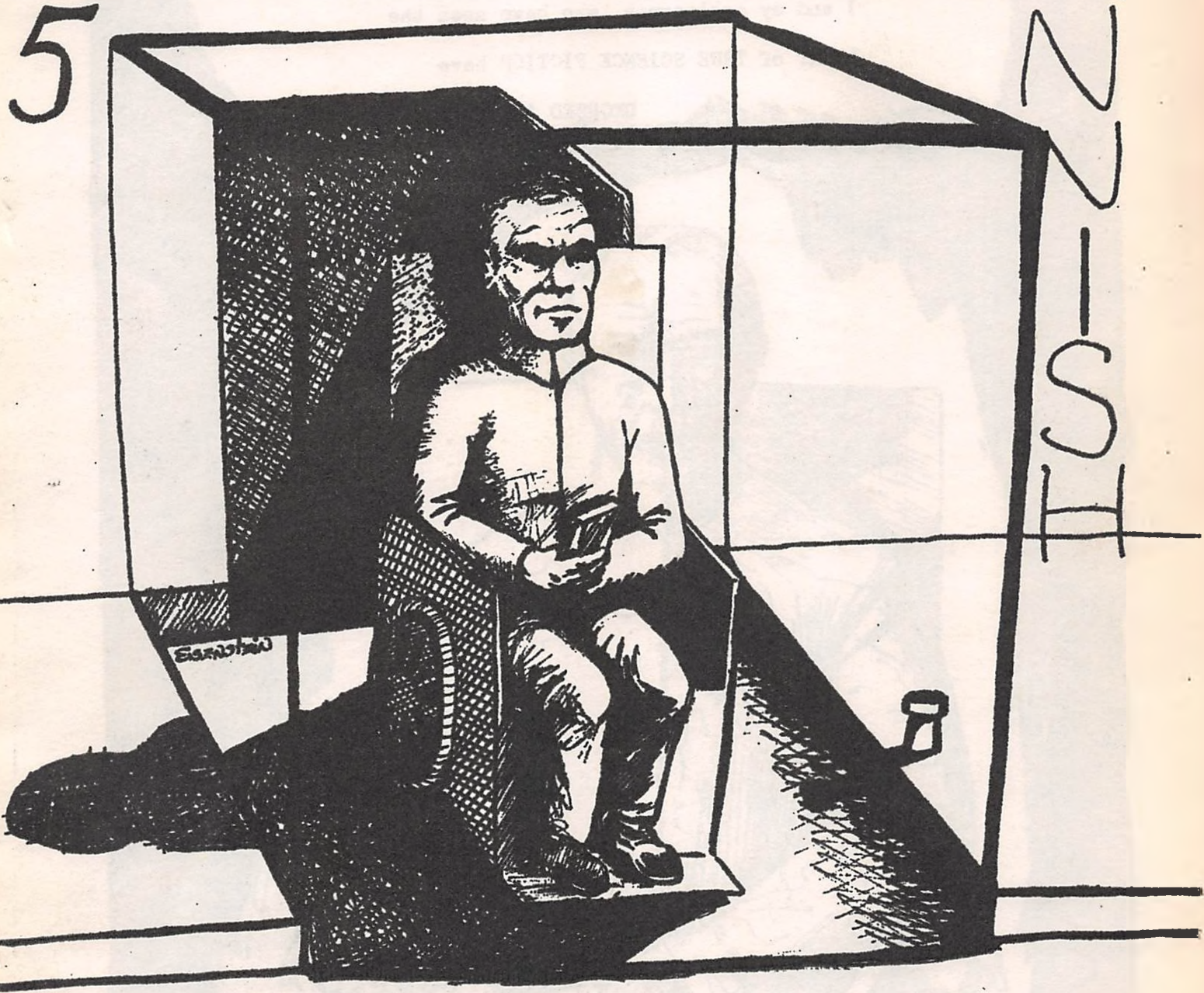


BEABOHEM



The Vault was opened to the Board members, and — the lights went dim! When they looked again at the glass cubicle it was no longer empty. A figure occupied it — a figure in a wheel chair! It closed the book upon its lap and fingered it idly. And then it smiled, and the face seemed all alive.

It said, "I am HARI SELDON!"

The NEW WAVE is a FRAUD! It is EVIL, for
I and my colleagues, who have seen the
LIGHT of TRUE SCIENCE FICTION have
DECREED IT THUS!!!



We must BLAST the
BLASPHEMERS from the face of
the EARTH! ... THE GALAXY!!
...THE UNIVERSE!!!



Hey, Charlie!

C'Were! Cell #14

...this Pierce
fella's gettin'
violent again
-the usual
stuff.....

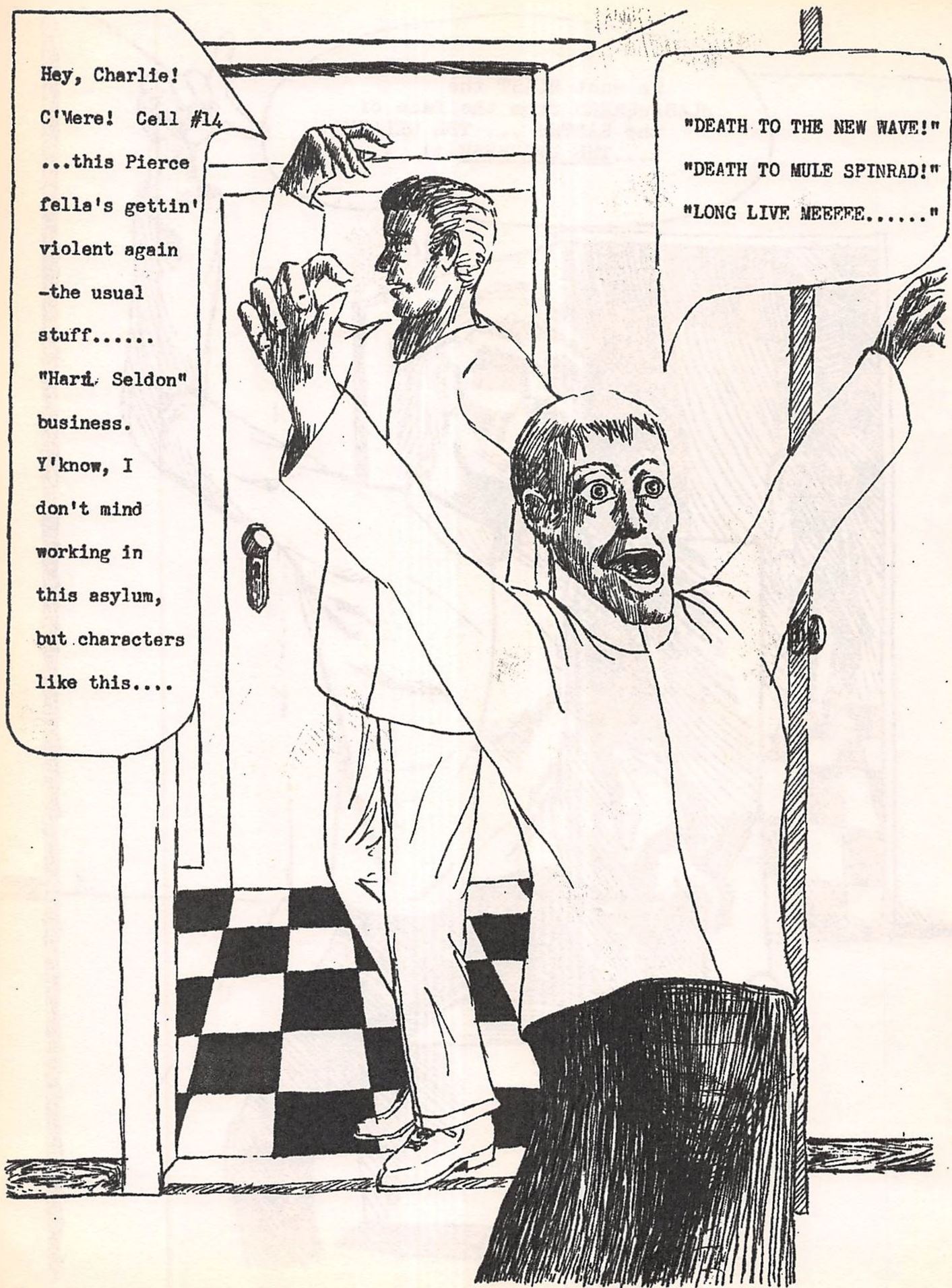
"Hard Seldon"
business.

Y'know, I
don't mind
working in
this asylum,
but characters
like this....

"DEATH TO THE NEW WAVE!"

"DEATH TO MULE SPINRAD!"

"LONG LIVE MEEFFE....."





"Oh, yours is my favorite zine,
Frank, I alway read BEABAHOMA,
er, BEHEEMOBALA, er, er, BAMA-
MOHELABALA, uh...."

BEABOHEMA

A spasm has just swept its hand past my face. The annish of BAB is almost done, and I'll be able to shove it onto ...hmm, I left the spacer on 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ because I was writing a letter to Goble today. Excuse me. Still, I'm almost done, and all I have to do is sell an arm to get the money for postage on the damn thing. Oh...I groan while thinking of what it's going to cost me to send out 104 pages. That's the new count, by the way. 102 pages of annish, without the covers, etc. If Al Snider comes through with his column, then it's 108 pages, but thus far. Well, I haven't been exactly singing "High Hopes". I thoroughly detest the song, but that doesn't mean too much.

The colophon rambles on. I figure I'd better start a labeling system with this issue. So I'd better make up some labels so the symbols will mean something on the envelopes, eh? Also, there are really some people paying for BAB, and everything would be a lot better if they knew when they have to pay some more. I'd be a lot happier, anyway. So: a number is the last issue you'll get unless you do something, meaning you subscribed; x means you'll get the next issue without having to do anything, maybe. The hell with this labeling. If there's a number, that's the last issue you get on your sub. The rest if you can skiver in your boots and rush your articles and locs and whatever you can dig up.

BAB is available for written material, like locs, or columns (yeah, columns), or artwork...all the usual, or 60¢ an issue, 2/1\$, 3/\$1.50, and so on. THIS ISSUE is 75¢. It'll cost me that to send the thing through the mail. Price will go back to usual with the next issue, unless it's as long as this. May very well be, for all I know. Today is August 7, 1969. This is Deutch Noodle Press Mark II Publication 9. Rejoice.

If anyone is interested in who turns this enterprising fanzine out, read the following. If you save your envelopes anyway, disregard. The editor and publisher of BAB is myself, Frank Lunney, and if you want to send a threatening letter (nothing scares me more than money: enemies read carefully!) I live at 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951. Ass Ed Emeritus is Bill Marsh, and he's moved. It seems that anarchists tore apart his trailer and he had to buy a house. You can write to the house at 1119 Cedar St., Carson City, Nevada 89701. And our Art Services Editor is Jim McLeod at 7909 Glen Tree Dr., Citrus Heights, Ca. 95610. All art submissions should be sent to the ArSe Ed. Jim, as we all know, is the real power behind the editor. (Hey, I didn't make that up. It's Jim's fault...)

I don't know when the next issue will be out, but it should be soon enough after you read this. Artists: man, but Jim is really feeling lonely out there in California. No one will send him anything. And I'm just getting stuff from people....well, I don't know what I'm getting. Next issue should have the usual stuff, and Al Andrews may be starting his column, I've got some artwork from Terry Jeeves, maybe a St. Louiscon report by Goble with the usual caricatures by Jim and whatever else happens to get written. Away.....

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The title of Dale Goble's article is correct, by the way. He told me what the first two founderings were, but...well, leave it to the readers. Heh heh...

Artwork

Cover(s) by Jim McLeod and Gabe Eisenstein

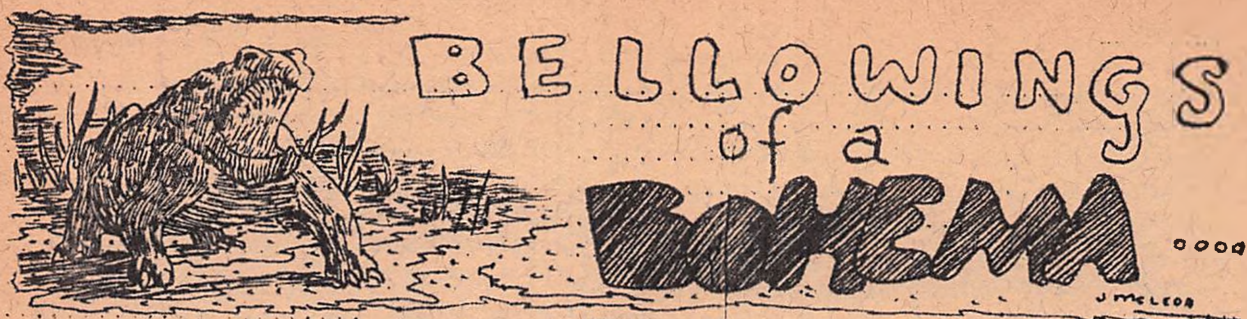
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Bacover by Mike Gilbert

Tin Whistle

!-----
If Miss Lincoln had her eyes put out, would any of you deign to call her Blind Faith?

!-----
What the hell are you supposed to use for a lino?



Okay, so this is the annish of BAB, as Gabe Eisenstein saw fit to put on the cover (though I'm not judging the goodness or badness of that particular act). It's big enough, and in some places, sloppy enough, but this little paragraph is what Dale Goble likes to call The Warm Up, so that's what you're supposed to do, people. This is the annish, and I don't reall know how many pages there are, so I'll count now, for people who dote on such goodies (like Charlie Brown and Teddy Pauls; boy, Ted, you didn't count the pages in the last issue, did you? "Over 70 pages" indeed. That could be guessed at. Tsk.)

Yeah, 102 pages, if Al Snider doesn't come through with the fanzine reviews, and 106 if he does, not including the covers at all. You can if you want to, but...they're extras.

A few things I have to make sure I don't forget as I do with everything else will now fall under the typer: Leo Kelley wants everyone to know that Ed Ferman will be the judge of the NFFF Story Contest this year, and that his address is 500 East 85th Street, New York, N.Y. 10028. It seems that Mike Zaharakis put a couple of ads in the St. Louiscon PR and got a few things wrong. Things were reported correctly in the LOCUS which came today, so everyone should find out about the changes in one way or another.

Next, the two most obvious mistakes; which I shouldn't even mention according to Peter Singleton, are the splleings of "Vaughn" and Vergil". Both mistakes were mine, and really stupid, so don't blame the writers, Seth Dogra-majian and Pauline Palmer, respectively. You can guess how I spelled each one. But, I'm made to feel a lot better when I see "Delany" spelled with the extra "e" making it "Delaney" (in KIPPLE, of all places; Ted knows the spelling of the name of the most insignificant official in the Saigon government, but he doesn't know how to spell the name of one of the best writers of sf ((deliberately bringing the cliché-ridden sentence in))) or a letter from Gary Hubbard wherein he spells Piers Anthony's first name "Peirs". Ah, I'm glad I'm not the only person in this world...

Next, the most obvious difference in this issue (as compared to those of the past) is that I have a different mimeo. Specifically, I blew my pocket and bought a Rex, and should be able to get some brilliant printing done when I'm able to control the damn thing. As far as this issue goes...well, as long as

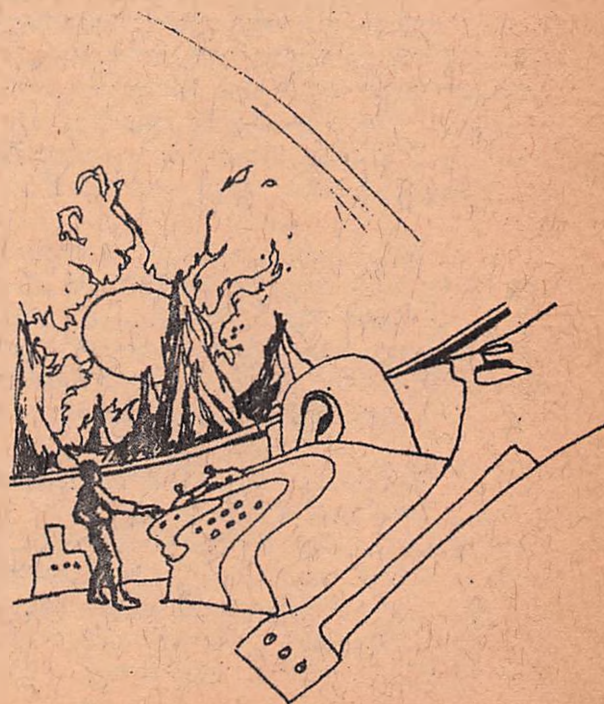
this is the annish, I thought I would really foul it up in some places. Like, well...the heading to "Turnip Country". I learned one thing about the Rex: it's heavy as hell on a stencil. The stencils I used to use on my old Sears mimeo (which was what all the others BABs were printed on) were demolished. The o's popped after a few sheets were run off, and then the e's, and the a's, and though I didn't go much further on any stencil, I would suspect that only the paper holding the stencil to the machine would be left after a run of 350. So, I just switched to the Bohn stencils, which are quite different, and seem to be much better.

A few other things: the heading for the Dean Koontz column wasn't supposed to be as it turned out. You see...originally, the logo was to cover the top of the first page, and the entire facing page. Well, to begin with, the opposite page was partly a wash drawing, and it didn't out as a useable electrostencil to begin with, but I decided to try using it because the issue was laid out around it already. So, I put the first page on the screen, and phwam...right away the periods lapped up the ink and decided the paper needed it more than the machine. So if you have a copy of that particular page which happens to be lousy with ink, you know what to blame.

To compound everything, of course, the offset was a pain...I believe I took each page out separately in the Koontz logo's case, but it was impossible for every page. I can sort of blame that on the paper, which might be better for the next BAB; I'll probably go back to Mimeotone, maybe not.

Anyway, I was going to try and use the full page logo. It was on the drum, and though I knew it was big, I didn't know that it extended beyond the limits of a piece of paper. So...more fun erupted while I busily tried to corflu a portion of the stencil while it was on the drum. Still, the screen came in contact with the roller and offset on the backs. I corflued some more, and finally got it to fit the paper.

Where is the page, you say. I only see a Flinchbaugh drawing in its place, you say. Well, the pic was sort of solid. It had nice black spaces everywhere, with splotches where the wash should have been and so on. The result was that I couldn't even pool the paper from the screen, and when I was able to get one sheet, it was impregnated with ink, and went through to the other side. Take my word for it, people, I couldn't do it. Really. So, because I had already sot up the column and needed something to fill the page, I put the Flinchbaugh there. It looks out of place, OK, but...jeez, I couldn't trace each page individually on my trusty Sears scope. Man, talk about an easy way to use your time if you're counting the seconds till you die and can't wait...



So why don't I just end this by saying: I'll try and get the mimeo under control, OK, and if any of you have a page you can't read, well...complain, but not to me.

And now we get to the subject that really has to be explained: Faith Lincoln. With Faith, I believe, we had a hoax that sort of got out of hand in one way, yet was useful in another. Ed Reed, one of the co-founders of Faith, seems to be explaining to one and all that Faith was conceived of to bring controversy to BAB, and maybe to his own zine. Untrue, for reasons which will be explained.

But, the story:

A little less than two years ago I joined the NFFF, and for a while after that all I ever did was correspond with people and receive a few magazines. I was impatient for some more fanac, and I joined the NFFF Welcommitte, the month after I joined, if I recall correctly.

Well, I was even more impatient, and I wanted to do some more work, so I came up with the simple idea of supervising Round Robins which would act as discussion groups, limited though they are, and help out new fans, perhaps, and myself, too, as far as it goes.

In all, I started four Round Robins, and it was #2, with myself, Bee Bowman, Ed Reed and Leo Doroschenko, that became the birthplace of Faith Lincoln. It became apparent to me that Round Robins were usually nothings, and mine were soon leaning in that direction, so I came up with a few projects I tried to inject into the groups to stir up some activity on the part of the participants. With #2 it was a hoax, Faith Lincoln, to label her as she later came to be known. (Correction already: Bob Roehm was also a member of the RR.)

I put the idea to the people, and Reed and Doroschenko went for it, but Bowman and Roehm weren't interested. They were busy trying to get egoboo for themselves in their own name, they explained, and wouldn't have time with a hoax. Perhaps they were the lucky ones to turn down the offer of partnership. But I doubt it, because Faith was fun in a perverted way. Not in the destructive sense, because I should think that most people suspected her from the start, but just implanting the idea that she was fake all along, and seeing how people would react.

Plans were made. Ed came up with the name Faith Lincoln. (It was only later at last year's Philcon that I even noticed the initial resemblance; sly Ed.) By this time it was...oh, early August, I guess, and I got the idea for my own fanzine, though I hadn't begun to plan such a thing when Faith was first dreamt of. So, this smashes the idea of trying to create controversy in BAB, Ed. You knew better.... So what the hell are you slinging it, for?

I had my ideas, anyway, and started getting people to write for the first issue. Now one night I just sat at the typer and first-drafted an ignorant story that I knew some people would praise and most would hate, but was patently a farce. That story was "The Minatory Mimosa", a name which meant absolutely nothing, a fact only Redd Boggs pointed out. (I came up with the title by opening the dictionary in any place and planting my fingers on two words. They became the title of the story. Simple.)

It was a totally inoffensive story, yet some people chose to attack Faith, rightly or wrongly.

Her next appearance was in Ed's zine, L'ANGE JAQUE 2, and her loc was in refernce to my review of a book in the previous issue. So...who was knocked but myself? No one. Ed decided to carry her image to BAB in some obtuse way so he wrote the loc appearing in BAB 2, and Faith was firmly established as the shit-throwing, literary-minded book reviewer for BAB. Ed wrote the letter, and Leo had the book review of Phil Dick's book; the review was brilliant, the loc I printed.

But, I was the person who wrote the retort in reply to Gabe Eisenstein's condemnation of Faith's original story. It was just off the top of my head, yet sort of insulting, I guess. That was strictly fun on my part, and don't make the mistake of thinking I didn't have fun with Gabe. Incidentally, Gabe is the author of the posthumous Faith loc in this issue; she's not going to retreat as did Eric Blake (which I know very little about), but I think has to be explained as I'm doing now.

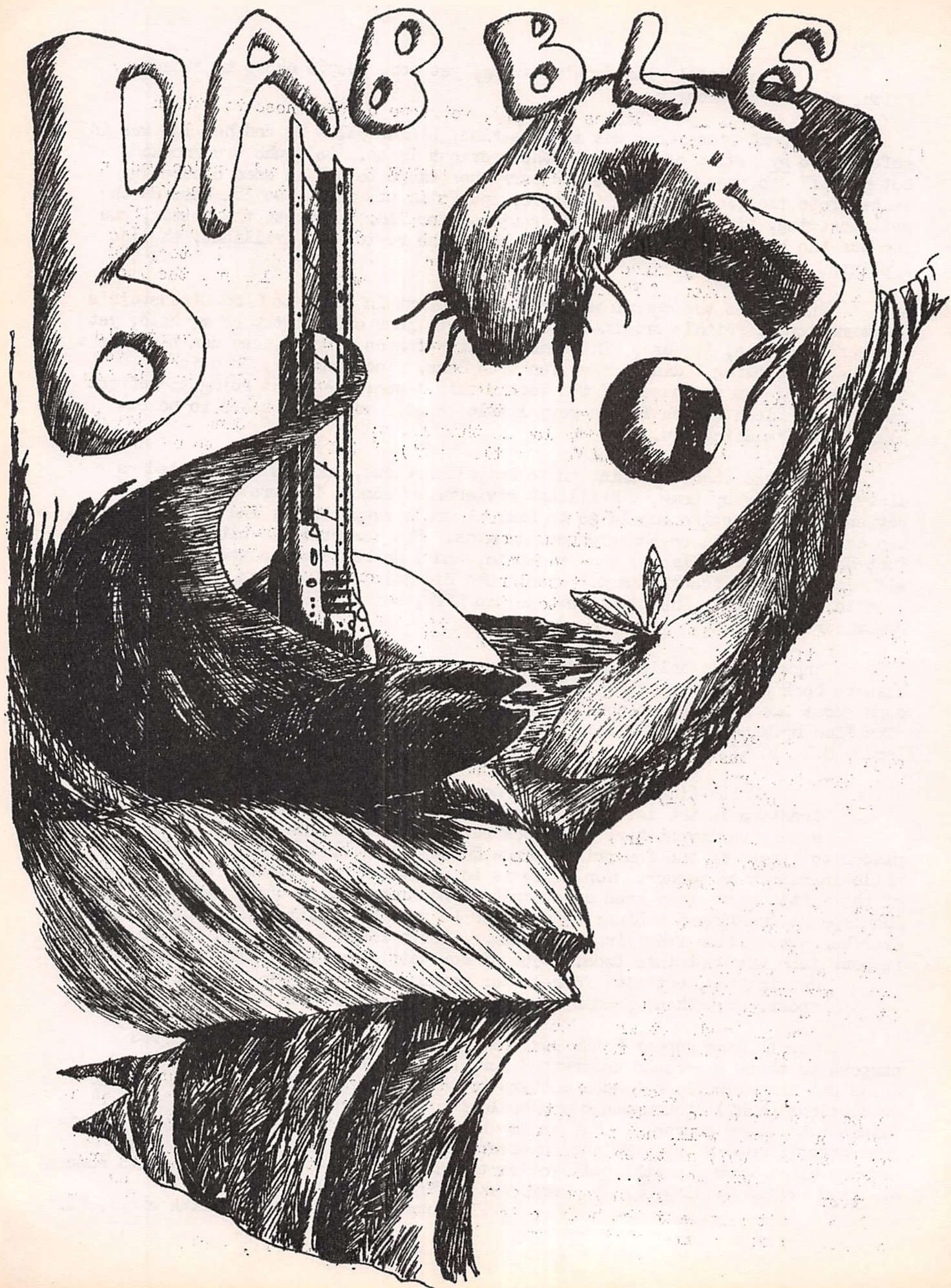
Response started coming in to Faith's reviews, and she was greeted as a dirty young lady by some, a brilliant reviewer by some. Leo wrote all the reviews, so the praise should go to him. I wrote very little, and Reed was there. Leo carried the hoax to the greatest lengths. She corresponded with people, a fact Dave Malone (at least) can attest to, and I do believe she was corresponding with John Pierce, though I'm not sure. She did join St. Louiscon, and would have been in attendance. She might have joined NFFF, but that was in the future. Maybe our next hoax.

Anyway, I do believe no one can dispute the fact that Faith brough some life to book reviewing. Did people read her or not, and--dammit--was she thorough about the business or not? Here's what Bob Tucker wrote about Faith in "The Time Machine", his LOCUS column (LOCUS from Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10457, 6/\$1):

Faith Lincoln may or may not exist, according to some of her detractors in the letter columns, but if she didn't exist it would be necessary to invent her. Her book reviews in Beabohema are the most pointed pieces to appear in the fan prints since Damon Knight skewers the chuckleheads while in search of wonder. Her style is to question the style and the originality of the writer where they need questioning, and if necessary quote parts of Shakespeare or Pliny the Elder or whomever to make her points. If Captain Future ever borrowed a line from Virgil or Caesar, Faith Lincoln will find it and hurl it back into the Captain's face. Some of her detractors have taken to replying, not in kind, but with four-letter words, which robs the game of its sport. But then, fandom has fewer sports these days.

So, it does appear Faith was a succes with some people. She served a purpose to those who could understand her, or Leo, for that matter. To the dead-heads out there: well, not much matters to them. If any egos have been broken, or libelous (huh?) statements made, apologies are extended, of course. May all things take their course... But as for Faith being created specifically to create controversy: Reed or Dave Malone, whoever had that idea, you are off you ass and you don't know what the hell you're talking about, so why not speak with some of your brains backing what you say. Which is enough.

With hunched shoulders, I slink away...FL.





I have been interested in indexing for some time. I like to put things in order, see how they compare to each other, play statistical games. Since I am also a science fiction magazine collector, it was natural that I apply myself to those ossifying issues eventually.

In 1960 I ordered both halves of the Don Day index and was well pleased with the half I received. (Years later Day admitted defeat and refunded my money for the unpublished 2nd volume. Too bad that didn't work out.) But I had to search through ASF issues for quite a frustrating time before locating the review on the Day publication. I needed that to get the address, you see. Wouldn't it be nice, I thought, if those reviews were indexed, so that such items could be located immediately! But I knew of no such listing.

A couple years later, when I was trying my first full-time stint of freelance writing, I discovered another use for such an index. I was trying to keep up with the field, since that should help me crack the market myself (I then assumed)--but it galled me to discover that publishers would take an old novel, retitle it, put a new cover on it, and put it on the market--without providing prior credits or copyright dates. Perhaps there are laws against

this sort of thing, but if so, they are not enforced. This made it difficult to tell the new from the old at a casual glance, and uncasual glances are frowned on by newsstand proprietors. Only by buying a promising book and starting to read it could I discover that I had read it before, and that my money had been wasted.

This infuriates me. I hate like hell to get cheated, and I have a very low regard for the cheater, as I shall clarify shortly. But what could I do? If I bypassed everything I was suspicious of, I might miss some excellent novels. In fact, I did miss a number, because the uncertainty tended to corral me into the magazine field, where I knew the material was original. (This was before the days of Sol Cohen of AMAZING. Funny thing is, he was then publisher of GALAXY; why he took it over for two and a half years only to return it to Guinn I don't know.)

The only way I could be sure was to have a listing of the various titles and title changes, and to check that list before buying. If I wasn't sure, I could look up a review and judge from that. Sometimes it's hard to remember a book by title, even when that title hasn't changed. I might see Rockets, Missiles and Moons on sale and figure I'd read it, when actually what I was thinking of was Rockets, Missiles and Space Travel--the former by Charles Coombs, the latter by Willy Ley. Or I could confuse Star Born, Star Bridge, Star Gate, and Star Guard. (If you're so smart, Reader, suppose you tell me off the top of your head which of those was not by Andre Norton?) Not to mention Star Beast, Star Hunter, Star Kings and Star Lumnox--that last an alternate title for one of the above. And Star Girl, Star Dwellers, Star Conquerors and Star Man's Son...

No, there are plenty more Stars, including a whole anthology series edited by Fred Pohl. I trust I have made the problem clear.

Reviews, properly used, can direct the reader to the better material available, and help him to avoid the worst. But who wants to wade through a decade of ASF's merely to find a review that matches what is currently on the stands? With an index, however--

During a siege of Writer's Cramp I decided to make such a listing myself, confound it. Couple hours work, I figured, and I'd be able to check out any book...

Ah, blessed naivete! It was more than two hours. I lost track after two hundred hours, and have no idea how far beyond that I went. I found myself with a list of about 2,000 titles, with from one to six reviews listed for each, and the thing continued to grow. I had loosed a monster, and it was devouring me. It consumed my time, that time I was supposed to be putting into writing (while my wife worked to make that writing possible), and thus was rendering me into has-been-hood before my first sales.

Sure, it was fascinating to compare the differing opinions on a single book, and the varying approaches by different reviewers. I found the Damon Knight comments intriguing and the P.S. Miller reviews consistent and the Anthony Boucher remarks succinct. But when was it going to end?

And there were other ramifications. In the course of that listing I

discovered a review of the Tuck index. I obtained the set from its U.S. agent, Howard Devore. In the letter I mentioned my own project, too. Big-Hearted Devore was interested, and asked a couple of times to see a copy so that he could forward it to Tuck. So when I retyped my preliminary copy, I mailed him the old sheets. They were messy, of course, but the info was there. Devore never acknowledged or wrote to me again, and neither did Tuck; all I got were catalogues of D's book sales. Gee, thanks, Howard. You were my first lesson in what to expect from a Big Name Fan.

I also discovered a note on an annual magazine index published by one Al Lewis. Good, I thought--this will update the Day index. The review project was at least paying off in terms of other indexes for my collection. I sent half a buck to Lewis--and received along with the copy an invitation to join a fan group, the National Fantasy Fan Federation. I pondered, decided I had nothing to lose, and joined. Who knows--I might even get in touch with other hopeful writers! (I was still naive, you see.)

Thus began my interminable battle with that monstrosity known euphemistically as fandom. When I think that but for the index I might never have heard of such creatures as John J. Pierce, Roy Tackett, Frank Lunney and The Ultimate Foundation (does Cohen publish that, too?)--well, I mourn for the time when I had the opportunity to burn the index unused, and failed to. What a terrible price we pay for our mistakes!

But it started, as does the road to hell, gently. Seth Johnson and Alma Hill were among the first to welcome me to membership. Seth introduced me to Jim Notaling, an aspiring writer with whom I did my first successful (i.e., it sold) collaboration, and to Andrew Offutt, with whom I did another. Alma put me on to Robert Margroff, with whom I later wrote the novel that was to give precious Faith Lincoln an orgasm on these pages. Matter of fact, I am interrupting our second collab novel to do this column. (Sorry 'bout that, Rem.) (Faith, it's about a huge wormlike ET. Now you can start researching early to find out which book we're cribbing it from.) Margroff in turn introduced me to Frances Hall, another collaborator.



