an uncreative lot, aren't you? War of the Worlds by Tornos Bors indeed! Swordsman of Earth by Flans Pollans indeed! Menace of the Green Planet hmp! Your so-called writers have stolen and palmed off as their own all of our imaginative fiction, changing only the names to protect the Martians!"

"...I might....even go so far as to ask why your name bears such a strong resemblance to one invented by an Earth creator named Burroughs."

So Mars withdraws the suit and blackball, instigated only "to cover up decades, centuries of plagiarism, to keep us restricted to this planet." Following Earth's entry into the Union, the lawyer becomes the first interplanetary literary agent, selling sci-fi on Mars. Wonder if he'll peddle Clarke?

Fleshing that one sentence into a story is a bothersome task relying on a lot of description and incident to cover a bare, if not non-existent, plot. Offut takes the description way, resorting to page-after-page of snide and ir-





relevant remarks by his hero:

"Henry C. Layton was a so-so lawyer who was Attorney General of these United States because he campaigned successfully for President-then-Governor Barber, rounded up a sizeable campaign contribution and was from Barber's home town..."

"Just a minute, Hank....I've got to change the tape on my telephone recorder."

After showing the stupidity of the government, Offut pads even more by using in-jokes and fannish gags: "...Some nut from Pennsylvania invited her down to his farm to attend a writers' conference..."; "the Hughes [B?] Cave Company."

Near the story's climax, the protagonist remarks, "...You have attempted to bamboozle, hoodwink and otherwise pull the wool over the eyes of a fine people..." That sums it up.

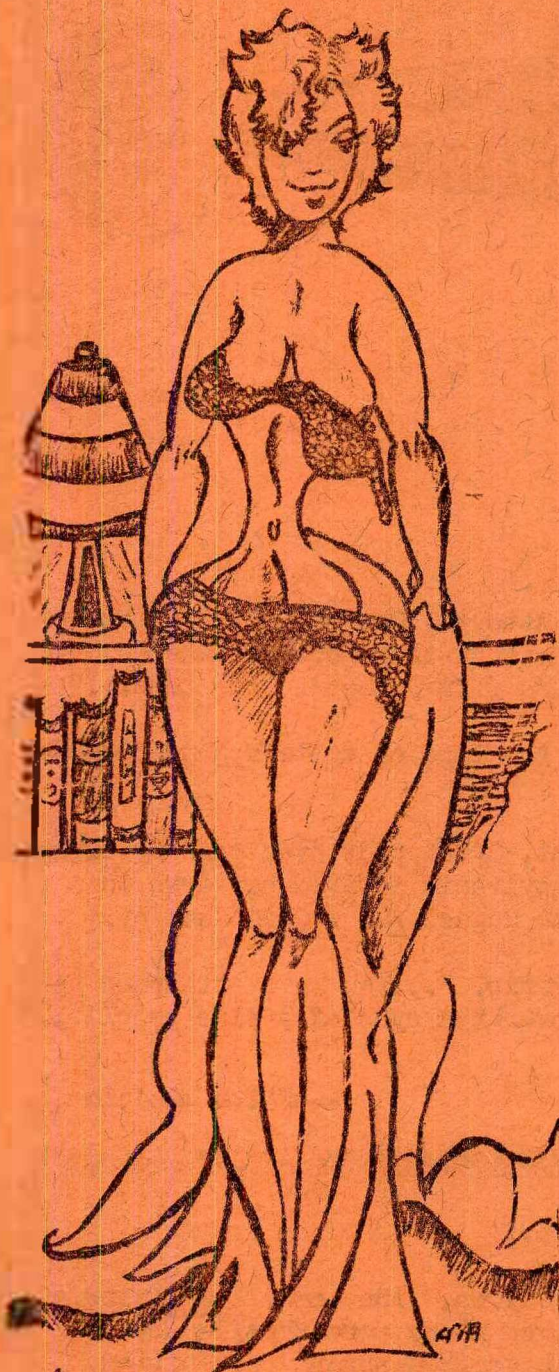
---Faith Lincoln

Nova by Samuel R. Delany (Doubleday, \$4.95, 279 pp.)

Delany just barely missed winning a Hugo at Baycon. The book, The Einstein Intersection, was such that most people either loved it or were repelled by it. Usually for the same reasons. If Delany did not have such strong competition this year (Nova is copyright 1968) in the form of Dick, Panshin, Boyd (Last Starship from Earth--read it) and Lafferty (Past Master, not his other two; all three have '68 copyright dates!), he would be a sure winner because Nova, unlike TEI, is bound to appeal to almost everyone.

Nova should appeal to a larger segment of science fiction readers because it is excellent science fiction while at the same time being good science fiction. That is, on the surface it is simple, straight-forward, fast-moving adventure, with none of the ambiguities and vagueness of TEI. You could pick up Nova and





Oh, so that's what  
New-Wave science,  
fiction is all about.

read it right through and come away convinced you had just read one of the best space operas ever. On the other hand, you could find just as many, and perhaps more, "hidden" meanings as in TEI; just as much allegory; just as much poetry. So all those who liked TEI will also like Nova; those who did not like TEI will not have the same cause to dislike Nova.

To get down to specifics:

The plot is the formation, completion and aftermath of the ambition of Lorq von Ray. The formation of his ambition--the destruction of the Red empire--is shown through flashbacks that do not in the least impede the story nor distract. The completion and aftermath are the main body of the book. Of these two, aftermath requires only part of a chapter. Completion is by far the most important.

How von Ray carries out his ambition, how he goes about destroying the Red monopoly, is more, much more than the actual physical details, as Delany tells it. Delany goes into the lives of the crew members of Lorq's ship, also using flashbacks here. Every character is etched into your head with skilled, colorful and profound story-telling: you will never forget them. He does this etching, like any author worth his salt, with action; but watch out--don't let his action carry you away or you will miss a lot of delicious fine points. As characterization nears completion, so does the story and the book. Every aspect, even style, rise to a high point as you read on. You can feel it. It is more than just "plot." When the end comes, you are not let down.

All the ingredients of a good science fiction novel, right? Plot, characterization, style and



an ending that somehow satisfies you. Right. But there is more--

Remember in school when your English teacher used to interpret all those meaningless (then) poems to you? And how he used to dissect fiction saying, "Now, this is the theme..." until you had lost all interest in what you had thought was a pretty fine piece of work before all this hidden crap had to be pulled out? What he was talking about was the aspects of writing beyond the mere storytelling one. All those aspects that pulp, television, most cinema, and other types of writing (including that Buck Rogers stuff) did not have. Well, Nova has it, for those of you interested. If you are not interested, read it anyway because these "higher" things won't get in your way. Delany has a winner here; don't miss it.

--Robert Willingham

### Neo's Pad

Well, fans, last time I said that I would review the Skylark series by Smith, but since then another novel by Smith has been newly placed into paperback form, and since this new novel is fresher in my mind than the other, I'm sure you'll forgive me if I change my plans a bit. Most of you know about the Skylark series anyway, but few know about Subspace Explorers (Ace book H-102,60¢).

For those who, upon hearing the name of Edward Smith, immediately conjure up visions of space vehicles of war, inter-galactic conspiracies and bad characterization, this novel will prove a disappointment with the exception of bad characterization, which is still present. This novel is primarily a propaganda story telling of how nice and truthful and understanding are the Capitalistic Corporation owners and how nasty, dirty, underhanded and rotten are the labor unions and Communism. Such a novel as this I would expect to read in a Communist country with the names reversed. The basic plot of this thing deals with a corporation, Galmet (the good guys), which is determined to destroy Earth's labor unions who are turning Earth into a lazy planet where everyone is concerned only with having security. Thrown in with the story is some stuff about ESP which Smith fooled around with in his last few novels but which failed to make much of an impression.

For those of you who don't know what I mean about Smith's bad characterization, here's one example spoken by a couple on a space ship who just met each other on page twelve: "We don't know each other very well, do we? But we'll have all the rest of our lives to learn unimportant details." Yuck! What overdramatic drivel! Or how about this quotation from page 41: "...ah, there you are, sweet mother world of the race! Now watch out, Mom; ready or not, here we come! One thing Smith never was: a great writer. Oh, he was a good writer as far as plot and action went, but as far as dialog, forget it.

The story starts out with an average space trip from one planet to another when suddenly there is trouble. While in "null space" the ship hits a "zeta field" which fills everyone except the love birds ("We don't know each other very well."), another couple, an old professor and a handful of criminals. All this has nothing at all to do with the rest of the story, but this first part was originally a short story written by Smith of which the remainder of the novel is a sequel.



Soon you learn that the people who just met, got married, and had a child in about twenty pages are psychic and can sense precious metals on a planet's surface from far away in space. The female in the group just happens to be the owner of Warnoil, one of the seven largest corporations on Earth, and she supports the project of looking for minerals on planets via ESP.

We now skip merrily to old mother Earth where the last unionized copper mine is about to be struck against by the Union of Copper Miners. The owners of the mine run to Galmet, and a group called the Galaxians is promptly organized. The Galaxians are the banded seven largest corporations on Earth, in the company of the ninety-five colonies of Earth. They all are trying to end the reign of the unions. They begin by boycotting Earth until the unions give in to their demands. The unions call a general strike and Galmet counter-attacks by opening the space ports (with force) and putting their own men into the important jobs. Galmet surrounds the world with a space fleet, and they win. Meanwhile, the love couple (the Destons) go to search for valuable minerals among the planets. Somewhere along the way, they discover New Russia, a world where the people have no rights, know only what they are supposed to know, and live by the rules of The Company. Well, Galmet discovers that there is a spy in its board of directors who has been spreading secrets so that New Russia is almost as advanced as Galmet is. Almost. All it takes is the mental powers of the Destons to destroy a whole space fleet. The world is rehabilitated, and all ends happily ever after

Now, judging from this review and my last one, all of you are probably beginning to think that I dislike E.E. Smith. That is not true. I think he wrote some great stories, but then again, he had more than his share of duds and it just happened that the duds are the only stories of his that have come out lately. I'd recommend that all of you just hold on to your 60¢ again and refrain from buying this book. Use the money more wisely. But Smith's Lensmen and Skylark stories. They're more enjoyable, and they don't have any propaganda in them.

