



# BEABOHEMA 10

This is the 10th issue of BeABohema, published irregularly up till now, with dangers at every punch of the keyboard. I had the issue ready two weeks ago, almost. That is, I had a few more pages to type when the typer fell apart. I thought of doing the rest of the issue on the manual I have, but typing a few letters on it convinced me I should wait. And you all waited with me, I'll bet. It's available from Frank Lunney for contributions, letters, trades, etc., or 50¢ an issue. Yes, this issue heralds a drop in price. BAB and Lunney fight the inflationary trend, and chop 10¢ off the bribe. (And 60 pages in the space of four issues.) Send everything to 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951. Jim McLeod has asked to be allowed to step down as Art Services Editor; he was getting artwork intended for BAB confused with that for his own INTERPLANETARY CORN CHIPS and there've been small difficulties. Along with the fact that some people have been sending artwork to me anyway. So, now you can send written contributions and artwork to me, the lone and final editor of BeABohema.

A COA: After September 8 I'll be shunted away to college. Yassuh. Mail will probably still be able to reach me at home, but I don't know how often I'll get to see it, so send everything to \*\* McClintic-Marshall House, Room A216, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa. 18015.

This issue of BAB a record 46 pages short, is being finished on Aug. 7, 1970 and is being typed on the Bucking Fastard Typer, was run off on the Doyeutsch Noodle Press Mark II (which broke down last night; the final 5 pages of this issue, and this contents page, are being run off manually....oh, for shame) and is DNPM MII publication 15.

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## Artwork

Cover by Terry Jeeves	Jim McLeod--15, 20, 21, R2, L12
Bill Rotsler--3, 16	Mike Gilbert--19, R5, R6, L5, L6
Mike Symes--6, 7	Alexis Gilliland--R3, L15
Jeff Cochran--8, 10, 17	Dan Osterman--L1
Terry Jeeves--9, 16, 14	Jeff Schalles--L7, L8
Seth Dogramajian--12	Bacover by Mike Gilbert

Next issue I already have an article by Perry Chapdelaine asking Harlan Ellison to come back to fandom, reviews by half the people in fandom, artwork from all the usual people and Grant Canfield, maybe a new column by Neil Shapiro, and Change.



# BELLOWS

A couple of announcements to get out of the way, first:

The Toronto Public Library has set up a sf collection, prompted by Judith Merrill, I believe. Part of the collection will include fanzines, and they "want to have as complete a collection of fanzines as possible. I contributed the copies of BeABohema I had available, but I'm out of #s 1 and 2. So, the library, and I, would appreciate hearing from anyone willing to part with his/her copy of either of those issues. I'd be willing to add two copies to anyone's subscription (those who have subscriptions...the few of you there are), or get in touch directly with the library.

Also: "We're anxious for donations to the collection, and would also like to know about any private collections for sale. On the donations, we'll pay postage if arranged in advance." Write to: Madeleine Morton, Collection Librarian, The Spaced Out Library, 566 Palmerston Ave., Toronto 174, Ontario, Canada.

And: Jurgen Menningen would probably like a copy of #2, and is looking for any articles to include in an International SF Film Bibliography in a book on SF films. Address: 6000 Frankfurt/Main Alte Gasse 34, West Germany.

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I must say I was surprised and pleased at the same time to see BAB nominated for a Hugo. Pleased because it's what every fan would like to do. It's what every fan wants to receive someday, at least in some small way, from the time he learns of its existence. And at the same time I was surprised because I don't actually believe enough people receive BAB to have placed it in competition with the other magazines.

Contrary to what has been said about high-page-count, high circulation fanzines, while BAB has had its share of 100 page issues, the circulation has never been that great. I think I printed about 350 copies of #5, and that was the highest I ever went. I never got around to mailing most of them out, but figured I'd always have that anniversary issue down in the cellar, someone's cellar, at least.

#6 cut back to 250 copies, and I think I've kept that print run for the past couple of issues more from custom than anything else. It's a round number. If I get a cover offset it's easier to say 250 copies than 225 or 175. And I've explained a few times that I was cutting people from the mailing list as the dead-wood started to surface.

I went through the mailing list two nights ago and totalled the number I'm sending this issue to this time around. BAB has an initial circulation of about 160, at the moment. I have 150 in the file, and I decided to send a copy to everyone in the lettercolumn of METANOIA, Greg Shaw's fanzine. (I'll probably continue doing that with my ml in the future; I have nothing better to do. And it's cheaper than taking ads in GALAXY. Or taking ads at all.)

Which is another thing: SFR had the ads in GALAXY, as I mentioned. IF, the classifieds in AMAZING, FANTASTIC and F&SF, Dallascon Bulletin and half the other ad-places in fandom. Charlie Brown mentions selling \$11.00 worth of subs at a convention. RQ has its share of promoting in adzines. And all SPECULATION has to do is dominate the British fan scene.

As a result, circulation of these other fanzines nominated for a Hugo in



comes out something like SFR: 1,000; LOCUS: 750;  
RQ: maybe 450 or 500; SPEC: 500.

It's obvious the circulation of the fanzines in contention aren't the norms for most of fandom. The figures can be obtained with "press campaigns" or with excellence, as is the case with each of the above: they are excellent fanzines or they are forced.

But BAB was nominated along with the fanzines I've been discussing, and the circulation of the next issue will be 160. And I'm going to bring that down with the next issue if I can, along with the page count, again, if I can. And that's why I was surprised to see it nominated. I'm sure it received the fewest nominations, but am also sure that SFR, LOCUS and, marginally, RQ received the great bulk. I'm hoping SPECULATION is on for more than being a local favorite, because seeing it lose the Hugo this year would be almost as bad as seeing AMRA win it two years ago.



\*.

Another surprise came to me yesterday in the form of both LOCUS and FOCAL POINT announcing that Bill Rotsler had lost the TAFF contest, and that Elliot Shorter had won. It seems so improbable, in that Rotsler is much more well-known in fanzine fandom (as opposed to convention fandom) than Shorter, and I would have expected the majority of the fans voting in the contest to be of the fanzine-type. My shallow thinking rises to the top once more.....

As it did the previous year when I thought Bob Shaw had the trip to St. Louis in his pocket....

\*

Two weeks ago I got home from the rock festival advertised (I'm into advertising this issue, for some reason) as the Second International Atlanta Rock Festival. In actuality, it was about 110 miles from Atlanta, 20 miles outside of Macon, Ga., and the fact wasn't known until the day the tickets came, which also happened to be the same day we left on the bus.

As I mentioned above, I bought tickets. For all three days of the festival, though we planned to be there longer. The first day was sweltering. The temperature hit 105 degrees. At night it rained. Also, that night, about 15,000 people congregated outside the gate and made like the Viet Cong, eventually having the festival declared a free concert, only 24 hours after the promoters announced to everyone in their tents and the world that they would rather not put on the concert than lose money by making it free. Steve Kaplan managed to get onto the stage and give the people in the audience some of his rhetoric: There's a revolution coming, and you better watch it, man, cause it's coming, damn right it's coming and on. And my money isn't worth a shit, said he, because I'm helping the revolution, everything has got to be coming....it's going to be here, it IS here, damn-it, we are the revolution. And then they asked the 500,000 people who eventually came to the site to each contribute a dollar.... I don't think they went broke.

Maybe you'll see me chanting in front of the gate at the next festival close to here.

FL

## THE ATTACK ON JOHN W. CAMPBELL

If motherhood were the today in-thing, John W. Campbell would be in favor of free sex. You know it! I know it!

John Campbell--a man who has devoted his life to creation of provocative alternatives--has probably been mis-quoted, mis-understood, mis-labeled more than any other SF personality. Knowing his place in literature and his stance against Establishment-science (scientific method is wonderful, scientists should try it sometime) how can any pros, editors or sophisticated fans possibly get sucked in on the "John is a prejudiced bastard" line?

John W. Campbell is a racial bigot in the same way that certain pro writers seek alternatives to the meaningless Nebula awards. Seeking of better alternatives --certainly a creative act--is all too often identified as an act of destruction by those whose only emotional response is constrained by two-valued projections, naming one good and the other evil.

Why is John's message mis-read so easily by so many? I can hardly believe that SF fandom's IQ has been lowered to such depths that emotional propaganda, so lightly pasted together, can so easily cover his technical message.

Fanatic, paranoic (a bit overused, but what the heck), asocial, unfair arguer, iconoclast, opinionated, egoist, stubborn, brilliant, irritating, God, devil, man, outspoken, narrow-minded, single-minded--he may be all these and more. Racial bigot? No! Never! Never!

Motives for the attack? Possible lack of comprehension of pragmatic, technical philosophy--an effort to please a minority-group boss--possible appeal to young kids with social causes for the sake of closing a losing profit margin--possible gambit to increase sales by provoking argument with one of the greats, the tallest man in the crowd. Certainly several pro writers have found it convenient to accept the racial bigot label for John--but why?

Aside from being the morally correct thing, to help and to defend the blacks from prejudice and injustice, it has also suddenly become the in-thing. The in-thing-to-do-personality is also the personality most incapable of objective reasoning on social issues, and those are the very personalities who are not capable of understanding John's editorials.

To say that John W. Campbell is racially prejudiced is like saying that his thalidomide editorial proposes that all pregnant women be fed a steady diet of thalidomide!

I am one of the five Caucasians out of 250 black faculty in a college where the student racial mix is about one white student to 400 blacks. We've had three riots during the past three years. Our campus has been infiltrated with communists, Carmichaels, hedonists, black puritans, Snicks, Panthers and every other conceivable organization, including the CIA and FBI. So far I've survived, a white person in a totally, wholly encompassing black environment, where true and justified paranoia rules supreme!