Meanwhile, I wanted to publish my index. I asked Seth for advice and he, as always, was accomodating. He gave me the addresses of several fan publishers who might be interested in my project. One of these was Al Lewis.

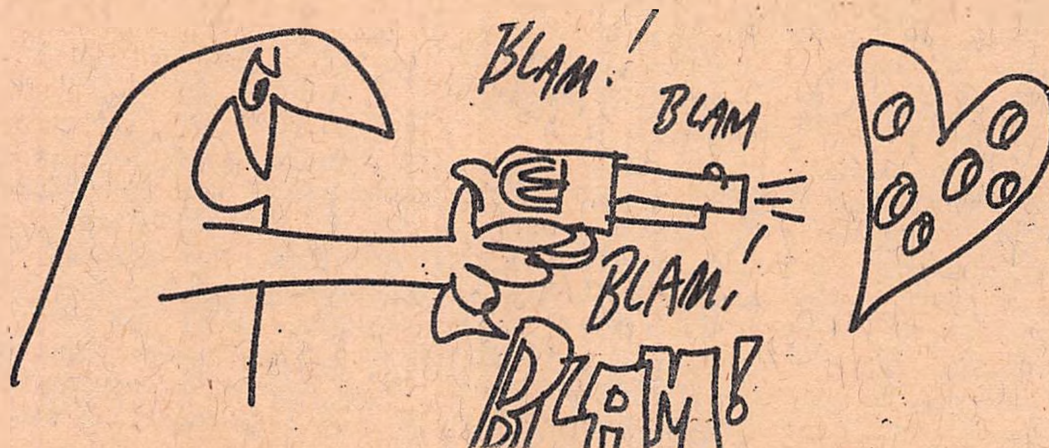
Full circle? Well, a loop, anyway. I wrote again to Al, this time describing my project. Now it happened, in the best fictional coincidental tradition, that Ed Meskys was visiting Al, and they were working on the 1962 annual magazine index, and Ed was thinking of doing a supplementary review listing. My letter arrived at that moment.

Bang! We were inbusiness. Ed and I were abruptly deep in correspondence, exchanging information, making plans. I started receiving copies of his fanzine, NIEKAS (the "nothing" fanzine). Later I contributed to it--first letters, then an essay on the Arabian Nights (beautifully illustrated by Jack Gaughan), then book reviews. Harlan Ellison claims that it was my commentary on DANGEROUS VISIONS therein that decided him to put out the companion volume, AGAIN DANGEROUS VISIONS. So let's not challenge Harlan's veracity; let's just imply modestly that the Second Vision came to pass because I was working on a review index.

Somewhere in there I visited Ed in New York, and he got me safely around that appalling metropolis. Ed introduced me to Charlie and Marsha Brown, and it was at the Brown's residence I met Poul and Karen Anderson and Alexei Pan-shin. (Neither Chthon nor Rite of Passage had been published then, both novels having to find their difficult way through various publishing houses. Alex and I might have had more to say to each other, had we known.)

Charlie loaned me a book, Before the Dawn by John Taine, that I needed for research for my novel Paleo (98,000 words of dinosaur now being marketed)--and I know how dangerous it is to loan books, particularly to first-time acquaintances. (Yes, I returned it!) This in part explains why LOCUS is on my permanent reading list. Ed also took me to see Ted White--but Ted pleaded fatigue and closed his door to us. That was not the smartest thing Ted ever did. After all, it was only 3 AM.

Al Lewis also introduced me to Dick Tiedman, another collector. Thus began one of my more voluminous correspondences, for after Dick indexed several



files of magazines for me, he sent a draft of his essay on Jack Vance, then in preparation. One of his friends, Ron Goodman, read a draft of my novel Chthon and offered criticism that helped me get the bugs out of my karate scenes. Later I have "expert" (meaning I had sold some stories) testimony on Ron's own adventure SF novel, then involved in California litigation. I never did hear how that trial turned out; if anyone knows Ron Goodman, please relay word to me c/o this fanzine. The lawyer to whom I talked later became my own attorney (I figure that sooner or later someone will sue me for something, so I am--take warning--prepared). And the court reporter who took down my testimony is now marketing his own science fiction novel, with my advice and encouragement. It has an original idea in it, so is having trouble selling. Dick Tiedman is not an active fan, though he still appears every so often in the fine British fanzine SPECULATION.

Ed Meskys, Dick Tiedman and I set up an Index Circuit, and the tedious work proceeded. I transferred my records to index cards and added in the entries Dick sent. I had covered ASF from 1945 on; Dick picked up earlier issues back to 1935. (The *#@%!! has a larger collection than I do.) I wrote to John Campbell of ASF to inquire whether he knew of any pre-'38 book reviews; he replied that there probably weren't any, because no real SF book publishing existed then. I recorded all the reviews of GALAXY, F&SF, IF and several lesser magazines, and a number of years of AMAZING and FANTASTIC. Dick did most UNKNOWN WORLDS, OTHER WORLDS, THRILLING WONDER STORIES and STARTLING STORIES.

My wife, drafted for index typing, had an argument with Ed about the information to be included in the listings. (He wanted page #'s, etc.) Another indexer, Norm Metcalf, was added to the circuit. Dick found more reviews. Al Halevy filled in more from UK. Work continued.

Meanwhile, I discovered through the fanzine SHAGGY that there was a local fan, Tom Dilley. I got in touch with him, and borrowed his collection of WEIRD TALES, dating back to the '30s, for indexing. A California friend of his went through some ARKHAM SAMPLERS for us. Ed ran a plea in the NFFF letterzine, TIGHTBEAM, and Fred Tilton responded with several pages of listings from the '52-'54 boomzines. Ed searched out scattered issues missing from our various collections and checked them out. This was a tedious process, because review columns aren't always listed on the contents page; one has to leaf through the entire issue to be sure, then read through to catch all references and mentions. Phil Leitch, who lived in Australia, volunteered to help, and did so.

Buck Coulson is the character who made me show the color of my money before trusting a sample copy of YANDRO to my hands, and who declined to loan me the DeCamp dinosaur book (for Paleo again) because of the danger of losing it, and who has picked nits with most of my novels. But when I asked him for help with the index project, he took care of NEBULA (the magazine, not the award), some of the other British issues, and a monstrous sheath from AUTHENTIC. I believe he did more actual listing than anyone outside of Dick Tiedman and Ed Meskys and me, and he did it quickly and well and never mentioned the matter again. His wife Juanita, now a pro, almost became my collaborator for the novelization of Omnivore. She gave me thoughtful comment and marketing advice on the novelette version that never sold, and said that she doubted she could help it much by participating. I think, in retrospect, that it would

have sold as a collaboration, and that she knew she could share the credit and the money quite simply...but preferred not to do it unless she could provide something unique for it. This is a creditable attitude. So if anyone has been wondering why I don't blast the Coulsons the way I blast other twerps who criticize my work, now you know. The Coulsons are good people.

Contrast my next experience with a BNF. Tom Dilley told me about a review fanzine, SPECTRUM, put out by one Lin Carter. I sent in a dollar for a four issue subscription, with a letter explaining my review-index project. I asked his permission to include his own reviews in the index, assuming we undertook to include fan reviews. (After all, we had done ARKHAM SAMPLER--but it would be ridiculous to try to cover all semi-professional and fan magazines.) I requested that he begin my subscription with the first issue of SPECTRUM, so I could pick up those reviews. He never answered. He sent issues #3 and #4, and that was all. But he provided free copies to "professionals".

Now it is important to understand Lin Carter in context. He did not at that time know I was professional. He assumed he was dealing with a straight, money-paying collector, so naturally he gave me fan treatment. Namely, he accepted money for four issues, delivered only two, and ignored my legitimate interest in indexing the reviews. He cheated me of 50¢. I remarked on this later in NIEKAS, and had a response from Ben Solon, who had a similar experience with Carter. The amount of money is small; the principle is not. It is OK to curry favor with Name professionals, however flagrantly, if that's your ambition--but to do so at the expense of the unknowns is a bad show. Particularly if you are going to write in SF TIMES that you were once an annoying kid reader in St. Pete, Fla., and take great efforts to reply encouragingly to every single letter you get. Carter certainly didn't do so when he received my serious, courteous letter from his home town...

In fairness to Lin Carter, I must add that he is by no means unique in treating the Names quite differently from the unknowns. Ted White, Scott Meredith and Fred Pohl are masters at the technique, and there are surely others. I know; I have had both types of treatment from each, as my status shifted, and I know of other cases. (And in fairness to the field, let me clarify that many Names are not like this. Operating as an unknown, I received courteous treatment at the typers of Isaac Asimov, John W. Campbell, E.J. Carnell and Sam Moskowitz; I could remember others if I tried.)

I remarked to SF TIMES when I subscribed that their fair-haired boy must have suffered a radical personality change, if what Carter said in their pages was true. That fanzine must really admire him, because--well, I didn't want the rest of my subscription anyway. But I remain curious why they never cashed my \$3 check. Is interfering with my checking account more important than the cash, or did Lin Carter frame it for a souvenir?

I haven't seen many Carter reviews recently, but did pick up his effort in SF TIMES. Those who saw that one on my novel Sos the Rope may wonder what I think of his reviewing ability. No, you're wrong. Lin Carter, when not crazy-jealous-mad, is actually a fairly decent fan reviewer. The two issues I received of SPECTRUM consisted of reviews by Dave Van Arnum, Dick Lupoff, Ted White, Joe Shaumburger and of course old L/C himself, plus listings of other current books and forthcoming releases. And plenty of letters of praise for the magazine and comment from such writers as Asimov, Bloch, Davidson, Pohl,



Hamilton, Norton and Williamson. The tastes of the publication ran conservative, and the reviews were not particularly sharp by today's standards--but for 1963 this was a useful service to the field. Today he has a good thing in his BALLANTINE fantasy classics series, and of course he has been justly honored as Last Speaker of The Ultimate Foundation.

That of course doesn't alter the fact that Lin Carter is still the turd he always was.

In January of 1964 I shipped the index card file to Ed Meskys in California. It cost me \$12.94 in postage and insurance--more than half the money I earned for my first story sale! By this time I had left NFFF in disgust (I understand that's normal) and was in training to become an English teacher. Al Lewis undertook to update the cardfile. Since he was a California English teacher, we compared notes and discovered that there is much more \$\$\$ over there than here.

Time passed. Somehow the index didn't get published. I bugged Ed every so often, and he assuaged his guilt by shipping me fabulous copies of NIEKAS. I finally wrote a long letter to the co-ed, Felice Rolfe, and subsequently met her when she visited her family in St. Pete.

Ed moved East (too much radiation at the IRL?), and the index with him, and it continued to grow out of date at the rate of twelve months a year. In 1967 I heard again from Norm Metcalf--a general statement that he planned to publish an SF index, 1923-66, including stories, artists and book reviews. Well! I fired off an encouraging letter and enclosed \$5.00 prepayment for a copy. I inquired whether he remembered my own index, since he had been part of that circuit. I had a polite reply from him: yes, he remembered, but that had no connection with his own. He might use mine to double-check his, however.

I saw fan commentary that suggested Metcalf was unlikely to get his project off the ground. Maybe so--at any rate, his deadline for publication is long past, and I have nothing to show for my five dollars. I believe he has reissued the Day index, but that's another matters. I suppose I'll just have to stop paying in advance.

I heard from Harold Palmer Piser in 1965, whose literature I passed along to correspondents. He was going to compile a master listing of all fanzines. What an appalling task! But it was something I'd certainly like to see. He wanted a definition of "fanzine", so I offered "An amateur publication intended primarily for amateurs interested in fantasy or science fiction." He had a list of fan organizations, among which was SFWA. I explained that this was a pro group, ineligible to fans as such, and gave him Damon Knight's address. And I suggested that for practical purposes his definition should be "A fanzine is anything that the author of this bibliography chooses to call a fanzine." Fans, I explained, wouldn't be fans if any two of them agreed on anything.

Naturally I mentioned my own review-index project. I never heard from him again, and by and by he died, his index unpublished. I hear his lawyer destroyed his notes. Thus was my helpful letter consigned to the flame, along with similar material from everyone else who tried to make his dream a reality. I dislike bookburners almost as much as cheaters.

I read about the MIT index in Brass Tacks in the April '65 ANALOG, and ordered their \$2.00 Bludex/Blackdex. It would have been nice if they had dropped me a note when their big index came out; I ended up having to pay the post-publication price, and this soured me. They did, however, deluge me with meiotic fanzines and half-baked projects; everything except proper info on indexes. But I sent in a list of corrections to their index and mentioned my own interest in indexing. They never replied.

This is 1969. For almost seven years I have been trying to complete my index and get it into print, and it seems no nearer to success than it was when I started. How true is the adage: if you want a thing done well (or done at all), do it yourself. But I was stopped by the inavailability of certain magazines. My collection is now somewhere over 1500 copies, but a lot more issues have been published than that! Now the card file is in other hands and I can't work on it anyway, even if my pro writing commitments permitted the time. But I'd certainly like to see it in print, and feel that it would be very useful to collectors and to those who merely want to know odd bits about the work of various authors and reviewers. Is anybody out there interested? And competent? Do fans exist who finish what they start? If I ever earn enough through my writings to afford it, I'll go into fan publishing myself, and bring out the index; meanwhile I'm looking for help. Revel in it: this may be the only time you'll ever see Piers Anthony ask fans for anything other than to get lost. I can be reached care of this fanzine.

I even solicited BALLANTINE BOOKS on the index. They declined it, even royalty-free, because it would be too awkward and expensive to produce, and the prospective market was too slim. They're right, of course.

As I write this, I understand that Ed has obtained the help of a Boston fan, Drew Whyte, who is filling in the recent years. Perhaps MIT (the fan group) is now interested in publishing it. I don't question their capability--but they certainly never showed any interest before, and I'm not relying heavily on this. Even such a sweet, gentle, innocuous laborer as I am gets cynical after a while. But I sent a card to Whyte asking for information and explaining about this Babble discussion; could he drop me a quick note? No reply.

What actual use is such an index? Well to begin with, it is a sizable compilation of the books published in the field in the past 30-odd years, plus those other books the SF reviewers thought worthy of inclusion. That's worth something. True, any book that was not reviewed (and many are not) in the magazines will not be listed here--but half a loaf, etc. In the face of the proliferant and chaotic publishing and republishing these days, this could serve as a handy buying guide, even for those who have no magazine collections and so can't read the reviews. Those who do have collections, of course, will have a fantastic tool to harness them with.

Authors of SF books should find the index rewarding, since they could search out the comments on their own works. If they are not collectors, but do like to save the reviews of their own books, this would tell them exactly which magazines to search for in moldering back-issue stacks. Editors should delight in this index, for it would acquaint them with the field in a hurry and provide suggestions for reissues. It would help in the compilation of bibliographies. Scholars could use it to verify the opinions of critics on works under consideration. And reviewers could check it before putting their feet in their mouths by not recognizing reissues. Matter of fact, I suspect the reviewers would be pleased to review this particular compilation.

An example of how the index functioned once for me: a local reader, discovering that a genuine SF writer resided in the area, managed by diligent efforts to procure my phone number and called me. Was I, he wanted to know, familiar with a certain book, an SF novel he had read long ago but lost, in which the South had won the Civil War? It had "Jubilee" in the title, and--

I looked up Bring the Jubilee by Ward Moore, pulled the April '54 issue of ASF in which it was reviewed, and read P.S. Miller's discussion thereon to



him. "That's it!" he exclaimed. So I picked out the information of who had published it (BALLANTINE) and he was on his way. An old joy had been rediscovered. I had done him a service I could not have accomplished without the index.

(Incidentally, the long meaty arm of coincidence struck here. I once taught English at a private military high school, and this same man, a retired colonel or some such, had come to make an inspection. I don't think he realizes to this day that an obscure instructor there was the Science Fiction Writer he phoned.)

For the curious: Bring the Jubilee was also reviewed in GALAXY, Feb. '54, F&SF, Nov. '53 plus mentions in March and Nov. of '54 and Oct. '58. It may have been picked up in other magazines, or more recently, but all I have here is an interim copy of the index, of about 3,000 titles, that is incomplete.

Then there is the reviewer supplement, listing where each reviewer has done his thing. Ackerman, Archer, Asimov, Bester, Blish, Beaumont, Boucher...right on through to J. Wellington Wells (a pseudonym of L. Sprague de Camp). If you are a collector, but are too cheap to buy In Search of Wonder (as I am), your problem is solved. The supplement tells you where and when Damon Knight did the original reviews. Thus you can look them up in SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, FUTURE, INFINITY, IF and F&SF, from 1954 through 1960. (Sorry 'bout that, Damon.)

Yet, ironically, now that my own novels are being published and reviewed, I have no way to run down the comments. I keep an eye on ASF and S&SF, but have no idea whether Budrys has ever deigned to notice me in GALAXY. I dropped my sub after an interminable and losing battle with their dub dept, you see. So though I am, to greater or lesser extent, a collector, reviewer, writer and indexer myself, I'm unable to serve myself. Such is the fuckle (oops!) finger of fate.

**

ADDENDUM:

This is where I remark on oddities such as stray fanzines that persist in reaching me. I dump them into a red box and save them for this occasion. I really am not too interested in them, people, because I lack the time to read them properly.

ID--I received that February 10, and probably remarked on it before. This is #3, and has a nice cover and seems to be a decent effort--but is one of those hundreds of decent efforts I must live without.

OSFIC--arrived March 22 and has the kind of back cover I like--you know, a you-name-it-I'll-fly-it contraption full of egglike elves, by Derek Carter. If I am ever given the option of illustration on a humorous story (if I should ever sell one), I'll ask him to do one for me. Inside is a review of The Blonde by Peggy Swenson. This must be one of the places I saw a comment about Geis being a porr writer. I mentioned the matter to him, and he shipped me a copy of Ravished. I read it and did commentary for GRANFALLOON that Geis considers a real backstab. So blame it on OSFIC, Geis!

THE UNDERGROUND--Vol. 12, No. 1 it says here. A spelunking zine, no less.

Intriguing and well done--maybe when I get moving on the Chthon sequel I'll write to them for advice. Most of that sequel, Phthor, will take place in caverns, you see. Received it April 26th.

ODD--got it May 5th. This is the Summer '69 issue, 106 pages of what may well be the most elaborate single issue of a fanzine ever, and damn well done. Even has live band-aids on the dragon. Printing, illustration, conception--it is all matchless and awing. But you shouldn't have sent me a dollar copy like that, ODD, just because you printed my postcard saying I wasn't interested. Because the fact is that I'm not interested, and was trying to let you know politely. Somewhere I read that ODD is starting at something like a thousand circulation and halving it each time until it is down to its responding readership--my figures may be off, but that's the rough idea, anyway--so this time I'm assisting by not responding. But it is a beautiful issue, and congratulations!

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, #2, #7, #12--Leland Sapiro, seeing my remark in GRAN-FALLOON that I didn't approve of prowritten fiction in fanzines (I prefer to give the fans a chance) sent these 3 issues and a letter debating my point. I have been too busy to read any of them yet, or to argue my side--but pretty soon I will, now. Actually, I was an early subscriber to RQ, and still have the first issue after it changed from INSIDE. Five years gone, just like that; oh, I feel old!

OSFIC--What, another issue? This arrived May 8. Lists the Nebula winners--wrong. Not much here for me.

TRUMPET #9--Arrived May 15th. Reminds me of ODD: the presentation is superlative, illustration the same. I received it because they ran my letter saying Don't Bother, and it doesn't interest me. Maybe the message is this: it is the content that makes the magazine, not the medium, and to hell with McLuhan. Content here isn't bad--just not sufficient to take me away from my own writing.

THE WSFA JOURNAL #66--I received with it the following four notices:
1. Thank you for your contribution to the JOURNAL. It was much appreciated. Please note that in line with JOURNAL policy for contributors, your subscription has been extended by one issue. We look forward to hearing more from you in the future. (Hm--so when does my sub end?) 2. Your subscription to THE WSFA JOURNAL expires with the next issue... (Thanks; so I get #67.) 3. Note to Subscribers--Because of the unexpectedly large size of this issue, and the corresponding increased cost, the 1969 DISCLAVE Special issue of the Journal will be counted as two issues on all subscriptions. As a result, your subscription has been shortened by one (1) issue, and now ends with issue number 67. (How's that again?) 4. New JOURNAL subscription rates will go into effect June 1, 1969. 3/\$1.10... (Well, I put WSFA on my waiting list last time, but that extra dime...and I'm not sure I can keep up with all those notices. It's a good, informative production--but let's wait a while and see whether I can afford it.) (Actually, I never subscribed; since they sent me, over the last couple years, four issues containing comment on my work, I sent a dollar reimbursement, and they called it a subscription. I do appreciate this service of showing me the issues that relate to me--but if I can't pay for them without being a subscriber, I get to feeling guilty. Problems, problems.)

CROSSROADS--Vol. 1, No. 2. Editor asks for a contrib(ution) and L(etter) o(f)C(omment). "You should be concerned with Pierce et al," he suggests. No, having pondered Pierce (must admit there is something attractive about the name, tho the spelling seems funny) I have decided that a) he is not as rabid as people have represented--at least, not in public--and b) he is not worth my effort. But mainly, Al Snider of CROSSROADS, I agree with your editorial on the subject. To quote: "Where do these guys get off telling me what kind of science

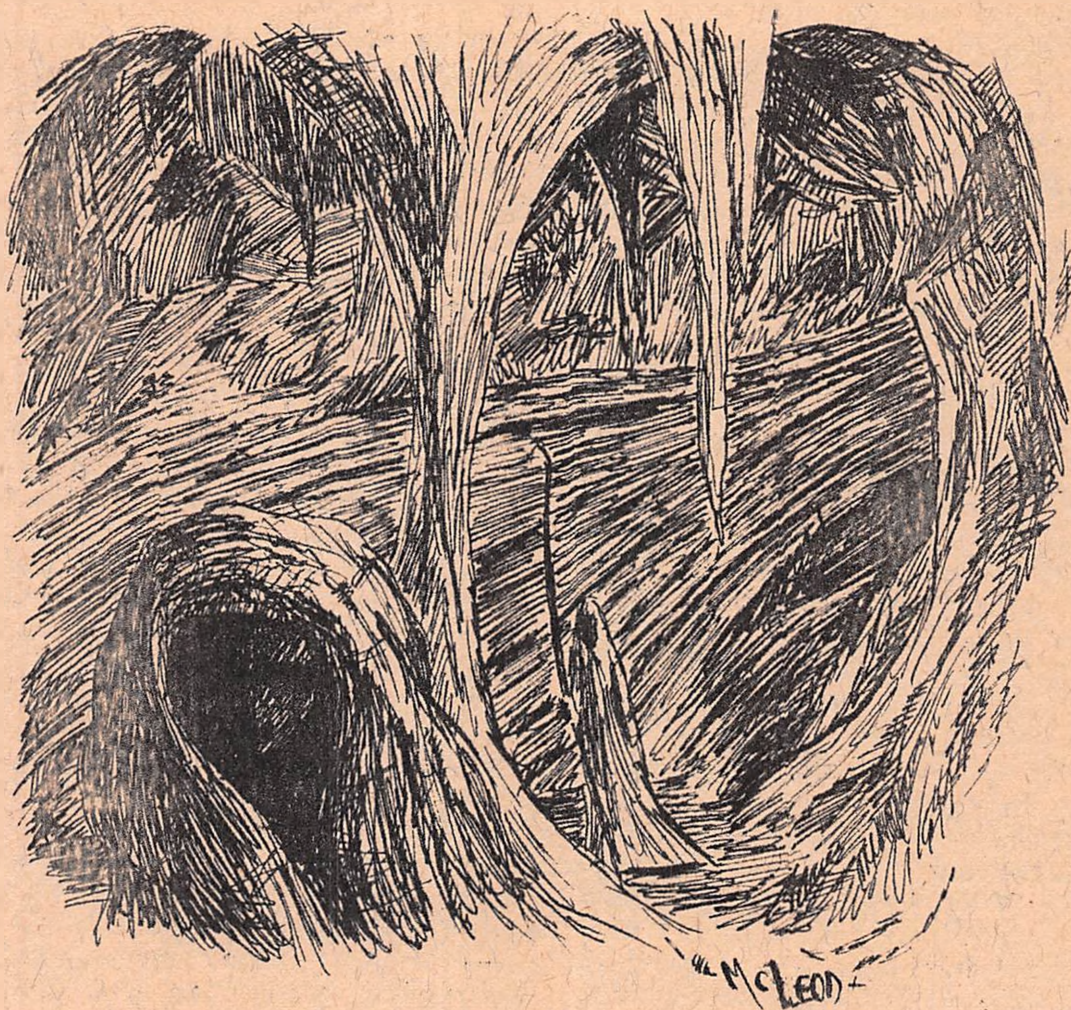
fiction is best for me?" My sentiments exactly. Pierce may feel that no one should be allowed to write, publish or read any SF that does not suit his personal taste, and that is a notion that is counter to the tenets of democracy. I presume it means I had no right to write Chthon, was skirting the law with Omnivore, and acted properly with Sos the Rope. I maintain I had the right, nay the duty, to write all three. (Note to JP: if you skip chapters 5, 7 and 10 of my upcoming novel, Macroscopic, the rest should approximate your standards, particularly chapters 6 and 8. Hope you appreciate this service. In fact, I forbid you to read 5, 7 & 10. Please understand that this is for your own good.)

FANTASY COLLECTOR #124--Thanks, but I subscribed to this one back before I ever entered fandom, maybe in 1961. I used it to fill out missing issues of F&SF. I no longer need it.

LUNA--SF TIMES in sheep's clothing. Forget it.

Received a missive from Ted Pauls. Haven't had time to read it yet. Sorry.

--Piers Anthony



AXE-GRINDINGS

A TRIBUTE TO TRUTH



I have a record cabinet in my room and on it are two pictures. One is a large Dustin Hoffman. The other is the newspaper ad for "Goodbye Columbus" showing Ali McGraw, and Richard Benjamin down there in the corner. I put them there to remind me about what "The Graduate" and "Goodbye, Columbus" said and what they stood for. The picture of Hoffman is not really Hoffman; it's a picture of Benjamin Braddock and all he went through. And

the other is not Ali McGraw and Dick Benjamin; it's Brenda and Neil, mostly Neil. And often times when I don't have anything to do I sit around and look at those two pictures and I think about what they mean, what they represent, not only in relation to the movies, but to the world. And I think, "My God..."

I remember when I first saw "The Graduate". It was late last year. I was about late 16 and at the end of my junior year and some friends of mine went along to the local crud-bomb theater in this small,

small-town-America town of Medina, Ohio which has its fill of pompous Establishment people and we watched. And there on the screen unrolled the story of Benjamin Braddock (Benjie, really, for he symbolizes youth), the graduate who wanted to find out about life. It was enough to make you cry. And it went on, and he discovered the Establishment and it seduced him (or rather, she did). And time passed. Mike Nichols and Dustin Hoffman and Anne Bancroft and everybody created a prose poem, an epic of modern youth and what it finds itself faced with, searching for truth, truth and beauty and love, and find this... But in the end, youth triumphs. As the parents scream, and the groom stands with a fist in his jaw, and the cross blocks the door, love triumphs. And they ride away on the bus together, looking into one another's eyes, safe with themselves. The

BY RON SMITH

happy ending. Beauty. Love. Truth. And she sees it and they overcome her parents and it all ends happy. A tribute to optimism; "We shall overcome..."

And now comes 1969. I've just graduated from high school myself and though it's far from the same circumstances I identify with Benjie even more. And my friends and I (the same ones), we go and see this movie, "Goodbye, Columbus", from the Phillip Roth novella, which they call "'The Graduate' for 1969", a movie they call "The funniest sad movie ever made". It comes on and we delight to the form of Ali McGraw, the luscious Brenda, as she swims, and Neil Klugman stands holding her glasses, in delight himself. And the movie goes on and we see similarities and we see dissimilarities. "The Graduate" it may be but it stands on its own feet as well. But things start to appear. There is the same, if not better, hilarious dialogue, the stabs at society and the Establishment-types her parents and family turn out to be. All the joy and beauty of giving the Establishment the bird... But time goes on and there are moments, choice little moments, when we begin to wonder. Oh, they're hidden very well, hidden between the great, beautiful dialogue and the fascinating scripting and the fine acting. Small, seemingly insignificant moments which come suddenly and then are passed and almost forgotten as time passes on. You could miss them. Many people did... And then suddenly her parents know and they're fighting, and suddenly Neil Klugman, all-American boy trying to find out about life, is seemingly cast in the role of the villain, the deserter, leaving poor Brenda in her hour-of-need. Seemingly...

We look back on the two movies. Both are magnificent expressions of the feeling of the time, the feeling of a large number of young people about the preoccupation with material things and the ignoring of love and truth. But the feeling they leave one with...different...different...

Dustin plays Benjie like Dick plays Neil...sympathetic...a young man groping for meaning in a seemingly chaotic, misdirected world. But Phillip Roth did not write his tribute to the struggle of the individual in the same manner. And in the end, instead of triumphing over the Establishment, Neil Klugman is simply kicked in the gut and leaves to fight again another day. Is it a sign of the times? Is the optimism which produced "The Graduate" gone or is this just a more stirring, a more realistic presentation of the problem? Benjie is the person that youth wants to be and identifies with. When he finally triumphs over the Establishment youth sees this as the promise that somewhere, sometime, truth can win, that it is not all for nothing, that caring really means something. But with Neil Klugman you end in despair. You find that Brenda did not really see the light; in fact, in looking back to those tiny, half-forgotten moments all through the movie, you find she never did. She was as much of the falsehood as her parents, only worse for the seeming light that blinded Neil's eyes. And Neil has two choices: to give in and marry her and accept the Establishment, or to just quietly leave, to bear his cross instead of barring the door with it, and learn from his taste of, to him, the forbidden fruit that life is not all it seems, that often, far too often, falsehood finds its best disguise in the robes of truth. The ultimate deception, and a very real one.

But we see these two movies and we feel the truth pounding out from both of them, and we try to choose the one we will believe. And we cry, for

deserves crying...one for sorrow and one for joy. We dream, or try to, of the way we want the world to be. And we find ourselves crying again...

--Ron Smith

A FEGHOOTING

by Denny Lien

(with apologies to L. Sprague
de Camp and the shade of
Fletcher Pratt)

In 1950, Reginald Ragweed landed on Earth, and, being rather thirsty, went immediately to Gavigan's Bar

Mr. Cohan, upon seeing him enter, broke out a jug of Xeno. Reginald, whose Keen Powers of Observation missed naught, saw that the bartender was looking extremely gloomy, and asked why.

"It's that genie," he explained. "An Arabian fellow came in here yesterday and offered to trade me an old lamp for a sandwich and some beer nuts. Said he was a devout Moslem and couldn't drink.

"I made the trade--suspecting what was in the lamp--and after he left I rubbed it. Sure enough; out came a genie."

"The mythical Arabian genie, or jinn..." began Mr. Witherwax, further down along the bar. No one listened to him.

"I thought a thing like that would come in handy around the place," Mr. Cohan went on, "so I tried him out by ordering him to mix me a Singapore Sling to mail to Ron Bennett."

"He couldn't do it?" Reginald Ragweed suggested.

"Oh, he did it all right. But he did it so slowly. It took him six hours to finish, and by that time the bar was closed. And the ice was melted, too," the bartender added sadly.

"Not very speedy, eh?"

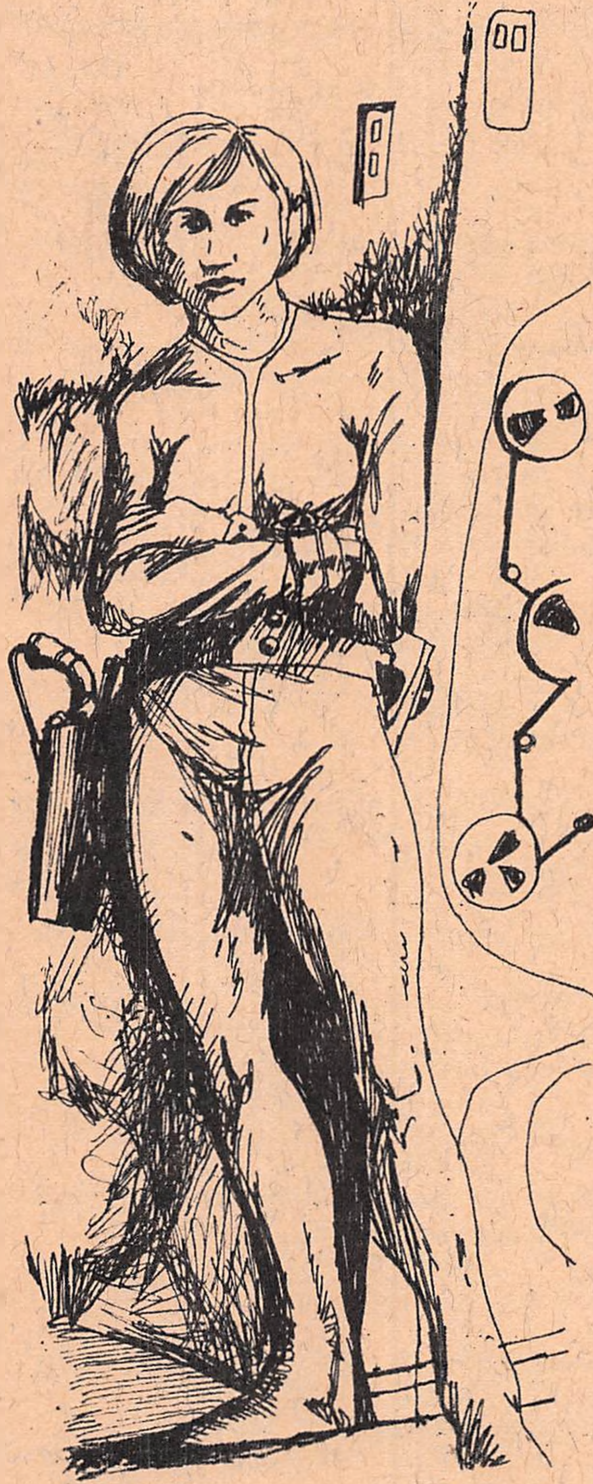
"Hardly! He said he was old and senile--twelve hundred next Thursday--and making that drink used up the last of his energy. Now he's dying."