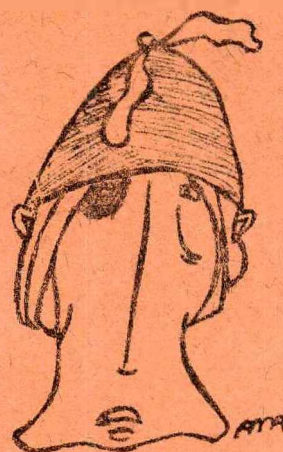
Has anyone out there read Odyssey to Earthdeath by Leo Kelley (Belmont, B60-085), our friendly Bohema? This is a fairly new novel that is very definitely anti-war. That's the main theme of the book. The setting is that of Cityside in the midst of a war against Landsend that no longer exists. Cityside fights an automatic war against an old enemy of theirs that has long been destroyed by the horrors of war.

The world of Cityside is a very interesting one. Everything is geared to war. People all work in munitions factories and laboratories where they breed new methods of killing. "Work hard. Work wins," is the motto of this world, ruled by the Priestmen. The Priestmen are virtually dictators. Their main problem now is the psych-sickness they have suddenly invaded the city.

The story is very good and might have been a Hugo contender in an off year. The main thing I don't like about the story is that I felt the dialog was not as natural as it should have been, though nowhere nearly as bad as Smith's stereotypes. Another thing: I cannot see a place such as Cityside developing into what it became, although the finished city was very vivid in my mind. I cannot see under what circumstances such a place could have been built. Also, the ending seemed kind of rushed. But all in all, this is one of the better novels I have read in the past year, and that means something.



CUM



"All I asked him was  
...Harlan who?"

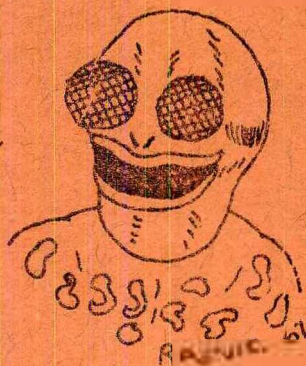
BLOATUS

Jack Gaughan PO Box 516 Rifton, N.Y. 12471 Please let me set Seth Dogramajian straight. Dammit. Because of my letters to Lovenstein two people have now had the utter gall to presume to tell other people what I think. Seth being No. 2. I wish, however, they'd stick to what I SAID instead of trying to explain my mind to the world at large. What I said (in Ariocho) was not...not...repeat NOT...that I disliked Frank's ((Frazetta)) art. Never anywhere at any time have I said I DISLIKED Frazetta's work. What I said was that I considered it vulgar. Work on that a while. I think Moon Mullins is (well, it was before Willard died) one of the most vulgar comix I've ever seen. I love it. What the H. do those people think vulgar means? Seth obviously overreacted in defense of Frank (who I'm sure needs no defenders) and read DISLIKE for VULGAR. I happen to like Frazetta's stuff. So, come off it feller and lay off the fantasy and stick to what I said...not what you THINK I mean. Vulgar is defined in my four dictionaries as "common". First definition. Not even in the Oxford does it mean "bad". My remarks were meant to illustrate my feelings that FF, who is blessed with UNcommon ability, is a damfine draughtsman and extraordinary (hardly "common") technician and I thought it a shame he should blow his talent on comix (which I do dislike because I've seen them ruin the drawing abilities of six good men I know personally). So now I get descended upon by the comic nuts. I didn't say YOU gotta dislike 'em...I said I happen to dislike 'em. You can go and...like what ya damnwell please.

I hope ( but I have little faith) this clears up this FF noise. So people like Klein((Gene))and Dogramajian and White ((Ted)) won't have to keep defending Frank against my cruel onslaughts or comix against my "bitter assaults". Fer krisesake! ((Well, this letter from Jack was also written before Seth's column for this issue, so you can turn to that and see what's happened, though I can tell you that nothing much had. Just a mixup cause of the damned publishing lag. So we all suffer, people.))

Incidentally, the cover on issue No. 1 was just a drawing...no story attached.





The tired old SF device of anachronism was dragged in and you got this here guy with a sword and a rocket.

I have seen naught but the first episode of Land O' The Giants because we can't get ABC up here in the Mts. But I have faith that Irwin has crummed it up by now. I am informed, however, that it's the No. 1 rated show in that time slot. ((Also, it's coming through as ABC's fourth most popular show, so there's not much chance of having the crap cancelled. Also, it's not the kiddies that watch the show, but the women over 35...oy vey.))

Art in issue No. 2: The REG's were intriguing. I wanted to know what was going on. What the devil is that thing on P. 20? LeeH's drawing was lovely. Did you know she had done

pro illustrating? Didn't like the cartoon of Harlan and Norman. It left a bad taste. Argee's drawing was nicely foreshortened but the anatomy was way off. Loved McLeod's drawings...specially P. 23. Now ask him to remove the space suit from who or whatever's in it and let us see who's built in such a manner as to fit into the suit. Seth's and Gene's illos were fine...I particularly like P. 41 by Seth but I thought the rest of his drawings marred by the comic-book conventions. Which is my hang up. The rest of the art was fair to middlin' with a bright spot here nor there. In my humble opinion, that is.

I agree with Mr. Kelley that many fans get left out of the fun of a convention. Lordy! I remember that first one I went to in Cincinnati! I spent one hell of a lot of time by myself doin' nothin'. But that was largely MY problem. I was shy. Period. And there weren't no ammount of "legislation" gonna make me un-shy. No ammount of programming for neos is going to cure this perfectly natural shyness. But it wouldn't hurt to try. I think the big problem is that the conventions are BIG. I didn't say TOO BIG...but I was thinking it. I suggested to someone that the Cons were getting big enough to put in the hands of professional show putter oners. I nearly had my head handed to me. It wouldn't be a FAN convention then, the guy says. So...he's right. But my gawd! 1800 to 2000 people in the hands of amateurs (meaning no disrespect, fellers) is truly a frightening thought. At the same time and on the other hand I'd hate to see the Cons put on by those cats who do put on conventions and business shows. Sheesh! It's a problem. And

I don't know the solution to it. Personally I'd like to be able to swing a little looser at cons. I mean I wanted to sit over a few brews and just gab with Ray Fisher in N.Y. at NYCON but I had to be here or there at a certain time and I didn't want to miss that and he had to do the same. And the parties were ridiculous...like stepping into a crowded subway car during the rush hour (which, if you've never done it, is an utterly inhuman thing to do to any reasoning, thinking creature posessed of even remotely human feelings). ((More than just shyness showing itself in a neo when he first attends a convention, I think there's also the slight element of fear present. Like: what's the guy supposed to do when he knows not what to do nor whom to ask what do to? Stand and cry? Or show himself up for an ass? I went through it...))





Ray Fisher

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If my understanding is correct, Dale Goble remarked, in BEABOHEMA #2, that the St. Louiscon Committee has promised to exclude the "riff-raff" from membership and attendance of the convention; specifically, he evidently was referring to "hippies", "beatniks" or "flower-children". Since I haven't seen a copy of BAB #2, I can't be certain of exactly what Dale did say. However, I can be certain of one thing: St. Louiscon has no exclusion and plans no exclusions. Any person who wishes to buy membership in the convention will be accepted as a convention member, and honored as such.

I can't think what might have given Goble such a wrong impression. The only thing I can think of that might have caused it is the fact that we will follow the lead of most conventions in the past by requesting members of the convention to wear their badges; we'll check for badges especially at the masquerade and the business meetings, and of course we'll check for banquet tickets at the Hugo Banquet. But, this has been the rule at conventions for years--I can't really believe this could have given rise to such an insidious misunderstanding.

Even though I'm certain that Dale made his comment in all innocence, and meant no harm to me or to the rest of the St. Louiscon Committee, this is one rumor that I want to stifle immediately, before it gets out of hand. I'll very much appreciate your help in letting your readers know this, before some unpleasant situation is brought about by his misunderstanding and misinformation. ((As I wrote to Ray, Exclusionism is for the dogs...or L.A. And I did send a copy of BAB 2 to Ray, so all you wrathful people out there don't have to get hopped up over that little matter. The PO did something with his copy, but another was sent a long time ago. As for what Goble had to say, he now has some more in response:

"Actually, to set the record straight, I made the obvious mistake of believing something Ellison said. In his seconding speech for St. Louis at the Baycon he said, "...and the house dick at the Chase-Park Plaza is a science fiction fan, so they will pay more attention to keeping the riff-raff from coming in off the streets than to what's going on in the rooms." The quote is not exact, but it is correct in essence, and I took him to be referring to the hippies. I don't have anything against hippies per se. If they are sincere in believing they are doing their thing, they have my blessing. But when they start to impinge on my rights, I get very intolerant. No matter how pure and noble anyone's motivations are, we still must make concessions to live with the rest of the human race, however distasteful we find them. (Hold it, I'm not saying I am being noble by living with, or letting live, the hippies.) I believe they can at least take a bath before entering an un-air conditioned hotel with 1000 other people, and maybe a little less obvious about stealing leftovers off the tables after the banquet. If you're gonna play, play by the rules."))

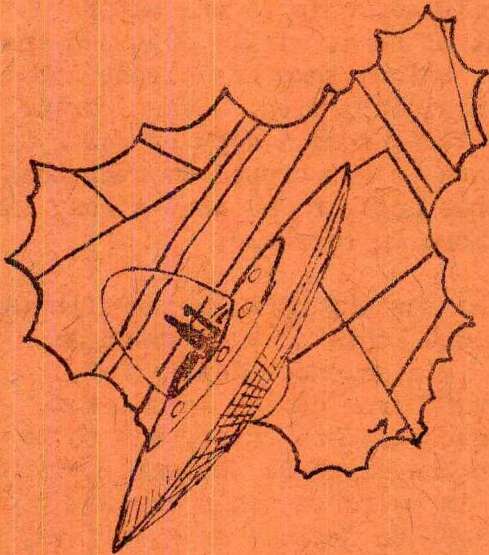
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Having read nothing in BEABOHEMA 2 but Robert Bloch's thing on JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN, I immediately sit down to write. For I know what I must write about. I just finished watching tonight's segment of the above-mentioned show, this week starring Patty Duke. The whole thing has been really great, and tonight's episode was brilliantly done. I immediately recalled seeing the Bloch article in BAB when it arrived this afternoon and ran upstairs to read it. Fine, fine. I must give my opinions.