## BY PERRY A. CHAPDELAINE

I am often as provocative in this environment as John W. Campbell in his. When Collected Editorials from Analog, by John W. Campbell, was published, I discussed John's provocative philosophy with my engineering students who had just finished personal talks with Stokely Carmichael, whom they admired, and rightly so from their viewpoint.

I especially described Campbell's editorial SEGREGATION. Some of my black brothers stood and shouted, loudly, "Give us the book. We'll read it and send that editor some comments he'll remember!"

I loaned the book, and it passed from room to room in the dormitories for about six weeks. Not a one felt emotionally compelled to write John a letter. Funny thing--they agreed with most of what John said, after their own serious study of his editorial, and also enjoyed the remainder of the book.

In spite of poor academic preparation from an earlier, cheating environment, they were capable of understanding John's message. It proved they were technically oriented in spite of their extremely heavy emotion on the issues. It also proved they were more technically oriented to understand technical, pragmatic philosophy than was the editor of the science fiction magazine with his ill-prepared editorials against John. It also goes to show that when John's message is properly understood, he is not a racial bigot in the eyes of the educated of those who are most concerned!

John Campbell doesn't owe me a thing. I owe John my most humble thanks for thirty-one years of spanking good reading, a fine unusual education, and the challenge of provocative postulates which would have escaped my normal path. I also owe John for his fine, stiletto-like comments on my many rejected stories, which I also once received from Fred Pohl.

The victim of the kind of attack made upon John W. Campbell cannot reply effectively, even when the statements are deliberate misquotations, or quotations out of context. Paul Hazlett describes a wily opponent as one who defines the ethical man as "he who fights on my lawn, using my weapons and my rules"; and Paul would advise moving elsewhere when so confronted, using different weapons and more favorable rule. This article, and my rebuttal, I hope, will serve John W. Campbell to some extent in the proscribed manner.

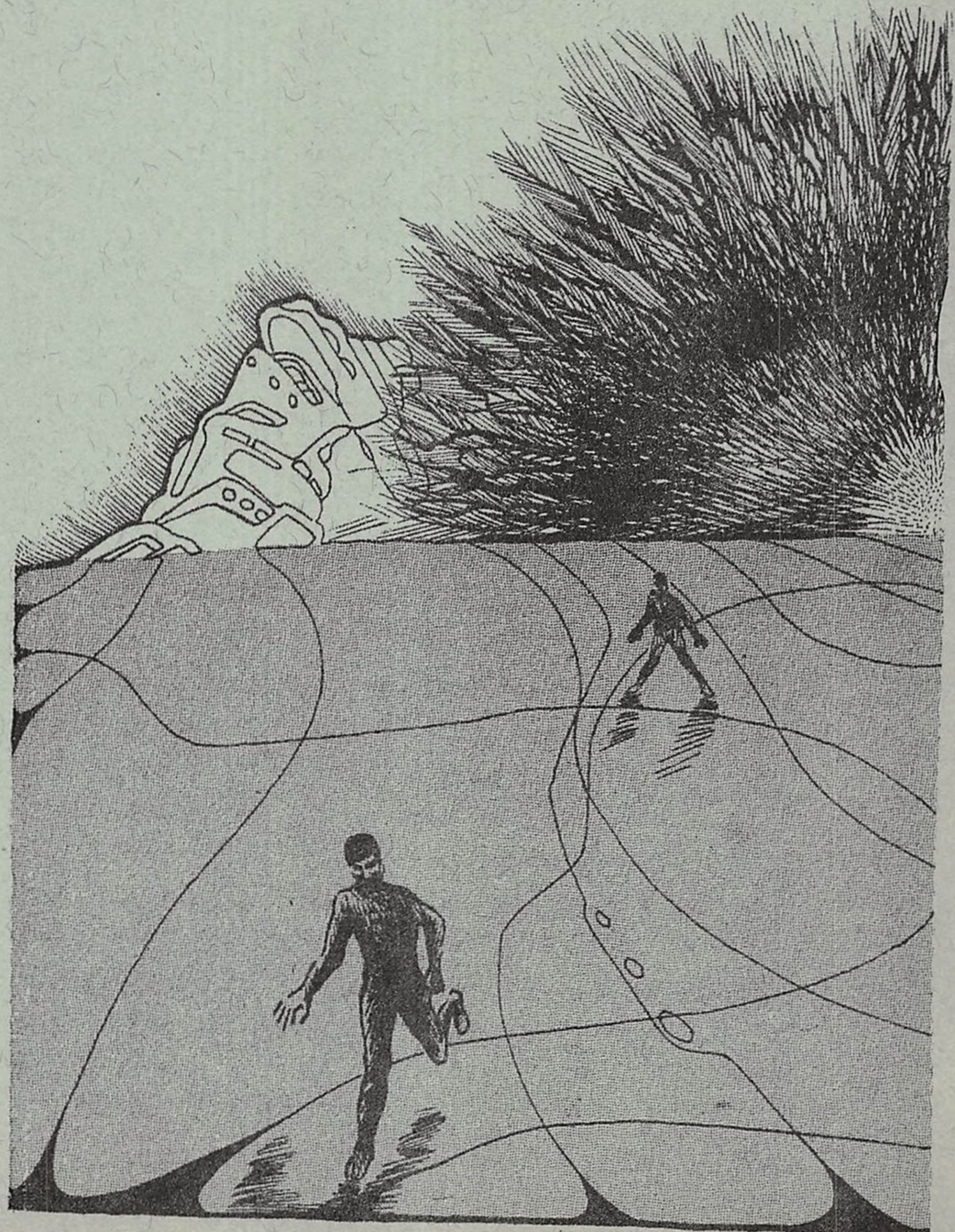
What the attackers are reacting to is that John is a pragmatist-engineer, interested in solutions that can actually work. This makes him the enemy of idealists who think that only the end is important, and any objection to means is mere nit-picking, or the result of bias, prejudice, backlash, and so on. Those who think this way feel that clearly anyone opposed to their thoughts must be a black-hearted bigot.

My grandfather fought the prohibitionists who got a constitutional amendment rammed through to cure forever the problems of alcoholism. He still sold whisky (moonshine) while serving a jail term for selling whisky. I was there when the guard turned his back as granddad poured the jug of liquor down the laun-



dry chute into the water bucket. Now the cockeyed idealists are trying to ram through "love thy neighbor" by legal command--and maintaining at the same time that anyone who feels the law is unjust should defy that law. (This is an inconsistency--a hypocrisy. I suspect that the very idea of hypocrisy in today's society has more emotional charge among the idealists than the word fuck. Conclusion: Idealists have difficulty seeing their own inconsistencies, just like normal people; somehow they feel that the very evil person, who is always consistent, is way above the good person who is only occasionally consistent.)

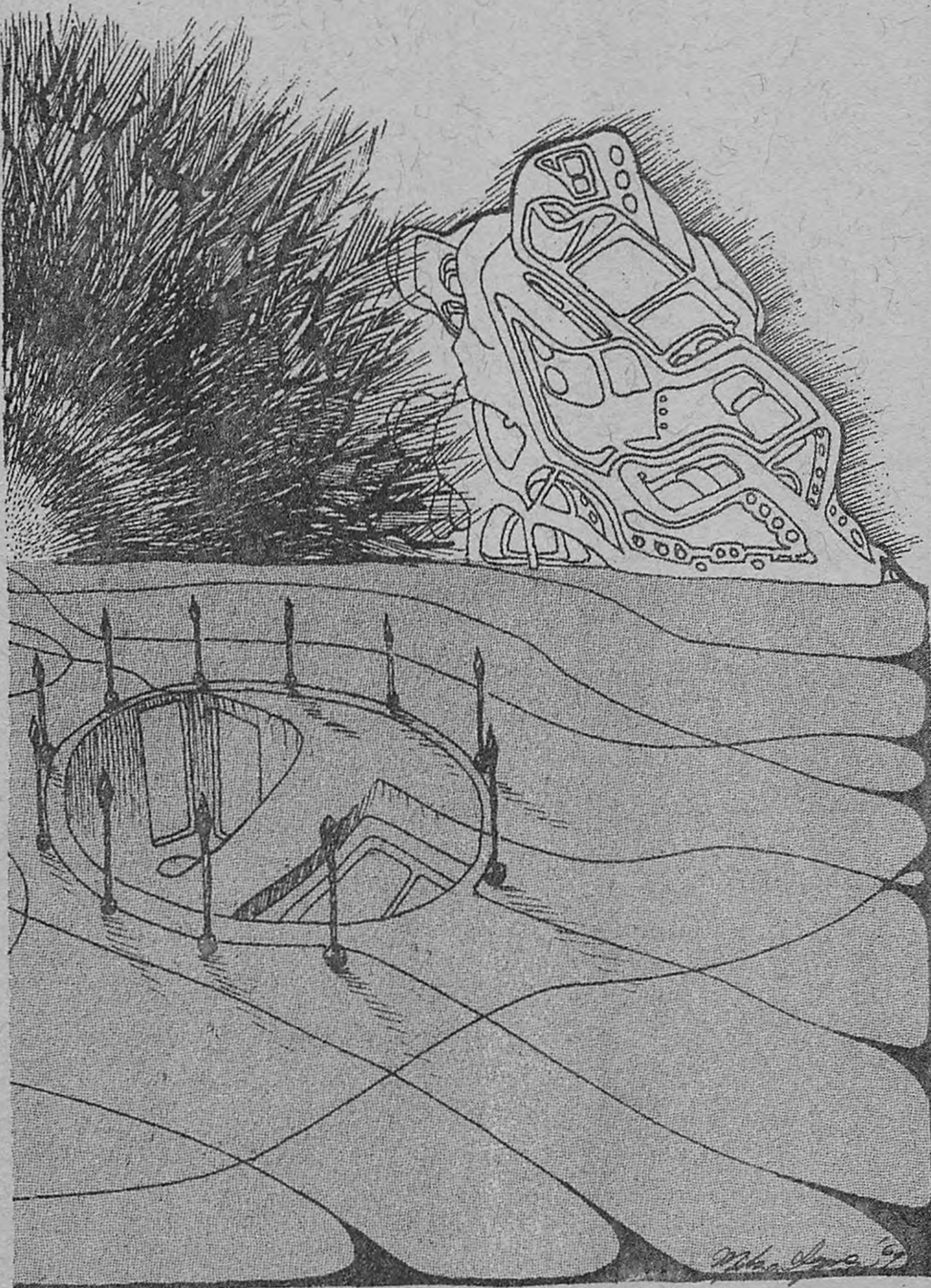
All men are not born equal. Even the signers of the U.S. Constitution knew





"...that all men are created equal...inalienable rights...life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness..." meant a guarantee from the state to provide individual opportunity, but that "...people..." were "...subject to...separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them..."