"How do jinns die?"

"This one is standing over in the corner, bubbling," Mr. Cohan answered. "As each bubble pops, a little bit of him vanishes. But it's taking him quite a while, and in the meantime he's scaring the customers. I'd stand you another round of Xeno if you could do something about it, Mr. Ragweed."

Reginald Ragweed headed for the corner in question and was just in time to intercept a bleary-eyed toper heading for the door. "It's unnatural!" the customer shrieked. "Pink elephants I'm used to, but this...! I've never seen anything like it in a bar before!"

"Calm down," Reginald Ragweed murmured soothingly. "Surely this is not the first time you've ever seen a slow jinn fizz?"



REJUVINATED

Bettica passed before the tanks inspecting the merchandise carefully before making up her mind. "That one," she said at last. The body in the tank before her was perfect in every dimension. The skin was pale, faintly dusted with freckles, the hair blonde and shining as it floated languidly in the bluish preserving liquid. For a moment Bettica saw her own face reflected in the glass of the tank. Under the layers of careful makeup the flesh sagged, bringing down-turned wrinkles to her eyes and mouth.

"Very well, Mrs. Landres, the replacement will be prepared at once. If you will accompany me."

Bettica was led down antiseptic corridors to the office of the doctor in residence where she was given a routine physical and mental examination. "I see from your records that this will be your second rejuvenation, Mrs. Landres. In that case we shouldn't have too much trouble."

"I know what to expect if that's what you mean," said Bettica. She felt her face convulse in an acid smile. And almost at the same moment she regretted the expression. After all, there was no reason why she shouldn't be pleasant. "I'll be all right after the treatment," she told herself. "Who wouldn't be--given a 2nd, no a 3rd chance to be young again."

After exchanging her clothes for a hospital gown, Bettica saw that the new body was in position in its glass tube. All that was lacking was herself in the tube beside it. She took a second to inspect her new self from the outside. Yes, the body was healthy and nicely shaped, the face innocent and appealing. Bettica stepped into the tube and allowed a white-smocked attendant to attach the wires. There was a thin whining sound and Bettica lost consciousness. She awoke in a cool blue room. The ceiling above was patterned with silver leaves. For the moment she was satisfied to rest where she was, not asking any questions of herself.

A little at a time her memory returned. After establishing her identity, she searched in herself for small long-ago incidents, a glimpse of the legendary President Kennedy when she was about six, her first marriage to Harvey Thompson--how long ago that was! She briefly scanned her second life, two husbands, the first one killed in a space expeditionary force against the Drogani. Yes, every memory seemed to be there, intact. She had fears of somehow losing part of herself in the transfer between bodies. If one memory had been lost, it would diminish her, and if part might be displaced, perhaps all might be lost.

BY JANET FOX

"Mrs. Landres--"

She sat up; it was the doctor. "I'm all right," she said embarrassedly.

"You were so still, I was afraid for a moment--well, wouldn't you like to see yourself?" He motioned toward a mirrored wall. Bettica rose from the couch and was suddenly aware of how easily the motion was accomplished, how effortless the walk across the room. Then she was before the mirror--the flimsy hospital gown distended by her breasts and hips, the hair a shimmer of gold where it hung forward over her shoulders. "It's very nice," she said.

"I should say it was a highly successful transfer," said the doctor.

Bettica thought his manner a shade too clinical in view of her new face and figure, yet she supposed that she couldn't blame him too much. The bodies grown in the tanks were all quite attractive, and he probably saw a great many in the course of a day.

The dull gray suit was too subdued for her new complexion, and it fit her like a sack. As soon as she was released from the Rejuvenation Center, she set out on a shopping tour. It was something to ride down the walkway and have the heads of young men turn to look. It seemed ages ago that she had come from the Center with her 2nd self, a rather underdeveloped brunet. The cost of bodies had been really exorbitant then, and there wasn't much chance to pick and choose.

In a salon she sat and watched while android models walked by in the latest styles. Bettica thought how radically the styles had changed over the years and how foolish the most modern things could appear in five or ten years.

"Miss?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Bettica. The expressions on the new face were a bit hard to manage. She supposed a girl of 18 would be thrilled at the prospect of a complete new wardrobe, so she tried for enthusiasm. "I'll take the silver topless gown and the apricot bikini dress," she said at last.

"The Second Skin is a very chic outfit also," said the clerk.

"Yes, I guess I'll take the blue one," and on impulse, "and I'll wear it. This ol suit doesn't exactly do the new me justice."

"Oh, are you a rejuve?" asked the clerk.

"Yes, just today."

"If, you're lucky."

"And I am," thought Bettica. "Most people can't afford a new body, and this is my second. If Harvey's money lasts, I won't ever have to stay old."

As she left the store by the walkway, she realized that outside the

control dome, it was snowing, huge flakes tha drifted down and seemed to hover a moment before being vaporized on the heated surface of the dome. It was a warm day inside the dome, so she let the walkway carry her along. A huge museum drew her attention, and feeling a pleasant sense of irony, she strolled inside. Some of the exhibits were familiar to her. She paused by the aircraft exhibit. It didn't really seem so long ago that she had watched those supersonic jets make white trails across the sky.

"Excuse me, could you...could you...?"

The young man was tall and thin with intense brown eyes. He held a camera in his hand, but had apparently forgotten it.

Bettica smiled, knowing in advance that it would probably make things worse instead of better.

"Did you want me to move so you can photograph the planes?"

"Yes, no...I mean, stay there if you want to."

"No, I've seen everything here," she said and took a step away.

He took a picture quickly. It must have been hard, Bettica thought, for him to focus with his eyes on her, but her body was still so new, she had no feeling of self-consciousness. It was as though he were looking at a picture of her, or of someone else.

"Are you interested in old planes?" he asked.

"Yes, I find the museum fascinating," said Bettica, proceeding on, but not too rapidly, to the next showcase.

"I guess we're going the same way," he said rather awkwardly, and followed along.

"Those fashions sure look funny," he said.

Bettica smiled coldly. She had worn dresses exactly like those when William had courted her. Those had been good days.

"I wonder if you'd like to have lunch with me some-



where close by," the young man was saying.

Bettica snapped back to the present. He was not as handsome as George, nor as polished as Michael, but he was young and eager... She felt a sharp sadness deep inside. "Yes, I'd like that very much."

Over the counter of a garish little snack bar, he told her his name, Bob Sanford, about his job, which he hated, and about his dream, to become a famous writer.

Bettica did more listening than talking and smiled quietly to herself. Dreams were a hallmark of the young, the more grandiose and impossible, the better. She wondered with a brief sense of confusion if she'd ever had any, and if so, what they had been.

Then she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror behind the counter. She had forgotten what her own face looked like, how fresh-seeming and innocent it was. She began to laugh more vivaciously and before they had left, he had her telephone number, her address, and a date with her that night.

They went to a little club that catered to the young crowd. The dance they were doing looked strange to Bettica, but once she'd learned it, she felt as if she didn't want to stop.

They made a night of it and didn't return to Bettica's apartment until dawn. They went in for coffee, and Bob was the perfect gentleman even at that intimate hour. It was not, Bettica knew, the time or the place.

In the next few days the two of them roamed the city. It was all familiar to Bettica for she had lived here most of her life. Mechanized, though it was, it was an ancient place.

"I didn't know streets like this existed," said Bob as she led him through a street on the lowest level. Here, the buildings had been allowed to run down, and through the years they had filled up with those people whom the city had cast off, the poor, the apathetic, the drunkard.

"Not exactly as pretty as Highlevel," said Bettica, "but I think it has a certain atmosphere of its own."

Even the efficient lighting system of the city was dimmed here. They stopped in at a small bar called the Red Devil. It reminded her of Joseph Caldwell, one of her former lovers. He used to love frequenting places which suggested vulgarity. She wondered if old Joe were still around. He had the best line--

"Bettica."

"Oh, I'm sorry, what were you saying?"

"You're always doing that."

"Doing what?"

"Going off somewhere, as if you could go somewhere I can't follow."

"How do you know you'd like to follow me there?"

"I'd like to go anywhere, with you." His hands trapped hers and so did his eyes.

"He's really awfully awkward about this," said Bettica to herself.

They drank too much and talked too much and too foolishly. "I'd really like to read some of your stories sometime," she said.

"Oh, they're not any good."

"I'll bet they are."

"If you really want to read them," he said, (impossible to mistake that look on his face "we can stop by my place later."

So transparent. "All right," she said brightly, and she hoped, innocently. He could hardly finish his drink, and she could hardly keep from smiling knowingly.

He lived on the top floor of a hastily assembled block of apartments in one of the poorer levels of the city. Here and there a painting, a bit of sculpture, a shelf of books proclaimed his individuality against the overpowering backdrop of the standardized apartment with its pale gray walls and sleek metal and plastic furniture.

"Have I seen this place before?" she asked herself. He rummaged in a metal desk and came up with a sheaf of typed manuscripts.

Had she read these same ms before, or others like them?

"Get comfortable, take off your shoes. I'll make us a drink." Bob put a cold glass in her hand and sat down beside her on the vinyl sofa.

"You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen." His lips brushed along her cheek. When had all this happened before? How many times?

Bettica struggled free. It was all too much the same, every move known in advance. Love seemed like a recurring nightmare. Despite Bob's angry protests, she retied the strings of the bikini dress and left the apartment. The rush of rain could be heard high above as it hit the dome, but of course none of it touched her.

The museum guard came to expect the frequent visits of the strikingly beautiful young girl who spent so many hours among the glass-enclosed fragments of the dead past.

--Janet Fox



Kollywood has discovered that the fair to good budget sf film will make money. 2001 proved that. Now we are promised MORE THAN HUMAN, A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ, TIME OUT OF JOINT, CHILDHOOD'S END, and many other sf classics will be translated to film. I'd like to take the space this issue to report some of the things I've managed to glean from various readings in my spare time, things about sf films you will not want to miss--and others you will want to hock your wife/mother/sister/child to see. For those of you who must resort to seeling your loved ones, contact me for a list of White Slave prices. I try to keep tabs on everything...

Executive producer John Mantley has bought the film rights to Asimov's two volumes: THE REST OF THE ROBOTS and I, ROBOT. One wonders why Mr. Mantley would choose to purchase a collection like THE REST OF THE ROBOTS instead of a full, well-rounded novel like CAVES OF STEEL or THE NAKED SUN. We've seen what can happen when a book of short stories is adapted to the screen. PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES was a catastrophe. THE ILLUSTRATED MAN, back in our own field, was not exactly a flop, but certainly did not draw very well from the book. In fact, as I consider the film, it very well might have been a flop without Rod Steiger's formidable acting abilities. Mantley is executive producer of "Gunsmoke", so that might be a bad sign. He plans to make





films of the works and to design a television program around them also.

How many of you have seen I, AWOMAN, huh? Or the much better THERESE AND ISABELLE? Well, if you have seen either, you surely remember Essy Persson who starred in both. If you saw T&I, you will remember that she was the homelier of the two lesbians in that film, though she has an undeniable sexuality. Well, Essy has switched her style a bit and now stars with Lang Jeffries in a science fiction movie entitled MISSION STARDUST. The sound track is dubbed, for the film is foreign (to be shown in Italy, Spain and Germany also). This is an action-adventure film which begins on the moon where Essy and a friend (super-intellects from a far advanced alien culture) are in a broken down ship. Her friend, male of course, has contracted an unknown disease. It turns out to be leukemia. American astronauts discover the aliens, diagnose the disease, and bring them to Earth for treatment by a famous blood doctor living in Africa. In this manner, various big game adventure scenes are brought into the flick. What's it sound like, friends?

20th Century Fox is already beginning promotion for BEANEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES which will not be released until some time next year. Part of the gimmick is to refuse to issue promotion stills. But, if the film is anywhere near as visually stunning as the first ape picture, they are justified in trying to hold back their punch. And, according to pre-release publicity, it is not only AS visually stimulating as PLANET OF THE APES, but more so. It is not explained how the ending of the first film (when Charlton Heston finds he has traveled in time rather than space and has never left Earth) will effect this follow-up, but some of the things you will see, according to Fox's VARIETY ad a few weeks ago are:

ONE: New York City in 3955 A.D., a below-the-surface, buried civilization of human mutants, survivors from the nuclear war of the early 1970's. There will also be weird scenes of a partially demolished New York with Grand Central Station and St. Patrick's Cathedral still standing in the rubble (a bit odd, eh. The center of the Western--American, anyway--Christian ethos and the center of commerce and transportation. Somehow they seem at odds to me.

TWO: Psionic weapons, mutants who fight with the power of their minds. It is hinted that the mutants create false realities for their opponents.

The ad refers to it as "visual deterrents". This could be a means of capitalizing on the psychedelic work of 2001.

THREE: An army of gorillas marching on New York (presumably to fight the mutants), armed with machine guns, armed tanks, marching in huge columns.

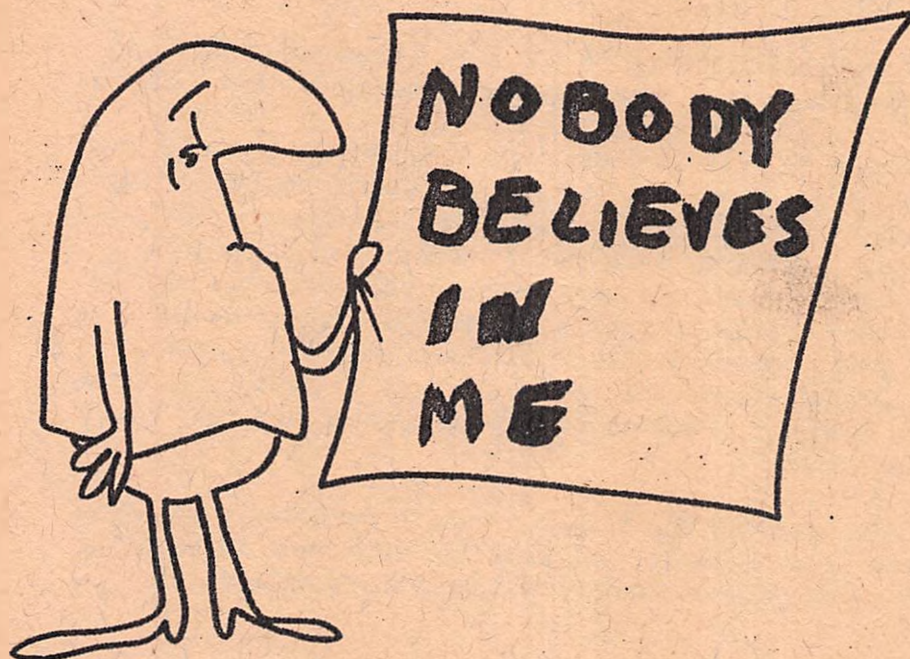
The film's art director is William Creber who created the ape civilization for the first film. John Chambers, who won an academy award for his ape make-up last year will do the make-up on this film, and created the mutant make-up. We can hope, therefore, that the art work is professional and not cheap. And, if Chambers does anywhere near as well with his mutants as he did with the apes, they should be wholly believable creatures--which would be a first with sf movie mutants. The film stars Charlton Heston in a continuing role, James Franciscus as the astronaut sent to rescue him (remember Mr. Novak from the tellie?), Maurice Evans, Kim Hunter and sexy Linda Harrison all in continuing roles.

2001; A SPACE ODYSSEY, despite the rather juvenile reviews it got from some sources, continues to break records, entering its 60th week in several theaters and expected to gross between twenty and twenty-five million dollars, maybe more.

And, lastly, there is a slight sf film making the drive-in tours this summer that is well worth your money and your viewing time. It is called FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH. It is a complex story with competent acting. And, most welcome of all, there is no place in the flick where the story is explained to the audience. It is cerebral sf with touches of a suspense story, but nowhere degenerates into action-adventure of the typical cheap sf movie. No gnashing toothed monsters (there are monsters, but they are dead when the movie opens, and we see only their corpses--very believable mummies of them), no screaming heroines (though there is a heroine). The only stereotype is a military officer who refuses to accept the fact that there can be a species superior to man. He gets a little nauseating, but in a way, he is grimly believable too.

--Dean R. Koontz





BY JOE
HENSLEY

Other writers have hang-ups. I keep reading about how they got started by writing for NFFF contests, how tough it was, how many sales they've had and I'm properly sympathetic and interested and impressed.

Trouble is that I'm not really sure about Piers and Kelley and the rest. You sound like nice people, but maybe you're what people thought I was.

You see, for years and years, except for those ingroup Midwesconners, many people thought I was:

1. A pseudonym used by Harlan Ellison
2. More recent fans thought I was a pseudonym used by Alexei Panshin.
3. Some clods even think I'm a pseudonym used by a pseudonym.

I'm really not any of these. I'm a poor, frustrated 43 year old lawyer who lives in Madison, Indiana. I write infrequently (all stand and cheer) and Tucker knows I'm real.

I started during the Korean War. The navy put me in charge of a station newspaper at Corpus Christi, Texas. It was a little weekly and, with typical service efficiency, they gave me scads of people to assist me. Let's see--I had three sailors, one wave, two civilians, and two photographers. I sat in a plush office and moved things from an "in" basket to an "out" basket look-

ing properly intelligent when I did so. And so I decided to try writing.

I was quite lucky. My first or second piece was purchased by Fiction House, which published PLANET and some other jungle, sports and love magazines. Thereafter I entered into a rather agreeable situation with the boys there. I'd write a story and they'd buy it. It was great stuff until they folded along with a bunch of my stories they'd bought and, fortunately, paid for.

I came back a hardened veteran and I went to law school and now I'm a hardened veteran lawyer, which shows some progression. Over the years writing has made up very little of my income. Once I had an agent who told me that if I'd try it full time that he'd "back me" until I made it. I decided against same. Now I write when I damn well please and write when I damn well please. If something doesn't sell then that's too bad, but most of what I write does sell. Trouble is that there's so little of it that I've never become a name, and probably never will.

I remember at the Chicon with Gordie Dickson. We're wandering around and some kid asked for our autographs. Gordie signed and so did I. I had on my SFWA badge and everything and I was fairly well along, perhaps a pint or so.

The kid looked at my name in puzzlement. "Who he?"

Gordie smiled. "He's one of my pseudonyms. I only use him when I'm drunk writing."

I nodded. What was the use.

After that, I saw in a fanzine, right after Harlan's DV had come out from Doubleday, that I was a pseudonym for Harlan when he wrote a bad one.

Anne McCaffrey wrote to our joint agent, Virginia Kidd, and asked her if I were "real".

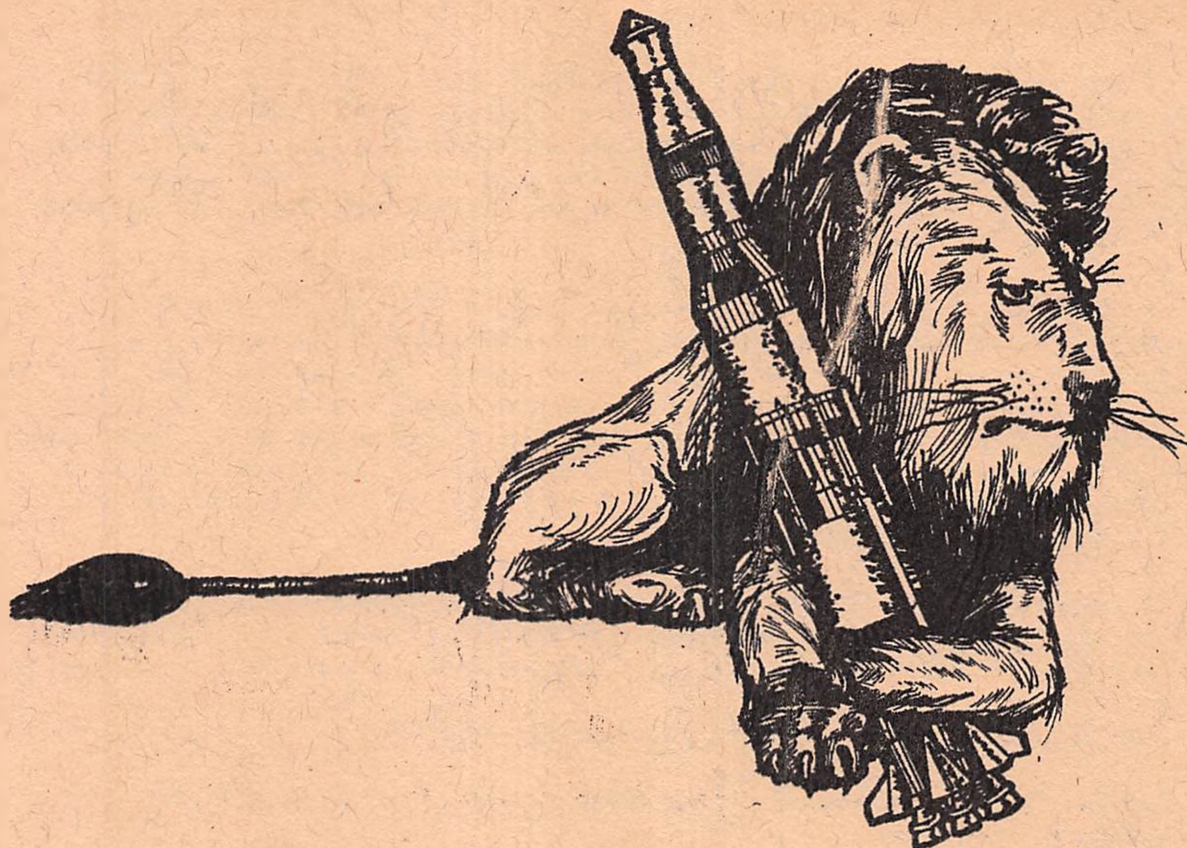
Once at Midwescon, a young fan brought another young fan to meet me. "See," he said, as he was leading the stricken one away. "There is a Joe Hensley."

The other said: "I still think you're putting me on." He sounded pretty sarcastic and unbelieving about the whole thing.

Over the years I've done maybe forty short stories. Some of them have appeared in the men's magazines, some have appeared in mystery magazines, some have come out in the science fiction magazines. I've been reprinted by Ace, Berkeley, Bantam, Doubleday and will be soon by Belmont and Dell. I've collaborated with Alex on stuff that was in F&SF and DAPPER. Harlan and I have had stuff in AMAZING, SWANK and ROGUE.

So look here, Piers--I know you're not Silverberg on a Southern vacation. At least I'm almost positive. And Kelley, I'm almost sure that you're not Damon Knight in disguise. Damon smokes rum crook cigars that he has to bake in ovens and you don't sound like that sort of lad.

So I ask only your belief. If you readers out there will come up to me at St. Louiscon and shake my feeble, almost invisible hand then I might even pop for the drinks...



Science fiction writers write fiction that deals with worlds other than our own, worlds displaced from the present time, and worlds in which people live and events occur that frequently bear little resemblance to what we know here and now. So what else is new, you ask. I realize that my opening statement is an obvious one. We all know that science fiction writers extrapolate and invent societies, worlds, people or unpeople that are removed in space

TRACKING STATION

BY LEO P KELLEY

and/or time. That, it would seem,
is the name of our game.

In a discussion with a friend recently, I suggested the theory that artists of whatever kind and in whatever medium are essentially malcontents. They are dissatisfied with reality for one reason or another. They can't or won't accept it. Reality is a bad trip, a cut nickel bag. Art, I suggested, is an attempt to--here the right word is difficult to determine--contradict reality. To invalidate it. To restructure it. The artist, I went on, in his disgust with, or in his terror in, the face of reality shouts, "No!" to it. His motto, where reality is concerned, might well be viewed as "Who needs it?" He doesn't, he believes (or pretends), because he can paint his own reality or construct it out of letters that make words which, when strung end to end, outrealize reality. And what results is his reality. It may be better or worse than reality. The main point is that it is his reality, at least for the time of its creation, and he is in control of that reality. He can let his vision shape reality for good or ill. If he had a bad time with his parents during his early years, here is his way of getting back at all that schlock. He doesn't need reality; he is making his own. Be it a brave new world or a repetitive acting out of old horrors, it's his and he'd in the driver's seat.

Control. That's the key word. The artist of whatever stripe needs to control a world he never made and which does not suit either his fancy or his fantasies of what should be. So he becomes an artist, or a writer, or a dancer,

or an actor instead of a butcher or a plumber or a million dollar baby in the five and ten cent store. Granted that there are hang-ups that lead to people becoming butchers or plumbers--but that's another scene. It all comes down to the same thing in the end. People become what they become because they are compelled to do so. Forces beyond their control, in large part.

Science fiction writers, it seems to me, are a peculiar breed within the literary system. They don't just write plain, old fiction. They write fairy tales of the future, travelogues in and out of time. They rarely tell you how Great-Grandma feels in her steamy kitchen with her cannisters of flour and boxes of spices. They don't analyze the inner workings of a Willy Loman or a Blanche Dubois. They deal with fantasy in the purest fictional sense. They are one step beyond the "regular" writer.

Science fiction writers are the more alienated of the literary clan. Their view of reality is a lot more grim than is that of the "regular" storysmith.



Angry children, a lot of them, protesting the workings of the big, bad world. And you can witness a lot of their anger in their non-literary writing. Have you read any bitchy or paranoid fanzines lately? Science fiction writers do seem to have a compulsion to vent their spleen at the world in their non-fiction writing.

Schizophrenics also, before the onset of their illness, find the world--reality--terrifying, overwhelming, threatening. Their illness is a defense against the ghosts and goblins they see lurking everywhere. Their delusional systems--the worlds they create first in their heads and then project outward onto reality--are their way of escaping the intolerable. Which is just another word for the world they live in.

Schizophrenics and science fiction writers have more than a little in common. They both construct alternative worlds for themselves into which they can escape. Escape what? Reality, that's what. The only difference between the schizophrenic and the science fiction writer, I finally heard myself saying to my friend, is in the degree to which they participate in their unreal worlds. The writer, to a large degree, turns on and off to his unreal world at will. The schizophrenic, at a late developmental stage of his illness, no longer has the power to turn on and off at will. He's made his escape and he's stuck with it.



Readers, I suspect, will quote me as saying that science fiction writers are all schizophrenics. I do not so say. I say only that art is one way of coping with reality. A relatively healthy one insofar as it allows the artist to earn a living and bolsters his ego at the same time. So, although reality is still all around him, he's got his safety valve ready and waiting.

I am saying that science fiction writers probably have a greater need to move out and away from reality. That's why they write science fiction instead of mainstream novels. And I am saying that they don't have much skill at dealing with reality which is composed of people who may or may not see things the way they do. This failure in the area of affect leads to the carping and the criticism that bloodies the pages of so many fanzines and rips the flesh of fandom all too frequently.

I tentatively conclude, then, that the healthiest person would not flee to art at all. The less healthy person would probably become an artist to try and save his sanity in a world he sees as outrageous. And the least healthy of all would write science fiction because it is a genre not notable for its depth of characterization which means that the author can keep his distance (and thereby his safety? His sanity?)

In conclusion let me say that, when they let me out of here--or when I escape--, I'm going to tell everyone (in a new science fiction novel--got to be careful, disguise your message, you know) just what THEY'RE plotting. Till then, beware!

--Leo P. Kelley

THE CRACKED EYE BY GARY N. HUBBARD

Truth is a one-to-one relationship to reality, and reality is an actual condition readily investigatable. So I've heard.

Hubbard sits in an ivory tower...

smoking cigarettes in the dark...

keeping track of the time...

and watching the world through a cracked eye.

Distortion.

Little children seem to go to school. Learning things that aren't necessarily true.

Educational systems don't deal with truth. They deal with whatever beliefs a society happens to believe in, and those beliefs don't have to coincide with reality. Often don't. They seldom want it to.

American society seems very materialistic, hard-nosed, impersonal and pragmatic.

But all its beliefs are emotional.

Note the current upswing of interest in astrology, flying saucers, psi powers, obscure theology and old time religion.

She told me I would be married twice. First when I was twenty-five. Neither of my wives would be Americans. I'd have three kids. A reasonable ammount of money. Death at fifty-four. All this from looking at the creases I get in my hand by picking up beer glasses.

I lit another cigarette...

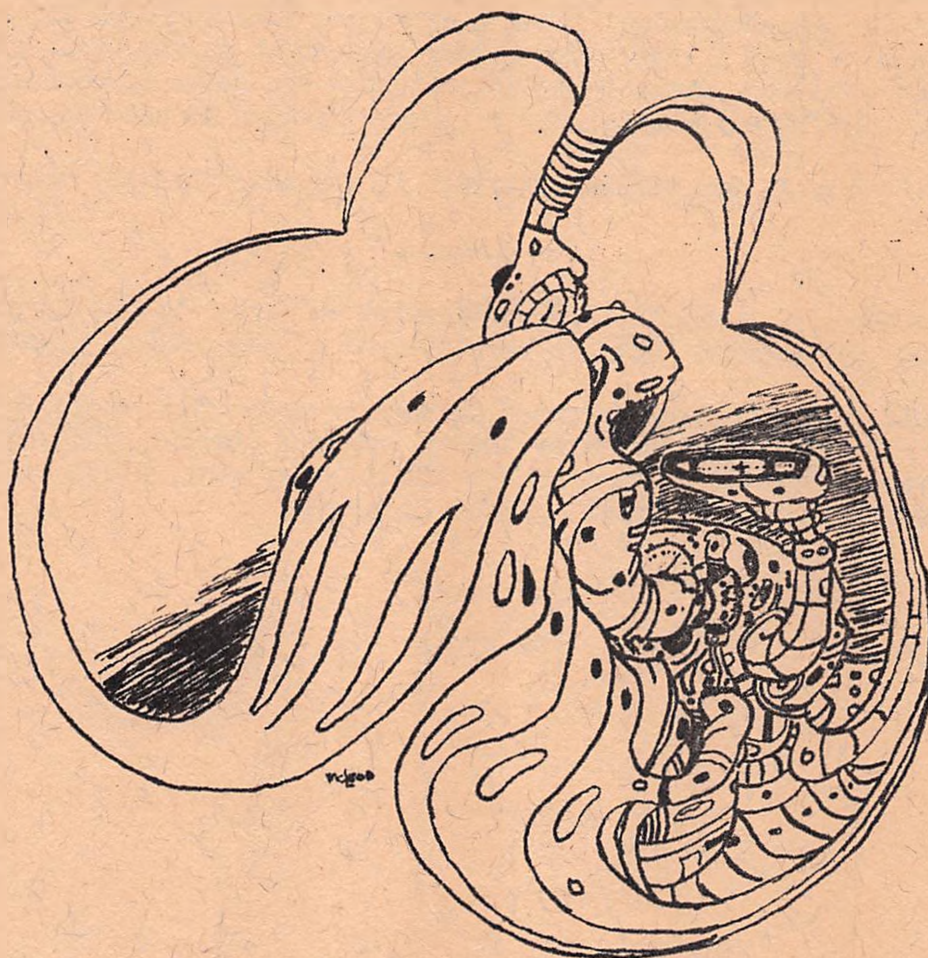
went home to the tower...

got a book on
palmistry and read my hand. It showed that I had died five years ago.

Hubbard never sees anything clearly through the cracked eye. Only symbols.

Symbols.

My sister-in-law, lovely creature, has a large number of pills, medicines, salves and other drugs in her bathroom. Little pills and colorful capsules in their foggy plastic containers with the mistyped instructions gummed-labeled on the outside. Dark bottles with colorful liquids inside. Symbols.



Excedrin symbolises relief. Sominex: peace. Weight pills are a promise of eternal youth. Contact is charity. Birth control pills protect you. Aspirin just to be sure, but Bufferin works faster.

Addiction.

...is evil?

Perhaps not. The A people don't like the B people, because the B people use drugs the A people don't like. The B people don't like the A people, because the A people don't like their drugs. But the B people like the A people's drugs. They go good with theirs.

Is addiction to a drug that addicts physically evil while addiction to a drug that addicts psychologically not evil? Is addiction evil?