From the shows I've seen this is by far the finest sf-fantasy series that has



ever hit the screens. I've only missed two shows (sadly, both of them the ones Bloch scripted; sob, sob...) but the rest have been nothing less than brilliant. Hence, naturally, ABC cancels the show. I am very disheartened about this. This show was the type of fantasy Hammer Films could be proud of. Generally, it generates the atmosphere that is so necessary for successful fantasy: a feeling of uneasiness, the horror that lies around the corner just ahead, the evil that is there but unseen. Unseen horror is by far the most terrifying and this show has been remarkably successful in getting this feeling across to the viewer. Most of all, it's very serious; this is very important. If there is the slightest tendency toward mock-seriousness, or simply having the effects overdone, the whole house of cards collapses in a flash. Also, I think TV GUIDE did a great job when it called JOURNEY "more the horror of the innocent little old lady down the block who performs dark rites with the full moon than the monster."



Tonight was no exception; it held you on the edge of your chair, and though I guessed the ending right at the beginning, the screenwriter was skillful enough to fool me into thinking something else. And when it did turn out as I'd guessed correctly, it was all the more impressive because I had been fooled. A fine, tremendous effort which has unjustly been nipped in the bud. I ask this: if fans will rise up and fight for what has become a rather mediocre show like STAR TREK (though it still has its moments), will they fight for a fine fantasy series like JOURNEY? Will fans take one minute of their time and write a letter to ABC asking to bring back JOURNEY next year? Remember, on the strength of only about 1,000 letters, THE AVENGERS was brought back and has successfully managed to burrow its way into prime time. I am going to write to ABC, and perhaps we can bring this fine show back from oblivion; God knows it deserves better than this. And most of all, impress upon ABC that there is nothing wrong with the anthology type series; as Bob Bloch said, the networks seem to have gotten a phobia about them. Honestly, I think the cast of continuing characters is part of the reason ST has gone downhill. It's much harder to write plot after plot about the same characters and keep the quality up. It's always so easy to cop out and just float your characters around in a cardboard plot. The anthology series type show discourages this; with no continuing cast of characters, the story's got to count and it better be good.

So please, people, send a letter to ABC about JOURNEY. This was a fine show, better than most we've got. As Bloch said, here we have people who really care about the quality of their shows. The British are like that; it shows in THE AVENGERS, too. The lack of Hollywood influence, I guess. Start those cards and letters going in. Remember, it took only 1,000 to convince ABC to bring back Steed and Emma (Tara?). It can work here, too. ((I might write, but I have long since acquired a feeling of apathy in regard to television. It's just that I couldn't give a damn what's shown any more. It'll usually be garbage, unless you get something like 60 MINUTES... Those who feel so inclined, write!))



Joanne Burger  
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Leo Kelley suggests that  
someone tape the con sessions  
and make the tapes available  
for listening by people who were  
not able to make the con. Well,

I'm trying to do just that. I am now the head of the Tape Bureau of the N3F, and you don't have to be a N3F member to join the Bureau. I never bother to check the roster, anyway. I am trying to obtain copies of the Paycon tapes, but I haven't had any luck so far. But I do have the proceedings of a few cons and some other goodies. If you, or any of your readers, are interested in this sort of thing, just let me know. I'll be glad to go onto more detail in a letter, or in the Bureau zine, Replay.



Leo Doroschenko  
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What was that on page 31? Adam Clayton Powell with fangs? Otherwise the art fluctuated from the high of the cover to the low on page 60--a flask of brandy disguised as a robot?

It seems so surprising that Faith Lincoln could possibly be so schizoid as to jump from that balanced judgment in the Dick critique to that sheer idiocy in her loc. While, on the whole, her review was well thought out, I believe she missed some of the subtler points of the book. Like the hero's name, Richard Deckard. Other forms of Richard are "Rich", "Rick" and "Dick". With that last variation in mind, Deckard just might possibly be a pun on "dick hard", an erection. Considering his love life, it just might be. Or a pet, the goat is especially suited to him, that is a "lecherous man", or as a "scapegoat" in which Rachael Rosen kills in lieu of him. And it did replace the docile electric sheep. I don't know, may be I just have a dirty mind.

Now as to her loc, she seems to base her arguments "ad hominem", calling Reed an ass, Spinrad a pimp and not giving us an iota of reason as to why. SaM's DIFFERENT brilliant??? Are you sure the letter wasn't dated April 1st?

I think I'll refrain from going after Faith for the time being. You say that she's going after Keyes' latest book. Wonder how she could stomach it. It managed to outdo Miss Lonelyhearts by Nathaniel West in making me puke, an honor missed by Chthon, Final Programme and some other mundane works. If it's anything like "Androids", it should be well thought out. I hope she backs up my judgment in Tightbeam. ((Faith may be called many things, but she does think out something before putting it down on paper to submit to some mag. Locs, though, are something else, and she says what she wants...to hell with everyone else. People will have to accept her, of course.))

Now, Robert Gersman, in his loc to BAB and some letters to TB, seems to favor censorship over pink publications and subversive books. Nuts! All censorship does is create martyrs and blacken the opposition's stand. In France, whenever a political book was banned, sure enough, everyone snapped it up.





Had it circulated freely, it would have died a normal death.

Which brings me to censorship in literature, a propos NEW WORLDS and BJB. If you look at some of the titles released by Grove Press--should you be old enough--you'll find sheer crud resurrected because it's infamous. Look at D.H. Lawrence's most famous work, Lady Chatterly's Lover. His other and better works are ignored. Why? His worst book was banned. You see, the small minds don't appreciate genius (sic). Or the case of Henry Miller. He couldn't write his way into IF, but Tropic was banned, so he's great. Or My Secret Life (which nearly attained the puke power of The Touch) which is sheer junk, but Walter was banned. Or the Marquis de Sade... I say allow free circulation of everything, pornography, subversive writings, etc., etc., etc. Let the reader decide for himself. That is the cure, not censorship. ((I believe Norman Spinrad was made a martyr when Bug Jack Barron was played up after its rejection in this country, even if it should have been printed in the first place. But would many people know anything about Spinrad if he hadn't written something like BJB. The Men in the Jungle was conspicuously unnoticed when it was first published. Only after he started bitching about censorship...))

The most pathetic thing I know about sf is the magazines. So long as the four survivors restrain themselves from grave-robbing, they're sure to make the Hugo ballot, regardless of quality. I've seen some really crummy years in ANALOG and IF--say, come to think of it, I don't recall any good ones--but they always make the ballot. I move that we vote NO AWARD for Best Magazine at St. Louis and declare a five year moratorium on giving that award. By which time, the Campbellitis epidemic may have died out, or IF will have died from sheer unworthiness to live in its present re-incarnation, or some new prozines appear, or the editors may strive for higher standards. "To dream the impossible dream..."

I recently finished reading the latest novel in next year's magazine Hugo winner, The Computer Conspiracy by Mack Reynolds. In TB, someone wrote that Reynolds finds out what the current event is, then writes a story around it. 'Taint true, taint true. As I said in SPECULATION, he just reshuffles his old yarns and sells randomly selected pages as something new. The "plot" from Computer War, the bank robbery. The villain is J. Edgar (Hoover?) (how's that for characterization? Use a familiar name, currently an object of scorn); another character, or rather characters, are the brothers Castriota, Interpol agents for Common Europe. However, according to his poor man's future history, Castriota is an Albanian name. They fled to America, several centuries ago, and lived to finish the gyak feud. So what are they doing in Interpol? And if in Interpol with all its data, why aren't they tracking down their arch-enemy? They could have spared us from Space Pioneer. Then the hero spends pages upon pages discussing what he never knew about the society has dwelt in, even when it's on the surface of the society. Finally, did you notice that the description of TV was filched from part 1 of "Frigid Fracas" (ANALOG, March 1963). And on this, IF wins the Hugo. ((Maybe Mr. Reynolds or Mr. Pohl can tell us all about it...))

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Robert Gersman

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Re: The Norm Spinrad Hypothesis and Leo Kelley too,  
and the New Wave and the Permanent Wave, I LIKE HACK.  
Pulpier the 20's and 30's the better, Robert E. Howard,  
E. Hoffman Price, Howard Phillips Lovecraft, August Der-  
leth, Abe Merritt, Talbot Mundy have not been matched

by the New Wave or even come close to. New Wave is not my cup of tea.

In so many words, I don't expect all my stories to be prize winners. People



if they can write, should sometimes try to write just for the enjoyment of it. Pulitzer prize winners are usually a crashing bore. ((It's fun to write a book when you make money on it, though. Isn't it? Eh...did I hear someone say, "No!"))

Lee Hoffman, how did a lady come to write westerns assuming you're a female, I seem to have read or heard it somewhere or is there 2 Lee Hoffmans? You know what the pioneers thought about GOOD INDIANS THE ONLY GOOD ONES WERE DEAD ONES. When it comes to breast-beating, Sophia Loren makes the bust of it. What's wrong with the old style heroes?

Gabe, pulp reading is more fun I agree and also I think Faith should go back to knitting.

Ye Ed, would you say American Rifleman is fascistic because it's trying to stir up the people against the gun law. For you see the Commies would like to see the Citizens disarmed also. ((No I don't see the Commies want to see the Citizens disarmed also. If you want to go to an extreme, maybe the Russians do? The Commies...get out. And what the hell would they care if everone were disarmed or not? Ghod, how stupid, and I couldn't let that statement get by, in addition to its being directed to me. When we start fighting with armies equipped with .30-.30's maybe you'll see more people looking for guns to pick up. But goddamnit. You can't do much against an atomic bomb with a b-b gun, can you. I guess the International Fascistic Conspiracy has gotten to you or something. It must be "or something"...))

Jack, your artwork is as great as ever, the cleverness of your artwork is a far Gaughan conclusion. The more purple the prose the better. ((And get you hack, purple prose and other garbage away from me too.))

Piers, is that pier 1 or pier 2. Piers to me you don't see so good, you're no Ted White because you've written a little.

Hank Davis. If Dune had been written by a Scotsman it could have been titled Lorna Dune. She could have had a sweetheart Sandy Dune.