According to our inherited gene-pool, some are bright and some are stupid. Wisdom and intelligence, as well as any other psychological characteristics, can be considered as two independent variables. Obviously ability to learn is genetic since, by definition, you cannot teach an organism to learn if it can't already learn. Therefor, it follows, education cannot make up for lack of potential, which





which is a genetic trait. Example: You cannot teach a chimp how to speak since he lacks the genetically conferred potential.

By now some of the in-thing-to-do personalities will have blazed from red to violet with emotion, yet skin color is unmentioned. Based solely upon history, we can distinguish Orientals, Polynesians, Amerinds, Indo-aryans and Africans.

Sixteen years ago John told me that he and his wife were about to embark into research of the cultures of the world and their histories in the hopes of isolating anthropoidal truths. Much of what he says in his arguments unquestionably derive from those researches, and the memory is consistent with his new arguments.

Note that African is not the same as American Negro. My college classes are shaded from pure white to pure black. Facial characteristics are mixed African-Spanish, African-Irish, African-Oriental, African-Swedish, African-X. You fill in the X, I've got it. It is a standing joke among us that the white man made us, but refuses to accept the responsibility for us, his children. And the idea that one can distinguish between white and black is obviously just so much nonsense as some of us cross over and back again, at will. John knows this.

Speaking only historically, with analogs, logically, provocatively--Orientals and middle-Eastern gene-pool-races first achieved high-level civilization with the Oriental branch of the Indo-aryans learning from them, a couple of millenia before Christ. The western Indo-aryans learned a millenium later, and finally the north-western group, particularly the Scots, didn't catch on until about 300 years ago. (My God, folks. John, racial bigot, has agreed with me in placing his own ancestors far behind so many. I wonder what Freud would think of this zealotry of his own genes? But of course, Freud and God are both dead!)

The Polynesians developed high-level civilization and technology suited to the island-and-sea milieu at least 2500 years ago. The native Africans, as of the time of Christ, had a very low population due to the fact that they had no decent crop plants, and suffered from chronic acute protein starvation. Example: Biafra is lush, tropical land, yet Biafrans starved to death for lack of usable food. Africa generally doesn't produce a decent crop plant.

A population explosion hit the Bantu natives of Africa about 200 A.D. when explorers from Indonesia invaded east Africa, set up colonies and introduced new, nourishing crop-plants. A second wave of invaders came some 200 or so years later from India, introducing more crop plants.

These invaders employed Africans--largely as slaves--to build cities for them, such as the famous Zimbabwe. (Remember that Angkor Vat was built, and deserted, about that time in a Cambodian jungle; building cities in jungles was old stuff to the Indonesian architects!)

The Amerinds, the Orientals, the Orientals, the Polynesians each built a high culture or technological culture. Of all the historical races, Africa did not, among the gene-pool-races.

The above statement doesn't have a damn thing to do with skin-color, or curl

"Y'know,  
I have a  
sneaking  
suspicion  
that the SEWA  
doesn't exist.  
I betcha it's  
all Claude  
Deyler."





of lip and hair, or the American Negro.

One of the characteristics of a strong, dynamic civilization is a high degree of organization--whether it's done by a bloody-handed tyrant or by representative democracy (as the Samoans developed, for example). Organization and efficient division of labor is the foundation of civilization, and until that is achieved, no major building is possible. Africans did not develop this characteristic during some 6500 years of written history, while other groups did.

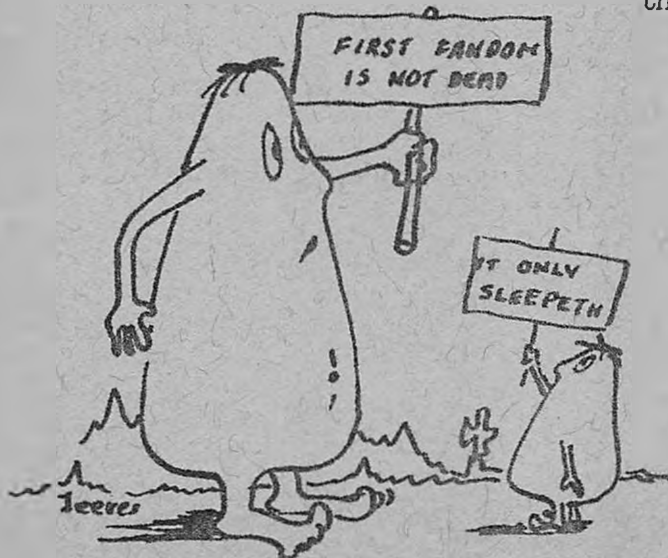
This brings out the next premise. The fact that they did not develop organization and efficient division of labor sufficient to build can be construed to mean that their gene-pool is weak in the requisite characteristics. You may disagree with the premise, and it may in fact be wrong--but inferiority is not implied by the assumption, merely differentness. The fact that the gene-pool is weak in this characteristic may also be associated with the difficulty in integrating the group into the major cultural stream of Earth. Subjectively, this may feel "unnatural" to each member, whenever he tries to follow mainstream rules. (Maybe that's the same difficulty New Wavers have, going by Old Wave rules--huh!)

The TV, radio and newspapers report about group A that wants right of free entry into any group while also demanding the right to exclude group B from their premises. That the current rogue for the in-group-personality is black versus white is only incidental to the premise. Jew versus Christian, Catholic versus Protestant, SFWA Officialdom and the old-timers versus new-timers--frankly, all of us are experienced with this human phenomenon. It's not a skin-color characteristic.

The individual-achievement-membership versus genetic-group-membership conflict which, although probably applicable to the African continent, and possibly applicable to gene-pool of transplanted blacks if applicable to the African continent, is only indirectly related to America's present problems.

American Negroes provide few competent business organizers, and that's one reason there are so very, very few Negro banks, insurance companies, supermarket chains and even local stores. There are many reasons why this fact is true. It is the in-thing to blame all of it on those dirty whites who brought the blacks from Africa as slaves, then cheated them from an education and opportunities.

It is highly illogical to take a true statement--those dirty whites cheated blacks and robbed them of educational and economic opportunities--and insist that this is the whole truth, merely because it is also an in-thing truth!



Neither is it logically correct to insist on the one hand that tests and measurements (and I was once a professional psychometrist, also) cannot measure differences between gene-pools, therefore there are no differences. It is no more logical to insist that anyone who claims (or postulates) a difference, is also postulating inferiority. Differences are not synonymous with inferiority! though to the in-group personality it will be taken to be. Biologically, differences are inferior only when measured against a



particular matrix; and, assuming that survival is the end-all, be-all of life (which may also be doubtful), differences can only be measured by watching through the history of existence, then answering the question, "Who survived?" But we're back to a pragmatic look at history again?

The idea of a social-demanding-gene-pool and individual-demanding-gene-pool is not a thought unique to John Campbell, though it may also be original for him. Charles L. Fontenay has just published Epistle to the Babylonians, An Essay on the Natural Inequality of Man, University of Tennessee Press, Knoxville, Tenn., which very well underpins John's thesis by use of anthropological, psychological, sociological, biological, historical, et al references. It should also be noted that Mr. Fontenay, whose agent is also used by many SF writers and is among the largest, had great difficulty getting the thesis published, finally giving up. It is clear that Fontenay's experience corresponds closely to John's experience in that both have difficulty in getting acceptance of a new idea by certain kinds of people, though the issue of blackness is not at all evident in Mr. Fontenay's work.

The in-group-thing-to-do-personality, John's genetic-group-membership, Fontenay's Homo Socialis are one and the same person, and he is destructive to civilization. The out-group personality, John's individual-achievement-membership, Fontenay's Homo Individualis are one and the same, and the true creator of civilization, the true humanitarian, regardless of skin color!

When John explains that facts show the Irish had it tough, and they pulled through, while the African had it tough, and did not swim to the top in the same manner, his critics are correct to point out that high visibility made the situations different. But they are also blinding themselves to the same illogic. Part of a truth may not be a whole truth; and the fact of social





differentness is not necessarily an inferiority characteristic, if it does exist at all.

You can't solve problems if you won't acknowledge the facts of the system; if you do acknowledge the facts, you can design steps to correct the situation in a minimum of time, with a minimum of human agony and a minimum of false hopes.

The current much-publicised approaches used by our government remind me of a cancer quack who keeps telling his sucker, "All you need is another \$1,000 worth of treatment and we'll get rid of that pain," then sells him another series of caramel colored water laced with alcohol and laudanum. Brother, no wonder there's a black backlash!

If you want to talk seriously with John about the American Negro problem, the ineffectiveness of the present day whites in recognizing the problem and building social-engineering structures which solve it is the place to start. He will tell you that the solution will take time, and must start with schools that teach Negroes how to organize effectively and constructively. Negro banks and insurance companies that Negroes can feel they can trust their money to. Finding, training and trusting able, responsible men to organize and to construct is high priority. Somehow those principles sound very much like the Black Muslim society--and coming from John?