The eye sees that it is not. Only the drug in question is. But, then, the eye is cracked and doesn't see things to clearly.

Hubbard lights another cigarette. Addiction?

Sex I have never understood. Must have bad nerve endings. Is it supposed to come naturally? I had a very hard time learning it, and I've forgotten most of what I knew. Never very good at it anyway (sour grapes, sour grapes). All the little rules and rituals--the forms of conduct--that make up the male-female relationship I found very hard to pick up, too.

The eye can't see things clearly. It can only make out shadows.

Shadows.

A silicone-based life-form could exist on Mars. Living crystals. All day long they'd grow. Only to be shattered by the cold of nightfall.

Could life have been invented because in order for complex hydrocarbons to maintain themselves they had to add less complex hydrocarbons to themselves. Could it be that we are all piles of hydrocarbons adding other hydrocarbons to our growth. Night is coming.

But this is all academic.

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First off, I'd like to thank those ghreat guys who came out in defense of Robert E. Gilbert last issue. I know it's often hard to say you like something when its being condemned by friends in high places. But Leland Sapiro, Harry Warner, Al Andrews, Bob Vardeman and others did not find it very hard to say they liked REG's art. For that I thank them.

Within the next few weeks (possibly days by the time you read this) the Hugos will be awarded. the ballots are out and the names of those eligible to win are posted. In tha fan artist category there are five excellent choices. These are George Barr, Vaughan Bode, Tim Kirk, Bill Rotsler and Doug Loven-

by seth dogramajian

stein. Gads!... The choice is not an easy one to make, but it must be made. I realize that my opinion is not among the most respected in the world, but it might be worth something to someone someplace, so...

George Barr

As I said last issue, I've long been an admirer of George's work. His folio's are always a treat to the detailed art lover. His comic strip in TRUMPET entitled "The Broken Sword" is without a doubt the most carefully drawn comic art I've ever seen. Barr art is always scenic, detailed and a welcome sight. It seems to me that he enjoys drawing sword and sorcery type art above all else. I think he would be an excellent Tolkien artist by virtue of the fact that he draws beautiful dwarves, elves, dragons and such. I'd always felt that George Barr deserved to win the Hugo and so he did last year. But I don't really believe he'll win again this year.

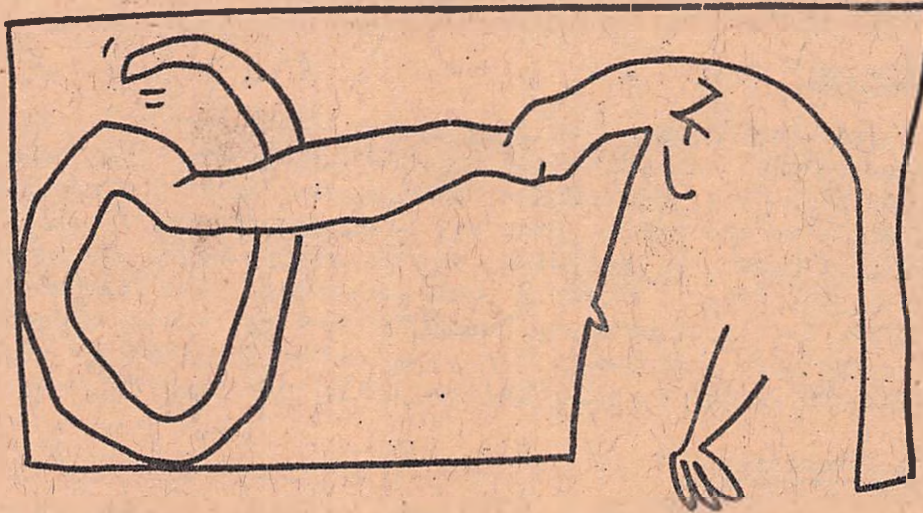
Doug Lovenstein

Quite an artist in fandom these days. Doug has shown that he can draw material of both humorous and serious nature. He has in the past two years been experimenting with various styles which seem to be combining into his new style. The latest of his material (published) is in a humorous vein. Cartoons (well drawn) with well thought-out themes are becoming his specialty. Every time I think of Lovenstein, I see a funny old costumed man with a huge grin on his puss, playing with a handle-bar mustache... I don't know why. I've seen plenty of Luv's art, and he will without a doubt win a Hugo eventually, but I don't know if it will be this year. (Readers will note that I am one of the few reviewers who has not made any mention of Doug Lovenstein's age. I wouldn't think of mentioning that he is only fifteen years of age and has an uncommon talent for one so young. I know many others who always mention how young Doug is when they talk about him, but as you can see I have no intentions whatsoever of doing such a thing...)

Tim Kirk

When compared to the other nominees, Tim Kirk is relatively new to fandom, or at least he's new to me. I first spied his material in SHAGGY and since then, in a variety of other top-notch zines. His work is fine-lined and simple. For the most part he does cartoon work though he can obviously do a





great deal more. I've noticed a strange thing about him...he seems to have some sort of an obsession with dragons! He draws them very well and seems fond of basing his humor around them. One of the best things I've seen from him was the calendar he rendered for SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES last year. It consisted of seven lovely wash drawings depicting scenes from Tolkien's Lord of the Rings, and provided us with a very impressive folio of his work. He is an excellent fantasy artist. From the work I've seen thus far, Tim Kirk is an artist worthy of a future Hugo, but there are people who have had far more work published than Kirk has, and so I think he will have to wait his turn.

Bill Rotsler

Here we have an artist. Bill Rotsler has been around for many a moon bringing a little smile to all of fandom. His art may not seem like much to some, but to me its beautiful. That fella with the six-foot nose is always good for some sort of chuckle. Bill knows what he wants to say and conveys it beautifully in his art. There's that funny guy with the nose, who is in almost every Rotsler drawing, somehow involved with a heart or a nude girl, or both. He is always pointing out the evilities of society, or the strange new trends fandom is taking, and on occasion will merely have his main character standing alone with a big grin on his face leaving it all up to your imagination. Bill Rotsler is probably the best artist in fandom today in the area of fan humor. I would not be surprised if he won the best fan artist award this year, nor would I be terribly disappointed. I do however have a personal favorite this time around.

Vaughan Bode

My choice for the Hugo this year is Vaughan Bode. In a short period of time he had more work published than anyone else around, with the possible exception of Jack Gaughan. His art has aroused a great deal of commentary

in fandom as of late due to its "violent" nature. Sure its violent, but it doesn't mean that the artist advocates violence. Bode's art has made a mockery of violence and war machines. His writing is genuinely funny when he means it to be. Bode art has appeared in a wide variety of fanzines including ALGOL, TRUMPET, PSYCHOTIC/S.F. REVIEW, SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, all of which are considered to be among the best. He has also been published in the prozines, who in turn gave him the shaft. More of his art could be found in the underground newspapers such as EVO where he was becoming a regular contributor. I was at the International Convention of Comic Art a few weeks ago where they had some original Bode art on display. It was really beautiful. It was all in color and generally characteristic of his art style. I understand that the half-tone Bode art we see published in TRUMPET, for instance, is originally in color, and from what I can see, loses a hell of a lot in the transition. Vaughan Bode's art is characterized by heavy magic marker lines, and easily distinguishable central figures. I have seen art done by him in pen and ink and thin line pens, which also come across well. I stress once again that Vaughan Bode is my own personal choice! I've seen much too much unfavorable commentary, and while I realize he needs no real defending, I figured that it wouldn't hurt to see some print on his behalf.

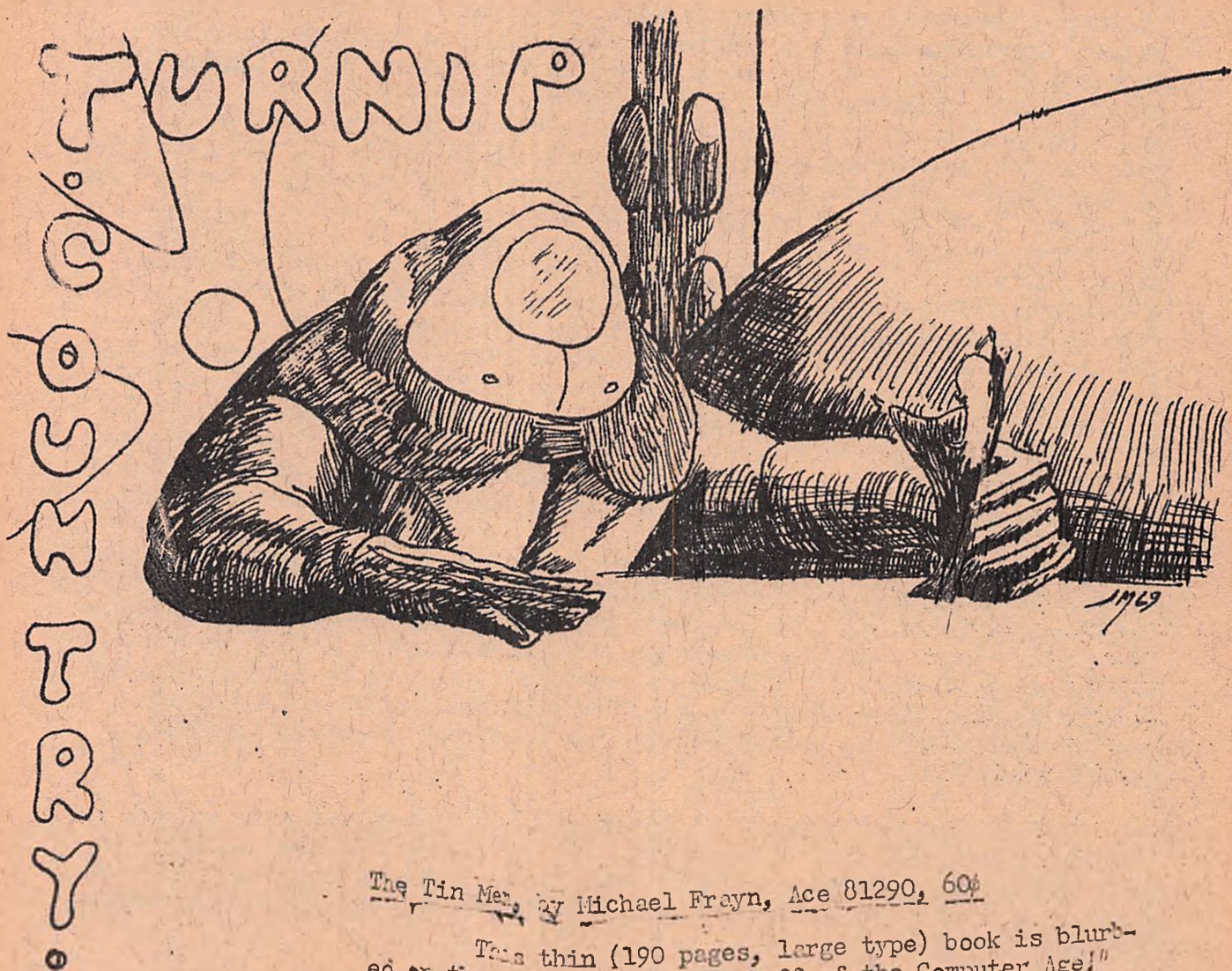
In all honesty there isn't a single artist I've mentioned that I don't respect and admire as one of my favorites. It was impossible to make a fast clear-cut decision. All the nominees are excellent artists, each with his own style. Each has afforded me a great deal of pleasure in the past year. All I can say is that I'm glad there are future Hugos to be awarded, because I think each of these artists in his turn will win...at least if there's any justice to fandom. No matter who wins this year, I couldn't possibly be disappointed.

I mentioned the Comic Art Convention I attended this year and I'm sure as hell glad I did. I met quite a few of the best artists around, and had a chance to see the original Frazetta covers for the Conan books. These Conan covers were great in miniature but when you see them in their original beauty...ye gods!

I met and spoke with James Warren and Bill Parente. James Warren is the publisher of Warren Pubs., and Bill Parente is the editor of CREEPY and EERIE. As we all know, these zines have been suffering from lack of good art lately, and I asked them if anything were being done about the problem. Bill quickly told me that they couldn't afford the artists they used to have. He said the mags are selling just as well as they ever did at a lower cost, thus the editor can feed his family again. They are, however, using Frazetta covers again, which gives the zines a better outer look. Warren said that they will soon be using some of Vaughan Bode's material, which of course made me very happy.

Good luck to all the Hugo nominees! I wish they could all win.

--Seth Dogramajian



The Tin Men, by Michael Frayn, Ace 81290, 60¢

This thin (190 pages, large type) book is blurb-ed on the cover as "The Catch-22 of the Computer Age!" That is stretching the truth more than a little. It is, one can see clearly, an attempt to be another Catch-22; the characters, the lunacy-but-with-internal-logic of their situations, even some of the dialogue might easily have been lifted from the discarded portions of a preliminary draft of Joseph Heller's masterpiece. But Frayn is no writer of the calibre of Heller, and The Tin Men lacks the depth, the subtlety and the true genius of Catch-22. The anonymous Ace editor who attached the blurb and thus invited the comparison did this book a grave disservice, for on its own terms it is an entertaining and interesting novel. There are sections that approach being dull, but there are also sections that approach being brilliant.

The plot is simplicity itself: The Williams Morris Institute of Automation Research has constructed a new Erhics Wing, the Queen is coming to dedicate it (the story takes place in England), and the staff is preparing for this august occasion. That's all. What makes The Tin Men worth reading is (1) the satire, (2) the characters and (3) some of the dialogue.

The cast of characters includes Chiddingfold, the Director of the

Institute, who sits in his office and never does anything ("He was clearly a man of heroic attributes, though, their exact nature was lost in the sheer loftiness of the whole/"); Nunn, a professional decision-maker who never makes any decisions, preferring to save himself for when the really important decisions come along, and spends his time spying on his fellow employees (his attitude can be summed up in his remark that "if a chap's a decent chap, he's a decent chap be he a scientist or a n----- minstrel"); Nunn's secretary, Miss Fram, who really runs the entire Institute; Goldwasser, who worries about whether other people are cleverer than he and keeps giving himself IQ tests to reassure himself that he isn't deteriorating; Rowe, a writer who begins by writing the book jackets and reviews, then goes on to write the novel; Nobbs, Goldwasser's research assistant, who "wore a beard, to identify himself with the intelligentsia, affected a stooped, lounging gait to establish parity of esteem with the aristocracy, and ceiled everyone except the Director and Deputy-Director 'mate', to demonstrate solidarity with the proletariat"; Haugh, who had an open mind ("It was open at the front, and it was open at the back") and who lived in an abandoned 19th Century church ("They cooked on a skillfully restored Victorian range in the vestry, slept in witty antique sailors' hammocks in the north clerestory, and ate at the altar. They had hedged off the transepts with room-dividers and rubber plants to form from the north transept a play area and from the south a sunloggia, though the brute glare of the noonday sun was' somewhat softened by the time it had filtered through St. Arthur, St. Giles, St. Buryan, and St. Maud, The crypt was rented as a bed-sitter, and the whole of the nave left as an open-plan living-room. Running hot and cold water had been installed in the font"); Rothermere Vulgurian, who endowed the Institute's Ethics Wing; and his public relations chief, Sir Prestwick Wining, who had been knighted for his services to British public relations, "services which had consisted of being the only public relations man the knighting authorities could find who was not at that moment actually, engaged in any morally offensive activity, since he was in hospital under anaesthetic". As is often the case with authors who create weird, idiosyncratic characters, Frayn succumbs to the temptation to let their very weirdness substitute for genuine attempts at characterization, but in such a book this is not a decisive fault.

A good deal of the dialogue is amusing, and occasional snatches border on the superb. For example, the following exchange between Vulgurian and Sir Prestwick, which reminds one strongly of the "Read back the last line" exchange in *Catch-22*?

"Mr. Vulgurian stopped and smoothed down his fine silver hair. It aided his thinking, and he believed in thinking. Once he had said to Sir Prestwick, 'If I were asked to put my advice to a young man in one word, Prestwick, do you know what that word would be?'

"'No?' Sir Prestwick had said.

"'Think', Prestwick, 'Think',

"'I don't know, R.V. 'Detail'?"

"'No, Prestwick, 'Think'."

"'Er, 'Courage'?"

"'No. 'Think'."

"'I give up, R.V. 'Boldness'?"

"'For heaven's sake, Prestwick, what is the matter with you?

"Think" I'

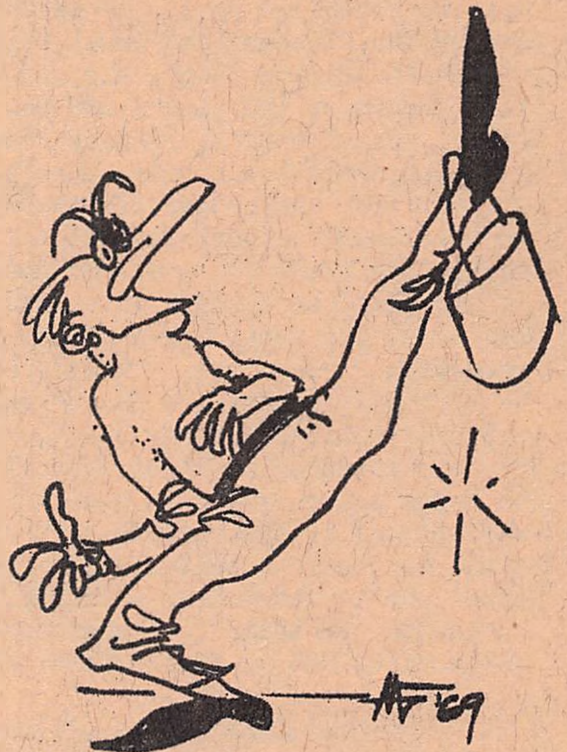
"'Integrity'? 'Loyalty'? 'Leadership'?"

"'Think', Prestwick, 'Think', 'Thinlc', 'Think' J"

But the wild characters and wild dialogue are only supportive effects. The essence of The Tin Men is satire on modern and near-future society. The administrative hierarchy of the Morris Institute could be, symbolically, any administrative hierarchy anywhere, from the governing body of a university to the executive branch of the US (or USSR) government. As one reviewer commented, "Mr. Frayn cannot bear the thought...that our great organizations are in the hands of men who could hardly be trusted with a pushcart." Among other features of the Institute is a proliferating bureaucracy: making arrangements to keep the Queen's visit "informal" eventually produces more than 30 overlapping committees, some of which appear to have sprung into existence spontaneously (i.e., nobody formed them, they were just there one day).

The purpose of the Institute is computer research, and it is in this area that Frayn concentrates most of the satirical glimpses of the possible future of our increasingly automated society. One department, Goldwasser's, is working on developing a computerized newspaper. This is not to be confused with the homeostatic newspaper of Philip K. Dick, in which automation has meant increased efficiency. Frayn's automated newspaper would print no "news" as we now know it; it would involve endless variations of old stories. For this purpose, all news items have been catalogued, cross-referenced, broken down into composite elements, and ranked according to their frequency of appearance. The computer creates a newspaper by endless combinations and recombinations of these elements. (The hideous part is, one suspects a good many readers wouldn't notice ...) Creativity is not entirely lacking. Goldwasser has devised Unit Headline Language. UHL, which consists of a group of common "headline" words which the computer uses in random order (example: "RACE HATE PLEA MOVE DEAL") In order to be sure of the proper reception for this newspaper of the future, Goldwasser takes polls to find out exactly what the public wants. The crash survey, for instance, revealed that "people were not interested in reading about road crashes unless there were at least ten dead". Another poll is the murder survey, which is designed to discover what kind of violent crimes the public would prefer to read about (sample question: "4. Do you prefer any sexual assault involved to have taken place before or after death?").

In another department, a researcher is using computers to solve ethical problems. The computer, Samaritan, placed on a sinking raft, will throw



itself overboard to save being at least as complicated as itself. Another researcher is interested in computers to replace both the participants and the spectators at sports. Why should players have to risk injury out on the field and spectators endure discomfort in hot, crowded stands when the whole thing could be done by computer? Then, in yet another department, there is Delphic I, which solves moral problems: "If you typed a moral dilemma on the keyboard a red light came on, a dial indicated the depth, breadth and intensity of the moral processes taking place within, measured respectively in pauls, calvins and moses, and the teleprinter element typed the machine's solution."

There are, as noted, parts of The Tin Men where the pace drags, and Frayn's satire and lunacy often lack subtlety, but it's still an interesting and quite funny book.

--Ted Pauls

The Ballads of Spacemen by Ed Chamberlain

"You may remember me from Nycon 3 as the red-bearded character who had three new space ballads, "The Alien Goddess," "Berserker's Song," and "Valhalla of Fandom." At that time I promised you a copy of these three songs. These three later grew to ten: nine in the enclosed book, plus a new one inspired by the Apollo 8 flight. Numerous delays kept me from publishing these as quickly as I wanted, but to those who were promised the original songs I am sending the book plus the "Moon Flight" insertion, on an absolutely free basis. This first edition sells for \$1.75. Note removable spine cover for easy removal of individual song sheets for playing."

That's what Ed says about it in the letter accompanying each song-book. And it really is an unbelievable, to me, collection of songs, all original. Words and music are all by Ed with Dale Grotenhuis doing the arrangements. The reproduction of each sheet of music is perfect, and should be easy enough to read as quickly as you desire.

The address to which you should send your order now is:

Ed Chamberlain
Rm. 412
Morrison Tower
Ohio State University
196 West 11th Ave.
Columbus, Ohio 43210

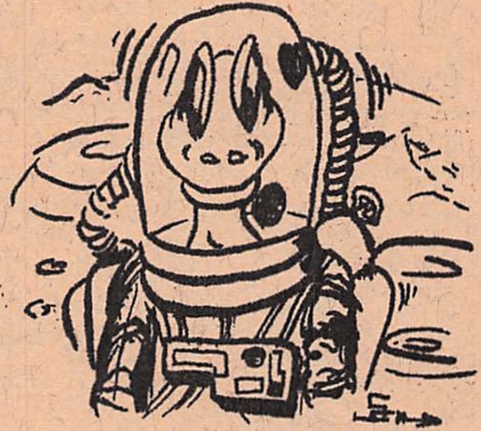
--FL

The Phoenix and the Mirror by Avram Davidson, Doubleday

Mr. Davidson has written a very ambitious book and has begun a likewise ambitious project: this is to be the first in a series entitled Virgil Magus based on Virgil and ancient Rome as they existed only in the dark and mystic minds of medieval scholars.

The book itself utilizes an incredible amount of research. While

the story is Davidson's own (as opposed to a re-hash of some Middle Age legend, for instance), the background is carefully built, layer upon layer, detail upon detail, history and mythology and the author's own creations bending back on each other until it is often difficult to see where myth leaves off and Davidson's imagination begins.



Undoubtedly the research at once evident in the novel is only the proverbial tenth of the iceberg. For instance, there are many subjects on which he could have easily elaborated and did not (in the mandrake root segment he doesn't mention the difficulties of obtaining such a root, which--for one thing--shrieks when pulled from the ground). On the other hand, there are as many (if not more) instances where he elaborated and did not need to: Not that these details as presented are necessarily dull, although sometimes they are (i.e., the hunting scene); most often they are quite fascinating (the delightful gargoyle sequence which unfortunately has no real connection with the story); however, nearly always they produce a ponderous effect. And that is part of the novel's problem, for (while concisely, accurately and literately presented) these details slow the pace of a plot which seems to need constant movement for its maximum effectiveness. Yet the real fault may be that the plot--carefully and intricately devised as it is--impairs one's enjoyment of the details and embellishments. For in spite of the fact that the two primary, recurring themes (those of the phoenix and the mirror) are very deliberately developed, there remains an overwhelming air of contrivance about the plotting in general: in the complex weaving of subplots, too many things fall too easily into place too often. Also, Virgil himself is an oddly flat, underdeveloped character, and his final switching of affections from Cornelia to Laura/Phyllis (who all come across insipidly indeed) is sudden and unprepared for--this being indicative of the fact that throughout the entire plot, motivation is mechanical, thin and difficult to believe in.

Meanwhile, some very delightful secondary characters begin to develop incipient life on their own (the mad woman, the alchemist colleague). I can only hope that they are allowed a chance to live and grow in subsequent episodes; they deserve much more than to be cut off in mid-fulfillment. For it is in these potentially strong and believable characters as well as in the wise blending of myth and imagination that the charm and importance of this novel can be found.

--Pauline Palmer

There isn't enough room to start a new review on the bottom of this page; so why don't I just try and fill it with interesting nothing talk. Like, did any of you people out there know that in the year 1967 the Chicago cops

You Can't Tell the Elrics From the Corneliuses Without a Final Programme

Funny thing about Michael Moorcock's novel The Final Programme (Avon, 60¢): it may be about something bigger than the book itself suggests.

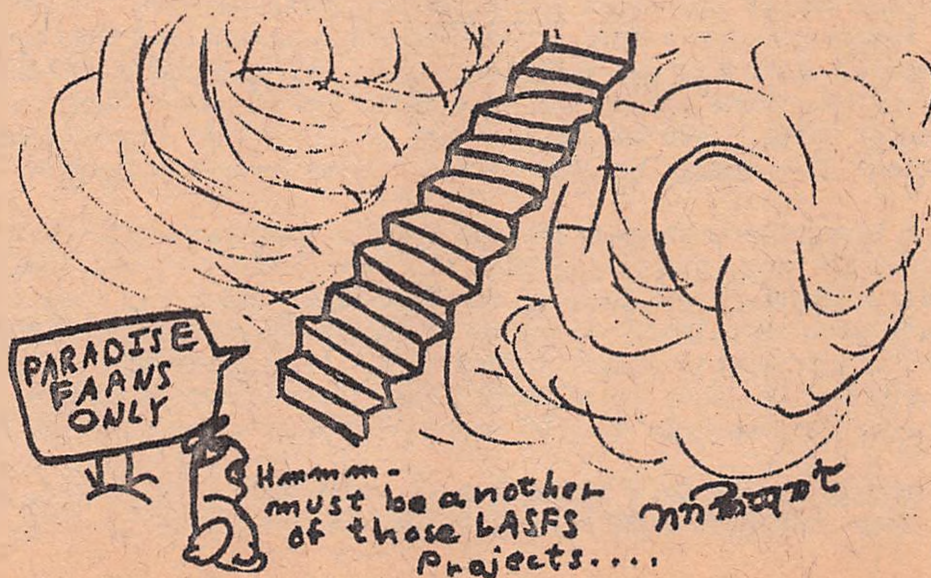
It opens with a prefatory anecdote which is apparently devoid of bearing upon the events that follow, aside from introducing Jerry Cornelius, high-ranking louse, and another character who reappears toward the end of the novel. The two do little more than chitchat about cosmic cycles, and more about that later.

"Phase 1" of the novel begins and Jerry conspires with gangsters and evil capitalists to storm his father's house, now in the hands of his drug-imbibing brother Francis, who is holding their sister Catherine in a drug induced coma.

At this point an alert reader (such as Robert Coulson) may be forgiven for emitting an audible "Erk!"

Once upon a time, Mr. Moorcock wrote five short stories (collected in The Stealer of Souls, Lancer, 60¢) and a novel (Stormbringer, Lancer, 60¢) concerning the doings of one Elric of Melnibone, a most unusual sword and sorcery protagonist. In the first story, "The Dreaming City", Elric conspires with brigands to storm the city Imrryr, once ruled by Elric, but now under the reign of his evilly sorcerous cousin, Yyrkoon, who is holding his sister Cymoril in a sorcery induced trance.

The weird resemblance between the two tales does not end with that instance. Portions of "Phase 1" have an almost one-to-one correspondence with parallel portions of "The Dreaming City"; in the presence of the old, faithful servant and in the not entirely successful method of eliminating the guard, for example. Still, a crucial element of the Elric saga apparently lacks a Jerry Cornelius counterpart. This is the "living" sword, Stormbringer,



which Elric wields (and which, it later develops, is a demon in the shape of a sword). The runesword drains the souls of those it kills and gives strength to Elric, who is a physical weakling when not carrying his weapon.

Jerry does carry a weapon which has superficial points of resemblance to Stormbringer: an air pistol that shoots darts. There is only one other gun like it and Francis has it. There is only one other sword like Stormbringer and Yyrkoon has that weapon, Mournblade by name. One who wields either of the soul-sucking runeswords cannot always control it, for it possesses a will of its own. Jerry and Francis cannot control their airguns either, for they are lousy shots. Both Elric and Jerry unintentionally slay their respective loves with their respective weapons.

Still, the airguns are not alive and do not steal souls, and the surface similarities between the armament of Elric and that of Jerry do not make up for the absence of Stormbringer's memorable appetite--but soul stealing is going on! It is mentioned, casually, that Jerry himself can steal life energy from other people and pass it on to his sister. And, interestingly enough, another character in The Final Programme can swipe souls--pardon me, life energies. And I will return to her later.

If this curious paralleling of the two stories is merely a reworking of material, it does not render the later work illegitimate, for the variance in style and in characters between the adventures of messrs. Elric and Cornelius suffices to make The Final Programme a stander on its own. But is it merely a reworking? Back to that anecdote.

In that prefatory fragment, much is made of cosmic cycles and history repeating itself every few million years (or perhaps every 432,000¹⁰ years; which is a rather peculiar use of exponents). Hear the characters tell it:

Jerry: Then at the end of the manvantara the cycle repeats itself, does it? The whole of history all over again?

Professor Hira: Some believe so. Others think that the cycles vary slightly...

At the end of the novel Stormbringer, Elric defeats the evil powers who would remake the world into a realm of mutable evil and thus makes our world possible. Then his own runesword turns upon him and absorbs his soul. Did that event mark the end of the last cycle and is Jerry Cornelius a re-incarnation of Elric, returned in the next cosmic cycle? Does he now have the power to steal life energy because he and Stormbringer are fused?

The resemblance between the two careers continues with "Phase 2" of the Cornelius book, which resembles the second Elric story, "While the Gods Laugh." Elric quests for a book of the Dead Gods, which may have the answers to all questions. Similarly, Jerry is on the track of a dead astronaut's manuscript, which may have vital information. When Elric opens the ancient book, it crumbles to dust. When Jerry reads the manuscript of the astronaut, the treatise consists of 203 pages of "Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha..."

There is more than a difference of event here. For Elric, the knowledge he sought may have existed, but he was denied it. For Jerry, the know-

ledge never existed. Anything that one exerts great effort to discover is not, it develops, really worth knowing. And that serves as a precise statement of the difference of mood between the two epics. Elric, unable to control his runesword, kills his love. Jerry, a bum shot, accidentally shoots his love; and this time the affair is incestuous. Elric is a figure of pathos, Jerry is merely pathetic.

In addition to Jerry, another crucial character oozes her slimy way through The Final Programme: the redhaired Miss Brunner. If there is a similarity between her and Moonglum, Elric's redhaired sidekick, save haircolor, it escapes me. But she does have a trait in common with Jerry. She steals life energy. Is she another returnee from the previous cycle? If Jerry is Elric and Stormbringer returned, might Miss Brunner be Mournblade? That latter runesword absorbed much of the substance of Darnizhaan, an evil god-thing, in Elric's time. And Miss Brunner's behavior could not but make Darnizhaan smile...



In the other three Elric stories, the paralleling with Jerry's life and times vanishes. But at the beginning of the Elric novel, the hero, having earlier withdrawn from adventuring with his wife, must again ride forth to fight the Final Battle with the evil of his universe. Jerry, having aided Miss Brunner's evil (yes, evil) plan, flees, marries and hides. But Miss Brunner tracks him down and he rejoins her grand design; which design would have warmed the cockles of Darnizhaan's heart (or whatever he had). This is paralleling with a dark inversion.

Does the stroy of Jerry Cornelius hold any attraction for readers aside from the fascinating possibility that it is a continuation of Elric by other means? I find for the negative.

On the plus side, the novel is filled with low-keyed, colorless prose and low-energy dialogue which nevertheless fascinate with their muted tone. This is one of the hardest types of writing to pull off and Moorcock does it. It is, in fact, sometimes preferable to the writing of the Elric stories, which often lapses into empty ornamentation. A consequence is that a striking turn of phrase, such as when a character is described as appearing recently to have been filleted, stands out like a wrong note, working against the whole.

On the other hand, much of the dialogue is downright idiotic:

Jerry entered the dark cave. Its far wall could not be seen.
 "Frank!" (he called)
 The echo went on and on.
 "It's a big cave," he said.

The idiocy may be deliberate but it still repels. And the fascination that the writing produces is not matched by fascination with the story. Events are trivial; even those which are not trivial seem trivial (e.g., the success of Miss Brunner's scheme). All the characters behave like idiots. And I frankly don't give a damn about what they are doing. The novel definitely is not boring. When one is under ether, nothing is boring. And the sensations are quite similar.

The prose is almost impeccable. That isn't enough.

Still, the possibility of a connection between the universes of Elric and of Jerry Cornelius provides interest, if of a literarily irrelevant sort.