Hey Ed, you said a nasty word. Psych -delic people don't believe in baths. ((I guess you should know what stinks if YOU LIKE HACK.))

andrew offut I just got this funny damned fanzine, and i wanted to tell  
Drawer P you about it.

Morehead, Ky.

40351

The stupid thing does't have one of those longass checklists  
purporting to advise me why i received it. Gord lod, WHY DID I RE-  
CEIVE IT?

I am sure it is just as good throughout as that brilliant and most striking cover, which you tell me was painstakingly done by jim mcleod, may he prosper.

As soon as i've read the rest i may send you a letter. Meanwhile, i have read the utterly fascinating 'eight writers' thirteen times.

I am #1. So--try harder!

((I have this bottom of a page with nothing especially short, so why don(t I throw in a Piers Anthony lino? You want to know why? No room.....ha ha ha ha ha



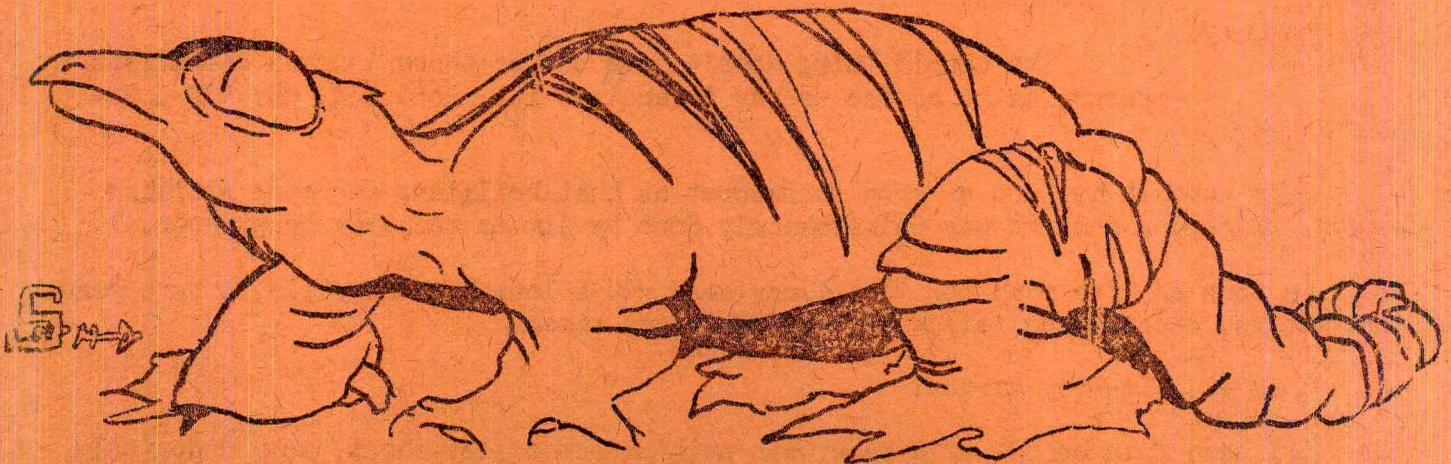
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Thanks for Beabohema #2. Normally a new fanzine, published by an admittedly neo-editor, is a neutral, hesitant publication that takes great pains to be as inoffensive as possible to the more knowledgeable readership. Your fanzine ignores this theory. I'm not saying I found it offensive; I didn't by any means, but I don't see how you could have avoided puncturing some excessively thin-skins.

You, and Beabohema, project a tangible personality that is a pleasure to behold, after reading a number of new publications unwilling to maintain a bias. I would much rather read an opinionated discourse where the writer's own viewpoints are clarified by his bias than a tentative gesture of expression. It's so much easier to rebut the first instance, and so much more tempting to ignore the second. ((Nothing is written deliberately to offend people in a harmful way. Most of the "offensive" stuff that you'll find in this mag is either wildly satiric or subtly ankle-chopping. Mostly, it's in fun. Norman Spinrad and everyone else must realize that I think he's a pretty good writer. It's just that he leaves himself open a lot of the time... Open to picky little jabs, of course. I guess firm opinions do project some sort of personality...but I'm trying to come up with the places you found any type of opinionative writing by myself. ## A lot of newer mags do try and keep everyone in their camp, which also means they're uninteresting. Better zines tend to let people say what they feel. Not proclaiming anything, anyone can say any damn thing he wants in this mag, as long as he does so legibly.))

Although I don't have a copy of the first issue containing the Zelazny article discussed herein, I take it he was treated without the usual slavish adulation that is attached to anything bearing his name. Frankly, I think this is good, even if the article writer was advancing the theory with tongue in cheek. I don't know of any of the bigger, more established fanzines which would even consider an anti-Zelazny article. He has become a fixture, like Jack Gaughan, who can do no wrong. I visualize the Hugo voters who receive the final ballots first scanning the content to find Zelazny and Gaughan, dutifully voting them into first place, and then giving some consideration to the less worthy contenders. These men, Gaughan especially, are winning Hugos by reflex, not quality.

At this point some nit will accuse me of disliking Jack Gaughan. Untrue!





I dislike his professionally published artwork, which has always struck me as being crude, blotchy, disproportionate and unappealing to the eye. His fanzine art is usually better, but not by very much. However, I have the greatest respect for Jack as a character. He has demonstrated time and time again his willingness to sacrifice the time spent on more lucrative professional assignments, when he can help fanzine editors for no payment more tangible than cheering letters. This is something that most pros are not about to do and it's to Jack's credit that he comes through so often.



Conventions are traditionally affairs for the fans, they are staged by fans and enjoy the largest attendance from fans. I think basically Leo Kelley is correct in calling for more fan related topics but I believe it would be difficult to implement this. All convention items, with the exception of SFWA gatherings, are supposed to be for the fan, and it's usually up to the individual himself to decide how much he gets from it. With the size of the conventions increasing annually, I would assume that those who attend know at least a little about the field, either through the magazines, pocketbooks, or even the films. At this stage of one's fannish upbringing, one tends to idolize the pros with the same amount of respect young boys lavish on their favorite baseball player. Therefore, he is vitally interested in attending any function where pros are present and often the glimpse of a favorite writer will satisfy him. The Hugo awards gave the fan an opportunity to tangibly demonstrate his liking of some writer, by helping him to win a Hugo. The Masqueraders are 99% fans, with a few pros usually exhibiting a gag costume or portrayal.

There have been fan panels as recently as the early '60's. There was a memorable one at Detroit (the Detention) in 1959 which lasted into the late hours of the night. There have been attempts to repeat this but with generally dismal results. The fans don't care to hear a panel, or a dialogue with other fans. It's easy enough to speak with the fans at odd moments during the convention. They have come to see and hear the pros and if some means is sought to limit professional exposure in order to allow several nervous, inexperienced fans to stand before a crowd of several hundred and gape at each other then you are just creating unnecessary problems.

The frantic efforts of several people in this issue to make an ass of Norman Spinrad have only rebounded and smeared them far more severely than their jibes at Spinrad. Bill Marsh's cartoon on page 11 lacks subtlety and wit. When I say I did not find it funny I'm not saying I was offended by it. Rather, it was so abysmally inane, such a...how can I phrase it...juvenile, fumbling attempt to make Ellison and Spinrad look foolish that it only served to provide the whole issue with an unfortunate tinge. ((Then I'm wondering what you'll think of Gabe Eisenstein's cartoon this issue. If I haven't already said so, let me say now that Gabe Eisenstein bases his "thing" entirely on what he's read about Spinrad and Spinrad's novels; Gabe has not read any of Norman's work. So bear that in mind. The images in the drawing were partially created by some of the grouching around Norman has participated in, and some of the fault may then be set at Norman's feet. So taste it any way you like...it may be good or bad.))



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Externals first, like, the covers. The front is pretty good, definitely imitation Gaughan, but I liked it anyway, but the back cover--no go, just no go at all. Inside the art isn't too bad, and you've worked some sort of miracle...you've gotten drawings and a meaty loc from her. I've only seen one or two others from her in the last two years, and those were in PSY/SFR. Outside of a SELF-PRESERVATION once a year to keep herself in FAPA, Lee has been absent from the fanzines for too long, and I hope this marks growing activity on her part. She's always been one of my fannish heroes and I'd really like to see her sucked back into the maelstrom.

Leo Kelley doesn't give those "So what else is new" looks, I hope. Of course, it is true that liking stf at a stfcon is an obvious reason to be there. Better for the fan to bound up to the pro and say, "Hi! I'm Jerry Kaufman, and I:(a) liked your \_\_\_\_\_ very much; (b) couldn't understand the \_\_\_\_\_ in your \_\_\_\_\_, and could you explain it?; (c) read you \_\_\_\_\_ and agree/disagree with you because \_\_\_\_\_." Not guaranteed at all, but these approaches can work. And if you really don't know which authors bite and which don't, start with John Brunner. He never bites. ((??))

Faith Lincoln seems to think that the inability to count is a mark of the New Wave, along with an ignorance of science. Like, baby, before the New Wave (and Dick is before the New Wave, and never used science as a basis for his stories) who do you think was misusing science and making various stupid mistakes? Not just Lin Carter, y'know. This sort of thing happens all the time in writing, and with bad editors (must have been bad to let that spider-leg bit get by) you get to see more of those mistakes.

Seth Johnson  
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I'm still at a loss as to just what this so called New Wave is. Judging from what Harlan Ellison prints and writes, it's a highly depressing, subjective end of the world writing. Juvenile gangs running around committing sodomy, murder and sadism for kicks in a world riven by nuclear war. A most morbid and depressing

Wave indeed.

Judging by NEW WORLDS it's merely using all the four letter words denoting sex and scatology and their scientific equivalents in every paragraph possible. Just what the entertainment value of all this is I certainly don't know.

Harlan Ellison once remarked in his anthology that it is the duty of the sf writer to warn of the evils that will come "if this goes on". But it seems to me he fails in his purpose if he does not also write about what could be if we did something about all these evils now while there is still time (if there is!) to change directions. Not only tell the reader what to avoid but also give positive thought to what he should do and the Utopia which could come.

For instance: today automation is displacing some one million persons and jobs a year. Granting some sixty million wage earners, then it's only sixty years before world industry is totally automated and only a few million engineers and scientists run the works.