People who want spectacular action find "Burn, baby, burn!" so much more soul-satisfying than "Wait, baby, wait--we're getting there!" The trouble is, that "Burn, baby, burn!" rouses "Step on them black bastards!" also.

John is a pragmatist, and pragmatists make enemies from every side. Both types of bigoted idealists (Fontenay's masse, his Homo Socialis) hate facts slapped in their faces. It makes the problem seem almost as tough as it really is, instead of being something that could all be solved by one simple dramatic maneuver. Usually Homo Socialis ends up destroying Homo Individualis, or so Fontenay's prediction goes--and civilization again falls.

I'm project director for a half million dollar National Science Foundation grant which is a new experience for me. John is absolutely correct when he accuses government-paid scientists of dragging their feet in certain scientific areas because of possible public criticism. Lord! That's no secret even among those doing it!

The U.S. government is theoretically a fish-bowl, except for national survival problems. Every citizen has the right to look under the mat, so to speak. No legislator has an engineering or scientific background; in Russia, some 60% of the Presidium have such a technical background.

Our legislators are theoretically responsive to their constituents, a large Fontenay masse--mostly Homo Socialis (in-groupers)--who know next to nothing about science, scientific philosophy or pragmatism. Under those political force vectors, how in hell is any government-paid body supposed to think objectively about the hard task of measuring gene-pool differences? It's not even an even bet that John is correct in his criticism of the National Academy of Science fears, and the grounds for it. It's a certainty!

John W. Campbell has chosen a profession of alternative seeking, and a way of communicating his alternatives, and you may not personally like the alternatives he imagines, or the way he communicates them. But racial bigot? John W. Campbell is just about as much of a racial bigot as Kimball Kinnison!

--Perry A. Chapdelaine



# BULL ARTIST

To those of you who might, for some God forsaken reason, have been looking for my column in the past couple of issues, I apologize. I've been very caught up in domestic affairs and something had to go, one way or the other, so fanac went ...temporarily of course.

You may have heard me bitching (in past BeABohemas and elsewhere) about how young fans are having a hard time getting their material circulated. Artists and writers who are new to fandom may not have contacts with the right zines, or may feel their material isn't good enough, etc. Often, people are introduced to fandom through the best fanzines. This is good for the introduction but bad when material is submitted. The best zines are looking for the best material and very often reject material that could be published elsewhere. This has happened to fan fiction and I would hate to see it happen to fan art.

Of course, many faneds do try to send the material they can't use to other faneds. But, just as many faneds are collecting art they won't ever use. The art never gets sent back to the artist and never goes to another fanzine. It just sits and collects dust. Even when the art is sent back, it may stop the artist from sending more out.

As a fanzine editor, and a half-ass artist, I've personally been in all the above-mentioned situations. Thus, I'm starting something which I



## SETH DOGRAMAJIAN



believe will help all artists wishing to see their material published in fanzines, and all faneds wishing to get rid of material they can't use. A sort of Fan Art Clearing House.

The project will run something like this...

1. Fan Artists (Primarily newer ones but oldies will be appreciated as well) will send whatever art they would care to have distributed to myself, and I will distribute it among the fanzines I believe will print it. This means I will have to make some sort of judgment on the material then send it out on the basis of that judgment. New fans artists have nothing to lose by doing this and everything to gain. The older fan artists already have the contacts they want for the most part so this avails them little. However, it would be nice to get some art for distribution from them, and let me point out that it is sent out according to its merit and therefor would not be sent to a fanzine that would do a poor job of printing it.

2. Fanzine Editors (Primarily the older ones) who have accumulated massive piles of art they can never use can send this material to me and once again it will be distributed among the more needy. The advantage to the editor here is that he would get rid of all his unusable art (unuseable to him) in one shot, and can still feel he's doing a good turn. I do, however, make a request of these editors. Please, PLEASE include the names and addresses of the artists concerned so that I can inform them of their material's whereabouts.

3. Fanzine editors (ANYONE) who would like to be put on the mailing list of this service, that is to say faneds who would like to receive some of this art, will send me a request with a description of the fanzine and wherever possible a copy of the fanzine. I already know of several fanzines in need of art and there must be many more floating around.

I will absorb whatever postage charges there are to be paid from my end for as long as I can, hopefully forever.

So, this service will act as an introduction to fandom for new artists, a good central disposal unit for unused fan art and a good source of art for any fanzine in need.

I've always wondered why some central place where art could be sent and properly distributed was never formed. I believe such a thing was suggested by someone (I think it was Harry Warner) but no one followed through on the idea. Anyway, the Fan Art Clearing House now exists.

I'm making this announcement in BeABohema first and I hope other fanzines will circulate the news.

Send all fan art and requests for art to:

FACH  
c/o Seth Dogramajian  
32-66 80 St Jackson Heights  
New York, N.Y. 11370

As added incentive to new artists, I'll be publishing two or three single page art folios (reduced size) of new fan artists who I feel have a good chance of developing into KNOWN fan artists in the immediate future. These will be published in my own zine EXILE (in offset).

--Seth Dogramajian



Hucksterism and jacketitis aside, how could good ol' Paul Hazlett possibly rake muck unless there was muck to rake? Or rouse rabble, without rabble to rouse?

Ah, such is the question! Whether it shall be a Pig Society or not!

The Pig Society, by Dean and Gerda Koontz, Aware Press, 8535 3/4 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Ca. 90069 (\$2.95) is not recommended for youngsters who are not quite dry behind the genitals. It's too emotional, too biased. Yet it isn't recommended for the Establishment, either, and for the same reasons.

But for those who are both anti-Establishment and dry behind the you-know-what, it makes good, provocative reading. The underlying assumption, of course, is that the above two characteristics breed objectivity and proper control of emotions, whether social or sexual.

I particularly recommend Dean's and Gerda's definition of Pig:

A Pig is someone who is in a position of power, but who uses that power as he pleases and not as it best suits the people who have given him that power. It can mean a politician who is voted into office on a peace platform and who turns around and plunges us into war at the soonest opportunity in order to protect what he considers our "pride" or in order to serve his business friends with fat defense contracts that will reward them for the political campaign contributions they gave him months earlier. This can include the policeman who swings his club and uses his gun without first knowing whether or not his target means him harm. A Pig is someone for whom money has become the central pillar of life (we are all for Capitalism, by the way; but when a man loses track of the importance of human contact and sensibilities in his pursuit of the almighty dollar, he has become an animal, not a human being). A Pig is someone who, with overwhelming data before him, will ignore all factual information and stick to his preconceived notions about a topic, hold desperately to his prejudices. A Pig is someone who is against change unless he sees a distinct personal advantage in permitting change. A Pig is someone who will send American boys to die for a muddled, unclear reason in a pointless war in a minor country on the other side

# THE INSIDE STORY OF THE PATRONAGE PIG

BY  
PAUL  
HAZLETT



of the world--when that country is truly only experiencing a civil war. This last kind of Pig is a Pig by our definition simply because either money, a greed for power, or a stupid and misguided pride has led him to sacrifice other people's lives for his own beliefs. Real pigs, of the barnyard variety, don't have much sense of affection among their own kind. And when a being loses his sense of responsibility to his fellow human beings to the point where he can blithely sentence them to death on a foreign battlefield like Vietnam, he ceases to be human and becomes a Pig.

Dean and Gerda have already warned that they don't believe the term, Pig, can be applied to all soldiers, all politicians, all policemen and, in fact, can be applied to a number of SDS Weatherman.

I can't possibly side with or against Dean and Gerda on the war issue. I'd probably find myself fighting myself.

Otherwise, their definition is a rather good working model of the kind of person I have in mind and who runs the patronage organization.

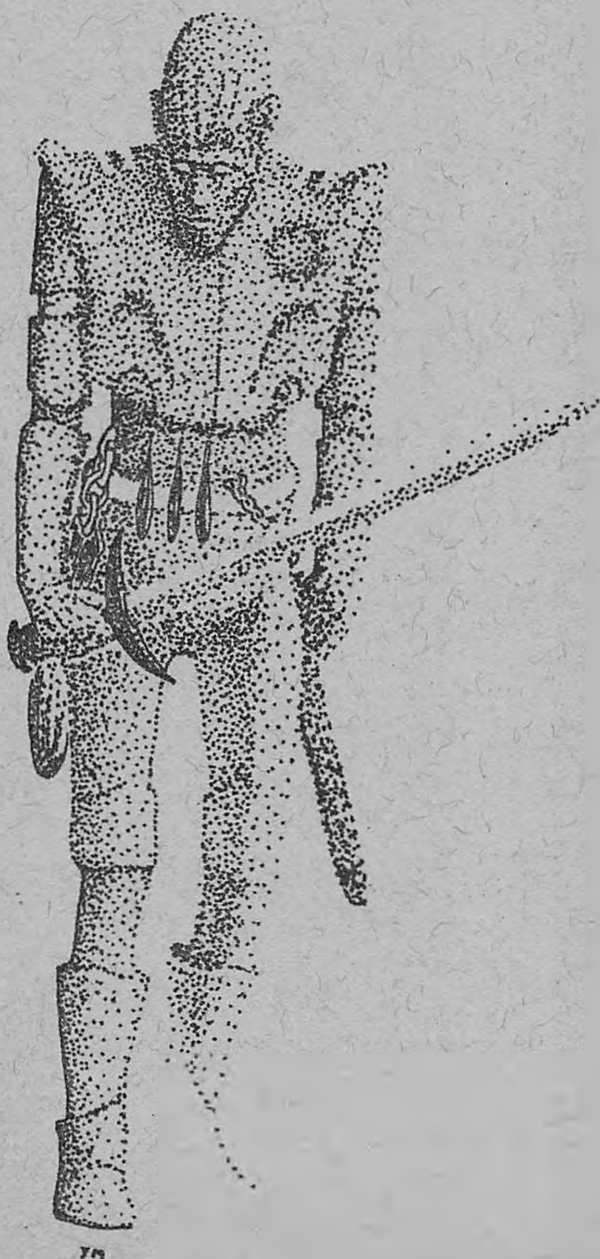
So!--from this non-emotional, oh-so-objective book, I have chosen his definition to fit those who run the patronage society--the Patronage Pig.