Working against my hypothesis are the further Jerry Cornelius stories appearing in NEW WORLDS which have no apparent connection with Elric. And, if Jerry is Elric plus Stormbringer, why should Moorcock have a "self-pitying albino" appear briefly on page 131. Elric is an albino and if anyone should be an albino in the Cornelius novel, it should be Jerry himself.

Perhaps I am jumping to conclusions. Still...

When one considers, first, Elric's noble sacrifice, then the ending of The Final Programme...

Was it worth it, Elric?

--Hank Davis

((This was, of course, written in answer to Richard Delap's statement and demand that Hank explain why TFP was a bad book, and Hank has done a job that...well, what the hell are your reasons for liking the book, Richard, and if you care to go further: What's Moorcock trying to do with the character, and why are other people (like M. John Harrison and (mainly) James Sallis also writing Jerry Cornelius stories. Hmmm... Maybe Mr. Moorcock himself will answer.))

Flesh, by Philip Jose Farmer, Doubleday



All the paperback companies are now going head-over-heels to try and find dirty sf. First it was Bug Jack Barron and now the latest is Flesh ((Except that it's in hardback. Oops..this is out-of-place FL.)) I don't know where this sfnal world is going, but not in my direction. But more of this later.

Flesh is about an astronaut who lands on Earth 800 years after he left due to Einstein's relations. He finds a post-WWIII world that is severely underpopulated. The people of the world all worship the goddess of fertility, Columbia, and all go through yearly fertility rites which are

just big orgies. Each person in this world belongs to fraternities such as Lions Club, Elk, Moose, etc. (no relation to the modern day clubs). And once a year a man is chosen from one of the clubs to become the studgod. This time a man comes from the stars whose name is STAGG and is chosen by the Elks to become the next studgod. What makes a studgod different from normal men is that a studgod has grafted to his head a pair of antlers that give him the reproductive powers of 50 bulls. Then they turn him loose on 50 fired up virgins and so forth.

I'm sure you're all getting the idea of what this book's about now, and I think that this smut in sf is beginning to get out of hand. Pretty soon we can all expect to read novels with names like The Secret Sex Life of Retief, The REAL World of J. Campbell, or The Skylark: Sin Ship of Space. I can see it all now. In fact, some paperback companies are beginning this campaign early. Did any of you read John Brunner's novel Quicksand? It's about a girl who drops naked out of a parallel world, naked because they don't wear clothes where she came from, and who is put into an insane asylum. Well, the paperback version of it just came out a few days ago and the cover shows a luscious model with the words in large type over the cover SHE CAME NAKED OUT OF NOWHERE! Aargh!

Now don't get me wrong, I don't mind occasional sex scenes in a book, but this trend is starting to get ridiculous. Farmer's other "sex" novels, with the exception of The Alley Man, at least had some main sf point about them, the physical description of the reproductive process of alien beings. But this novel is just portraying man and his carnal acts to no clear purpose except to sell books. Which I must admit he probably does.

I do not think that the sex act constitutes a science fiction novel (unless the people portrayed find a new method of...). This type of story must be stopped. Anti-sex leagues unite! Your mission is clear.

--Steven Lawrence Goldstein

The Preserving Machine by Philip K. Dick, Ace 67800, 95¢

When science fiction fans are sitting around discussing the ideas, powerful, fascinating, or perverse, that comprise such an important element in the literature, they are sooner or later bound to mention the name of Philip K. Dick, perhaps the pre-eminent "idea" writer in the field today. Outre but strangely logical ideas burst forth from Dick's mind like the points of fire shooting from a Fourth of July sparkler. The Preserving Machine is an exhibition hall of ideas in the form of fifteen short stories and novelettes written over a fifteen year period from 1952 to 1966.

Herein you will find: homeostatic newspapers with electronic eyes and ears all over the world that eliminate the human factor completely; a machine that turns musical scores into living creatures; angels that



feed on human blood; Blobels, Roogs, Biltongs and a wub; time travel; a fascinating children's war game; halflife after death; and much, much more. In addition to extraordinary ideas, Dick's stock in trade is extraordinary characters, and the combination of the two creates some memorable stories. To be sure, such a facility for perverse ideas and odd characters is not an unmixed blessing; in some cases, the author succumbs to the temptation to substitute the spectacular ideas and people for the less spectacular good writing that would make a story better. But on the whole the stories in The Pre-serving Machine are well-done.

The gems in this collection are the title story, "Upon the Dull Earth", which deals with the blood-sucking angels and the consequences of upsetting the natural order of the universe, "Roog", a brilliant little (five-page) piece which sees garbage men as invaders from outside, "War Veteran" (despite a "surprise" ending that was hardly a surprise), "Beyond Lies the Wubb", with its droll dialogue, "The Crawlers" an old, familiar SF theme, handled extremely well, and "Pay for the Printer", which deals in part with a familiar theme (The post-Atomic War world) but where the addition of the Biltongs adds a new element. Three other stories--"We Can Remember It For You Wholesale", "Captive Market" and "If There Were No Benny Cemoli"--are also quite good, though not in the same class as those above.

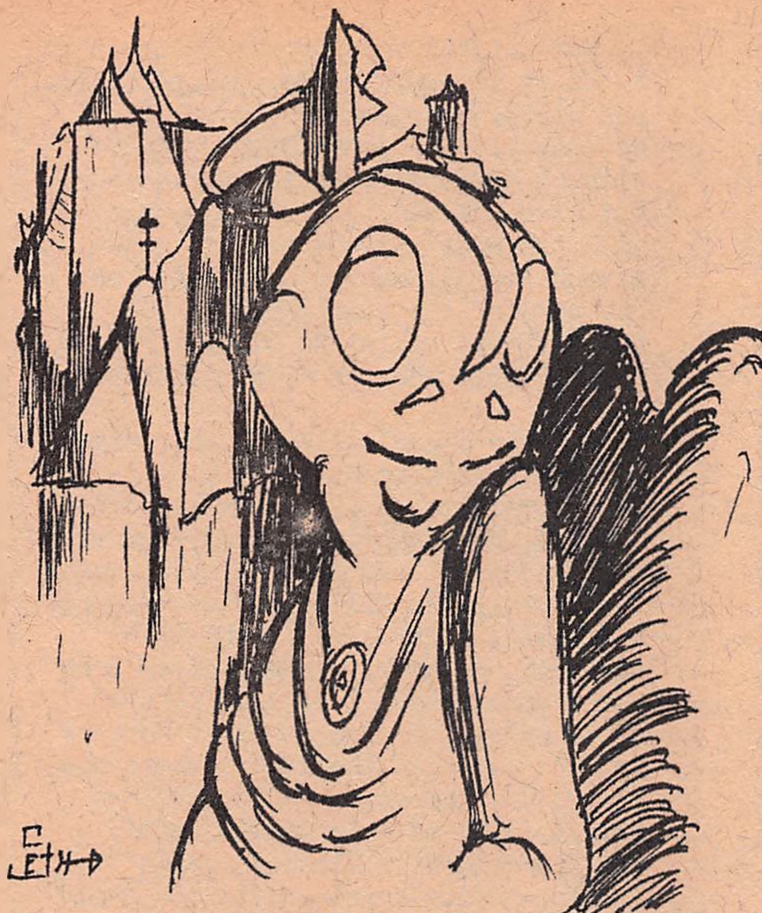
As for the others, "Oh, To be a Blobel!" is probably a good enough story of its kind, but it happens to be a type I have never cared for, and "Retreat Syndrome" I simply didn't understand. It appears to condense the confusion and convolutions of a van Vogt novel into 23 pages, and I missed the point completely. When I reached the end, I mumbled in my usual morose fashion, "Now what the hell was that all about?" Whether this failure to comprehend is due to Dick's writing of the story or my mind in something I cannot say. But I was made to feel considerably better about this when, upon questioning the author, I received the following reply: "I'm afraid I don't quite understand 'Retreat Syndrome' entirely myself, but it seems to have something to do with hallucinations." "War Game" has a fascinating puzzle in it that turns out to be a red herring, and the solution to the puzzle posed by the story itself is so silly and crude compared to the beautiful complexity of the herring that I felt almost angry at Philip Dick for the let-down. "Top Stand-By Job" and "What the Dead Men Say" are simply poor stories, badly constructed and badly written, and it is remarkable that they are among the most recent items in this collection. "What the Dead Men Say" reads like, and I hope it is, a fragment from a planned book that accidentally got submitted as a story. There are some good ideas there, and a couple of good scenes, but mixed up in a vat of sludge. "Top Stand-By Job" is a nothing-story: it has nothing, goes nowhere and does nothing with it in the process.

Ignore the clinkers, but buy the book--there's 95¢ worth, and then some, in the ten good stories.

--Ted Pauls

 Toyman, by E.C. Tubb, Ace Double 23140, 60¢
 (with Fear that Man, by Dean R. Koontz)

It is axiomatic that the psychological (and, to a lesser extent, physical) processes of maturing have been accelerated in our high-speed modern



world, so that we now have twelve-year-olds "going steady", political awareness and activism seeping into the lower junior high school grades, and sixth-graders learning what would have been high-school lessons not too long ago. Presumably this speeding up of the maturing process has had its impact on the audience for juvenile literature. In my early days as a science fiction reader, amiable hackwork like Toyman would have been spoken of as being written for eager fourteen-year-olds. Today, the audience for a writer like E.C. Tubb is more likely composed largely of ten- and eleven-year-olds.

Toyman may therefore have some value as one of the barometers of a sociological phenomenon.

It has no other merit. It is a flat, mostly boring adventure story, one of hundreds which combines far-future concepts (super-computers, super-mentalities, exotic worlds) with the reliable historical ingredients (a society dominated by a slave-holding aristocracy, gladiatorial games). The characterization is virtually non-existent; on several occasions, I forgot the hero's name and had to thumb back looking for it (he is eminently forgettable). The writing is hack--a term which does not mean irredeemably bad, but assumes, as Alexis Gilliland remarked in a recent issue of SFR, a certain facile competence; Carelessness, however, is rampant. To take a particularly egregious example, the length of the night on the planet Toy is given as 20 hours on page 5, 12 or 14 hours on page 39, 15 hours on page 45.

If you are going on a long bus trip, and must choose between Toyman and 1001 Facts About Garden Fertilizer as your reading material, you might prefer this novel. Otherwise...

--Ted Pauls

Stand on Zanzibar, by John Brunner, Doubleday, \$6.95

Stand on Zanzibar is THE book of the year. It is a huge super-sized novel of immense ideas and plot merged beautifully. This novel gives a large-



ly pessimistic view of our future on Earth as he depicts the overpopulation, the riots, the tension and the moral decadence. The government eugenics clinics have complete say as to who may have a child. Only the people with the most perfect genetic background are allowed to have children. The rest of the people merely keep taking their pills and silently curse those people who can have children.

The organization of this novel is really different. This book is four novels in one, the novels being Context, The Happening World, Tracking With Closeups, and Continuity. These four novels are all scrambled together. Basically, Continuity is the main novel of the book, Context gives some background material of this future world by quotes from a "real" book by Chad Mulligan who later enters the story, The Happening World gives an overall view of this future world, and Tracking With Closeups tells little stories about people and their paranoia. Put these books together and you get SOZ.

The language of the future is one thing Brunner does excellently. As he did in The Jagged Orbit, John made up a language complete with its own new slang which seems entirely normal in the book, but it takes a little while before one can understand what the words mean, such as "shiggie". A shiggie is a female prostitute which is a normal profession in this world of the future.

The overall novel really has no plot, as John Brunner admits in the final chapter when he states something about this "non-novel". The book is just a collection of happenings with three main characters, Norman House, a black executive of GT, which is a super-corporation; Donald Hogan, who is in a special division of the secret service and is made into a machine who kills; and Shalmaneser, a computer, the world's

largest, which has a mind of its own. The book loosely follows the exploits of these characters and others such as the ambassador of the small African country, Beninia, which should have been swallowed up years ago, but hadn't; Suiggungtung, a great genius of Yatakang, a country near China, who develops a eugenic method of making the next generation of Chinese superior to other races; Old GT, head of the gigantic corporation, and others.

The book's main point is to show us what the world of the future will probably be like unless we do something drastic to change it now. The future world Mr. Brunner has depicted shows tremendously unhappy people who take pills to make them happy and pills to calm themselves down--people who sabotage things for the hell of it--and people, the muckers, who go berserk in the status seeking world and kill people in a mad delirium. This book is getting my vote for this year's Hugo award and everyone should read it. It's fascinating.

Now for criticisms. If one compares this novel with Brunner's Jagged Orbit which he wrote later, one sees the same identical type of layout, small chapters all mixed up, but JO has much more of a unified layout and plot. When John Brunner went to write SOZ, he apparently did not know exactly what he wanted to do, for the plots seemed to wander now and then and never reached a climax of sorts as it did in The Jagged Orbit. Of the two, his later book was better written, but SOZ has a punch to it that the other did not have to such an extent. I just wish Brunner had taken a little more time in writing SOZ to make it a truly superior novel instead of just a good one.

--Steve Lawrence Goldstein

Mechasm, by John T. Sladek, Ace Special 711435, 75¢

Now here's a little masterpiece from the old ways of sf. This is a funny satire on the modern world and on old sf novels. This story is about a mad scientist who invents a little grey box that eats metal and reproduces. But the boxes quickly grow out of hand and soon one sees sights like little boxes running out of houses carrying metal waste paper baskets, typewriters running around homes, government security cabinets marked SECRET running around the Pentagon, jukeboxes walking down the street singing to themselves, boxes eating fire hydrants, stop signs, etc, beds crawling down the street, cars driving themselves and toilets flushing themselves.

The great part of this novel is the portrayal of the government and what it does to try and overcome the invasion of the little grey boxes. It also has some great scenes showing how CIA agents in foreign countries operate. This is great satire reminiscent of a flawed version of Cat's Cradle by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. I mention that it is flawed because the author lets himself get carried away with the grey boxes and neglects his satire after some time, and quite a lot of the satire in the book is very heavy handed. Given the talent of, say, John Brunner, Vonnegut, or even Heinlein this could have been a really marvelous book, but it is still a very funny one of a type that occurs more and more seldom in modern sf as time goes on. Why not try it out?

--Steve Lawrence Goldstein

JOHN J. PIERCE & THE 3RD FOUNDERING

Has anyone out there ever heard of John J. Pierce? He's that guy going around (by way of the USPOD) calling himself Liaison Officer for the Third Foundering, aligning true believers in order to launch a Holy War against those "deviated preverts trying to organize a revolt of preverts, to work their preversions..." (Keenan Wynn in DR. STRANGELOVE) on the truly dedicated, enlightened followers of the True Way. That means he is anti-New Wave. He is so anti-New Wave and pro-Traditional SF that he feels deeply that it is his Divine Duty to bring light to the uninformed and to smash the forces of evil ruining the genre.

His approach is a little less than subtle, indeed, as is usually the case with ~~16171616/11111111~~ someone genuinely dedicated to an idea, he tends to be a little heavy-handed.

In most cases this abruptness of approach tends to either drive people off or put them on the defensive, which is unfortunate, because if you take time to examine what Pierce has to say, you would find it is really not much. His spiel runs mainly 10% "Old Things" are good, "Bless, Bless", with almost no specifics, and 90% New Wave is evil, wicked, mean and bad and nasty, with numerous specifics.

So you see, it is not a 50-50 proposition, an Old Thing/ New Wave, good/evil balance, but primarily an attack on NW. If Pierce were genuinely interested in promoting OldT over NW, if he wanted to show that his sf was superior to the cheap imitation mainstream sf Merrill's Marauders are producing, the logical way would be to examine the value, interest or worth of his Old Thing.

One of the reasons, out of many, many, that he condemns Bug Jack Barron is because the plot situations aren't even new. (SFR #31) This seems to contradict his OldT goodness hangup, leading me to think maybe he is not so stoked on OT as he is bent on putting down NW. And for an OT devotee, he is surprisingly familiar with the NW; he is always ready with specific criticisms of anything his opponents hold up to him.

All of which leads me to doubt his sincerity in pushing his OT. I can only conclude that the Third Foundering is just a front for his attacks on NW.

BY DALE
A. GOBLE

Pierce's writing skill is evident in the amount of reaction he obtains. He knows how to press buttons. Others before Pierce have attacked, discredited and denounced the NW, but none have obtained anywhere near the quantity or quality

that Pierce has; this I credit to his skill with words. So, if you accept that Pierce is a capable writer, why doesn't he come out with some sound, acceptable criticism (I will not say that all of his criticism is unsound, only that most of it is put in a way to be unacceptable), instead of continually stirring up debate? He makes points for "his side", but has the characteristic of not resting on these points, but goes plunging into new fields of controversy.



Why?

About a year ago, when I first became involved with fandom, Bill Marsh introduced me to Frank Lunney, your editor, as a new correspondent. About that time Jim Melcod, my good buddy, started writing to him also. In the course of our correspondence, art preferences were mentioned, and I stated my preference for Kelly Freas. Frank answered this with a completely unwarranted attack on Freas' work and my own taste. To which I replied, "Jack Gaughan draws with crayons." Our debate on these two very fine artists continued for two or three months, but after the first month or so, Jim and I were talking over a beer one evening and discovered that Frank was praising Freas and putting down Gaughan to Jim (Jim's admiration for Gaughan is almost embarrassing.), while doing just the opposite in my letters. About a month after this we pinned Frank down in a Round Robin and got him to admit he was just being disagreeable to provoke a good debate, which adds life to any correspondence.

The point of this little aside is to bring home the fact that some people enjoy debate, whether they are sincere in their projected viewpoint or not. Debate offers primarily three things to fandom: it can be amusing and quite enjoyable if you don't take yourself too seriously, it is a good way to make new acquaintances, and it can garner one big bunch of egoboo.

Which brings us back to Pierce, and what I consider to be his motivations. It is my sincere belief that the Third Foundering is a cosmic put-on. My first impression was that Pierce was a fictitious character, someone like Lunney in disguise. When I found his mailing address was some 50 miles from Lunney, I got very suspicious, but I have been informed by reliable sources that Pierce is real. That is, he is a real person, but he's definitely not for real. He's pulling your leg, fandom, and I'll bet he's laughing his Liaison Officer's head off at the screaming he has stirred up. He has pushed some buttons, and I think he is doing it for egoboo and/or enjoyment, but it is interesting to speculate on the reaction he received. Could the overreaction of the NW be based on their doubts about the merit of their Thing?

--Dale A. Goble

oooo from the swamp

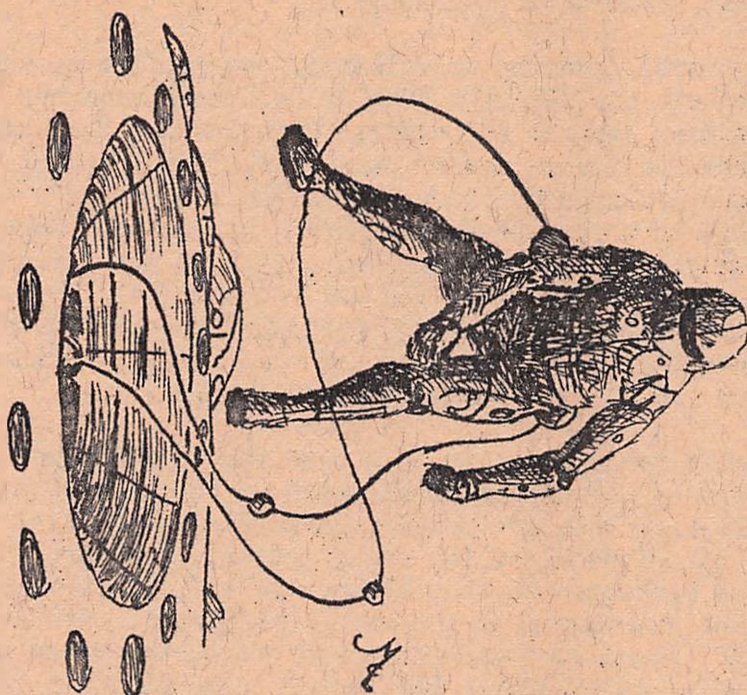
Although physically emaciated and exhausted due to the prolonged prayer and fasting to which I have dedicated myself since having the privilege of undergoing The Experience which I revealed in this column last time out, I shall transcend this merely physical impediment through a summoning of the inner spiritual resources that have been conferred upon me from The Higher Realms...and maybe take a few very tiny nibbles on the ham and rye sandwich at hand, plus a discreet swallow or two from the Pabst...and rise bravely to the occasion of BAB's annish with another highly motivated column designed for the eddification of all Bohemaland.

Never let it be said that Ye Olde Ass Ed Emeritus...even though sorely afflicted with aching sphincters and kept slavishly engaged by ruthless employers in running from dune to dune and thither and yon from one meandering arroyo to another, trying to find some additional locations out here in the Great Nowhere upon which we can squander roadbuilding funds...was found wanting, or minus a column, upon the glorious occasion of BeABohema's first anniversary issue. (Okay, so why can't I still have a title, Flash? I agreed that you could be Chief High Thunderer, didn't I? ...Jeesh! ...You think you're the only guy around that digs a jazzy title? Everybody needs some occasional egoboo, you know! ...You're a selfish pig! You really are. I warned you repeatedly about the danger of reading all that Ayn Rand rot, didn't I? Now look at the result; you're a baby fascist, a completely self-seeking egotist. Tsk! Tsk!) I was also impelled to make the deadline for BAB V by the desire not to disappoint those fen, both of them, who have so graciously written and informed me that they thought I was the greatest Ass Ed that BAB ever had... It is true that one of the two didn't say exactly that. What he said, actually, was that he found me a great Ass. But then we all know what a typo-prone typist Ted Pauls is. How can he concentrate on his typing with that constant mania for kippling nagging at him? His sloppy typing is understandable.

I have to take my beanie off to our illustrious Head Ed, though. He has surmounted tremendous handicaps and overcome all the odds in steering a constantly expanding BAB...in both size and quality, I feel...to a startling five issue span, and all in an era during which fanzines are proliferating to a degree matched only by the practice of the Seven Deadly Sins. Most amazing of all, he has yet to face his first libel suit. So, CONGRATULATIONS, FRANK LOONEY! (It just confirms what I have constantly preached to you, Franl, when you bemoan what you call the oppressive state of The Nation; it is still The Land of Opportunity. Where else in The World could a functional illiterate rise to the command of a far-flung publishing empire like Deutsch Noodle Press and to the Head Ed status of such a renowned and eminent literary publication as BAB? Yeah, Flash, think about it and count your blessings.) But...enough of such gagging, sycophantic and platitudinous adulation. ...On to the serious, intellectual-type stuff.

BY BILL MARSH ////////////////
////////////////////

Greetings fellow Good Guys! I say fellow Good Guys because, frankly, from this point on this column is slanted toward the Goodfolk, those that have resolved to renounce all forms of bickering, remonstrances, put-downs and verbal uptightness in general. So, be hereby informed; ALL NON-GOODFOLK READ NO FURTHER!!! We stoop to no apologies to the exclusive orientation that portions of this column...for at least the next few foreseeable installments...will take. (All right, knock it off, Piers! We see you copping a peek at this. We believe you! We believe you! So you're a meanie, one of the Bad Guys. You oughta be ashamed of yourself, putting down Leo and Dean like that. It's a lucky thing that they are Good Guys...Leo at least, for sure. And it is pure



paranoia on your part to attribute the latest onset of your little darling's diaper rash to such a source. I can assure you upon the best of fannish authority that Dean R. Koontz is not a practicing warlock. Even though you are a self-conformed cad, though, I can't think you deserved that "Mother of the Year" crack from Vardeman. Oh, by the way, did you know that it is being said that SANDWORM is a pierless publication? Gad!! ...You needn't snarl at me like that. Every pun can't appeal to all people. I thought it was pretty good, myself. Well, it's been nice chatting with you but I have to get back to the Good Guys.) We are fully cognizant of the accusations

that will doubtless be forthcoming from some quarters that we are adopting a wholly biased stand. So be it! There can be no compromise with the Forces of Darkness and Non-truth, i.e., the Bad Guys. No audience can be granted to error. Only the ways of goodness and truth will be expostulated upon in this column and in the new oo of the ULTIMATE FOUNDATION...for details of which see Bellowings...and only the fully accredited agents of the true way will be granted the opportunity to confirm the genuine fan gospel. We offer the preceedings comments in order to indelibly establish just what the ground rules of the ULTIMATE FOUNDATION are to be. To repeat: ALL NON-DISSENTERS ARE WELCOMED WITH OPEN ARMS. NONE OTHERS NEED APPLY!!!, All righty?

The essential viewpoint that is being adopted by the ULTIMATE FOUNDATION has already been most cogently and eloquently set forth in the ringing words of that beloved and unequalled Good Guy, Hairy Harassem, at a profan (You add

an e at the end of that last word, Lunney, when you cut the stencils with that palsied typing of yours, and, so help me, I'll not only demand the immediate return of my copy of THE SECRETS TO EFFECTIVE USE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE by Casey Stengal that I loaned you, but I'll also put a double hex on your new Rex) partly held in the Vahroom Room of the Zamboanga Hilton on last April 34th to celebrate the completion of the manuscript of Harman Spinell's latest novel, Jack Barron and His Dog Vs. The Pantie Raiders from Pluto. It is reliably reported through authoritative fan sources, that at exactly on the stroke of Midnight Hairy uttered the following unforgettable and inspiring words: "I'm plenty ----ing sick and tired of all this ----ing shit being spattered around by all the ----ing Bad Guys. Those dirty ----- ----ers have opened their ----ing mouths once too often. ---- 'em all! The forces of goodness and truth must marshall troops and stomp them there ----- ----ers good, once and for all. Gimme annuder martini. A bit drier this time."

With those ringing watchwords spurring us valiantly onward, let us sally forth in eternal defense of good via the ULTIMATE FOUNDATION. But, remember Brothers, no badmouthing or putdowns amongst ourselves. Dish out all the lumps to the poor deluded forces of the Bad Guys. Check? (No, Jim. Gabe did not say that you did the bulk of your drawings by cleverly tracing the Master's stuff. What he actually said was that your style was so reminiscent of Gaughan's that it could have been a tracing. Now, you gotta admit, that is not the same thing. And, Gabe, Jim didn't mean that remark in the way you took it. He made it explicitly clear that he felt there was a distinct possibility that the sometimes weird proportioning of your figures was due, as you contended, to wrinkled stencils. Smile Brothers smile! Love rules among the good guys!!!)

We had expected to be able to announce at this time the joyous news that Brother Lin Carter had embraced his unanimous election to the post of Last Speaker of the ULTIMATE FOUNDATION and had graciously placed the use of his Thongor literary properties at the disposal of the organization. However, a slight but temporary hitch has developed on that front. (Flash, there must be a mistake! You must have sent that query to the wrong Lin Carter. Are you sure you spelled the name right? Nawh...you must have sent it to the wrong guy; I just can't believe that saintly, quiet-spoken Lin Carter would use that kind of language! Better try again.) We confidently expect to be able to announce such glorious tidings by the time that our next column comes whipping off the Ol' Deutsch Noodle. If it hadn't been for the fact that a pack of swagwamples (dang their horny hides!), temporarily in loss of their normally herbivorous nature due to prolonged munching on a fermented Groopleberry Bush ingested the Express Rider mount, mail and all, I would undoubtedly have received such a confirmation via a Lunneygram by now. As it is, Frank might well have the word in the Bellowings that occurs in the present issue. I can hardly bear this enervating suspense. Speak to us Lin baby, wherever you are!

Lunney reports that things are really jumping back at the Quakertown Ultra Supreme Galactic Headquarters; plans are just blooming all over the place and the atmosphere is that of an intellectual hothouse. (Yep, Deckinger, I think that this is an even more brilliant scheme than was SPASM.) I don't feel too inclined to go into the more mundane aspects of some of the projects and strategy being mapped out back there as of last report. I am, after all, concerned primarily with the metaphysical aspects of the organization and this column seeks to serve in the uplifting of souls. I act as sort of a spiritual Liaison Officer, you might say. I will rely on Chief High Thunderer Lunney

to deliver the bulk of the news on that front. But even from here, on the more ethereal level, some of the enthusiasm at the material echelon is readily understandable.

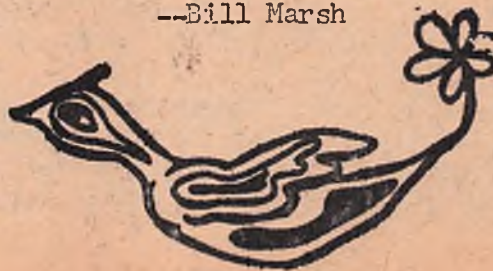
Particularly exciting, I feel, is the news from the Chief Grand Quartermaster that a complete Official line of Ultimate Foundation soft and hardware will soon be available for purchase by fortunate Good Guys. (Hallelujah! Flash, if we play this smart we can make a real pile.) Among some of the more exciting and utilitarian items that will be offered for sale will be a Code Ring/Bad Guy Detector. With this device, I am informed, you will never need to be unsure of just who are the ideologically tainted among any group. The device is one hundred percent reliable in even the most expansive of crowds. Through utilization of the decoder features of the same item, you can, of course, more easily perceive the splendid and ennobling philosophies and preachments contained in those writings produced by Good Guys, and which will appear to the Bad Guys as "New Wavible" gibberish.

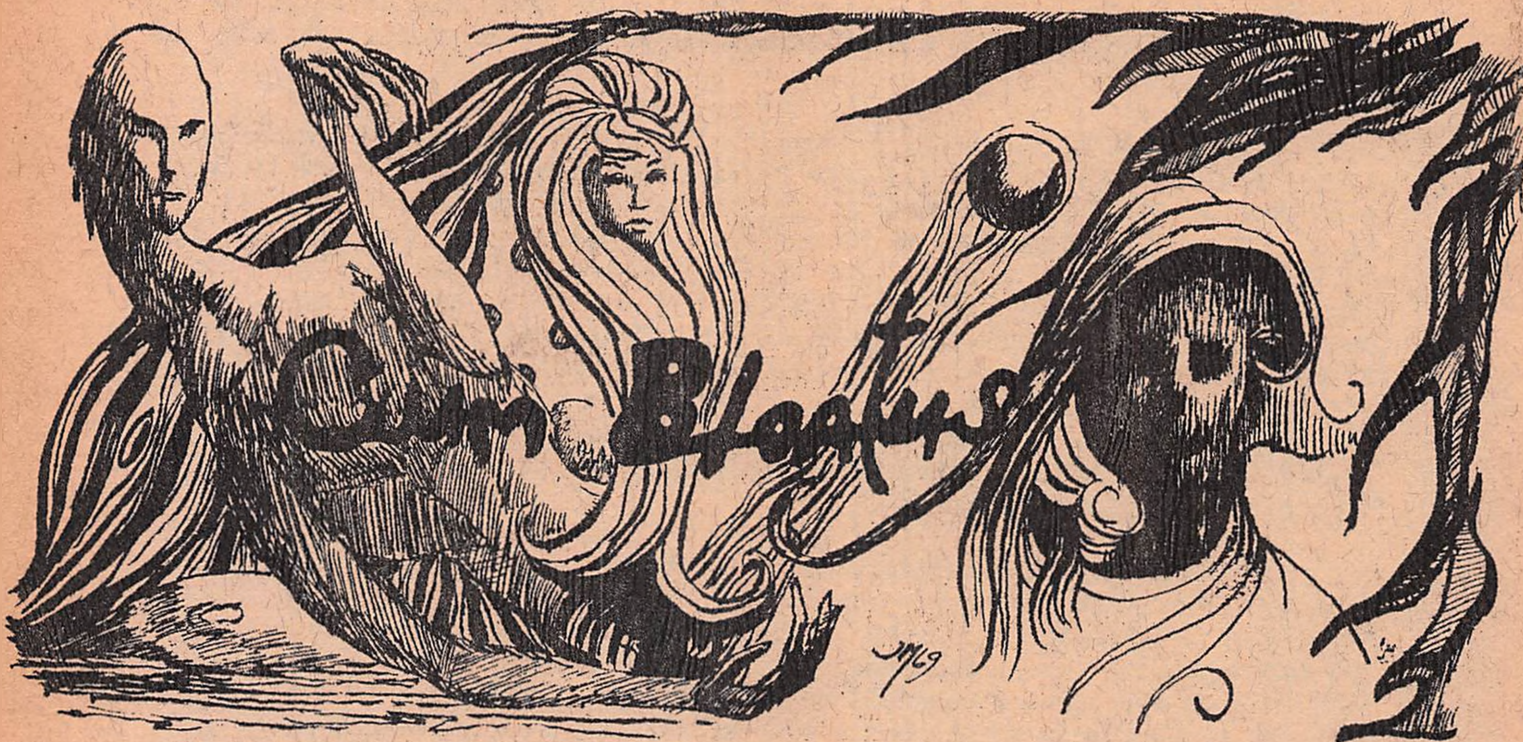
This item really thrills me...we must not overlook the mention of an item that I am sure that every certified Good Guy will not want to be without, the Official Ultimate Foundation Jackboots. Think of how smart and commanding you can appear in these blood-red, patent leather boots, as you make an early dawn raid on some foul stronghold of the Bad Guys, perhaps one of those bookshops that are so shameless as to purvey some of that abysmal, non-literary trash that emanates from the intellectual sewers that pass as minds with the Bad Guys. Wow!...that really grabs me...Hup!...Truh!...Tree!...Foah!