Well now. If there are only ten million or so people working in the world, then who is going to purchase all the products of these automated factories and industries? Already there is talk of a basic annual wage or minimum income to be subsidized by Washington. But with everyone on this who is to pay the taxes to



pay this annual wage? You might as well go socialist and take over industry altogether.

In the Golden Age of classic Greece all citizens were able to live without working with a huge hierarchy of slaves to do all the work. The citizen spent his time in the gymnasium and on the athletic field and in training for war, etc. But also, he had plenty of time in which to think and ponder and in which to go into theory and some science. The result was one of the highest cultures of all time.

So then what is to prevent mankind from doing the same thing all over again with the automated industries taking the place of the slaves and the human race taking the role of Masters. Imagine how the frontiers of knowledge would be pushed back if all who were interested in science were able to do research and experiment. And imagine the culture if everyone interested in the arts were able to devote full time to learning, practicing and acquiring skills at writing, acting, dancing, painting and sculpting.

What I'm getting at is that we really could have a New Wave consisting of real literature that really has something to say besides mindless inane graffiti from the toilet walls.

This does not mean censoring all four letter words from manuscripts but to use them only when they contribute to the plot. But this NEW WORLDS business of sex perversion and repeating naughty words merely for the sake of repeating them to show how sophisticated you are is just plain silly and of no entertainment value that I can see.

Try reading Balzac's Droll Tales and see where it is used skillfully as part of the plot and with humor as well. There you have both sex and scatology and the "naughty" words Moorcock seems to go for subordinated to a real story and a real plot.

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George Inzer                      I was glad to see that Faith Lincoln's Thing last issue ((#1.))  
 116 Cox St.                      was a one shot affair for her review on Dick's Do Androids Dream of  
 Auburn, Ala.                      Electric Sheep was very well executed. Or was it Dick that was  
 36830                                executed? Well, in either case, it was well done. I was pleased  
    and surprised that the fears I experienced when I saw her name  
 in the ToC were not realized.

So much for that. The really big thing about the issue was the great art work in the issue. It was great for the most part. By the way, the illos on pages 22 and 27 seemed very familiar. Do you happen to know if they were taken from stories since I can't recollect the ones they remind me of. Bill Marsh, friend and fellow SPASMER, is doing much, much better on his art. Now his stuff is comic instead of just funny. (No offense, Bill bahby.) I especially liked the one on Harlan Ellison and Norman Spinrad. ((And all this time I thought the people caricatured in that cartoon were Harlan Bixby and Norman Drechsel.))

I mentioned SPASM up there somewhere and if you'll let me, Frank, I'd like to get in a plug for it. (All right, I know how you feel about AMAZING and FANTASTIC, but since there were so many mentions of those mags in this ~~XXXX~~ ish (that's for Piers) that I don't think you'd mind.) SPASM is the Society for the Preservation of Amazing Stories Magazine. We're not a bunch of cave dwellers or anything like that. The deros wouldn't leave. We just feel that of all the magazines currently



available on the market, they could use the most improvement and as such, we fans could possibly mold it (not mould) into something that we would like. We feel that this is doubly true since Ted White has become managing editor. For those of you who saw the current TIGHTBEAM put out by the NEFF, you know what our basic aims are. The first three aims are at the moment impractical with such a small membership. The fourth one, which is, "General endeavor to promote and preserve AMAZING STORIES as a continuing and vital contribution to science fiction and fantasy literature," is the one that we are trying to do right. We'd like to do more, but the main thing is to get organized. I know that the biggest thing that WE FANS have ever done was to save Star Trek. I don't know how much WE FANS actually had to do with it, but here is an area in which we can exert real influence. We need members, though. There are no dues, no officers--unless you call Bill and me officers (actually, I prefer to think of us as the Elder Ghods of SPASM)--no jingles to write, no box-tops to send in. Just let us know of your undying loyalty. At first, we just started as more or less a spoof. But now, with Ted White In There, by ghod, we've got a chance.

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I continue to be amazed by the passion that s-f stirs up in fanzines, and delighted, too; it must be a sign of life in the stuff. In the days when I was fanning it was considered a little perverse to talk about s-f in a fanzine; it was like discussing the stock market at a conclave of existentialist philosophers. But of course the s-f of the time wasn't the kind of thing that could stir strong opinions. ((And I always thought the Other Days were the times of heavy sf discussions in the fmz, with the emergence of fannish discussions in the '60's as a sign of maturity or something like that... I'm not saying that's the way it was; that was simply my impression...))

I can offer one more footnote to the tale of the 1953-1954 college sf writing contests. Among the undergraduates who paid heed when IF ran its \$1000 contest back then was one Robert Silverberg, then a would-be writer full of all kinds of unfocused ambitions, and also a sophomore at Columbia. Eager for fame, prodrom and that \$1000 prize, I wrote a dark, bleak story of cannibalism in a future New York, called "Road to Nightfall," which I still think is a pretty good job of writing. But I didn't enter the contest, because almost immediately after I wrote the story I unexpectedly sold a short story and then a juvenile novel, which disqualified me. (The contest was limited to amateurs.) And so I stepped aside and left the prizes to the likes of Andy Offut and Leo Kelley, and forever after wondered if I'd have won.

Footnote to the footnote: my intended contest entry remained unsold until 1957, when Harlan Ellison read it and virtually by physical force compelled Hans Stefan Santesson of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE to buy it. Later it was anthologized and will be coming into print again next year, and it's the only very early story of mine that I regard with much respect these days. But I suspect that something so pessimistic and negative would have gained me no prizes in 1954.

((And now, how about that Piers Anthony lino...it's a gasser, so if you don't think it's a ripsnorter--well, you must be some kind of prevert or something. I know you're all waiting, so here it is:))

We teenagers will conquer the world in just 20 years!



Harry Warner, Jr.  
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Leo Kelley should stir up a storm with "Convention Fanfare." It's a plea I've often felt like emitting. But he and I are probably a minority voice that will never be obeyed. The arguments for the other side are fairly good. You can ignore the pros and stand around in the lobby talking to the same fans whom you want on the podium, if you're an active fan and follow the custom of staying out of the room where the formal program is in progress. Then there's the large proportion of worldcon attendees who are genuinely anxious to hear the pros

and don't give a darn about fans as panelists and speakers. Those factors, and the general fannish unwillingness to change any worldcon customs, will probably combine to keep things as they are. This is one reason why I spend more time reading fanzines than going to conventions: because the fanzines let me know what the fans have to say and most convention programs don't.



"Eight Writers" made me wish I had the patience to dig through the attic and try to find the magazines listing the names of the winners back in 1954. It's a shame Piers didn't give names, as long as he'd been specific enough about events to make it possible for anyone with a bit of energy to look them up. Aside from that, I wonder if anyone has ever tried to determine what happens to all the people who sell to prozines just once or twice and then vanish

forever. Were they blessed with just one or two inspirations and then permanently incapable of getting any more story ideas? Disappointed in the amount of money they received for that quantity of labor? Too overconfident to write well enough for any future acceptances? Or determined to hit quality markets now that they'd proved ability to sell to one magazine? So many first-rate science fiction writers wrote indifferently in their first few published stories, and I wonder what caused them to continue their prozine careers while so many others gave up after non-sensational starts.



I'll bet that Baycon goes down in history as one of the most fondly remembered worldcons, despite all the complaints which Dale Goble's article summarizes. Fans aren't really happy at a convention where things go quite well and it's the tribulations that become subjects for fond reminiscing a half-dozen years later. Still, there ought to be some way to solve the worldcon problems that recur every year. Why couldn't a committee from the past three or four events try to work out a standard format for the masquerade ball, and combine it with a summary of their experiences and advice for the use of future committees? Details of staging would vary somewhat, depending on physical arrangements in each hotel, but there could be a coherent general pattern that would take care of such things as confusion over when photographers can go into action and what to do about the dead air while the judges are reaching decisions.

Seth Dogramajian's column on art is an excellent idea. It's strange, how little attention fanzines pay to either fanzine or prozine artwork, in the face of the popularity of the art show at the worldcon and the interest in two Hugo contests. Schneeman is a living and Bok a dead example of prozine artists who weren't appreciated until their main period of productivity had ended, and one of the best fan publications of the 1960's, the ATOM anthology, appeared almost without notice. When was a fan artist a guest of honor at a regional convention? Where is the fanzine that reprints excellent drawings from old fanzines, instead of hunting through back issues for outstanding prose to use as fillers?

Bloch was very informative and interesting. I feel guilty for failure to see even one episode in this series, but there just isn't time for everything, and let's face it: I'm prejudiced against any television dramatizations of fantasy stories that are cut to a specific time limit so they'll fit into a thirty-minute or sixty-minute time segment. It's probably not as restrictive as I imagine, but I think that only a coincidence would make a television version of an existing story come to the right length, without padding or abridging that will be harmful to the dramatization. A movie isn't hampered by a set number of minutes and an original fantasy scripted for television in the first place might suffer less from the time patterns of the commercial networks. ((You have to remember that today's main job of tv is to get the messages from the sponsors to the consumers...the gullible people who will buy a product because an advertising agency spends a lot of money on the garbage. Only when the networks are taken over by the government will tv be for entertainment, but then...))

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Beabohema #2's art amazed me. After skimming through once I went again from beginning to end, noting only the art. Incredibly enough, you don't have a single good illustration in the whole issue. Surely you can get something better than the scribblings and fillos you have; not even the offset cover is a redeeming feature. It hurts me to say that REG is the best you have...it seems that you just asked some friends for some random drawings and got a poor reaction. You obviously take care on the technical side, but that action isn't justified by the art you have. Why electrostencil poor art?

It looks like poor Spinrad has set himself up as assistant martyr to Ellison by associating with him...in another fanzine Harlan's page 11 comment to Spinrad ("Please don't cry Norm bahhby---It's just that you are so BRILLIANT, that the slobs don't understand you!!") might feature Harlan alone, speaking to himself, saying, "It's just that you are so BRILLIANT that the slobs don't understand you!!" I can't even remember the days (long ago, it seems) when Ted White was an Official Target...



oh well, people like this are good for certain fans. They allow an outlook for the day's frustrations and assorted repressed aggressions. ((Ted White may be the new Official Target, or the Reofficial Target; I picked up the first issue of Amazing under his editorship. All I can say is: if it doesn't get much better, people will be asking for Harry Harrison to come back again...))