I believe you will agree that patronage is an operating social wheel, particularly in organized social relations, which has long been neglected by those who search for corrupting causes.

The most simple, most frequent, most easily observed patronage system lies inherent in our political system. It's probably not possible to say that other political systems don't have it, but we aren't discussing other systems presently.

A politician runs for office. He may or may not make promises which are possible to keep. No matter. The important thing is that when he gets into power, he now has exactly that--a certain quantity of power.

In some hands, a knife means power. Or a gun, or even LSD. In the hands of the politician, position, contacts, knowledge, pre-knowledge, communications and its control, promises kept or broken, even the eventual surrounding by sycophants, means power. Everything mentioned can be converted to money, prestige or good will, which eventually means money or prestige, and which leads to money or more power.



Example: State laws are passed which prohibit political officials from abolishing civil service jobs after change of party rule.

It is quite easy in some states for the patronage system to pass new laws which temporarily abolish the anti-patronage laws, restoring them after musical chairs.

Example: A state board of education is constitutionally independent from a governor's office. Yet, the only way jobs can be gained, county by county, is through the proper political official tied to the governor--not necessarily the college president or superintendent of schools--in each county.

It is often surprising to learn the nature of the background and geographical locations of those who control the county patronage job plums.

Example: A Science Fiction anthologist accepts an advance in trust for his writers. With a grandstanding flourish he presents \$100 to SFWA. He refuses to pay the writers until after publication, although contracts have been signed and the mss accepted. Isn't a publisher's advance a fiduciary trust? or shouldn't it be?

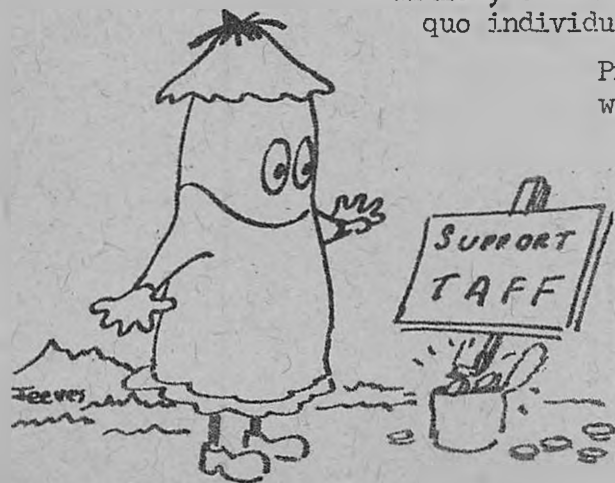
Example: A professional organization gets inquiries which lead to jobs, contracts, prestige. The rank and file never learn of these contracts because officers have determined "for the good of the organization" who is best qualified, and has made the contracts already.

Example: All union jobs in a particular corporation can be filled only by those blessed by certain officers.

A patronage system has the characteristic of in-breeding, where cliques cluster for self-protection under the umbrella of the strongest pig in the pack. Sometimes, however, they will push a weak pig forward while they grunt and squeal and chew on the tail and otherwise signal from behind.

A patronage system is often characterized by nepotism.

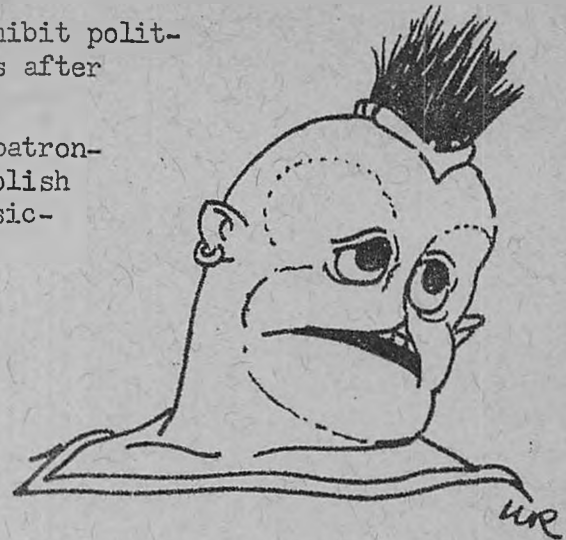
Servants within the patronage system seem to be weak-willed, often ineffectual, most often non-creative, status-quo individuals.



Pre-knowledge is used to benefit only those within the system. Knowledge is kept secret, despite Supreme Court rulings to the contrary, and used to benefit or to protect only those who are part of the patronage.

Example: A college president who was selected by the governor three years before the job vacancy and before the selection board convened.

Example: A governor and insurance commissioner who buy property a year before the highway goes through it.





Given choice between loyalty, intelligence or creativity, loyalty is appraised by far the highest. Stumbling, bumbling ignorance can be tolerated. Drawing of salary for no work can be tolerated. Lack of the least show of disloyalty can not be tolerated under any circumstances at any time.

A patronage system acts much like an organic entity, obeying many of the same rules: Prick it, watch it react!--blindly, unthinkingly. As though genes had already determined its predisposition toward others, the patronage system' cannot change attitudes or policies rapidly or easily.

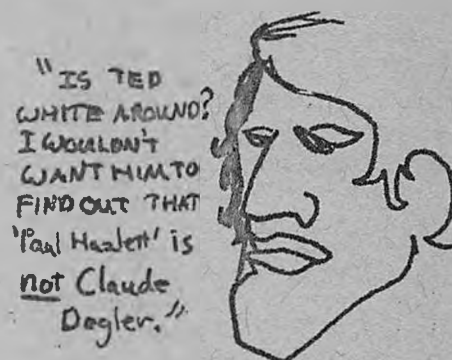
The patronage system breeds people who are incapable of being forthright. Truth is suspect. Integrity is a guise for tricky behavior behind the scenes. All good politicians learn hypocrisy, especially if they are to survive, term by term. Tell the truth about taxes and costs? Not on your career!

They are authoritative, much like Paul Hazlett; but most often explain authoritatively everything about anything as though they were, in fact, the big Authority in the sky, or elsewhere. They get nervous when their pet beliefs are challenged; their minds are skilled at rationalizations, really substitutes for truth, causes and effects, and God. The patronage pig is equally skilled at logic-tight compartmentalization, seldom, almost never, recognizing that their single paragraph contains conflicts.

Example: Statistics are unimportant for deserving Nebulas or Hugos. Nebulas and Hugos represent the best science fiction of the year. Anyway, everybody who writes will get one sooner or later because in winning them, everybody takes turns.

This does not deprecate the winner. It merely describes a foolish system described by a foolish describer!

Example: Although there is now four and a half million unemployment in the United States, and confidence in the economy has been shattered, we are not really in bad shape, and things will improve if we only let them continue on as they are going.



Hypocrisy has survival value in the real world of humans, though we all pretend to hate it. It doesn't necessarily take a Dean and Gerda Koontz type pig to fill the narrow slots of a patronage system. To survive long in such a slot one must become a Pig.

But is hypocrisy as a label of internal psychological and external psychological behavior patterns really meaningful, whether or not we apply it exclusively to Patronage Pigs?

I think not!

Real humans have many motives. The more sensitive they are to their own internal impulses, and responses to environmental stimuli, the more objectives they discern. "Why do you want this job?" asked on an employment blank is a stupid question when the answering space is small, as they usually are. Money? Opportunity? Get away from another job? Temporary gap while you search elsewhere? Maybe all these are correct and more.

But the word hypocrisy usually assumes a black or not black duality. Either one's behavior is consistent with one's thoughts or it is not. The Patronage Pig

is a hypocrite in the tightest sense of the word. Words and behavior must be assumed to be thoughts, and thoughts must be subservient to patronage policies at all times. Any deviation from that rule, and disloyalty or hypocrisy is suspected.

While using the multi-motified veil of rationalization, for self, the Patronage Pig insists on defining a black or not-black world for others. This, in effect, well fits the primitive definition of hypocrite.

Almost every organization formed by man is, to some extent, a patronage system. I seriously wonder if any other kind can be conceived.

Not the hippie commune!

To knuckle under to the simple unspoken agreements among one's peers is the beginning of a patronage system; and I seriously doubt that any individual who seeks belongingness, the sharing of love and pains, "freedom" and security has paradoxically given up the very handles by which the patronage system links one another.

All human organizations are patronage systems.

SFWA is an organization for professional writers. "Professional" is defined as one who has published so many stories in such and such a period. One story--a small one--qualifies the writer.

SFWA is proud of its growing membership list.

SFWA is a patronage system.

Organized fandom is a patronage system.

Whether or not all officers of all organizations are Pigs, too, is doubtful and a totally different question which I absolutely, positively refuse to answer in BeABohema.

Conversely, inhuman organizations are not necessarily patronage systems, but who wants computers and BEMs running things?

If we could but convince everybody to think fine, positive thoughts, to behave decently, ethically, at all times, to live by the golden rule, we'd also have an inhuman society. Either that, or one described by George Orwell in his 1984.

The Pig, in a patronage system, is the man who defines unethical man thusly: An unethical man is one who refuses to fight in my yard with my choice of weapons.

The publishing field is filled with patronage pigs. It is also filled with some very fine humans.

I also absolutely, positively refuse to discriminate between the two in BeABohema, even if I could.