But, like I said before, I am going to leave it up to the Chief High Thunderer to elucidate upon this level of our activities. Oh, oh...it's time for me to go. ...I hear the sweet soulful organ strains of IN THE GARDEN rolling in off the swamp, and the hands on my Official SPASM watch are...let'ssee...the little hand is pointing to the Moon Maid and the big hand...the big hand is pointing to the Dero raygun... Hmmm...yeah, that means it is almost time. I must knock off the writing of this column now as the Express Rider, the new one, is due on his weekly round early in the morning, and I have to get this column off to Lunney at that time.

Right now, I have to get out of here for my tete-a-tete with Saint Fanthony. I certainly wish he'd get over this latest penchant for meeting at midnight. It's kind of scary out there tonight, even with the full moon... What's that I hear? Sounds like a wolf howling out there, but with the organ music it is hard to tell. Hmmm...I've never heard of wolves around these parts. Oh well, I really must go now. The tempo of that organ music is starting to sound a little more strident and impatient...I hope the old boy doesn't get too ticked off if I am a trifle late in getting out there. He really raises Cain when he starts lobbing those lightning bolts all over the place...Now where in hell did I put my beanie?

--Bill Marsh





((Before anything else I may as well get in a few locs I have that came in answer to BAB 3, but I want to print anyway. While reading this also keep in mind that the stencil of this first page of Cum Bloatus is being typed as the men of Apollo 11-Aldrin and Armstrong--prepare to leave their base onto the surface of the moon. So I'll know what I was doing when it happened.))

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Locing BAB is not unlike locing Granfalloon. It's really an enjoyable experience--everyone is so outspoken and opinionated that commenting is a pleasure. This is one reason why Psychotic/SFR is a much more lively fanzine than Warhoon, which is probably more inherently interesting, more lasting, and more "important". But except for a few specifics (like Terry Carr's essay in 26) everyone seems so detached from everything. Whereas in SFR people are vibrantly alive, and thus so is the fanzine. ((Maybe one reason everyone in Wrhn seems so detached is because they are. I'm sure many of the conclusions brought about by certain writers in the fanzine have gone over my head. The thing is--I don't care. I don't read my fanzines very carefully, I must say, and there are great chunks of a few fanzines that go unread, for at least a few days after they're recieved. Some magazines, though, must be read immediately, for they guide fandom. SFR, certainly...))

Leo Kelley's gripes about mundane reviews are all too familiar. In a similar case, Look magazine, in about the-second-or-third-week-in-June-issue, ran a review of Roy Meyers' latest dolphin fairy tale along with one on The Andromeda Breakthrough, sf by a non-sf author which has been reviewed by all the

major magazine. The reviewer began by describing his childhood love for sf, his rejection of it during his college years (apparently late 40's or early 50's), and finally his discovery of these two "superb novels", one of which (Breakthrough) he calls "undoubtedly the best science fiction written in the last two decades"! Obviously, the man has never heard of Delany, Zelazny, Disch, Ellison, Ballard or any of the other newer authors. Obviously he isn't familiar with the recent work of Aldiss, Brunner and other people. But on the basis of his adolescent experiences, he considers himself able to pass judgment on "the best novel of the decade". THIS is what we have to put up with.

I don't know enough about art to be able to give a comprehensive lecture on why I don't like REG (my knowledge of art is only slightly better than the "I don't know art, but I know what I like" stage) but I'll do my best. Essentially, I find him stilted, formal, dead and unrealistic. Now, art can be unrealistic--therefore stylized--and still be good. Certainly no one can accuse Bode of realism, and yet his work has been generally accepted as high class. But Gilbert's lack of realism, through the use of his dots, lines, etc., seems to get nowhere. He has, on occasion, done some work I've liked; he seems to have an excellent imagination, and when he's able to conquer the stylistic handicaps, the result can be almost good. The back cover of DAB 3, for example, isn't at all bad. Seth says, "When art is stylistic, it is not required to be 100% accurate." Yes--but it must then be interesting and very well performed. I don't feel that this is the case with most REG work. My own, strange opinion--true.

And while we're talking about art; Jack (Gaughan) took me to task somewhere else for saying that it appears Jeff Jones can't draw hands or feet. Mike Gilbert (also an excellent artist) first commented on that, and to me it sounded logical. In countering my suggestion, Jack said something to the effect (excuse me if I misquote!) "Just because I don't draw genitals in my work doesn't mean I can't!" This may be quite true, but I don't think the analogy is valid. After all, in most sf art, these parts of the body are (for reasons I won't go into) kept hidden. Hands and feet, however, are most often shown, except when encased boots or gloves. Yet I have yet to see a fully developed hand or foot in ANY Jones illo (tho I can't claim to have seen anywhere near all his work). The drawings seem to fade into the background around the edges, leaving hands and feet only very lightly sketched if present at all. Of course, I could well be completely cock-eyed on this point. But from the examples I've come across, it would seem to be a definite possibility. Anybody else notice this?

I can't say I really feel sorry for Piers Anthony, much as he cries on our collective shoulders. I feel he's a fine writer, and despite a few adverse fanzine comments, I think most of us feel likewise. If certain people have taken his fanzine comments as personal attacks--well, this sort of thing is all too common, especially in fandom. I do, however, think he's making a mistake in cutting himself off from all but a few fanzines. In the first place, none of us (and I speak as one fan-ed who has been sending you his magazine) expect any sort of reply. In general, we send our magazines to professionals in the field in the simple belief that they'll find material of interest. Whether you like it or not, you represent the Elder Gods of the field; you create that which we discuss, live and breathe. We feel you'll enjoy and/or find interest in our fmz, and this is why we send

them. You're under no compulsion, understood or otherwise, to reply. If you have TIME to let us know that you liked something, that you'd be interested in seeing more about a particular item, fine. If you've got something to get off your chest (like you do here in DAD), better still. If it's well-written, most of us would be happy to print it. But none of this is necessary, and if you feel you haven't the time, by all means don't bother. More important, though, I feel you're missing something by not at least skimming some of the zines not on your list. You'll miss reviews of your and other books; you'll most likely miss many articles of interest. Finally, you don't acknowledge the possibility of improvement in the fanzines you don't receive. After all, in a mere three issues, DAD's become something worth the time and trouble to write to. Would not many of these borderline zines you now won't be getting make similar improvements? In short, I think you'll be missing things by shutting yourself off from most of fandom. As long as you realize you don't have to do anything about the magazines you get, I would suggest you reconsider your decision. ((But Piers has written to fanzines requesting that he be dropped from their mailing lists, and not many people have complied with his simple request. He thought other measures had to be taken...but I', answering for Piers now, and if there's one thing I know I can't do, and shouldn't do...))

I've always liked Al Snider's fanzine reviewing, and I looked forward to his dissection of Tomorrow and.... I wasn't at all disappointed, and I'd like to thank Al for probably the best (as in critical) review we've had yet. But I would like to pick a few bones with him. First, obviously Al's used the review here to go into a full discussion of his likes and dislikes in a fanzine (I say obviously, since it runs two pages, while those of much better zines ((SFR, for example)) go only a paragraph). No objection, certainly. I do, however, question Al's choice of material to discuss, and I think some of this relates around his personal hang-ups on what a fanzine should contain. In my eyes, the best items in TA...3 were the long article on alien communication by Dr. Williams, the short story (which I thought very highly of), and the artwork. Of these, Al MENTIONS only the last one. Then he spends about half the review discussing the editorials. Now--I admit that mine was shitty, and that Mike's wasn't any masterpiece either. But I don't really think you're justified to go into these depths on the basis of one editorial. Al then "throws out"



the poetry and the "reviews" of 2001; the poetry wasn't particularly good, I'll admit, but the 2001 stuff was worthy of note. Actually, it was three separate essays, all less than a page. Robert Bloch provided a short satirical piece on the reason the movie's amassed so much discussion; I bitched for two paragraphs about reviewers who condemn without being specific (like del Rey in Galaxy); and Mark Aronson, a TA staffer, discussed a few of the possible faults. Only the last of these could be considered a review, and certainly Bloch's was at least interesting. Did you really read the "reviews", Al? I think his most valuable criticism comes in discussing our layout; certainly it needs work, but this will improve in time. After all, this was our first attempt at an offset magazine; things should get better each issue, though, as we become more experienced. In addition, things should be helped in the future by a) a two-column non-justified margin format, which should allow for more inventive layouts, and b) the assistance of Larry Nichols, a Chicago fan with professional graphics experience. Then, Al says, "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 too much." First, Al--sure, you've heard about this in the Cult, but 95% of our readers (at least) haven't. And second, the only article really criticizing the handling of the convention I've seen (besides mine, of course) has been here in BAB. Especially with the same committee bidding for 1972 again, I feel a discussion of the running of the convention is certainly in order. Again, I want to thank Al for his trouble in analyzing the magazine; we do appreciate the criticism--else how could we make for improvement?

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If Piers Anthony doesn't stop writing so much stuff for fanzines, he's going to win a Hugo for best fan writer one of these years. But then, judging by his contribution to Beabohema 3, this pseudonymous writer started off life as a fan just like

everybody else. "From dust thou came and to dust thou returneth..." ((No. He didn't start out as a fan and then become a writer. He was drawn into fandom by virtue of being a writer. I think. I'll have to stop making these answers for Piers, but if everyone has to wait for Piers to make these answers which could really almost be knocked off with some matter-of-fact remarks it could be bad for continuity. But Piers was a writer before becoming part of "fandom".))

The Anthony-Eyns-Margroff discourse on writing contests was amusing-instructive-heart-rending. The only writing contest I entered, I won a partial scholarship to Syracuse University School of Journalism. Picture in the hometown paper and all that sort of thing. As Bob Margroff pointed out, the egoboo of winning is more meaningful than the money itself.

Ghod--leafing hastily through #3 for more Yellow Seas material, I come across more wordage by P. Anthony. Really, if he keeps this up he never will complete 12 volumes of sequels to Chthon. His account of what occurred after answering an unsolicited letter from a girl fan reminds me of a similar incident. If Mr. A thinks he came on "strong", I must

have been $\frac{1}{2}$ degree C stronger. But then, I had some provocation. I replied most mildly, saying among other things that I was interested in folk-singing. My correspondent replied that she was interested only in real, pure ethnic folk music. She resented my mentioning "guitar" in the same breath with folk music.

I thought my folk music was just as real as her folk music, and wrote her at great length that of course I, too was interested in real folk music. In fact, I was so pure that I specialized in handclapping & footstomping as the only real pure accompaniment to ritual chanting. However, I did point out that I did go so far as to do a fair bit of bullroaring, as well.

Of course, bullroaring came on the scene a bit late in prehistory, but the common bullroarer was old enough, in my estimation, to count as a real, pure folk instrument. Naturally, good bullroarers are scarce today, only being manufactured on any scale in certain parts of Australia.

I think my correspondent thought I was nuts--but she asked for it!

((The following is presented as the thoughts of a person who was on the borderline of gafia and return to fandom. I found it interesting. Ron has decided that he can combine fannish activities with his "other" life, though, and is writing again...))

Ron Smith
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I'm impelled to write. BAB just arrived and I sat there on the porch thinking a little. What are things coming to? I've been gafia to a large extent lately. For at least 6 or 8 months. Correspondents have stopped writing mostly. A letter came the other day from one and I answered it verbosely, but it was not fannish. Fanzines have come and I've read a little and mostly let them sit around unread, waiting. My money runs low and my prozine subs simply run out and are not renewed because I haven't read them for at least a year and a half. And every once in a while a fanzine comes or a letter or maybe a prozine and I get stirred to do something fannish and I write a letter or something like that and it ends there. And things seem to be changing so much and half the time I'm not even aware. An IF came the other day and for the first time in months I read the editorial and learned to my astonishment that Fred Pohl was quitting. And last night on the news I sat in numbed astonishment as the newsmen announced the death of Willy Ley. And all I could think of was how it was too bad, really too bad that he hadn't lived to see his dream fulfilled next month. But most of all, I think sometimes how I read once (I think it was Harry Warner) somebody saying he wondered how the fan felt who had drifted into gafia and the fanzines and letters kept coming but in lesser numbers with more and more time between them until for weeks there will be no mail. And now I think I know a little, because I find myself waiting for the mailman to come and then there's nothing, and I think back on how I used to get lots of mail from all over every day and I wonder about it.

I don't know, I just don't. The interest I had in sf and fandom is still here to some extent but it seems muted, overplayed by my seeming

conviction that we must deal with the here-and-now quickly or there may be no future at all. And I think back and see now that it was mostly my desire for and interest in psychology and understanding different peoples and concepts which drew me to sf in the first place and then into fandom. And now I sit and think about psychology and people, the one subject I think is important above all others if our little world is to survive, and sf and fandom become less and less real to me. Several years ago it used to be at the center of my stage and now it seems to lie somewhere off to the side, dimly heard or seen. And I find myself often wanting to come back, to push fandom back into my life in a big way, but something inside doesn't seem to care and it never seems to work out. Maybe it's because I'm all alone here in Medina and haven't had any contact with another fan or group of fans for a long time. Maybe if I could I'd get more involved once again.

And then I think about what a messed up kid I was then when I was then when I was really involved and see how I've succeeded in straightening my life out some since then and I think, maybe later, a few years from now, when I've found myself... I just don't know. I think I've found the true agony of gafia. I can't be a part of fandom now, but I want to be somewhere inside. Perhaps later...

But keep sending BAB. I'll try to get a letter of comment off when I can and try to get some of it read because I think I want to keep some links with fandom. But fandom just isn't what it was to me. I wonder, I doubt, if it ever will be.

Ed Reed I received BAB #4 today, was impressed by the visual
668 Westover Road improvement over the earlier ones. Except for rather
Stamford, Conn. lightly inked art, too much mediocre art (usual for fan-
06902 zines) and an editor who hasn't read a book on layout
 but isn't doing too bad by faking it the zine looks
exceptionally good.

It reads like childish shit.

(This letter is being written in B/B vernacular, so I can communi-
cate.)

I pity poor Jim McLeod who's very talented and doesn't deserve you.

The general tone of bab is one of, "let's fight!" "what's to fight over?" "never mind! you did..." or somesuch. Arguments, I don't mind, discussion I don't mind, but this mud-slinging on purpose is something I can't stand. When you started FLincoln I did not think she'd turn out to be a vehicle for childish libel. (with no apology, either). The whole zine is either people putting on so as to evoke comment or people commenting on it, with great gusto. Why not call it "Faith Lincoln Shits, and the fen eat it up!"? The few good things are overshadowed by this. You people really want to be noticed. But instead of being noticed for the good things you do you can only stand up and scream "fuck you!" which attracts the attention you crave.

It's all very childish.

I'm glad Faith is imaginary and Phil Dick is nice enough not to sue you. The least you can do is apologize, and maybe not write like that again. These put-ons that are "all in good fun" aren't funny. If you want to get noticed just publish B&B under the pseudonym I suggested, but make it a worthwhile mag that has something to it besides the Faith Lincoln for lunch bunch. ((Edward S. forgot the very first loc by Faith which appeared in B&B which paved the way for her later "shitty" personality. He wrote it.))



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Normally, and
from long experience, I avoid
fan-fiction like
the plague that
it usually is.

James Koval's "Outcome" I did read, and I had just as soon I hadn't. (And, if anyone babbles: "You didn't like it because you are a Southerner!"--oftimes spelled r-a-c-i-s-t!--I'll smack him across his haid with mah poke-chop and gag his mouf with a mess of collard-greens.) I don't know what Koval's intent was, but his outcome is an I'll-write-all-around-what-I'm-really-trying-to-say (which he probably thinks is "mood-story" writing) piece of semi-New Wave, sociological crud. I gather--vaguely--that some Mod-power-structure pushed the button and atomized the South. But, why? What "problem" was this supposed to solve?--in the story's context. If Koval is extrapolating on the present racism, then it would be the North that is the offender. Racism in the North (White and Black racism) have given a tragic and overwhelming testimony of arson, looting, assault, rape, murder, deceit, theft and an insane disregard for the personal rights of American citizens--White & Black. Yet, in his story Koval atomic-wallops the South into a dusty wasteland...and "the problem" is solved. But, Ghreat Ghu, what problem??? But, even if Koval is pointing out that it did not solve the problem (I'm not sure what he is trying to tell his readers, in this vague, misty, write-around-it style), what problem did the button-pushers think they were solving? Perhaps, "Outcome" is a sort of problem-story; the problem being to try through the haze and indistinct prose of the author to decipher what is the problem. I suppose the South will always be a racial whipping-boy for the so-called "liberals", but in objective actuality the South has adjusted remarkably well to desegregation. It had to be prodded over and along the way--and still has to be prodded vigorously in some sections--but it has as a whole made a remarkable socio-cultural adjustment. One who has lived in the South all his life and observed and understood (though not necessarily agreed with) the Southern pattern of racial thought,

can see and appreciate this almost monumental sociological adjustment that has been achieved and which is still progressing. ((It would seem that the way much of the South responds to orders for desegregation is to ignore them. Not much of an adjustment in my opinion. And any part of the country which would seriously vote for George Wallace on any kind of scale great enough to matter...))

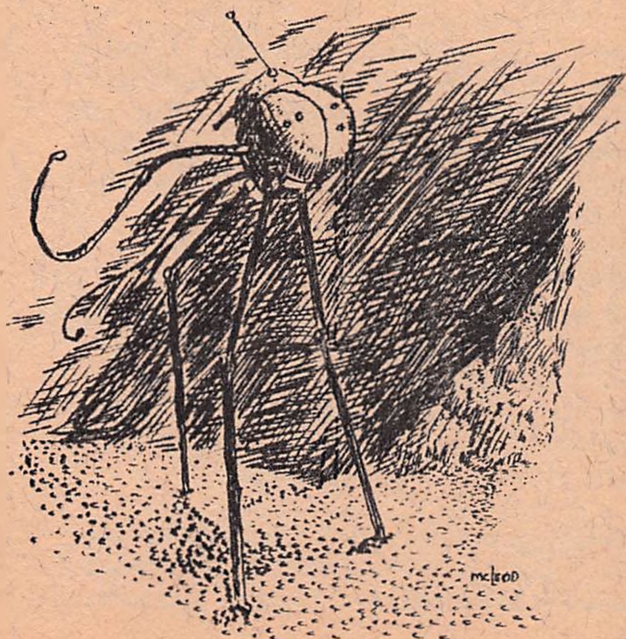
Seth's "Bull Artist" reminded me of a question that I have asked a number of fans at various times in the past, but no one has given me an answer of any definiteness. So, let me put it to the readers of BAB for consideration. I know there can not be a specific, concrete answer to this question, but I would like a "knowledgeable guess", a "measure of thumb", a "talking-figure", as it were. How many fanzines (individual titles, not number of issues) are pubbed in the U.S. in an average year? Counting apazines, o-os, etc. When I say "fanzines", I of course mean those in the wide genre of science-fiction and fantasy. 100 would be far too low a guess, but how about 300? Or would it go to 500 or over? Think about it. ((Charlie Brown would be the person to have the most authority, it would seem, by simply looking at the lists of fanzines he gets in LOCUS.))

I, of course, realize Seth had no intention of attempting to mention all the fmz of outstanding repro, but there is one that must be considered one of the front-runners in such a category. Ray Fisher's ODD. All the art is photo-offset of highest quality and with #20 he recently switched to mimeo for the prose works; but his quality of mimeography you can hardly believe is possible. Every individual letter of every word is solid and of a pristine clarity. If I were a faned, I would look at ODD and cry a lot. (I just now read Al Snider's fmz- review of ODD, and he says the artwork is also mimeo. I don't--can't--really believe it, but I'll accept it as gospel.) ((I do look at ODD, and cry a lot..))

As to Gabe Eisenstein's illo "Nerve", what can one say about it? let me just say that it is the ultimate definition of the word "unflappable".

Re the book reviews: Ted Pauls' reviews are what I consider to be literate, incisive and highly informative discussions of books. Ted has been on the fan scene for many years (need I mention KIPPLE), and through his abundant writing activities he has developed a precision skill in writing intelligent, readable prose of excellent clarity.

I am not familiar with Steve Goldstein, and though



he has not yet approached Paulistic excellence, his reviews are quite readable and very competent. The fact that his evaluation of the Spinradian Filth Epic mirrors largely my evaluation (as in my missive in B&B #4's let-col) is not the reason I compliment Goldstein's reviews. My criterion for evaluating a book-review is not whether I agree or disagree with his opinion of the book under review, but is based solely upon the clarity with which he expresses his opinions and the logic of the premises upon which he bases his opinions.

And then we arrive at Faith Lincoln. I've been trying for some time now to reach some evaluation of her style of book-reviewing. With her reviewing in B&B #4, I have reached my conclusion, to wit: She is a verbalistic exhibitionist. And, I seriously doubt that I shall waste my time further in endeavoring to hack my way through her chaotic jungle of verbosity. At first, Faith comes on strong with her vicious-attack style, but after two or three doses you begin to see through the gory-haze the faults, frailties and frustrations that so markedly detract from whatever basic writing style she may have.

The let-col was fullish, interesting, and pleasant reading. However, I must remark that I am sorely grieved that you deleted my erudite comments concerning MR. GOODBAR from my loc. This unauthorized deletion was made, I must conclude, for one of the following reasons. (And, mind you, I balanced and postulated these kind and considerate theoretical conclusions on the Ultimate Foundation's cardinal rule: "Do unto thine fellow-fan as tho he was some bitchy BNF.") Check the conclusion of your choice.

- (1) Your mind had been "tampered" by dero-rays.
- (2) You are a stupid, ignorant clod.
- (3) What little discernment you have was bedazzled by the scintillating brilliance of my comments. (Now, if I were to check the conclusion of my choice...oh, well.)
- (4) You have been converted from Roscoe, TWS-StS-Amz as the "Golden Era of SF", and MR. GOODBAR; and thereby descended to the depravity-pit of Harlan-is-Ghod, New Wave and Goo Goo Clusters.

You see, Frank, if you had included my MR. GOODBAR comments in toto, you would have been well started on the road to faanish fame. For fandom would have then been informed that not only did what's-his-name like MG, and that it was your favorite candy bar, BUT that it is MY favorite candy-bar! Knowing this, MG would have instantly become the new focal point of fandom. (By Ghu, Frank, your lack of discernment is mind-croggling!) Don't you see, that with this tremendous impetus there would certainly have been created within fandom an explosive, new-wavish group---Candy Bar Fandom! And, think of the new C-B-zines that would have sprung forth almost overnight, such as The Baby Ruth Gazette, The Crunch-Bar Chronicle, and The Juicy Fruit Journal. (The latter being a schism zine devoted to chewing gum fans, who admittedly must be considered as part of the genre of C-B Fandom.) (How could you fail to see these dazzling developments, Frank?) ((I'm sorry, I'm sorry...boo hoo....))

And, then, would come your hour-of-glory, Frank, that would have incontrovertibly have established you for all time as a Tru-Faanish Immortal! You, yes, you with the C-B faanish horde marshalled solidly behind you and

all fandom giving you their rheal-soon-now support, would have marched on Hershey, Pennsylvania, home of MR. GOODBAR. (How far is it from Quakertown to Hershey? Oh, well, no matter, you can go on your skateboard if necessary.) Then you would have insolently and arrogantly placed before Hershey's Board of Directors an absolute-demand resolution, countersigned, of course, by the N3F, SPASM, SFPA, FAPA, SAPS, the CULT, and The Ultimate Foundation. The demand would be for the immediate production of a faanish candy bar. A tru-faanish candy bar; oh, how the multitudes would have rejoiced and lauded you with praise. Your totally ignorable name would then have been mentioned in the same breath with such Secret Masters of Fandom as Gottwald G. Gruntfarter, and Basil T. Bathingbowl. Glories, glories, glories!

Perhaps this tru-faan candy bar would have been packaged as in my humble drawing below.

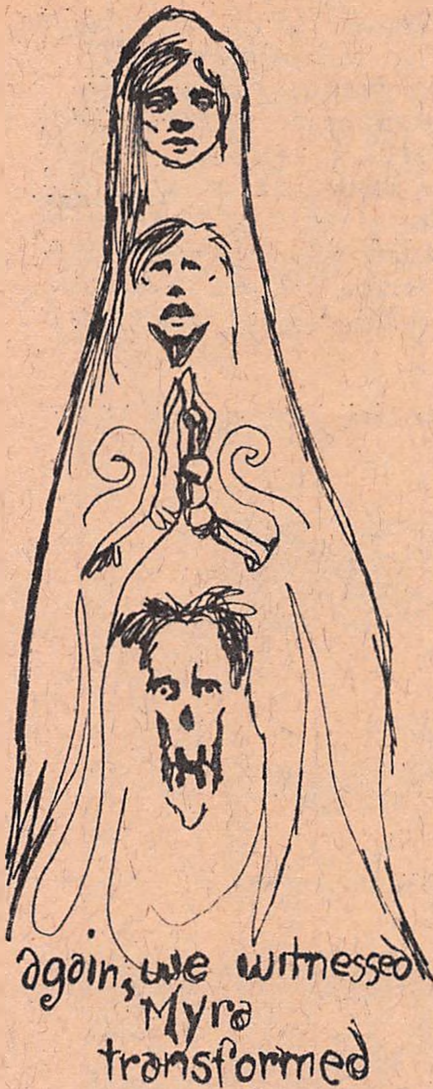


No doubt, at this point you have donned sack-cloth and ashes, and beating yourself vigorously about the head and shoulders, are crying: "Is it too late? Is it too late, O Ghreat One?" I can only say, "I don't know, my son." But as that other Secret Master of Fandom, Folderol C. Snitfinder, once wrote (and I quote): "If you don't sometime, you never are, if you were." And, certainly no one can argue with those wisdomatic words-to-live-by.

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45237

I agree partially with what Seth Dogramajian said about the reasons behind the increase in fan art. In addition I have noticed that fandom is beginning to encompass such diverse groups as comic book fans, art fans, movie fans, and others who are particularly art oriented in their own rights. As a result you wind up with total-art fanzines like Wally Wood's WITZEND--a professionally done artzine. I can't say that this trend toward art is a Bad Thing but it does illustrate the tendency of some fans to be more concerned with artwork than with the writing that accompanies it.

I have just discovered that Ballantine did put out a hardback edition of Piers' Omnivore. Unfortunately, they didn't send it to my paper. Had they done so they wouldn't have had to settle for a one-sentence review. If you think that's bad, consider that Simon & Schuster has never sent us



anything. We finally had to send them a bad-mouth letter after they published a book by a local author and we had to go and buy a review copy at a local store. ((Though I haven't stenciled Piers' letter yet, he still thinks you shouldn't judge a book by whether it has a hard or a soft cover, as I said last issue. This does get lumpy, because Piers says something, and he recommended I print it a certain way and I forgot about it till now. Hch heh. So...read Piers' letter referring to Mark, and then come back to this, which Piers' wrote after I gave him the quote from Mark's letter: "Don't feel bad--they have not yet sent me a copy of the hardcover Om-nivore either, or any literature, or any money. So at this date (July 17) the author is the last to know. Publishers care very little how they treat their contributors."))

Faith Lincoln makes me giggle. There's so much really bad stuff coming out lately that I'm surprised at what she finally decides to review. Sure Mack Reynolds writes hack, and so does Murray Leinster, and so did Ed Hamilton (I am currently reading Calling Captain Future--it works better than Seconal). But, what the hell, they've been hacking it for years. In the main they turn out slick, readable stuff and people buy it for just that reason. Now, if you want to really tear loose at something, try

The Funco File, by Burt Cole. Doubleday is ploughing ten grand into the promotion of this dog. They'd do better to send the dough to several deserving faneds. ((I could supply a few names myself!))

Gary Hubbard's article was excellent and I couldn't agree with him more. JWC has done more for the development of science fiction than any other editor. It will be remembered that Asimov's three laws of robotics were actually Campbell's, and heaven knows how many other concepts originated in that fertile imagination. I never really thought that John was trying to recapture old glory in recent years except when he tried to turn ASF back to the large size of the early forties. It has always seemed that his real goal was to put out either a magazine called simply: SCIENCE FICTION or to produce a sort of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN for engineers. All of us joke about Campbell but, as Mr. Hubbard points out, none of us deny what he has done for the literature.

I will close this letter with a story. I was having a bite to eat early this ayem in an all-night beanery. The place was filled with show-people who had just gotten off work and prostitutes trying to turn a last trick before calling it a night. A couple of swarthy South American fellows got into an argument about something or other and, before I knew it, I found myself in the middle of a fist-swinging, glass-throwing fight.

When things quieted down again and I saw that I was none the worse for wear except for a coffeespill on my jacket, one of the women sitting at the table next to mine leaned over to speak to me.

"You'd think," she said, "these Latins would realise the futility of trying to hijack a restaurant."

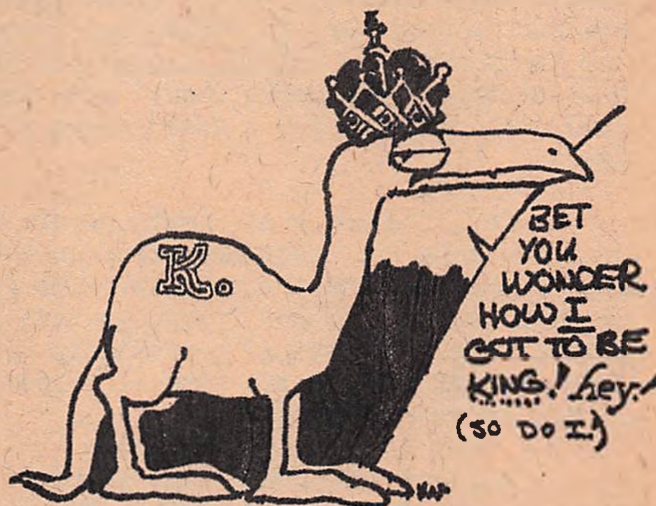
End of story; end of letter.

Piers Anthony
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Apt. 5
Bronx, N.Y.
10038
oops!

Dean Koontz's column: I'm almost getting to like Dean, though I wouldn't stoop so far as to kiss him Might make him pregnant, you know. But I wonder at his reasoning. He claims that because he has put on 22 lbs of blubber, while I have maintained my fighting trim, that he can now stomp all over me. Actually, I have gained 30 pounds--in the form of that little girl he can't get done reminding me I talk about. And she could wear him down to a frazzle (a frazzle is an oozing, wormlike pot-drinking, beer-smoking thing) very shortly.

As I recall, what I said was, about hacks, "it signifies only that they are--hacks." Frankenstein Lunney typed it. But I did not claim that anyone who wrote that rapidly was necessarily a hack. Just that hacks that wrote that way were hacks. But, generally speaking, I suspect that most writers who do turn out a million or more words a year are hacks, because there can be precious little time for re-thinking and revision and selection. I may actually type a million words a year, but that is in the form of various drafts and notes; quarter-million a year is about my speed.

I understand Thomas Wolfe would have been nothing without Maxwell Perkins, his editor. So much for his hack-velocity. As for Robert Silverberg--I have not read most of his early work, but my general impression is that only recently has he emerged from hack status, and he still is not really good. And I understand Macdonald (who you also name) began as a solid hack writer and only gradually moved up,



and is still popular rather than elite. (He lives not so far from me, incidentally.)

Essentially, hack is the attitude that you don't care about quality, you just want to turn out a mess of wordage and get paid by the yard. If you really care about what you do, you aren't hack, even though you may be a poor writer. No doubt some hacks turn out far superior material to some serious writers. This is why I have stopped accusing Harlan Ellison of hackery: he does care. He puts everything he has into everything he does, and no one can demand more. I suspect that few SF writers are true hacks. Some may be hack-quality, though. ((Falling back on Sturgeon's thingie again--as everyone seems to be doing these days. I mean, my ghod; every fanzine I look at somebody else is bringing up Sturgeon's Law, and every damn version is different, and I'm getting sick of seeing everyone quoting it, so I'm going to use it myself--the majority of SF is only naturally lousy. There are very few SF magazines that I'm able to plow through any more. NEW WORLDS...some F&SF (even that's falling apart under the stress of trying to find too many "well written" stories), AMAZING and FANTASTIC (though I suppose Ted would hate to be included with Langdon Jones ((if NEW WORLDS is still being published, which I don't know at the moment)) are about the only competent SF magazines around any more. Maybe the ex-GALAXY mags will get better...but you go into that later.))

Per usual, I'll skip over the main features of the issue and get to the fisticuffs. They're more fun.

John Pierce: so Ellison came in 20th in the GALAXY poll. How do you explain the fact that Anthony came in 6th? I'll tell you how I explain it: Anthony's novelette happened to concern a student entering a large university, and the fantastic rigors required to make the grade. Much of the spirit of it was drawn from my own experience, entering a university for some courses many years after obtaining my BA elsewhere. I believe that the readership of IF is largely composed of teenagers attempting to surmount the same type of monolith, and that they found these frustrations accurately reflected in my story. So they voted for it, making it the most popular novelette of the year for GALAXY/IF. Also, it was published in the August issue--just about the time the nitty-gritty of pre-induction (oops, I mean pre-admittance) confusion would be at its worst. Had it appeared in November, it would have scored much lower. ((But the story also is on the Hugo ballot...in a year of a lousy year for shorter stories. While other of your works should have made at least some final ballot, maybe you'll get an award for a so-so piece of writing to make up for everything else.))