Leo Kelley is enjoyable to read but I don't agree with his outlook. His idea of the "fan-pro schism" is an exaggerated one; the situation isn't nearly that bad. I can't blame any pro--or anyone else, for that matter--for attempting to escape an obnoxious congoer, be he a neo or anyone else. The methods of doing that aren't always gentle, but usually justified except in the case of the genuine chromium-plated bastards who are always present. One question I'd like answered: has Leo P. Kelley ever attended a convention? I'm not doubtful, just curious. ((I should let him answer, but something should go in here. I don't know everything he's attended, but he has been to convention. NYCon #, Lunacons, the last Phillycon I talked with him...))

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Seth Dogramajian's comments about Frazetta and Jones are obvious, or at least I've thought of them many times. But I do not believe that Jeff copies FF. He was certainly a student of the great one when he first started doing the color stuff; he had already, like Wrightson and so many other fan-artists, developed a loose, dripping style which comes from Frazetta, Williamson, Krenkel et al. His pen & ink style developed into the distinct one it is today, and I think his color style has become more individualistic, too. Let's see if anyone agrees with this hypothesis: it appears to me that, instead of Jones moving towards Frazetta, just the opposite has been occurring this past year. The main point of differentiation I can express between the two is Jones' softer, foggy look, which looks like water-colors. Frazetta's early Ace ERB covers and CREEPY covers weren't like this, but recently he has gotten "foggier," so to speak, although not in a detrimental way. Some of the "foggy" books have been Conan the Warrior, Wolf-head, and the first two of Jane Gaskell's Atlan books. But now I have come up with a problem that embarrasses my artistic eye. That is, who did the cover on The City, the third Jane Gaskell book? It sits before me right now, and I absolutely cannot tell. It has the mottled tree green Frazetta has used often, as on MONSTERMANIA #2, and the anthropois type is surely FF-like. But the background swirls into clouds, foggy Jones-like. The girl's face immediately says Jones, and that is reinforced by comparison to his recent cover for de Camp's The Goblin Tower. Well, I don't know where this is leading, except that if I do find out that FF did this cover, it will reaffirm my opinion that he is looking more like his young disciple.

Such a juvenile remark as the old paper-for-my-dog bit deserves not even a considered cut, but I'll ask Faith Lincoln to use the page with my drawing (27) for the same purpose, and thus dispose of a ridiculous article. I mean, check out that last paragraph. And then her letter with the wondrous, "This comix stuff is pure shit." Geis should take a look at that letter and see if you can't equate use of "dirty" words for every emphasis with low mentality. ((In keeping with my policy of not trying to instigate feuds, I got an answer out of Faith Lincoln from the part of the letter which pertained to her. It follows:

If Gabe Eisenstein wants me to use the illo he drew which accompanied my article (review) he can cut the damn thing out himself and send it to me. I guess he knows where to send it, for it would seem that he read the letter I had in the last BAB. That in itself is a minor miracle: Gabe Eisenstein can read. But I'm drifting



into irrelevant though true facets which could find a better home in the latest edition of Ripley.

If I ever use a word, it's with extreme care, and it's chosen from a multitude of other words which could also have been substituted. Thusly, I can safely say that Gabe Eisenstein is now, and probably always has been, a cretin, and if the dimwit doesn't like the way I write he can always go back to reading the Bobsey Twins, where he would find a vocabulary more to his liking. Too bad Eisenstein can't accept the fact that we all have to shit now and then. The stuff on comix was obviously waste material, so what other name could have been put to it? At least I don't draw cartoons pertaining to people's books which have never been read by myself. His opprobrious cartoon pertaining to a few of Spinrad's novels can leave nothing but a sickening feeling in the stomach, as did the cartoon by Bill Marsh in BAB 2.



So...may I express my own corollary to "The comix stuff was pure shit"? If so, and even if not so, I will say that the Gabe Eisenstein stuff was pure shit, and if I can get a copy which won't have to be shredded to get the scribbings out, I'll carry out his suggestion that I use his illo for my dog, though if I could have the guy in front of me, I'd smear it in his face.

((And there's Faith's response to Gabe's remarks, and her remarks concerning Gabe's cartoon, which she hasn't seen as of the time at which she wrote this letter, but which she did know would be included in this issue of BAB. Here now...feuds shall not be ignited over a few disagreeable words... On with Gabe...))

Hey Frank, that generalization about comic fandom was pretty far-out. If you think they don't care at all about people, watch them at a comicon with Kirby, Stanley and the rest, and watch them jumping all over the Names. Furthermore, only a certain minority are interested in money money money. It is these guys, Rogofsky and Bails, etc., that keep the whole mess at the pitiful level it occupies now, mostly in Rocket's Blast. But anyway, there are an awful lot of comics fans who are sf fans now...and Ted White is/was a comic fan. ((Man, I suppose that should change everything! Ted White is a comic fan! I knew it before, and I think the same as I did before. Ted is an exception to the rule... But seriously, so what? Piers Anthony could be a comic fan and I wouldn't care. Comic fans (the majority) are money grubbers or comic artists. A nice word, that. Ted White...well, I don't think you could say in all honesty that White's interests in comics transcend all other ideas flowing in his body. Neither does sf, but we're not on the subject of sf fandom now, are we...??))

Let me take back what I said about Norman Spinrad. Like I said, I haven't read too much by him--more about him--either fiction or articles, and his motives aren't completely altruistic. But then, nobody's are. Otherwise, his complaints are the normal ones of the neglected artist. I still don't see the solution, though. It's obvious that the buying public has no taste, and never will have; if they did, we'd have decent television, and...hell, you know that story. Sartre says that literature cannot prosper in a capitalist society, and for the most part he's right; at least the author can't prosper here, if he's a sensitive genius like Norman. Bug Jack Barron isn't going to make him rich. According to the public, it can't compare to The Exhibitionist. But we fans will buy it, and at least great art can



go on, even if Norman starves. ((Art in the intolerant society must be geared for the masses, or it is unacceptable for all. Art cannot be mass produced, as many editors and similar subversive types think it can.))

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Bob Vardeman                      About your near commission of heresy in the letter column  
P.O. Box 11352                    concerning the ASFS ghod. I would reply to that by saying some-  
Albuquerque, N.M.                thing to the effect that the words of the ASFS ghod should never  
87112                                be edited. My fury is nothing like the fury and wrath of an angry  
                                     club ghod. He might actually send you a card saying, "Fout on  
you". ((Of what club is Bob Tucker the ghod?))

And then sit back in his Valhalla-like pad and watch you shudder and quake in your fannish shoes. (Fannish shoes are just about like any other type except they button up the front. ((Button up the front of what? Hell, before I get accused of pulling that kind of stuff, I'd better quit...))

Hank Davis makes a lot of sense in his letter. I rather agree with Hank that Ed should first define such terms as "literary quality" and even such things as "style" and "write". Of course, when we get down to the nitty gritty, I'm certain Ed means "literary quality" as "what I like". This is the usual way of defining such things. At least when referring to the New Wave.

One thing that never ceases to amaze me is how certain fans and pros can so vehemently cry that they don't know what you mean by New Wave and yet can so accurately pick out the writers meant. I often mention "Ballard and his ilk" and invariably people say, "I suppose by 'ilk' you mean Disch and Morrocock and ..." which I do. Ah well. ((Just an aside: Everyone's favorite word these days is "ilk". You can dig Ellison and his "ilk" or Moskowitz and his "ilk" or almost any other group. Actually, all this characterization makes me quite ilk. ## While we're on this New Wave stuff, why don't I mention the idiotic little bit I read in RENAISSANCE, the semi-official organ of the Second Foundation, and we all know about those guys. Anyway, there's a short discourse on some of the reader interest concerning the New Wave, and John Pierce, the editor of the rag, makes the assumption and comes to the conclusion that the recent GALAXY-IF reader's poll "Prove(ed) that the much vaunted New Thing bandwagon travels on square wheels." because "Harlan Ellison('s)...most popular story...came in 20th out of 50...". A quite ignorant assumption, I'm sure you all agree. It's known that Fred Pohl isn't a very strong proponent of the New Wave, and as such he wouldn't be expected to print many New Wave stories at all, would he? But I suspect that Pierce considers IF the best prozine around simply because it won another Hugo as best mag. It's a little much to think that the very few New Wave stories published at all in the Pohlzines would come out very high, considering the way they suffer under Pohl's editorial hand, and it doesn't follow that Ellison would send his best stories to Pohl in the first place, for the very reason that he won't send any more stories to GALAXY. I speculate upon the rankings (pun unintentional) of the stories if F&SF ever took a reader poll (again, the pun is unintentional). So, speaking of square wheels...))

What got me in Men in the Jungle was the spaceship leaving the solar system and "passing by Pluto's orbit". Mein Gott! How two dimensional can you get? What if the ship had left at some angle to the plane of the ecliptic? And what if Pluto were on the other side of the sun? Somehow, tho, I suppose this is a concession to those of us that like to see hard science in our stories. (Tho the science is so deeply buried in TMITJ that it would take a full scale wrecking crew six months to uncover even the smallest trace of useable science.)



I somehow expected a bit more out of Ken Scher's article. But maybe that's the point he was making--the rather insipid quality of the imagination used in dreaming up new weapons in sf. Of course, I think real life work along these lines reads like something out of the most advanced sf imaginable. I remember reading somewhere (and, curse it, I can't remember where) about a Frenchman's discovery of an ultrasonic wave modulation that will literally tear your internal organs apart by creating "friction" (for lack of a better term) between these organs. Laumer's cyborg tanks in Hounds of Hell bear some watching in the future and I don't remember seeing any specific thing about psychedelics being used as weapons of war. (Take that back. Kimball Kinnison used that to destroy Helmuth's base at the end of Galactic Patrol--he dumped thionite into the vent system.)

I thought "Merry Ragnarok" was priceless! "The walls will eat you some dark night and spit your meatless bones behind the Coke machine!" indeed! How absurd. Uh, do you perchance happen to have a night light you could loan me? Really, though, I don't have to worry. I don't have any meat on my bones to start with. So the worst that could happen to me would be to be spat behind the Coke machine 'which has already happened to me a couple of times already).