The patronage system, and Patronage Pig, is found virtually everywhere in society. I nominate it, and him (or her) respectively, as the primary source of all our social ills. Unfortunately, like so many others, I also can't define a better way.

Can you?

--Paul Hazlett



# Tracking Station

With the release of his film, Satyricon, Federico Fellini at once joins the ranks of science fiction filmmakers and surpasses them all. In his jeweled and ring-fingered, bell-toed dream--and that is what this piece of cinematic enchantment really is, make no mistake about it--he has blended reality and fantasy and created fine science fiction. He said, "Satyricon should have the enigmatic transparency, the indecipherable clarity of dreams." It has this quality--this quality that also characterizes science fiction whether it be about Buck Rogers or Michael Valentine Smith.

Al Snider in CROSSROADS (#8), in his article entitled "A Brief Summary," concludes, "SF enthusiasts were always the dreamers, but now the time has come for the dreamer to wake and see himself. There's a brand new cosmos waiting to be explored." Right on.

Fellini has gone back to Petronius' Satyricon for his source material and taken parts and pieces and transformed them into a dreamwork. But in so doing, he, the dreamer, remains awake--aware of himself and of the world that the dream mirrors. It is not merely the Roman world of Petronius. It is the world of alltime, the world of allofus. And if it seems dreamlike, let's remind ourselves again that dreams are but a blend of reality and fantasy. Recognizable events, impossible happenings. A dream. Science fiction, so to speak and if you will.

Satyricon tells the story (ostensibly) of two students--Encolpius and Asciltus --as they wander about their Roman world. Events happen to them, they cause events to happen. They move through gaudy bordellos, in and out of the arms of the boy Gitone, through feats and feasts and battles. It is all surreal. We see the diseased and crippled flock to the cave where the Hermaphrodite lies in feverish half-slumber. We watch with Encolpius and Asciltus as the helf-boy, half-girl is raised up by the two withered old men attending him. We mark his tiny penis and girlish rosebud breasts. We conceive with Encolpius and Asciltus the idea of stealing the Hermaphrodite. For ransom? Perhaps. The theft occurs and the alabaster, pink-eyed child dies in a desert without water, without hope.

And now, where?

Fellini cuts sharply throughout the film. There is hardly a tracking shot.



LEO P.  
KELLEY

We are now in Rome, now in Africa where Encolpius finds himself a pawn in a Minotaur game. He is thrust into a valley and goes seeking through a labyrinth for the Minotaur. Finds him--a giant young man with a bull's horned head over his own. Fleeing, falling--Encolpius pleads, "There should be a gladiator here, not I, who am a student. Don't vent your rage on me, spare me! I don't know why they played this trick on me; I don't know how to use a sword as one needs to use it here. I'm not a Theseus worthy of you. Dear Minotaur, I will love you if you will let me off with my life. Have pity on Encolpius! You know me, don't you? If you know me, forgive my perplexity."

A dream, a nightmare--confusing, disorienting, a what-am-I-doing-here-drama. Who among us has not been perplexed to find ourselves all too often confronting strange Minotaurs with no preparation and no useful weapon? Which of us has not been as sorely tricked as was Encolpius for reasons we cannot clearly comprehend? And which of us would not offer, as did he, love for a little understanding, for just one more day beneath the stars, waiting for another sunrise?

Fellini, dreaming. While wide awake.

The film is phantasmagoria. Characters appear, participate in what there is of plot, disappear, reappear, vanish for good. People are killed senselessly. Buildings fall on great-eyed frothing horses. Whores fidget and fawn. Emperors are slaughtered. Fingers pluck at roasted pig flesh and greasy lips touch the rims of rich goblets. A witch tricks a wizard and is terribly tricked in return. People suicide. A dead man is eaten by his friends.

Life. Death. Here today, gone tomorrow. Nobody's eye is on the sparrow or, if it is, the sparrow still fails. Che sera, sera. Life. Death. Dreams. A fine science fiction movie.

There are images in the film that would do credit to the best science fiction writer. The ship on which Encolpius and Asciltus are enslaved is a space ship. It is like no known Terran ship. It is a ship to set Neptune marveling.

But it's not merely a matter of hardware. Encolpius' encounter with the Minotaur is a scene all science fiction fans would recognize and relate to. Encolpius might be the first man on Mars and the Minotaur his Martian nemesis. Said Dario Zanelli, speaking of *Satyricon*, "It's a film about Martians, a science fiction film." He didn't mean the statement to be taken literally, of course. He meant that Encolpius, Asciltus, the witch Enotea, the Garden of Delights, the peeling fresco of the debauched Trimalchio's face, the Minotaur--these are the strangers and the strangenesses that





are the very fabric of which science fiction is woven. Rome here is the loom, Fellini the enchanted weaver of a story about another planet.

Satyricon comes as no great surprise to anyone who has paid even minimal attention to Fellini's dreamward progress. Think back to Variety Lights. Remember the shabby band of vaudevillians wending their dislocated way about the Italian countryside--presenting dreams however well-rehearsed. And La Strada--that eloquent statement of what it is like to be an alien. Who could not but weep for Gelsomina as she wandered with Zampano to whom she had been sold (like her sister earlier) by a needy mother and who, in her ingenuousness, seeks to relate, to belong to someone. She asks the circus strong man, Zampano, as they prepare to sleep in the convent that has given them shelter for a night, "Would you care if I died?" While Zampano stares through the bars at the gold crucifix and calculates its worth in lire.

Or Cabiria, another sad alien on this dark planet, who lets herself at last love only to discover that the one she loved wants only her money which is more merchandisable than her heart and certainly more negotiable than her soul. As Cabiria leaves the forest (light and shadow, a dreamscape) where the final confrontation took place between her and her lover, she is weeping, shattered. She moves unwittingly among a throng of happy people coming from a picnic. Music all around. Dancing. Laughter. A woman to Cabiria, "Buona sera, signora." Good evening, madam. Good? What can Cabiria do? She smiles faintly and moves on again amidst the confusion, the light and shadow, that is life.

Fellini's work is full of science fiction themes and images and never mind the squares who would call us all crazy for so saying.

At the end of 8½, all the people the male lead has known come gliding back at the climax to join hands and circle him--as they move about a circus ring. Ah, that circus is one of the keys to understanding Fellini! That dream of life! Juliet of the Spirits returns in memory to her childhood and a circus dream where men prance like ponies and images are larger than life and where Grandfather runs off with a voluptuous bareback rider. What is more fantastic than men who prance like ponies?

Satyricon. The Planet Earth as seen through alien eyes. Shocking. Silly. Erotic. A circus of a definite sort where dreams dominate and nothing makes sense.

See Satyricon--a speculative celebration, a fine science fiction movie.

--Leo P. Kelley



# TURNIP COUNTRY

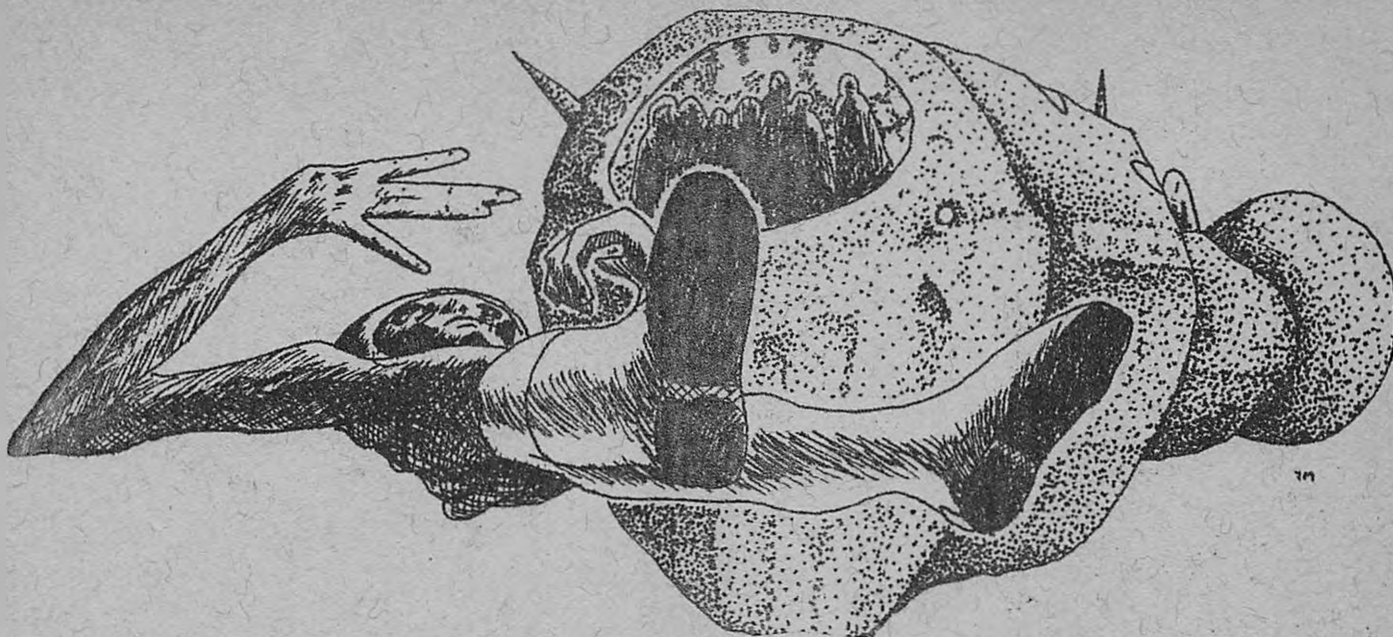
The Beast that Shouted Love at the Heart of the World, by Harlan Ellison, Avon  
V2300, 75¢

As a person, Harlan Ellison is a unique phenomenon, and some critics, I think, permit their personal opinion of the man to interfere with their judgment in evaluating his work. Whether this has, on the whole, led to generally more favorable or generally less favorable critical comment is difficult to determine, for different people seem to have equally strong reactions to Harlan-the-phenomenon both ways. It is a regrettable tendency, in any event, for Harlan is an important enough writer that his work deserves truly objective literary consideration; and, really, he is a lot less complex and a lot more easily definable as a writer of stories than as a phenomenon. He is an accomplished professional, frequently dealing in dark themes, whose writing rarely possesses beauty and certainly never poetry, but often achieves great power and a kind of tragic sensitivity. When he is good, he is very good indeed, sometimes crossing the threshold into brilliance. When he is bad, he is bad in a very particular manner, encrusting empty stories in slickly competent prose in an effort to counterfeit substance.