So let's not rant about new/old wave influences in that poll. The old hack-plots are great new stuff to the novice readers, and I doubt that many of them know what a wave is. The fact that they will vote undeserving material to the top (and I suspect that all the top entries, including my own, were undeserving) proves only that they lack the discretion of experience. If that is the type of reader you depend on to make your points, you are in poor company.

Ah, and you have nerved yourself to mention a novel of mine, The Ring. I read a Farmer novelette, "Rastignac the Devil," in the May '54

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE back when it was published, if that is the item you claim I cribbed from. I was not particularly impressed by the story, and remember nothing of its content, so if there was any copying (which I doubt), it was an unconscious thing. Perhaps some avid reader (Faith Lincoln, perhaps?) would like to read both items and see whether there is in fact any similarity between them.

Mathew Drahan: yes, yes, exactly. You think you are disagreeing with me, but you're not. It is the editor who makes the magazine. Thus both readers and writers are subject to his whim, because the former can buy only what he permits them to buy and the latter can sell to him only what he chooses to buy. So I sell to editors, not to readers, but I don't necessarily approve of the system. I have low respect for the readers, but I can write to their taste; unfortunately it is the editor's taste I am forced to cater to, and he does not necessarily know beans about his readership's taste. Pohl admitted that three of his top winners in the poll were items he almost didn't buy. Mine was one of them; he bounced two prior dental stories, and paid me only 1¢ per word (compared to 3¢ per word for any piece appearing in GALAXY) for it.

∴ You know, I have said that if I could find a really decent editor, one who would give me proper leeway to do my thing, I could turn out fiction superior to what I have done before. OK--my bluff has been called. The new editor of GALAXY/IF, Ejler Jakobsson, appears to be such a man. Watch the publications he edits. If you find a sudden improvement by me and other writers, you'll know what happened. Of course (to be fair about this) if you find a sudden nosedive, the same goes; if you think my poorest work appears in his magazines, blame me, because he is letting me do my thing. I'm always glad to have my bluffs called, because I don't bluff. (How's that again?)

Harry Warner: you thought I was the pseudonym of a prominent past fan? Which fan, if I may inquire? I'm really quite curious. You know, as I see how you react politely to even the most provocative material, I comprehend how it is that you are about to win the Hugo. Do you ever get mad? Aw, come on now; even a mere trifle warm under the collar? No? (sigh.)

Piers Anthony: oops, that's me, under my pseudonym. By damn, I am an arrogant snot...well, to late to change now. Let's just answer the editorial ~~deflections~~ insertions in passing. I said that I preferred to put more of my effort into pro writing than did Ted White, these days. FL asks, "Which is why Ted White is the new editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC?" precisely, Frank. The time Ted puts into editing those magazines detracts considerably from his writing time. Thus, instead of selling his own novel to ULTIMATE, he is reduced to buying mine. Watch for Hasan, due to be serialized soon in FANTASTIC. Any other questions? Ah, yes. I mentioned that I encouraged Richard Delap to join SFWA because that organization needed good members, and you say "Then Robert Moore Williams calling the SFWA a mutual admiration society and a bunch of bastards and all that stuff that won't get quotes of any kinds may be true...???" (get those triple question marks; wish I could do that! Yes, it is true, as Mr. Williams sees it. There are many good members, but there are also the other kind, and he has been unkindly treated at SFWA. If you asked him nicely, he might spell it out for you; until then, accept my word that he is by no means



a crackpot. Unfortunate things have occurred and been covered up, as I implied a few issues ago in SF REVIEW. Were I able to obtain the proof that I need to be more explicit without ruining my own career, I would say more. Yes, you may call me chicken; I am, despite appearances, mindful of the libel laws. ((Firstly, Ted White seems to be writing a nice number of stories for ULTIMATE if what he's publishing himself has been only what he's been writing that he thinks is good enough..oh, hell. It started out OK, but degeneration occurred. I mean, Ted White has been printing a good number (two, like) of his own works, so it looks as if he has a market whenever he does want to write something. And that's a good thing, I guess, because I like what Ted White writes, though some may bitch. But, I say, the same thing was going on when Barry Malzberg was the editor and he printed stories by K.M. O'Donnel, but that was OK because I like Malzberg, too. Hell...never mind. ~~##~~ I mentioned "power plays" when I wrote to Mr. Williams asking what the hell was going on, and his letter comes next, I guess. Anyway...I still don't really understand what's going on in the SFWA

that could ruin the career of anyone who would bring the facts outside the organization. Hmmm...))

Mark Schulzinger: you seem to be basically a reasonable sort, so it is a pity that you are so criminally ignorant. It upsets me to think that you are, apparently, the type who wields the influence over the market that reviewers do. (Where, incidentally, do you review?) Apart from the fact that you are missing much of the best science fiction being published today because of your bias toward hardcover, you have such a small notion of the realities of even hardcover publishing that--well, it's education time again, so let me lecture.

You tell me that I beat my brains out to write a novel like Omnivore (though you imply, by the brevity of the review you don't quote here, that it is a poor novel) and then, instead of selling it to a hardcover house where it would make money and publicity, I settle for a flat fee from a paperback house and talk about art and censorship and whatnot. And am "intrapunative"--a word not in my dictionary, but I guess you mean feeling sorry for myself: intra plus punative. I trust this is a fair summary of your comment.

Where do I begin? This is such a network of half-truth that my corrective resources are strained. Well, in jumbled order; then:

You seem to assume that all a writer needs to do to obtain hardcover publication is ship his novel to DOUBLEDAY or somesuch. OK--let's date Piers Anthony from his first sale, late in 1962, since that may be presumed to be the time I demonstrated that my basic writing level was publishable. My first three novels thereafter were Chthon (83,000 word SF, Nebula and Hugo contender), The Pretender (80,000 word collaborative historical, unsold) and Hasan (87,000 word fantasy, to appear in FANTASTIC). Among them, they have been rejected 21 times by American hardcover houses. DOUBLEDAY bounced all three, for example, as did HARPER. So I did try, but the hardcover editors rebuffed me. Laumer, Reynolds, Sellings--those are the names that evidently have hardcover magic, not (to name some local fauna) Koontz, Kelley or Anthony. So if a mistake was made, put the blame where it belongs. I'm not sorry for myself, I'm mad; I feel those novels should have had hardcover treatment, and I tried to get it for them.

Ah, but you were talking about Omnivore, not those others. Well, that was my fourth novel, written a couple of years after Chthon. By then I had read the handwriting on the rejection slips and descended to softcover submissions--and sold Chthon to BALLANTINE. Their contract had an option clause with teeth in it: I had to show my next SF novel to them. (Actually, it was somewhat more involved than this, but that is the essence.) I had no choice: Omnivore



"But, mighod, man,
what you are saying
is... HEINLEIN is
wrong!"

went first to BALLANTINE, and they snapped it up. Since then I have signed no more option clauses in America (I have signed foreign ones, but I have an agent over there to look out for my interests, and I do what he recommends). But as a matter of form I am sending the two sequels to Omnivore to BALLANTINE first; I said I'd do this when I scratched off their option clause, and I keep my word. It wouldn't be fair to them to have some other publisher profit from a series they had publicised. So again, blame the proper parties: had any hardcover wanted to see my future work, they could have had the same type of option by accepting one of the novels they bounced. They knew someone else would get the option; they were not exactly babes in the woods. And you, too, should have known about options, for as you see here, they do affect what is published where.

Even so, you are sadly misinformed about Omnivore. I did not sell it for any flat fee. I sold it for a royalty of 1% of the cover price of each copy sold; or 3¢ per sold copy. I received an advance against royalties of \$1,500--but that is a different matter, as again you should have known. Should this novel sell more than 50,000 copies (and this is not phenomenal, for paperback, though it would be for hardcover), it will bring me additional moneys proportionately. This is standard, in the field. OK?

And your worst blunder of all: Omnivore HAS been published in hardcover. It was the July, 1969 selection of the SF BOOK CLUB, along with Brunner's spectacular Stand On Zanzibar, and it also has a hardcover edition in England, with FABER & FABER. Both these sales represent additional money for me--indeed, probably more than the BALLANTINE advance, all told. So much for flat fees.

So now will you give Omnivore the full-page review its hardcover reissue deserves? If your standards are as you have said, you are obligated to do this. In any event, allow me to put you on to the most consistent good reading in the field today: the ACE Specials line. You would be doing your readers a favor if you reviewed each of them to the exclusion of the hardcovers.

And in future maybe you'll think again before you attempt to tell a pro writer how to market his material. Trust the pro to know his business. And, yes--I challenge you in your area, because I have done pro reviewing myself. Very little, because the pay isn't worth it--but I do know something of your problems.

Lisa Tuttle: you mean to say MATHOM is your fanzine? Here I thought it was the official organ of the Houston SF club. The issue is buried in my slush pile at the moment, but I do remember the portrait of you on the cover or center or wherever--you know, the statuesque nude. And you're the girl who told me that men writers weren't so hot, that the field needs more distaff writers. But I met Joanne Burger of PEGASUS first, and I haven't even commented on the last issue (good as it was), so how do you expect me to comment on yours? So, Lisa, maybe some other time we can get together on a simple pleasure for simple minds...

Don't play marbles with baked beans!

THIS IS THE SUPPLEMENT TO PIERS ANTHONY'S ADDENDUM, WHICH CAME LATE, AND I HAD NO ROOM IN WHICH TO PUT THE THING, SO THIS IS THE:

ADDENDUM-DUM

I received a Sword & Sorcery fanzine, ALEPH NULL, that caused me some embarrassment. Because here I have just commented on Lin Carter, and how he doesn't treat fans quite as he claims, and Fink Looney (that must be a typo!) has already stenciled and run off the column, and here in AN is a long friendly letter from Lin Carter. OK, needs I must amend my statement somewhat: occasionally he does give a fan a break. So, being caught with my shorts down, as it were, I sent a letter to AN, mainly refuting Carter's letter. But you who publish other fanzines out there, don't send 'em to me, because my shorts are up now. What do you think I am, a danged fanzine reviewer?

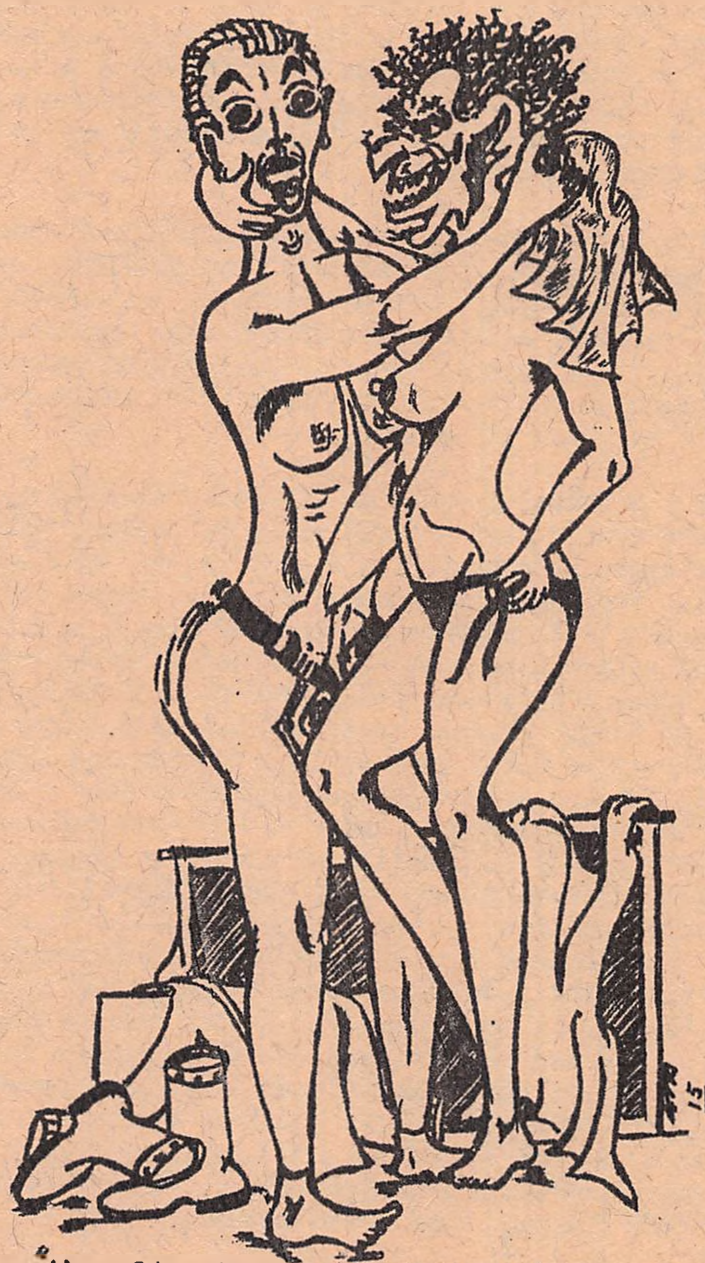
I also got THE LOW DOWN. No, this is the fanzine I wanted to see, because it covers all the Hugo nominees, with excerpts from critical comment thereon. One of my stories is covered (given a so-so ranking, with which I agree) and one of my comments is quoted, so I'm well represented. But basically, I approve of this type of publication, because there is entirely too much ignorance in the selection of award-winners, and this helps bring solid information to the voters. So I shipped LOW DOWN my money and address.

And DMSFF #2. A letter I sent (on the tearful pleading of the editor) has been broken up and run as part article and part letter, and looks sort of stupid that way, but apart from that it's a good issue. It pushes one of my 12,000 word novelettes for short story Hugo; not sure whose leg is being pulled there. The editor seems to be unaware of Kingsley Amis's solid reputation as a mainstream poet. And a facetious letter from Anne McCaffrey protesting the prior lampoon of ANALOG. Anne, I have news for you: faneds don't appreciate humor when it is directed at them. I could have told you that. You are about to be castigated as second only to Piers Anthony in arrogance and lack of talent. Wait and see. You'll develop a castigation complex--which is too bad, you being female. Anyway, I liked that lampoon, and I've had two cover stories at ANALOG. And back to the editor: that GALAXY poll must have been honest, because the management would certainly have placed me in the bottom ten had it been able. You think my letters to fanzines are nasty, you should see what I said to Pohl about his sub dept. I even made formal complaint to SFWA about being gypped on subs. May seems to be their favorite month to skip, and it happened again this year, too. No May IF. I no longer even bother complaining; it does no good. I mean, if I had to go out and buy the issue on the stands with my last story, "Getting Through University", and almost missed it because nobody bothered to tell me when it was being printed. Yes, I let them know about all that, and I let SFWA know, and that was not by a long shot the first time I had complained. Right about then I got a bonus for that same story. So I repeat, david malone, THAT POLL MUST HAVE BEEN HONEST, despite its results.

Sheesh!

Have a card from Bill Bowers of DOUBLE:BILL (in fact, I have DOUBLE: BILL itself--good fanzine, that) that mentions he is so busy that he has to live vicariously, watching characters like me fight fandom. He's a regular vicarious liver, he admits. So I can't resist this suggestion: Bill, if you ever do a vicarious column, title it "Bile Secretions From A Vicarious Liver."

And a nice note and pamphlet from Glenn Palmer, Jr. Glenn, if Christ has brought you peace, I am glad for you. But for reasons too complex for discussion here, this does not appear to be my own route to enlightenment. At times I envy those who find such grace, but I prefer to manage my own soul and conscience, for good or ill. Thanks for thinking of me, though.



"Hey, Charley-buddy, I think there's
something you forgot to tell me about,
'those luscious broads of Vegas **VI**'!"

Robert Moore Williams
PO Box 611
Valley Center, Ca.
92082

The real problem with the SFWA is that nobody wants to define the problem. Where there is no problem that can be clearly defined, no solution is possible, except the one I have found and which I am certainly not going to reveal. In truth, the SFWA matters not as much to me as a fart in a whirlwind. It is of no value to me, it does not help me, and I don't need it. Now and then I stick a needle into it, just for pure hellishness, mostly, also because it is such a target. However, other people may need it and may find it of value to them. I am well aware that many of its members are fine people, alert, intelligent and humane. I also know that some shit has been covered, hastily and inadequately, and I have occasionally stirred this around a little, just for the hell of it. I am also aware that now and then a stink rises in it that looks as if it came from the left. In fact, I have had some correspondence about this with some of the older members, whose names I have no intention of mentioning. However, in organizations such as this, where many of the members are young, rebellion and a stink from the left are inevitable. It is one of the laws of nature that the young will rebel and will make a stink. This kind of stink, however, is little more than a minor nuisance.

Then where is the real problem that you feel exists. (I agree with you that there are problems.) Well, if you will check, you will find there are more than 330 members of the SFWA. Just for the sake of assuming, we will assume that each member can produce one short story per month. That's 330 short stories each month! Where do you suppose they're going to sell them?

The result of this sort of situation is the goddamnedest fight around the feed trough that you can imagine. No, the SFWA did not invent this fight. It was invented when the foundations of the planet were laid. Complicate the SFWA twist by supposing that each member can produce a short story and a novelette each month! You can think about this! I already have. I've solved it, too.

Some time ago the SFWA Bulletin ran a list of members and their agents. I checked this list out very carefully. I wanted to know which agents had how many members as their clients.

Again the battle, shifted now from writers to agents. Two or three of these agents have more than enough SF writers to furnish all of the material published in the whole SF field. Complicate this whole thing still a little further by the fact that at least one of these agents has a "We'll teach you how to Write Department, you lucky dog, you!" and consider that this agent is trying to do something to find markets for the people who have taken his writing course.

Now where are we? Among other things, we are in a position where publishers can force agents to bid against agents and where they can force the price for manuscripts far below minimum wage standards. In such situations, where there are so many more scripts than markets--well, I clearly remember a NY editor telling me how hungry were the Western story writers. The editor was an utter realist. He meant to buy scripts for as little as he could, preferably from hungry writers. (If I mentioned his name, you would recognize it instantly.)

The SF writers are also hungry. There are too many of us for the market. What happens then? Well, several things. Agent-editor-publishers cliques form. (I can get it for you wholesale, baby!) Writer cliques form. Some of these cliques will rely on the ancient device of claquers to enhance the value of the

wares of its members.. Other cliques will carefully define the word quality and will yip to high heaven how bad is the stink coming from everyone else. Then somebody will think up the idea of awards and for a while this will be quite the rage.

From the outside this may look pretty confusing but it is only the ancient law of the jungle in operation, it is only fierce, utterly ruthless competition. This is the way life is here on this planet. I, for one, have no criticism of life. I didn't make it this way but I suspect that whoever did make it knew what He was doing. When this situation exists, here comes Big Brother from the left, saying he can show you how to do it better. In the Garden of Eden the snake never said any more to Mother Eve than this! Writers who do not want to be eliminated--and who does?--form little groups in an effort to control the markets, others listen to the voice of Big Brother, groups of hired claquers become as prominent as they are in Italian opera. The battle has many voices but only one purpose--to get as close to the feed trough as possible!

That is competition. If the competitive situation does not exist we become fat and soft--and here come the barbarian hordes from the north!

Having fought my way through this jungle, I know a little something about it. How many perished by the way? I do not know.

I do not think there is any one big power play being pulled in the SFWA. Perhaps many little power plays are being attempted. Ass-kissing is as common as weeds. Its opposite, which has been said of me in many ways ranging from the idea that I am insane to the statement that I am no-where, also becomes prominent. Brown-nosing is one of the oldest survivaly methods known in this jungle, possibly on this planet.

As I see it, this is what is working in the SFWA. It is also working in the Congress of the United States, and I doubt not, also in the Kremlin. It is life sharpening up its fit according to the definition of fit for this particular age, and it is life telling its currently unfit to wait until tomorrow.

The solution? Go live in the Big Rock Candy Mountain! If you can find your way through the maze, it's nice here. But 'ware the dragon

((And from a later letter...))

I have made a few inquiries and there is talk of this monster everywhere. I think your reviewer John J. Pierce ((referring to Pierce's letter in BAB 4, as is this letter)) probably got as close to its origin and purpose as anybody. I do not know this from my own experience, all I know is that several people are quite willing to help me nut Ellison. From what I have heard, I do not by any means think he is the only villain. I thought Pierce's discussion was excellent.

My suggestion would be that you carry on with the work of informing such ignorant people as I am, with the end in view of confronting the SFWA with the monsters within its ranks. Maybe some innocent people will suffer. If so, I am sorry but I think if the situation is sufficiently called to our attention, most writers and fans will be able to agree as to the meaning of stink and its point of origin. ((It would be hard for me to inform people of

what's going on, as I would know less about any activities as any member, but it almost seems as if the average SFWA member doesn't know what's going on.))

Now as to something to do about the wholestinking mess, the SF grapevine is whispering to everyone with reach that a part of a possible solution is for many SFWA members to vote a straight ticket, NO AWARD, in the next Nebula election. When the NO AWARDS show strongly enough, as a protest vote, maybe the idea will get into circulation that there is something to protest about.

It may be that there are a lot of people about ready to stand up and be counted in protest and all they need is to be reminded that protest is in order.

Gary N. Hubbard I well know what Piers Anthony is talking about when he speaks
36598 Rolf Ave. of those "pride of ownership" people. I make my living--
Westland, Mich. for the time being--selling them paint and things to swell
48185 their pride and drain their pockets. When do these people
 live, you ask, Piers? That is their life. Delany would call
them "simplex". Their life is work bound and work associated. During the week
they work at their jobs. On the weekends they work at their houses.

Look upon my works o' ye mighty and despair.

A thing that has bothered me quite a bit is that Americans spend what must be thousands of dollars (conservative--could be millions) on a life-form that does absolutely nothing for them. Grass.

I find it hard to believe that an intelligent creature should spend so much time mowing, raking, weeding and fondling a pile of herbs surrounding his house. The junk would grow even if he ignored it.

You can't eat the stuff. If you furrowed your lawn over and planted barley, you'd get a much better return. Even better, build something over all that land that's going to waste. Here in Westland, about 50 to 65 per cent of the lots are given over to grass. That means the landowners out here are paying mortgages on land they don't use, taxes on land they don't use, and shelling out for fertilizers, seed, weed killers and grass cutters for a total gain of zero. I thought the idea behind owning land was economic independence, but these people are carrying on like latter day serfs.

Servants to their lawn.

Think maybe the grass owns them.

Maybe each little blade of grass has a little nodule inside one of its cells--someplace nobody's ever found it (and who's ever made a detailed study of grass anyway?)--a little nodule that acts like a sort of protobrain. Maybe not too much by itself, but multiply that little blade of grass with its little brain by thousands acting in concert sending out a telepathic message: "Feed me-water me-get rid of that crabgrass-cut me". They got vegetarian animals to perform those functions in their own natural way and now maybe they're getting the human race to do the same thing with man's more efficient artificial methods.



Think about the next time you see some guy out watering his lawn. Notice the glassy eyes and the vacant stare? Notice something mechanical (or zombie-like) about his actions?

Think about it the next time you're lying in bed on a windy night. Hear the wind rustling the grass? Hear anything else?

Faith Lincoln's pretty good. Her comments are hardheaded, practical and true to a large extent. She calls an ace an ace, a spade a spade and crap shit. A quality too often lacking in sf reviewers--with the notable exceptions of LeRoy Tanner and P. Schuyler Miller.

She is fandom's answer to Judith Merrill. And a damn good answer, too. I just hope that she doesn't fall into the Merrill Hole of getting cracked on a type of sf and considering all else nerdy imitation. Remember, Faith, good sf is not a type of sf (it is not New Wave sf, not Romanticist-Traditional sf, not Technical-Hard sf, or Psychological-Soft sf). Good sf depends on who's writing and what the story's about.

A little too hard on Reynolds, though, Faith, child. True, his writing is paraplegiac, but he's a good example of what Schuyler Miller called a "median writer". One who is not a great writer but good enough. Other examples would be Harry Harrison and Fred Brown. Actually, Reynolds is fairly entertaining if you don't let those sociological asides bother you.

Anybody out there have a copy of a now-defunct fanzine called GALACTIC OUTPOST SPECIAL ISSUE NUMBER ONE put out by a cat named Richie Benyo from Jim Thorpe, Pa. I'm looking for a copy of the thing because it has a thing in it I did which I'd like to ~~suppress~~ get shold of for sentimental reasons. Will pay a reasonable ammount of US money for the rag.

Robert Bloch
2111 Sunset Crest Dr.
Los Angeles, Ca.
90046

Confidentially, now--is it true that Faith Lincoln is really Norman Spinrad in drag?

Faith Lincoln
Calling from the
Grave
Sorely missed
By those who were
Chopped

BAB 4 was fine, if you like BAB. That is, it seems headed in a definite direction, and each issue makes definite advances. Nevertheless, page 5, with the Rotsler cartoon in the center of the page, is probably the most esthetic, profound and heavy with intellectual content in the whole zine.

Piers Anthony keeps up his image as the eclectic individual, the condescending Pro who must stay above the muck of fandom and only make select

appearances. Yet he takes up a lot of space to tell us about his problems of moving and what-the-hell-not, and ends up making about as much contribution to an allegedly SF fanzine as does Bill Marsh, with his inane ramblings about Niceness Fandom. I have consented to go along with the gag, mainly because I was interested in SPASM, but they seem to be screwing that up, too. Marsh, I have been told, has some funny ideas about me, which he might as well forget, but I won't go into that here...



Anthony (why are we supposed to call him that when everybody knows his name?) spends his loc replying to comments referring to himself, and that seems like a good idea.

The zine appears to have a lot of readers who are insecure, including Phil Dick and Robert Margroff. Lisa Tuttle I seem just to have overawed. For both Dick and Margroff I have to say that ignorance of literature is a poor excuse, even if it is to be believed, for rehashing poorly old ideas. If you complain so bitterly about the use of comparison in a review, it may lead one to believe that it is what Margroff says, there is no denying that The Ring was almost universally recognized as being on one level a simple space-opera-type book, with attempts at relevant extrapolation--yes, they were obvious, but hardly handled on a level with--with, I'll say it, Burgess' book--laid clumsily on top, with the two levels unmixed and wandering their separate ways toward the end of the novel. To be specific, from the point where Jeff Font began his second ridiculous attack on the McKissick home, the previous considerations of crime-punishment drugs, and whatever else REM contends were in there, were abandoned or hastily wrapped up so as to leave the reader--if he had been interested so far--with a feeling of being cheated. And there, Mr. Margroff: I read your book completely. It's interesting to note that Piers hasn't said anything about this. ((Piers just didn't know how to handle you, Faith. Snicker...))

Doug Fratz has said it all, and I need not elaborate. His library must be rather unwieldy, however.

Deckinger says I'm too good to be me. You're right, Mike; I am, in fact, Harlan Ellison on Mondays and Fridays, when some of the extra ego runs over. (Some guys...sheesh.)

Jerry Kaufman
1596 1/2 N. High St.
Apt. 16
Columbus, Ohio
43201

Once a ponna time, I went through about fifty issues of ASTOUNDING/ANALOG, from '48 to about '64 in maybe two months. After I came out of that alive, Mack Reynolds was one of my favorite writers. (After all, there had to be some sort of effect.) Seriously, I think Reynolds used to be decent. The lectures he is so (worthily) famous for now developed

over the years, and the likenesses between each novel have only popped up in the last few years. He was always a political extrapolator, though. One series he did in the ASTOUNDING days was about the uniting of North Africa by a team of American/European/African blacks. At the time it seemed fantastic, cogent and very libertarian. I even nominated it for a Hugo as all-time best series (being younger, more foolish, and less discerning than I am now). My hazy memories of it suggest that it was really high-handed and very unlikely, and I wouldn't waste the effort to reread it if I had the chance. ((It's been so long since I've read anything twice that I'm really amazed, because I know all good books should be read many times. Alas...no time. But I sure as hell wouldn't read any piece of hackwork a second time.))

Al Snider's column is a fine beginning, but Al isn't doing enough with his potential. I think he will eventually, because he's obviously got the right idea. That is, fanzines need more criticism and less review. Al discusses only four fanzines, and mentions a theme when he begins his column. But the fanzines aren't really related or opposed, and he doesn't go into his theme beyond stating the facts behind it. But he has a format he can work with, and the ability to find things to write about, so maybe we'll get that fanzine column that really criticises, compares and theorizes about the values, aims and importances of fanzines, as individual zines and as parts of trends and types.

- - - - -

Harry Warner, Jr. It's strange, how many fanzine editorials I've read without
423 Summit Ave. wondering how they got to be called that, until I came to
Hagerstown, Md. your libellous statements about your own writing ability
~~2174Be~~ new Beabohema's editorial. You started me to wondering why and how the
fanzine "editorial" came into being as a sort of mixed combination of the opin-
ion-essays that newspapers call editorials and the speculative essays that Gerns-
back invented when he started prozines off with the articles entitled "Wonder of
Acid Rock, and a distinctive fan invention of ramblings that are editorial only
in the sense of being by the editor. I can't think of any professional publi-
cation that features an editor's column of just the same sort as the "editorial"
which is found in many fanzines, although many newsstand publications offer some
sort of column in which the editor either comments on the contents of that par-
ticular issue or muses on one particular topic which he happens to feel strongly
about which is related to the magazine's field. Maybe the fanzine tradition
of the "editorial" is closer to the old Addison type of editor creativity. It's
little things like this that I keep thinking about after it's too late to men-
tion them in the first volume of the fan history.

Piers Anthony's column strikes close to home, because I might make a
decision soon about finding a new place to live and I have an awful suspicion
that this old house might not bring a good price at a time when most Hagerstown
properties are undergoing a pair of inflations, one caused by the normal loss of
buying power for the dollar and the other created by near-hysterical rumor-crea-
tion about the enormous industries that will soon build factories in Hagerstown
and the giant new model cities that will spring up around its suburbs and the way
the 70 miles between Hagerstown and Washington will be solidly built-up in another
year or two making land here as valuable as in the District of Columbia. I don't
trust any real estate men and I trust my own judgment even less on whether I
should try to fix up the house first and then try to sell it, or get what it'll
bring without pouring any money into it, or hang onto it and convert it into

apartments to provide income, or maybe just stay on here indefinitely in a neighborhood into which the poor white trash is moving. The decision will be simple for me in one way, because I have no family dependent on it. But I know that I have enough remaining strength to drag those tons and tons of books, magazines and records in the attic into a new home only once more, so I dassn't make a wrong decision now.

I feel as strongly as Gary Hubbard about Campbell's importance in the history of science fiction. But there has been a tendency in the past few years to forget about other important editors. F. Orlin Tremaine is forgotten today, and yet I wonder if the "thought variant" stories that he emphasized didn't exert almost as great a transforming influence on writing habits as the later stories inspired by Campbell? I'm also surprised at the recent neglect of H.L. Gold as a great editor in the early years of GALAXY. The stories he published were taboo-breakers and boldly different from the rut into which science fiction had begun to settle again after the first strong Campbell impact. ((I think, though, that it fell just as easily into the new rut of Gold stories. These are the types "battling" against the intruders--the New Wave stories--today. And people like Pierce forget that one day what we call New Wave will be bogged down in its own rut (as some stories are today) and that at least we can have a temporary respite from some "traditionalist" hackwork and get into some New Wave hackwork instead.))

Seth Dogramajian writes on a matter dear to my heart, the superiority of fanzine art over that in the prozines. But he doesn't explain the matter that puzzles me, the question of why this should be so when there's still a major gap between the level of fiction in the prozines and the fanzines. Are artists by nature more generous souls than authors, willing to lose their rights to a fine drawing while the authors cling to all their unpublished fiction in the hope that someday, somewhere, this story will sell? Or are fanzine editors more persistent in pestering the artists for contributions? Or, the most logical explanation of any that occurs to me, are artists intrigued with the different methods of reproduction that fanzines offer, anxious to see black-and-white illustrations offset on really opaque paper, curious to see how effective their pictures may be in full-page fanzine size after restriction to paperback and digest-size pages for professional work, delighted with the grainy look that electrostenciling gives most pictures? In any event, I doubt that the new Hugo category, for best pro artist in a fan publication, is necessary or desirable. It's apparent that the mingling of fandom and prodom is growing all the time and the only distinction into two categories will be between fanzines and prozines, not between fan artists and pro artists.

I like to flap when I found Ted Pauls reviewing books for you. If he comes back to fandom, after all these years of exclusive attention to current events, the resurrection of all the old fans will be virtually complete.

((I'm sure Ted will be glad to hear that he's been "resurrected". Snicker... Well, what else would you do with a hermit when you want him to return to reality and the True World?))