Richard Delap                      I keep seeing Leo P. Kelley's name all over the fanzines,  
532 S. Market                    so I suppose one of these days I'm going to have to break down and  
Wichita, Kansas                read one of his books (it's just that I keep reading the reviews  
67202                              first, then find reasons to put them off, his books that is).  
I did read "Coins" in F&SF and didn't find it to be all that bad.  
I didn't find it to be all that good, either. In fact, mediocre.

I take it Will Bogg's remark in the Norman Spinrad article was meant as satire: "It is known that blurb writers (and fan reviewers) have an egregious propensity for faecal excess in their ruminations." Right? Then what's the excuse for: "He embodies...the possible cleavage between willfull dedication to self-power and the most vestigial moral sensitivities."?? More satire? And: "you won't extricate yourself from his exposition in utter depravity and horror once he has enticed you along on the tour of sanguinary gamesmanship." More satire?? And yet: "Despite Mr. Reed's most cogent cogitations on the distinctions to be made between the two terms ...I am holding to the conservative postulate that science fiction should maintain a modicum of scientific orientation". Still more satire?? Mr. Bogg should make a great blurb writer some day; he has "an egregious propensity for faecal excess." (I bet he's got the most dog-eared thesaurus in the country!) ((Or you have the most dog-eared dictionary...))

I wish to refute the remark on page 18--Piers Anthony does not sell shorts to F&SF. He sells panties to Merrill. (No, Piers, it won't work...anything in the mail weighing over 2 ozs I immerse in water before opening!) ((Yeah, Piers. That's why his flowered Fruit of the Looms are all runny...or bleeding, or whatever they do. ## Before everyone thinks that Richard is just mouthing off to someone he doesn't know (as some say he did to Ted White a while ago, or vice versa), I'd better say that Richard is a new member of the SFWA, and Piers helped him join that organization. He may \*blush\*. That may imply two different things: (A) Richard has sold a story, making himself eligible to join the organization, or (B) The SFWA needs new members so badly they're letting fans join the organization. Hm...))

Don't condemn Irwin Allen...he's only a figment of A. Bertram Chandler's imagination.



Spinrad's letter was very intelligent and straightforward. (I got to read one of his books, too, someday, soo, maybe.) Joe Drapkin? I can only quote: "It certainly does your zine no good to have him around." Who's he think he is...Ted White? Lee Hoffman's LoC was also very good (I got to read...).

I take back what I said in my letter, about having to be a good writer to get into Analog...I just finished a crash reading program to catch up on this year's issues of Analog. I was wrong, you don't have to be a good writer. As to your question, no, all stories do not hold my interest in any sf prozine, including F&SF. (I've never seen a copy of New Worlds.) I judge a magazine on the number of good stories yearly. The best story I've read this year was David Redd's superb "Sunbeam Caress" in If...which does not excuse some of If's drivel like van Vogt's "The Proxy Intelligence." Hank Davis also mentions Lawrence Yep's "The Selchy Kids", also in If, and also one of the year's better stories (as well as Mr. Davis' own hilarious "Squatter's Rights"). So, as far as I can see, If seems to have the market sewed up for another year...which is not to say it deserved all the awards given it in the past three years.

Faith Lincoln's letter was ugly.

Mike Symes remarks, "simply because with good advertising and distribution it is almost impossible for a film to fail financially." I've been with the film business for ten years, and I know this is the most ridiculous thing I've ever read. Lots of films fail every year, especially some of the "big budget" roadshows that flop such as Doctor Doolittle, The Charge of the Light Brigade and Custer of the West. And the Taylor/Burton fiasco, Boom!, which didn't even recoup enough to cover Taylor's salary. Contrary to Symes, there is not "a certain large group of people who will see practically any movie," at least not large enough to keep it from failing.

I must disagree with Hank Davis when he lumps Moorcock's The Final Programme along with M's other works. Programme is one of 68's best novels, as well as one of the most unappreciated. I won't back Moorcock when he does a bad book, but when it's as good as TFP, I challenge anyone to knock it down without giving some damned good reasons. OK, Davis, where's your reasons? ((I think a lot of people hate anything by Moorcock simply because he edited New Worlds, and naturally New Worlds is the mag that used to be great, until it was transformde by that idiot Moorcock, so that idiot Moorcock can't write either. So...anything written by/connected with Moorcock is garbage. Let's try and find out what Joe McCarthy thinks of all of this...))

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I regret that I can't really comment on Leo Kelley's article on fans at Worldcons--simply because I've yet to attend a Worldcon and therefore can't judge if things are as bad as he indicates. I know that fans have always been the main focal point at the regional conventions I've chaired and/or attended--yet, agreed, Worldcons are probably a horse of a different color altogether. Yet, even without the experience of a Worldcon, some of Kelley's suggestions still come through to me as good ones. I like his point re a question-and-answer session after each event featuring pros; again, that's something we've done at all South-westercons, and it's gone over very well. Yet--I'll just have to wait till my first Worldcon (St. Louis) before I make further comments on all this...

Re Spinrad's letter: I wonder exactly what markets he's been selling to, these



past four years? Overseas, or the sex pulps, or what? Wait, I just thought: he's done a couple Star Trek scripts...maybe that's it. ((I doubt if Norman could live for the rest of his life on the money he made out of writing the one ST script of his which was shown. More may have been bought, but how would I know.. He has been selling some articles/stories to the mags with "freedom" as some would put it. And he didn't sell Bug Jack Barron for a bag of potato chips.))

Pardon me while I raise an eyebrow to your comments to Mike Symes. Comic fans are interested in only comics and money--and nothing else? Come now. Quite a few of them are s-f fans, and just about all of them are interested in people! You slur them because they're interested in original art from comics--what about those who pay good money at s-f auctions for original Freas or Jones or Gaughan? Should they not be slured, also? You slur them because they're interested in info on old comics--why not slur those s-f fans who publish--and use--such as the MIT SF INDEX, B. Day's many indexes, etc., etc.? And book reviews (and zine reviews, to an extent) are basically information exchanges (of a sort)--should we slur every zine that carries such in s-f fandom? Perish forbid. Understand, I'm not trying to "defend" comic fandom, and I'll agree there are some strange things there, but on the whole there's not much difference in the two fandoms. All I ask is that if "we" step on the right hand, "we" also step on the left...

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Leo Kelley's article is puzzling. Perhaps he's basing his experiences on one or two Worldcons--I don't know. But I think the basic misconception is an assumption that fans WANT a much more active part in worldcons than they have now. I'm not sure whether this is really the case. Most fen go to cons to have fun, meet old friends and in general have a good time. Many, if not most, don't go to most of the program items anyway; they could care less what happens. But the important thing is that fans often go to a Worldcon to hear, see and talk to the experts. Fans run and actively participate in all the many regionals held each year. When time comes around for the biggie, they don't want more panels of Joe Phann talking about fanzines or discussing the New Wave. They want to see the pros, the people who actually write the stuff, defend what they do. They want to see the real experts. Many of them don't give a damn what the fans think--now that they've got the chance, they want to hear what the PROS think.

Let's talk about some specific ideas. That for-floor microphone is a good one, but perhaps a trifle hard to set up. It would be easier and nearly as effective for the con to get hold of a good shotgun mike, which can be pointed in the right direction and which can pick up quite well over distances. We'll certainly try to arrange this should we get the '73 con (Chicago in '73!), and will at any rate suggest the idea to others.

Leo asks for a fan panel of the New Wave. This has been done at every regional for the past three years (or however long the New Wave idea's been floating around). Greg Benford and Ed Wood were supposed to be discussing something like that in a Baycon discussion; Ted White and Harlan Ellison debated the very thing at NYcon. The projected program for Jim Young's Minneapolis regional includes a panel discussion of this same thing. Fans just don't want this! If anybody has to talk about the New Wave, they'd much rather see Harlan, Spinrad, Delany, Harrison and Blish go at it than a couple of fans.

Most major speeches are reprinted somewhere; SFR carries Farmer's Baycon speech



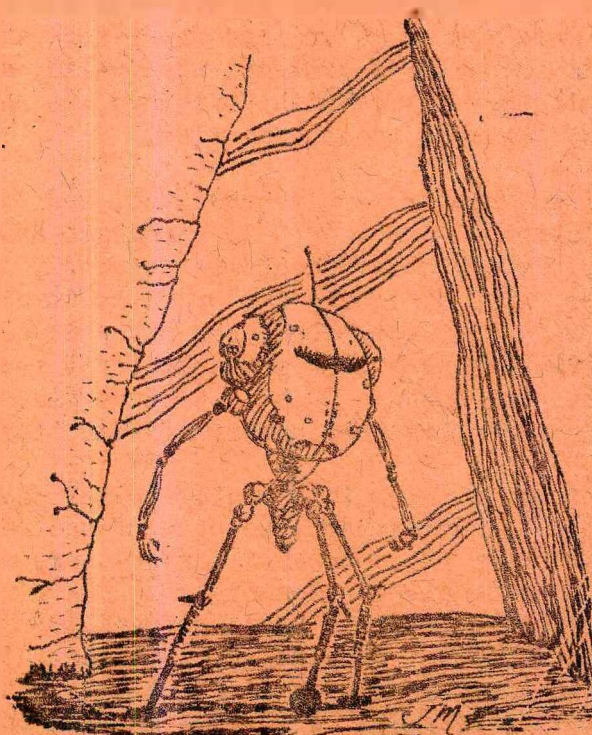
for example. And the whole thing is published in the proceedings eventually, anyway. I don't really think there'd be that much of a demand for additional tapes--but this is a possibility, at least as an experiment.

The idea of free copies of latest books is indeed a good one--but with World-cons a massing upwards of 2000 people, I sincerely doubt you'll be able to convince the publishers to give that many free copies away. After all, we really have no choice--we HAVE to buy from them anyway, so they don't really need all the goodwill this idea would entail.

In short, I would say that while fans should be able to participate in world-cons to the greatest possible extent, I doubt not only whether they really want to participate as much as Mr. Kelley feels but also question many of his specific suggestions for fan participation. Particularly with these days of huge conventions, it is important that the concom keep close ties with fandom. But much of it can be left at that.