The Beast that Shouted Love at the Heart of the World, a collection of fifteen stories published during the past thirteen years, certainly exemplifies both extremes.

Two of the losers have the excuse of having been reprinted from mid-1950's AMAZING STORIES, but that isn't really that much of an excuse, because the selections in question, "Are You Listening?" and "S.R.O.", aren't demonstrably inferior to several of the more contemporary third-rate stories in this volume. And besides, Ellison turned out some excellent work during that period, too, as is evidenced by another of this collection's stories. "S.R.O." is particularly egregious.





because it is one of those dreadful build-up-and-punch-line stories that was so typical of the lesser prozines during the 1950's. "White on White" is likewise a piece of one-punch piffle, but has the merit of being blessedly short, almost a vignette. "Try a Dull Knife" has no outstanding fault other than being minor, and "Santa Claus vs. S.P.I.D.E.R." is frivolous, as the title suggests--funny in spots, but basically overdone.

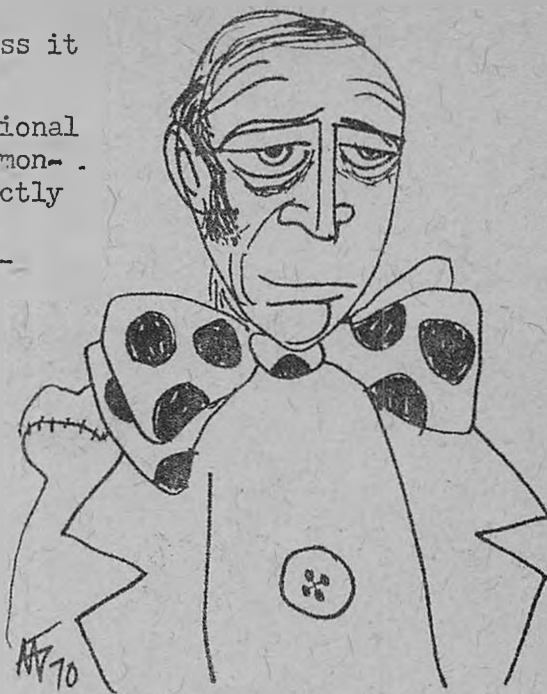
Having disposed of the kipple that does little other than take up space and prevent this from being one of the better collections of recent years, there remain ten extremely worthwhile stories. One of them, "Run for the Stars," appeared in SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES in 1957, and while stylistically and structurally in the conventions of the day, it is an unusually adept handling of a "space opera" idea. The title story seems well on the way to becoming (deservedly) a "New Wave" classic; it is superb, though outshone in this collection by an even more widely discussed story, "A Boy and His Dog." This appalling but brilliant novelette may be the finest story Harlan Ellison has ever written. There have been countless SF tales concerning the brutality of post-Atomigeddon society, but few approaching this story's level of effectiveness. It alone, in this its first American publication, would be worth the price of the collection.

"Shattered Like a Glass Goblin" is a story that this reviewer did not care for at first reading (see my review of Orbit 4 in BeABohema #7). Re-reading it, however, I discovered that there was more to it than I'd realized the first time. I'm still not certain that I altogether understand it, but there is some damned effective writing there. This is also true of "The Place With No Name." "The Pitll Pawob Division" is a little gem that, had the author carried it to greater length, would have counted among the volume's less worthwhile selections; but considering that it is less than three pages long, one can hardly fault its lack of substance.

REVIEWS

and it is impossible not to admire the effectiveness it achieves in that limited space.

"Worlds to Kill" is about the most conventional SF story this author has produced recently, and demonstrates the depth of Ellison's talent: he is perfectly capable of turning to the Heinlein-Anderson-Clarke vein and writing that kind of SF as well as just about anybody. "Phoenix," a piece of powerful writing with a surprise at the end that seemed predictable enough in retrospect but was not predicted by this reader, is also in the traditionalist SF pattern, as is, to a lesser extent, "Along the Scenic Route," a grim, totally engaging story that offers a nasty little picture of institutionalized highway slaughter of the future. Last, but not least, there is "Asleep: With Still Hands," in which the hero is a man who succeeds in his effort to make war possible once again for humanity after six centuries of perfect peace.



The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World is a worthwhile addition to every fan's library. The winners outnumber the losers two-to-one, and that's a better ratio than you'll find in many collections and anthologies.

--Ted Pauls

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Mankind Under The Leash by Thomas M. Disch, Ace Double G-597, 50¢ (with Planet of Exile by Ursula K. LeGuin)

This is a paperback that I picked up from Harriet Kolchak's freebie library because I wanted the LeGuin novel. Finally, about six weeks after acquiring it, I got around to reading the Disch half. My expectations were sufficiently low that I was able to exclaim in quite pleasant surprise upon finishing it, "Hey, that wasn't bad!" Mankind Under The Leash is hardly going to be remembered in years to come as one of the triumphs of Tom Disch's career. But it isn't bad.

The story takes place several generations after the invasion of Earth (in 1970, incidentally) by alien beings of pure energy who are so immensely powerful and invulnerable that all human resistance is contemptuously snuffed out. They have no interest in conquest in the usual sense; drawn to this planet by the stimulating (to them) properties of the Van Allen Belt, they concern themselves with ruling mankind only as an afterthought. Their attitude toward Homo sapiens is precisely the same as modern man's toward his house pets. The Masters, as they are called, domesticate and breed people. The bulk of humanity adjusts to this state of indignity rapidly and with little difficulty, except for a few rebels whom the tame humans call Dingoes, and indeed the hero-narrator of this tale, telling the story after humanity's liberation, looks back with nostalgia and yearning on his contented childhood as a pet. The liberation comes about through an atmospheric disturbance which temporarily causes the Masters to cease to function and the subsequent discovery by the rebels that the telepathic beings can be driven away by concentrated thoughts of ugliness, brutality, etc.



In the hands of most of the Ace Double stable of writers, this plot would doubtless be turned into a conventional second-rate novel. Disch has produced, at any rate, an interesting one. It is uneven, inconsistent; sometimes, when the author is paying attention to what he is doing, it reaches heights bordering on excellence, but then there are other times when Disch is obviously drifting for as much as a chapter at a time. The novel seems unable to decide whether it is straight SF, farce or social comment (the more mature Disch of today might succeed in making it all three, but Mankind Under The Leash was begun five years ago). Characterization is generally good, but begins to verge on caricature in the section that is virtually a reworking of Gogol's "The Inspector-General" (and acknowledged as such). The writing is quite good, the pacing notably inferior.

Both Mankind Under The Leash and the attached LeGuin novel are quite good enough to make it worthwhile for any readers who has missed them to hunt up this Double in the used book stores. It is only unfortunate that Disch didn't save this novel to write it today, when his evolved and evolving talent would have made of it, I'm sure, a rather spectacular Ace Special rather than a little known Ace Double.

--Ted Pauls

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Astrosex by George Shaw, Midwood Books, \$1.25

Well, Frank has given me my turn to join in the fun of reviewing SF-pornography. Seems to be the current thing to do and I certainly wouldn't want to miss out.

My trouble is, I have no difficulty in my own mind in distinguishing between pornography and literature; it seems so obvious to me that I can't go into long questioning of a work I immediately find to be pornography with the purpose of finding degrees of quality and/or purposeless eroticism. There aren't really many borderline cases, if the book's controlling forces are considered and not isolated scenes. (That is, I don't subscribe to Auden's definition of pornography as anything which may produce an erection.) If a sex scene were cut in after every chapter of Moby Dick some people might consider the title and remove it from a library shelf, but it would still be easy to see that the book was not pornography, just riddled with useless excrescences. The rest of the book would not be dependent on these scenes and would be seen to have real purposes beyond that of stimulating the reader sexually. Of course, there is a large amount of writing which would probably benefit by the addition of sex since it has no worthwhile motivation in the first place. Gratuitous (I got that from the movie-rating guys) sex plus hack writing (in the sense that Edgar Rice Burroughs and Howard and Fleming and E.E. Smith were hacks) equals pornography, for formula pornography means subordination of all elements to sex. Good writing has no relation to sex--it may or may not be a part of the particular concerns--because of its very nature. As Geis has said, to try and do Good Writing within the strictures of formula pornography is futile, because, I would say, such an attempt is nearly a contradiction in terms.

All of which has absolutely nothing to do with Astrosex, which is pornography from start to finish. Astrosex is a part of what Geis sees as an honorable genre distinct from the concerns of Literature and Art--I don't see it as honorable or dishonorable, until Spiro goes after "smut peddlers corrupting our nation" at which point it becomes a cause--and deserves no villification except for the fact that its publisher, Michael Lauletta of Midwood, is trying to pawn it off as "an adult science fiction novel of the highest quality." He gives (in a letter to your editor) a sprinkling of his brilliant literary philosophy, using the word



"adult" several times as a euphemism for "erotic."