You've goosed my curiosity bump about Faith Lincoln as a possible penname. After staring long and hard at her review in this issue, I still believe that the writer is not anybody well known in fandom or prodom under another name, as a writer of criticism. I grant the possibility that it may be a celebrated fiction-writing pro trying his hand at criticism in fanzines

for the first time. But unless I've become totally style-deaf, Faith Lincoln is writing reviews in a style of her own that she has been using for other types of criticism outside science fiction.

The letter section is lively enough to bring another sort of penname suspicion. You wouldn't be Richard Geis, by any chance?

((To borrow the line from Faith: Only on Fridays and Sundays, when my money runs over.))

Could Beabohema be the result of a carefully nurtured, long range strategy? Could Geis have foreseen how Psychotic would inevitably become more pro-centered, and could he have decided to start a new fanzine under another name in which he would quickly build up the same adrenalin-inspiring letter section and other features of Psychotic that would need to be toned down a little for the more dignified Science Fiction Review? Whatever the truth, I feel this is quite the most exciting letter section since things quieted down a trifle in the Geis publication. I skipped my own letter the first time through, so I didn't get that impression in the rosy glow from your egoboo, either. ((Speaking of rosy glows...))

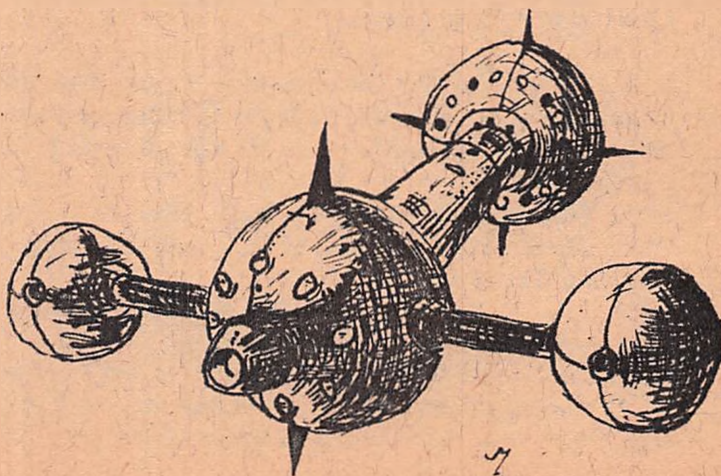
The art work is splendid in general, and magnificent in particular on the part of Jim McLeod. The heading to the letter section is particularly wonderful. I can't stop thinking how nice it would be to have something like this in the form of wallpaper to run all along the top of the wall in my bedroom. I also liked the back cover very much, despite some doubts about the practicality of those curled-toe shoes in that rough landscape. But heroes behave oddly in such ways as not killing villains until the final pages and I suppose they must be allowed the right to risk ingrown toenails, too.

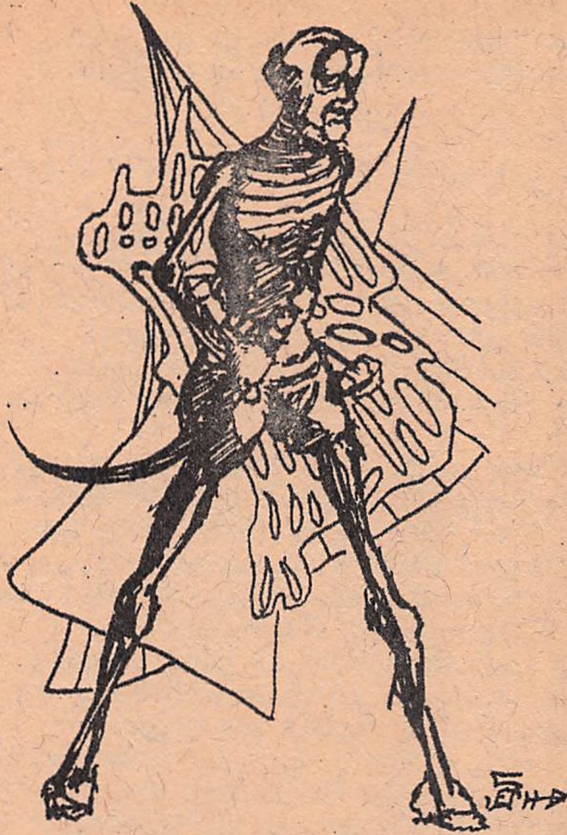
Dean R. Koontz
4181-E King George Dr.
Harrisburg, Pa.
17109

BeABohema provides some enlightening and interesting reading in each and every issue, not least of which is Faith Lincoln's book review. In #4, Miss Lincoln was not particularly enlightening, though she was interesting. Miss Lincoln's image, I would guess,

is to be one of intelligent, pull-no-punches savvy. Unfortunately, in her attack on Mack Reynolds, she went beyond the bounds of good taste, therefore negating any intelligent effect the review otherwise intends.

I must say that I have mixed feelings about the review. For one thing, Mack Reynolds DOES produce incestuous stories, as Miss Lincoln alleges. However, there are several points here that are totally uncalled for and approach libel. For one, Miss Lincoln states that Mr. Reynolds, through his relatives, "stuffs the Analytical Laboratory." I think this is the sort of





statement most intelligent fans give up when they reach puberty. It is a particularly nasty slam at Mr. Reynolds who is no more honest or dishonest than any practicing writer--and any practicing writer I know would consider it a completely horrid idea to try to stuff the ANALOG poll. This is, of course, libelous. Were I Mr. Reynolds, I would sue. Perhaps Miss Lincoln resorts to this sort of pettiness because she cannot otherwise explain how Mr. Reynolds' stories often are rated first place by ANALOG readers. It is very simple, dear Miss Lincoln. With the cross-section of people who read ANALOG, quite different from those who read IF or F&SF, he IS popular. I am not a big fan of Mack Reynolds and read him only occasionally. But he is a competent writer-craftsman and I can see where he would appeal to the average ANALOG reader. Perhaps Miss Lincoln's attitude is indicative of the recent narrow-mindedness of some fans. Some New Wave fans (not all, not even a majority) attack anything Old Wave as worthless. Some Old Wavers, like Pierce, attack anything New Wave in the same manner. The idea seems to be: "If you

don't like what I like, you don't have taste." Mack Reynolds' popularity, then, lies with ANALOG readers, not with a horde of crooked relatives.

Next, I wonder how Miss Lincoln was informed of the fact that Campbell rejected The Computer Conspiracy. Is this fact? Or her own supposition? It may or may not owe to Sweet Dreams, Sweet Princes and Computer War (I tend to agree with her), but that does not mean Campbell would have seen that and rejected it--or whether he would have cared when he did see it. A writer does not write exclusively for one market, then peddle his wares to lesser markets after he is rejected upstairs. Reynolds is an agented author, and probably doesn't even know who has rejected a certain piece. I am represented by the same agent, and I only hear about the sales. Actually, from what I could see style-wise to Computer Conspiracy, I would say it was aimed at the GALAXY-IF market from the very start. Of course, I have no more privileged information than Faith Lincoln, so I could be wrong. But at least I state my suppositions as suppositions and not as fact.

As a final word, let me say that Faith Lincoln could be an excellent reviewer. She has insight and a way with words. If she would only stop acting like the poor man's Susan Sontag and admit that she doesn't know everything about the writing of the book (if she did, she would be writing them).

No, wait. As a real final word, let me make it plain that I have never met Mack Reynolds, never written to him. I have no reason to defend him other

than I hate to see people maligned senselessly. I am not even a Reynolds fan. I read him now and again because no one else in the field handles economic backgrounds as well as Reynolds. In that area, he knows what he speaks of. Miss Lincoln, I note, doesn't even mention the Reynolds extrapolation of economic systems.

John J. Pierce You contradict yourself, I fear. You call me extremist--
275 McMane Ave. yet you blithely label the entire contents of Frederik Pohl's
Berkeley Heights magazines as "crap". ((I suppose it would have been just as
New Jersey easy to "blithely label the entire contents of Frederik
07922 Pohl's magazines" as shit, but this is a family magazine.
Are you trying to ruin my reputation, John. Nasty, nasty...))

May I remind you that during the past few years, this "crap", as you choose to call it, has included major works by Robert A. Heinlein, Roger Zelazny, Bob Shaw, Larry Niven, Clifford D. Simak, Fred Saberhagen, Philip Jose Farmer, Samuel Delany and any number of other talented writers. Tell me, sir, so you second Norman Spinrad in calling Pohl a "pimp" and these writers "prostitutes"? ((Not really, but your list of writers doesn't impress me, either, because it's only a list of writers who are good only when their work is good. Dammit, a Name isn't what I worship, John, and most of the stuff going into the mags by those writers is really garbage. Ellison appears (or I should say--appeared; maybe the new editor will be able to get him back, though I doubt it with Harlan's new tv show coming up for him to play around with) in the Pohlzines, and the stories are butchered. From the way some stories have been reading lately; I guess butchery would have been one of Pohl's biggest problems. Maybe I should go through the names and make individual comments, but I won't. Like, Heinlein's last work won the Hugo; *wow*. It was the worst I had ever read by the man. I couldn't even finish the thing. Zelazny's book are all chopped into slices and fit into each issue so they can use his name to sell. Shaw...hmm, when has he ever appeared in one of the former Pohlzines? Owell...

I never claimed Pohl polled all 50,000 readers. But he did poll a representative sample. And it is significant that the rankings of the various stories in his poll did not change very much over a period of several months during which the poll was taken. If you want to find out more, why not talk to Pohl himself? He'll be at St. Louiscon, I'm sure. ((Representative samples are a lot of bull. The Gallup Poll shows that 63% of the people in the country think Nixon is doing a good or excellent job as pres, yet you try and find just one person who thinks he's doing such a great job. I've tried; and I can find one. You can see Piers Anthony's comments on the poll, I guess...))

And please don't go to the trouble of putting words in my mouth
((as someone would say, I think, "that's the only way to get anything intelligent to come out!"))

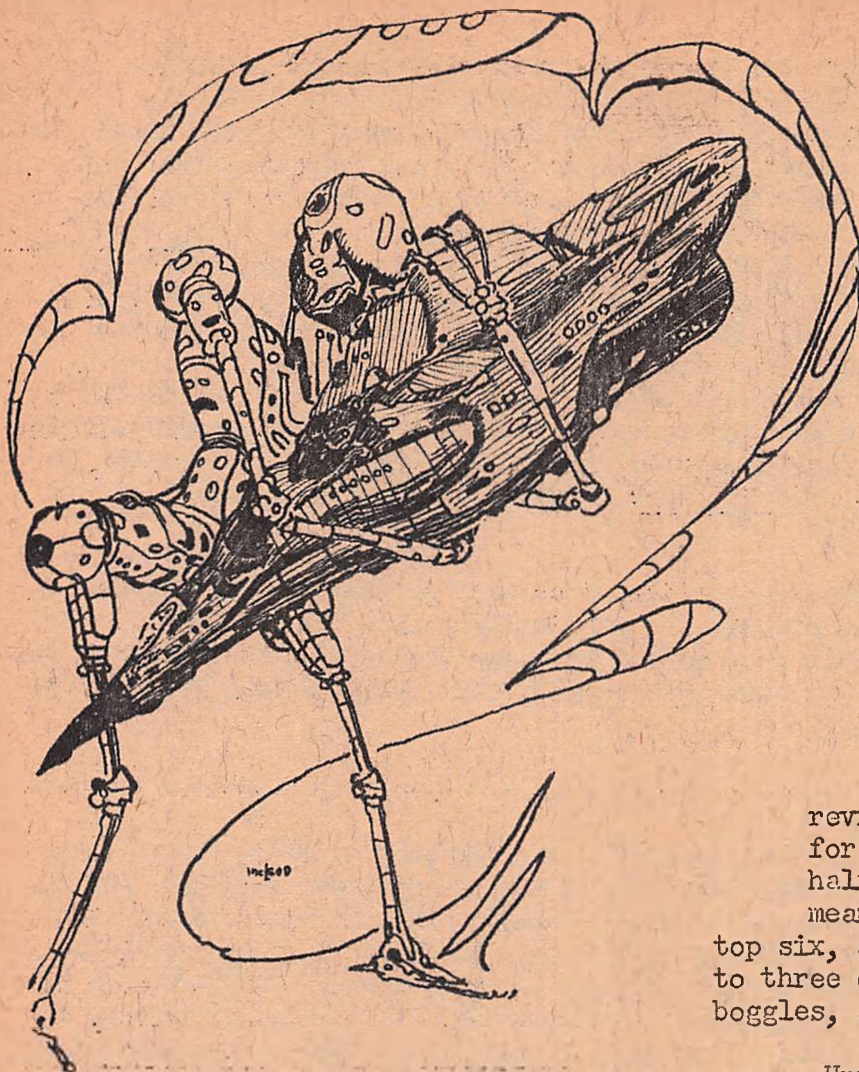
I have no intention of attacking Harry Warner, and if you'd bother to look closely at my publications, you'd see that I have never attacked anyone but the ringleaders of the New Thing movement--people like Ellison and Merrill and Ballard and Disch; and occasionally, when they lend themselves to New Thing causes, influential persons like Silverberg. ((The ringleaders! That brings a funny thought to mind. I can see the scene right now. It's the Knight house in

and present are James Sallis and Tom Disch and Mike Moorcock and Harlan and Bob Silverberg is lending himself to the house for the night. "Hey, I think our next move would be to smuggle this Stream of Consciousness from the north part of Pennsylvania ...say, around Erie, and let it feed right into the great lakes. Bob, man, do you get that this contaminate 40 millions when the final flow ends. Boy...we could take over the country and sell everyone copies of Bug Jack Barron if we could only work that out." "God, you're telling me. Say, how's the plan to buy out the Cohen pubs coming, Harlan?" "Oh, hell...I've got the deal just about wrapped. Mike, after all is complete you can jump right in and run the whole show. Jim, you've still got the rein on Jones in London, don't you. There's be hell to pay if we let NEW WORLDS fall into the hands of the Second Foundation." "My God, you're telling me. I can just see them reprinting junk from the '20's and using reprint covers from Italian magazines." Pierce, you have to be putting me on. Ringleaders! Do they have personalized whips, or do they use whatever's handy?))

And contrary to your assumption, I do receive plenty of hostile mail. I can put up with it for the sake of the friendly mail I also receive. ((Well, it would be hard to throw it away before you open the envelope. I'll take your word for the fact that you receive plenty of hostile mail, John. Whatever you say, John.))

Denny Lien You know, BAB is sort of fun--everybody slashing away at each
Lake Park other...you must have the secret powder; you even got ~~it~~
Minn. 56554 ~~it~~ mild-mannered Denny Lien to pick on Piers Anthony last time
 ...and here's Piers responding: "I wish Denny Lien would quit
bragging about how much he hasn't read, and learn to read." Well--in the first
place, I wasn't bragging, I was sort of whimpering. In the second place, the
only things I admitted I hadn't read were Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?
and the workds of Norman Spinrad. It's perfectly possible to be well-read with-
out having read Spinrad or one Philip Dick novel, you know. (Note: I say it is
possible--I claim nothing, either way, personally. Must cover my rear ground
there. I have read, at a quick count, twelve other Dick novels. I've even
read a couple Piers Anthony novels (Omnivore and Sos the Rope). In the third
place (just outside of Salinas, Kansas), even if I hadn't read any sf of the last
five years or so, it wouldn't mean I couldn't read. Maybe I'm just slow, thorough,
and short on time. Maybe I read things other than sf. Since I'm working on a
PhD in English, I damn well better read things other than sf--at least during the
school year. In the fourth place (Lubbock, Texas), well, yes, if 3,000 people
have published sf stories in the last two decades, then one could say that the
"better writers" of the field number 1500. One could say so, for an argument,
but one would not expect to be taken seriously, and I'm sure Piers Anthony doesn't.
Any time that the 1499th-best writer in the field can claim to be above average,
something strange has slipped into the logic. Not that it matters, but in #2
(which is back in Arizona and not available for my reference) Piers grumped
about BAB's habit of stomping on two of the "better writers of the day" each issue,
and expected his turn in #3. Two writers times three issues equals six writers/
issues, a very rare unit of measurement. Since he was expecting his number
to come up soon (the fact that it did is irrelevant), there seems to be an im-
plied ranking not only of "better" but of "Best, second'best, etc."

New paragraph. The above went on too much greater length than I'd in-



tended. Basically, you know, you did imply you were in the top six or so. I was amused at the refreshing lack of modesty (modesty is not a virtue) and indicated as much. I don't mind the "learn to read" bit; I left myself open for that. But I didn't make up that top six claim out of nothing. Hell, I'm not trying to shoot you down...I even think you're one of the better writers of the day--one of the top 1500...

Of course, Faith's review in BAB #3 was of a book for which Piers claims only half-authorship. Does this mean half of Piers is in the top six, and if so, is Piers in the top three or the top twelve? The mind boggles, all over my nive clean rug.

Until Ghod Drahan answers, let's vote. I vote that (a) Pierce is for real but (b) Faith Lincoln is a hoax. Next? ((Correct, or vice versa.))

A couple random comments on BAB #3 (I have the checkmarks in the margin):

Pogo encountered NEWSLIFE magazine several times. Do you suppose Walt Kelly can sue Daniel Keyes?

Speaking of people who sell to prozines once and disappear, does anyone remember "The Face in the Mask" by one Estelle Frye, FANTASTIC June 1961? An unusual flash-in-the-zine in that it also copped the cover (over EF Russell, James White and others), and was the subject of the editorial. The May "Coming Next Month" department had called it "one of the finest ever written" and its blurb described it as "savage, magnificent." Later letters to the editor tended to agree. And Estelle Frye, I'm 90% sure, never appeared again.

The story? Oh, it wasn't bad. B-, maybe. ((Thrilling story, Denny...ho hum.....mighod, I fell asleep on the period key!))

Back to BAB #4. Since Pierce gives out Renaissance free (I think), does

starting the Ultimate Foundation mean BAB is now free? Hell, I'll join. I convert you to the Universal Life Church, you hook me into the Ultimate Foundation, only fair. ((If I can convert the people I buy supplies from, then BAB will be free!))

Here's Koontz musing over vital statistics and deciding he is BIG ENOUGH TO STOMP ALL OVER PIERS ANTHONY. Naughty, naughty. That will leave only 1499 of the better sf writers of the day still operating and we can't have that. Dean R. Koontz, I am 6'3" tall and weigh 195 pounds. This means I am BIG ENOUGH TO STOMP ALL OVER DEAN R. KOONTZ AND HAVE ENOUGH LEFT TO WIPE OUT TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT OF PIERS ANTHONY TOO. (Isn't it a good thing for the world that I am sweet-tempered and shy and ~~scholarly~~ tolerant?) I also have a longer run of ASTOUNDING than Piers Anthony does and probably Koontz, too, though he doesn't say. Now all I need is money and talent and a wife (and I'm taking care of 1/3 of that by the time BAB #5 comes out) and then I too can write a column.

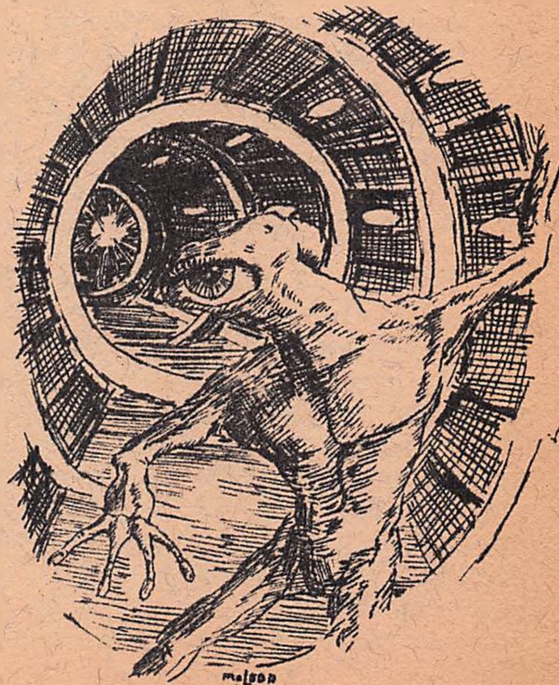
In respect to the Then-Campbell, why "shy so much criticism of the Now-Campbell"? Because we're living in now, Gary Hubbard, and JWC is still editing in now and writing editorials in now. If I lived in 1840, I'd still bitch about the rotten poetry Wordsworth was turning out, even if he had done some nice work forty years earlier. If getting old and tired is the way of the world and nothing can be done about it, so is bitching.

Why doesn't Media and Methods write Bradbury and see if he wants to be called a science fiction writer, for Drahan's sake? I doubt if he does, these days.

So now we know what to expect of the new GALAXY and IF --the FAMILY HANDYMAN of the Crazy Buck Rogers Stuff department. God.

A Hugo for BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST APPEARING IN A FAN PUBLICATION, huh? Right. Then, of course, one for BEST PROFESSIONAL WRITER APPEARING IN A FAN PUBLICATION... then one for BEST MAINSTREAM WRITER APPEARING IN A SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE... then one for BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST WRITING FOR A FAN PUBLICATION... and soon we have the same sort of thing as the Emmy awards used to be faced with: BEST SUPPORTING SERIOUS ACTRESS DIRECTING A REGULAR COMEDY SERIES STARRING A JEWISH HUMORIST BETWEEN 5'6" AND 5'10" TALL ON TUESDAY AFTERNOONS. Oh bullfeathers indeed.

Faith does a nice job on Mack Reynolds, even if she is a hoax and a Rotten Kid to boot. Let Gary Hubbard read this and tell us why we shouldn't criticize Campbell. Or Mack Reynolds, presumably, who once wrote a couple good novels. (Black Men's Border and its sequel.)



Steve Goldstein, on the other hand, comes off like a sixteen-year-old, blase-on-the-outside and shocked-on-the-inside ("Darned is I ever..."--emphasis mine).

((Wrong! I think Steve is ~~seventeen~~, maybe eighteen, though.))

He also backs off well ("In my opinion"--"I feel that"--"In my mind"(sic)--"to me") Frankly, Steve, I don't care about your opinion. Give me some objective reason why I should or should not read Bug Jack Barron: the phony-liberal jazz about sex being ok with you "now and then" is rather undercut by it being only admissable when "strictly necessary" (emphasis mine again). Why should sex in a novel have to justify itself via strict necessity, any more than, say, a couple scenes in which someone eats dinner? (Sex is easier to make interesting, I suppose.) "Some good old fashioned sex," forsooth!

Someday I'll open a fanzine without finding a letter from John J. Pierce, Paranoiac-in-Residence for the Second Foundation. I can't think of another person in the world who's doing more to boost the New Wave by his very existence. If he's shut up, J. G. Ballard might starve to death by the end of the year-- which, of course, would mean one less unconscious booster of the Old Wave, and an even score again. A plague on both their typewriters.

Pierce's mentality is neatly delineated by his statement: "Robert Gersman is on our side, I suppose--but why does he have to bring in extraneous issues like his crusade against gun control?" This tells us two things: (a) that to Pierce, his teapot tempest is the only issue in the world worth discussing, and (b) that he cannot conceive of anyone else being more interested in other questions. Hell, I could write and say "Gersman is on my side in knocking gun control (though for reasons 180 degrees removed from mine), but why does he have to bring in extraneous issues like his crusade against the New Wave?" But I won't, because, obnoxious and self-centered as I am, I protest that I am not quite such a shallow fool as John J. Pierce.

Having said which, I'd have to add that, in spite of Pierce, my taste is mostly Old Wave (though not to the black-and-white degrees imagined by Pierce as the only possible reactions). Hence, in answer to Harry Warner, I'd suggest, with Buck Coulson, that the problem with New Wave authors creating an equally large proportion of crud to masterpiece is that the 90% crud of the old stuff was often at least fun to read, whereas the New Wave crud is a total loss. I realize we can't get the 10%, which I'll eagerly read, without the 90% that I'd prefer to avoid. How about reviving NEW WORLDS to act as a filter and sparing us the dregs in things we might otherwise buy with a clear and serene mind...

Hmm. I just realized that I've knocked JWC on one hand and the New Wave on the other, that I've picked on Steve Goldstein for (presumably) not being old enough and not knowing better and for John J. Pierce for being old enough and not knowing any better, on Faith Lincoln for being a hoax and on Dean Koontz for being smaller than me and on Piers Anthony just for being Piers ~~✓~~ (whoops, I almost said it) Anthony. Lunney, you do have the secret powder, my locs are never like this. You're turning me into a monster, you slimy fiend! Give me back my sweet and calm disposition! I want to write letters full of inoffensive natterings again! (Instead of sophomoric attacks?) Dammit, Lunney, the Ultimate Foundation is a hoax! You're making fen meaner and ~~smaller~~ than ever! ((It was all in the orange paper, you know. What happens now that I've switched to this retiring granite? I'll fall apart, that's what...cheap paper is lousy!))

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St. Peter St.
Marlow, Bucks.
England

A Torrent of Faces may be just as bad a novel as Ted Pauls says it is ((the review in BAB 4, of course)), but he is wrong on a question of fact. He says: "This novel is composed in part of several stories written over a period of a couple of years." Untrue; the book was conceived and written as a novel, in the course of which we quarried from it three stories for magazine sale. No "expanding" of these was necessary; indeed, for ANALOG we cut the Dorothy-Tioru affair from 25,000 words to 18,000. (And to make a story of the shipwrecked hotel incident for GALAXY, we had to supply a frame--an intro and an ending, which were not and are not in the book.) And for "a couple of years," please read "nineteen years," as is twice indicated in the book.

Mr. Pauls also says we cut from one viewpoint to another (well, he doesn't say it that specifically, but that's apparently what he means) "for no good reason at all, except possibly that it would have been too much trouble to write it any other way." The reason is simple and obvious: We were trying to portray a complex Utopian society with a population of a thousand billions, and sticking throughout to a single point of view (as I have done in most of my previous fiction) would have made it impossible for us to show as much of the society as we thought necessary. The more usual reason for multiple viewpoints mentioned by Mr. Pauls also applied, though he professes not to find it in the novel.

Finally, a challenge: Mr. Pauls complains of alterations in tone and style from one section to another. Will he submit his ear to a test? TORRENT is a two-author novel, comprising 16 chapters and a preface, to which each author contributed almost exactly 50,000 words, in blocs of 5,000 or more. Will Mr. Pauls offer a list of his guesses as to which chapter was written by author A and which by author B? The book is long enough so that no preceding familiarity with Norman's work or mine is required, nor do we ask him to specify authorship by name--just to separate what should be two different styles into two rough heaps. If he can do this relatively simple task, then his generalization about style and tone may be valid. I suspect it to be guesswork, like the guesses about composition and viewpoint.

((Ooh, a nasty crack there. But still, it's a challenge I don't think Ted will let by. As soon as possible I'll let Ted know about the whole thing, and if he can get to work on his "guesses" I'll try and get them as soon as possible and run everything off to you, James. Hopefully, I'll be able to have by the next issue the results, if anyone is interested (besides myself).))

Mike Dobson
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I agree with Bill Marsh. Fandom has (and had) too much vitriol and sheer nastiness in its ranks. I don't mind a good fan feud, political arguments and scathing wit in fanzines, as long as both sides do remain friendly. But when fan feuds get to the point where they drive many good fan into gafia, they are going too far. It appears as if the New Wave/Old Wave thing is going to really develop into such a mess that people coming into fandom are going to find a battleground where fanzine pages are filled with such shit-slinging that each page will make a brand new enemy. Think back to when you joined fandom. If you were at all typical, you were fairly shy and reticent before you came in, and for the first few months of fanac as well. Would you have stayed in fandom

if you had come in during the middle of a feud such as the one that is brewing now? I don't think so. ((Ahem. You know that I've only been around for about two years, since I first read of fandom in the first place, and then didn't do anything for about 9 months but join NFFF and blow my mind on that moving organization, but...well, let's see. I was after and during the Ted White-Richard Delap ruckus, though that wasn't bad, and I fell into Ted White-Norman Spinrad, and I did start out bitching a lot about the New Wave myself, though I've sort of reversed that stand. I don't think that many people will be driven from fandom, Mike. On the contrary, it seems to give people something to write about, and I mean...it's everywhere!))

All Our Yesterdays illustrates this point well. Read the sections about Al Ashley, FAPA, LASGS, New York Fandom or the early days of the NFFF. Or Claude Degler. Or thousands of others. Here are many examples of where the line between legitimate controversy and smear tactics lie. And in every one of these examples, several good fen get sick and tired of all the shit slinging, and gafiate. Fandom doesn't have enough members that we can afford to lose them over episodes like these. It's time for peaceful fen to stand up and make their voices heard. We are tired of this. We are tired of seeing someone's personality axed because someone else doesn't like the way he thinks. Fandom is intelligent enough so that the majority knows when one side or the other is wrong in a particular controversy. It is big enough to tolerate more than one point of view. And when Harlan Ellison tells us Old Wavers no longer belong in fandom, and Sam Moskowitz tells us that we must arise and throw out the New Wavers, I tell them both, "Go fuck yourselves, gentlemen, I want no part of either of you." What these gentlemen have done is to convince most of fandom that neither of them knows what in hell they're talking about. And I'd be willing to bet that if one side would shut up, in not too many months we would find that all fandom had gone over to them in sheer relief. Although smear tactics will work in any non-print-oriented group, most of us are skilled enough in such things that we know better than to believe any of that stuff. ((Only trouble is: if one side shut up, how would we know WHO was on their side. Or would we just check the other and count heads. Sheesh...))

There are places where those who want to rant and rave about one group or another can go and do it legitimately. The underground press affords one such outlet. Or let the parties in the controversy start another subfandom. Most fen are active in one or more subfandom, there would be no particular obstacle for those interested in the New Wave/Old Wave controversy to get their arguments out of genfandom and fight it out in private. Then, freshly enema'd, they could spend whatever time they wished in genfandom. ((And what would they do in "genfandom? Trade recipes?))

End jihad.

BAB #4 is a good example of what a controversy-filled fanzine should be like. Piers Anthony is mild, Dean Koontz is very interesting without being obscene (see--it can be done), Gary Hubbard is good, and I agree that Campbell is getting knocked too much these days. Kelley is good, Bill Marsh I commented on. Seth Dogramajian is entertaining, and so is Al Snider. Faith Lincoln manages to review (read "blast") a book incisively without getting personally about its author, which is the difference between legitimate and illegitimate reviewing. She isn't really a bitch, she's just too strong-willed for the sensibilities of the normal male...and too smart...

There have been no end of comments to the effect that Bug Jack Barron was ruined by too many four-letter words. I disagree. For the book to have had the emotional impact that it did have, Spinrad had to do everything he did. The four letter words were part of the normal speech of the characters, and, as far as is possible, Spinrad did use them tastefully. I didn't even notice the words as I read; they were there, but they didn't interfere in the slightest with my enjoyment of the rest of the book. I am surprised that so many fen still have language hang-ups; all of us should know by now that "the map is not the territory" and even if the concepts are obscene (is the concept "to fuck" obscene? Or is it just that society has ruled anything but the circumventions obscene?) the words certainly are not.

Man, this just has to be it. This is the annish, but it does have to come out sometime, doesn't it. But that presents another strange thought (those thoughts that always fly past, thrown at you by myself when I feel like picking one out of the air): suppose someone just kept working on a giant issue of his fanzine, and never mailed it out? I mean, he gets a few articles, puts them on paper, and keeps everything. More locs come...he writes to people and asks for columns, and the people send the columns, and the issue grows to 200 pages. He asks some fanartists to draw some full page pics, and the page count goes up to 300. More locs...400. An editorial, 500. I don't have an ending for this, you know, so the space has been wasted. But this is the sort-of lead in for the WAHF that I may as well get to now:

Pauline Palmer was delighted by Bill Marsh's column: "I don't knock controversy as such, but it does seem to me that it should be either entertaining or informative (preferably both) in order to justify its public existence." she likes Piers Anthony, but Dean Koontz she's "less sure of. ...His self-confidence is inhuman." A low blow to Dean...

Lisa Tuttle liked Dean's column better than Piers'. Too bad whoever is involved. Peter Singleton finally received BAB 3 and says he'll be in bandages from another operation, and wasn't really able to write. Strange: James Blish's copy seemed to go right through, though I did get his letter only today. Mike Zaharakis is overawed by the brilliance of BAB. *Blush*

Jack West was able to con me out of a free copy of #3, and wrote a letter commenting on the fact that I sent it to him free. And that was about it. He asks for another one, though. Well, my kind heart... Klaus Boschen speculates on the creation of an organization to battle Pierce and the Second Foundation. I doubt if it's needed.

Neal Goldfarb wrote about a few things, but he made the comment that Bug Jack Barron couldn't win a Hugo because of pre-'69 publication. Ahem, but it wasn't completely published by NEW WORLDS, remeber. It was chopped...and a great deal was condensed. So the US publication this year is really the first complete edition that's been in existence. Right?

Sandy Moss liked the artwork and BJB and Piers and inflation and Pierce and Harlan Ellison in SFR. Robert Gersman sent a poem-loc...mighod. Ran out, though, and I just can't do another stencil. Prett good, though. David Gormon wrote about Pierce, too, and Jay Kay Klein wrote a loc on #4. Boo hoo... he stomped on me for my remarks about editors. Enough...now I write the Bellowings and I might as well use this little space. But this is it, man.....bye.....