I was very happy to see Dale's BAYCON report--especially because it seems that I, and the rest of the Chicago convention people, were the only ones to have major gripes about the con. Everybody else seemed to say, sure, the hotel was terrible and this was botched up, but aside from that... Well, for me at least, the many flaws completely soured the convention. It was fun, but they all are; it seems to me, though, that this one could have been so much better with just a LITTLE bit of coordination. Dale points out lotsa the boobos, and does it very well. I'll only point out one thing in addition. To me, the best single new program item was the staged readings, with Harlan, Leiber and deCles backed up by a light show. All three men have had obvious training in oral reading, and the result was really good. So what happened? It started just 30 minutes before the Costume Ball, so anyone with any kind of a costume had to leave after just a few minutes. Now dual programming might be necessary at some times, but this certainly was not one of them.

Seth--I've been discussing this same point with Jack and others for quite a while, and though I can see your point, this problem remains. I mean, if Gaughan is voted the best professional artist and if he contributes good art to fanzines (as he has been and as he has), then isn't it almost axiomatic that he should be named best fanartist also? This was the situation last year, and this appears to be the situation for the next few years. Gaughan is only one of the big pros who contributes to fanmags, and as such is going to be a shoe-in for the Hugo, year after year. And rightly so, for his will indeed BE the best fanart of the year. So--what do we do? Making a rule here is much harder, really, from making the same rule about fan writers. The difference is in the type of work. The professional science fiction writer writes primarily science FIC-





TION; if he writes any non-fiction, it's likely to be in another field, as is the case with Robert Silverberg. There's little overlap between categories, since most fan writers are nominated for their non-fiction. But, art is art, and the drawing Gaughan does for Niekas could just as easily (well, not so easily, but you get my point) have been sold to Galaxy. It's a real mess, and no solution is completely fair to everybody. You've simply got to vote as your conscience dictates. I can't in all fairness vote for Gaughan for fanartist, Good Man and wonderful guy that he is. My vote goes to either Gilbert (Mike, not REG) or Bode. Similarly, I can't vote for Ted White for fanwriter; my vote'll go to Harry Warner or Richard Delap.

I don't like Jeff Jones, either. Ever notice that he can't draw hands or feet?

Haven't read the Dick yet, but even so I find Faith's review good if rather hard to follow. I also wish she'd be more final, more definite in her comments. She criticizes not the basic ideas, plot or character of the novel, but rather picks on minor flubs. While this is certainly valid criticism, it doesn't seem that she's justified in relegating the book to "the rapidly filling void" on these alone. If there are other more important reasons, then we should know about them.

I do like Doroschenko's little piece, though; suppose you can talk him into writing a "definitive" study of the great Irwin Allen Trash series? He's probably given TV more idiotic sf than any five producers combined, and if Leonid can get this good little article out of only one episode of one show, think what fun he'd have writing on ALL of them! ((Belch!))

I strongly agree with Spinrad that the writer should be the one to have final say over changes (other than grammatical, spelling, etc.) in his material. If a given editor objects to certain portions of a story, he can either reject it out of hand, or else return it and ask the author to make changes or what have you himself. For the editor to accept a story and then make changes himself is not really fair to the author, since the changed version is NOT what the author wrote. You might as well put the editor's name on the story as a collaborator. I would think that most modern sf writers are mature enough and critical enough to be able to accept an editor's comments when valid, and to change or modify their work accordingly. If they do not wish to change, it should be either printed as written or returned for sale to someone else.

Ted White recently commented, and it seems to me validly, that published bad fanfiction will not in fact encourage and stimulate budding writers. Rather, he said, these stories should be rejected, and the reasons for this detailed for the author. The beginning author gains nothing at all by having a poor story published (except a little egoboo), and may well be mislead into thinking that he's doing the right thing--which probably isn't true. If a faned can suggest revisions or changes, or perhaps point out how a given story can be improved, this will help the writer much more than having his bad story printed.

I don't think it's really that fandom doesn't want characterization, Richard ((Delap)), but rather that some of the recent methods of presenting it have been deficient in other areas. Past Master, as you mention, and also Picnic on Paradise have both received extensive praise AND condemnation, each from different sources. Both are difficult to read, primarily BECAUSE so much time is spent in the characters. Paradise, especially, is essentially a character-psychological study, and as such is (to me, anyway) fascinating. But unfortunately, there's nothing there to keep me interested, to involve me with the book.



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I've been using BAB #2 as breakfast reading for the last few weeks and I didn't finish it until tonight. (I got up to the letter column this morning and realized that I wouldn't have time to eat breakfast tomorrow. So.)

For the record, it's a Thursday night, 9 PM and I'm lying on my bed and (just a minute)--eating a "Mr. Goodbar" (7/8 oz., milk chocolate and peanuts, 5¢). With that in mind... ((I've always had a weakness for Mr. Goodbars...))

(You know, I could be working on my index for Buck's Yellow Thing, or reading The Old Curiosity Shop for the Dickens seminar next week, or writing home, instead. Feel honored--I guess.) (\*\*Blush\*\*)

I have a thing about thick fanzines. They scare me. BeABohema scares me less than some, because at least it's composed of various pretty colors when I flip through the pages wondering at the ambition of fan publishers. ((You must be wondering a headful right now. Like, your letter's on page 77. Boo... Bet that scared you.))

Bellowings: "The 15-16-17-18 Incident, of which you will read much more as you progress in this issue." That seems to assume that I'm going to read your pages in order. Scarcely the case. (I suppose there are people like that, but I don't know such weirdies.) My system in encountering a new zine is to flip through to see if my name is mentioned (not bloody likely), then to ~~flip~~ through again for dirty words (like "shit" or "Irwin Allen"), then to read the book reviews, fillers, editorials and humorous (?) features, and then (sigh) to force myself to read the rest, saving the letter column as a treat for last. (My system in encountering a new prozine is to read the letters, book reviews, and blurbs, scan the science article in three minutes, and file the magazine away for four years until my backlog catches up to it.) So it was entirely possible that I'd encounter the 15-16-17-18 Incident before reading your editorial. Though I didn't.

Not having read much Norman Spinrad material...

Not having seen Land of the Giants...

Not having read Do Androids Dream of Electric Mutton...

Good grief, I am out of touch! That four or five year backlog is getting a bit ridiculous. I could talk about Star Trek or Marvel Comics, I suppose. But you don't give me many narrative hooks for that. (Anyway, I'm bored with ST, and if I talk about Marvel, I'm afraid of getting sucked into comics fandom. Anyway, Faith Lincoln says they're shit, and who am I to argue with a demure young gentlefem?) ((Ah, so you did pick that cute little letter out during your second flipping through the pages...))

"The Berserker won the trick, As he clove in two, the Pict"! OK, now we get these four fellow Vikings--Leif Anderson, Leif Svenson, Leif Johansson and Leif Gunderson--and for #3 you have Argee depicting ((I couldn't help the break-in... "have Argee dePICTing"..ahahahaha...never heard a pun like that before, Denny.)) the Berserker chopping up ALL F\*O\*U\*R of them at O\*N\*C\*E--with his four-leif cleaver ... ((And what do you call apples that grow in a textile factory? Fruit of the loom...get away, I can take you all on...))

Good grief again, I haven't seen JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN either. And I don't attend cons. Just what am I qualified to comment on?



I suppose I can always do my picky thing. See page 27, where Faith Lincoln says "There are, as one may expect in a Dick novel, some highly effective, /sic/ but sheer carelessness, nay stupidity, totally ruins any effect; a stupidity that could have been stayed by an ever-so-cursory job of proofreading by the author." Speaking of proofreading... ((Well, uh...that was just a test to see if anyone would notice...))

I like your reviews-in-(some) depth of fanzines, though fanzine review columns in general turn me off. It's all part of a plot to get me to become more active... for years, after my first flurry of necism died down, I was quite content to get only two or three fanzines regularly. It Was Sufficient. But some of the lines in review columns looked so good--anyway, I'm back in another flurry at the moment (which is why the loc, my index for the Unnameable Indianazine, and such), and I even broke down and met a few fans in the flesh recently (after six-seven years as only an address and shadowy hand wielding a pen). Now I'm sending in subscriptions, writing letters, writing features--and probably flunking out of graduate school, if I don't readjust my schedule of time spent. (If this letter to BAB makes the difference, I expect you personally to support me for the rest of my life as a fair exchange.) (Oh yeah, my family, too.)

Well, I don't buy prozines for the artwork--you'll notice I barely even comment on artwork in fanzines. I buy almost all my prozines secondhand, since the back-log seldom catches up to my holes anyway. When I do buy a prozine new, it's because it looks as if it may fold if not supported (Worlds of Fantasy and--ugh--Spaceway), because it has a weird fascination for me (The Magazine of Horror, my--er--favorite (blush) contemporary zine), or because it contains a story by Heinlein or one of another select group of favorites (though Furshlugginer's Freefarmlands a few years ago almost destroyed even that category). ((And I thought it was a good story...))

Piers Anthony lists the "better writers of the day" on whom you will probably pick in future issues, and predicts you'll Do The Job On Him by next issue. I suppose it's nice to be sure of who the "better writers of the day" are--and it must be even nicer to ~~know that you're one of the logical top six.~~ know that you're one of the logical top six.

Mike Symes: the story (rumor?) I heard is that Marvel had nothing to do with the transfer of Steranko from SHIELD. Seems the Comics Code Authority didn't like the fairly blatant way he was presenting Val as Fury's mistress--such as the sequence in his penthouse in #--3?. Is this the coming thing--comic heroes and heroines with sex lives? (I used to worry about Supergirl's sex life, back in the days when I bought even DCs. Think about it a while and let your mind boggle...)

Do you suppose if Fury and Val were shacking up when Steranko was running things, they've reformde since? Or are they merely more discreet? (Let's see--maybe Supergirl and the Hulk. That could be interesting.)

P.S.--A helpful tip to all fellow weird types:

If you would like to become a minister, empowered to marry and bury, with a real live diploma and wallet card, simply send a postcard to:

The Universal Life Church, Inc.  
1766 Poland Road  
Modesto, Calif. 95351  
(phone 537-0553)

No questions asked, and no charge (foreign fans might want to include return postage, though). This is no gag; it's just one more valuable thing you can get free if you can find out about it. The ULC has no tenets, except for believing that everyone should believe whatever he wishes. Anyone for squaring St. Fanthony services with the civil authoriries? Rev. Dennis Lien (#15,776) ((And that's it...BAB...))