The cleverness of the book is in its use of SF to pack in more and better sex scenes than could be justified logically in a contemporary setting. This appears to be the real appeal of SF for the porno publishers and writers (in spite of what we hear about Stine and Farmer being given such opportunities at Essex; from a reader's viewpoint it is hard to understand how these writers could ever be kept out of a market that makes millionaires of Susann, Robbins, et al. And what about Grove Press?--all naive speculation by an outsider). The plot concerns a secret agent for the Federation who has to cure a personal emotional hangup before he can continue doing battle with the Conspiracy (as you might guess, the background is less than brilliantly conceived, nor does it take up more than a few pages of the book), so he goes to a pleasure planet (wouldn't you?) to get fixed up. So he fucks around for almost two hundred pages trying to experience real love or something like that, eventually meeting the number one pleasure woman of the place, which is, I forgot to tell you, a secret Conspiracy base for handy espionage. In a brilliant denouement she makes love to the agent without getting him to love and kills herself for failing and it turns out he's a robot, it's all been a clever Federation trick and the Conspiracy is doomed. The denouement comes, by the way, on page 196, so it doesn't take up any space better used for other descriptions.

One thing that kind of tickled me was the "report" on the last page explaining it all, telling how the Conspiracy's "plan to undermine morals of Federation people" was now destroyed. Like, the book ultimately has redeeming social value because it's all a bad example, or some such reasoning.

Midwood does produce here a technically better product than most pornography I've seen, where spelling and grammatical mistakes came a dozen or more to the page. The writing is strictly hack but readable, and I can't help thinking how the care given to Astrosex at the typesetter's was more than that given to the Powell 1969 edition of Ellison's Memos from Purgatory.

--Gabe Eisenstein

The Stainless Steel Rat by Harry Harrison, Walker, \$4.95

The typographic logic created the outsider, the alienated man, as the type of integral, that is, intuitive and irrational, man.

--McLuhan

"It is a proud and lonely thing to be a stainless steel rat," says Jim DiGriz, who is, according to Walker's jacket (and I have no reason to doubt them), SF's first "anti-hero." And "the first genuinely picaresque contribution to the genre" is what Harrison supposedly has written. Now if Harrison is picaresque I may be just plain picky in first attacking not his handling of the story but his whole premise, but if the book is presented as good SF and not just space opera with a James Bond twist, it must be examined from the probability of its speculation, the validity of extrapolation, which is the basis of SF.



The point is, then, that the picaresque novel as developed by Cervantes was a genuine reaction to a social phenomenon of his age. Literature has, ever since Cervantes, been filled with char-

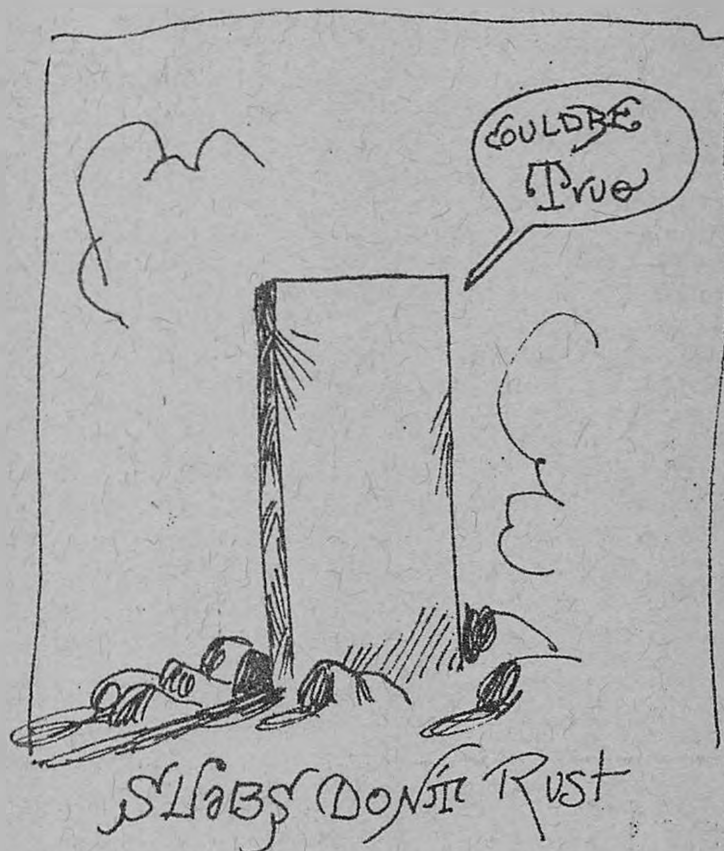


acters who look at society from the outside. This is the natural reaction to a society which processes its members both uniformly and at the same time individually and rationally. This was quite appropriate for Don Quixote up through Dumas' characters and the first great American character, Huckleberry Finn. It is even valid, although questionable from a strict point of view, in this century. But in The Stainless Steel Rat we are in some remote future which has certainly become a Galactic Village (that is, in fact, about all the information sketched out). Rules are obeyed by all but the tiny minority which DiGriz represents, and life is, in DiGriz's eyes, very dull. For the use of the outsider by Harrison--the picaresque contribution--as a means of commenting on the future he constructs to be valid, we must assume a society which is, in a manner of speaking, the Industrial Revolution carried to the end of the universe: mechanical, rational, center-oriented, concerned with the job and the uniformly individualized existence. In the light of McLuhan and all else that is holy, Harrison is already half a century behind the times in trying to pawn this off on us. To put it simply, his story is, in spite of its rockets and other trappings, an old fashioned spy story.

Taken on this lesser level, The Stainless Steel Rat isn't a bad story. The hero (excuse me, anti-hero) starts out as one of the few professional criminals in the universe but is soon caught. He is then made into one of the few police agents left in the universe (all of whom were once criminals) and given an assignment, which he completes, except that he lets the mastermind genius escape, and falls in love with her. He is told not to pursue her, but quits the new job and does anyway, not sure if he will arrest her or join her in crime. Along the way are some changes of face and body and some other twists which keep it interesting.

Harrison's strongest point in this novel is his excellent use of the first person to illuminate his character and story without stating facts explicitly. This is most obvious during a chapter wherein DiGriz is acting and thinking under the influence of a drug, but continues elsewhere, through DiGriz's infatuation with Angelina, which DiGriz isn't sure of himself, but is made more important to the reader than DiGriz himself.

--Gabe Eisenstein



The Moon People by Stanton A. Coblentz, Belmont B75-2024, 75¢

Why does Frank Lunney hate me?, I wondered halfway through the first page of this

novel.

As far as I know, I've never stolen his girlfriend, taken the name of his mimeograph in vain, or run amuck among his sisters with an axe. Yet he must, for some reason, hate me with a consuming passion, else he wouldn't send me books like this to read and review.

I winced when I first set eyes upon The Moon People. The title. The cover. The author's name. The blurb. All screamed, "Crud!" in a loud and unmistakeable voice. That failed to adequately prepare me, however, for how pathetically bad the novel really was. It staggers the imagination.

Two people, Sam and Joyce Cranshaw, are descending toward the surface of the dark side of the Moon, approaching a mysterious cloudy patch. Sam's first words are "I'll be blasted if I can puzzle it out!" (he groaned), to which his wife replies "Seems crazy, doesn't it, dear?" ("sighed his bride of three weeks"). Clouds aren't supposed to exist on the airless satellite, of course. "All we've been taught can go to blazes!" Sam "fume", continuing his exercise in shocking language. The cloud is indeed worrisome ("But are you sure, dear, it's really a cloud?"); even more worrisome, the previous exploratory team, Jack Weston and Bert McBryce (nobody outside of Hollywood could possibly be named Bert McBryce...), disappeared after sending (are you ready for this?) a radiogram from the dark side.

Joyce, who obviously has the only brains in the story, pleas with her husband to stay clear of "that horrible cloudy patch". "Nonsense!" he "snaps" (Sam never says anything--he snaps, fumes, groans, cries, rages, gasps, mutters, growls or makes obscene sucking noises). "I'll never live in peace till I know what that cloud really is!"

They promptly lose control of the ship and begin to plummet toward the horrible cloudy patch. Sam wrestles with the emergency clutch (yes, dammit, the emergency clutch!), but that doesn't do any good. Dialogue: "God help us, it's a nose dive!" "Everything's gone haywire!" "Those instruments are crazier than loons!" "Hold 'er, there!" The ship settles to something of a crash landing in the horrible cloudy patch, and after determining that each is in reasonably good shape ("Joyce, dear, you all right?" "Yes, I--I'm all right, darling.") they discover that the spaceship is also in reasonably good shape.

"Bless me, Sam," Joyce exclaims. "Why, it's not so hot any more. And the walls haven't been pierced!"

That was, at about the middle of the fourth page, the point where I began to quietly sob, cover my face with one hand and, with the other, holding The Moon People between two fingers and as far away as possible, as though it were a Kleenex full of cat stools, dropped the book in a handy waste receptacle.

Ordinarily, I take seriously my obligation to read every science fiction book I am given to review, and I have never before written a review of any book without having completed it. I'll make an exception for this abomination. Nothing on Earth could make me read 140 pages of that insipid garbage--not the threat of death, not money, not even if Gale Burnick offered to spend a week with me in the Bahamas if I finished the novel.

If you see The Moon People on the stands, have the decency to stick some other paperback in front of it so nobody else sees it.

Ted Pauls



## Marooned: A Movie Review

Science Fact has caught up with Science Fiction. You hear it all the time. It isn't true for the most part. Fact has yet to even near something like The Left Hand of Darkness. But it has caught up with the simple gadget story typical of ANALOG. Marooned proves that it is now possible to produce a story of technicians solving a spaceflight problem without making it into SF.

The movie is not Science Fiction in the true sense. It is in no way speculative and the storyline is derived from present technology rather than the future. It could happen tomorrow, next Tuesday, or yesterday. It is not written as science fiction but as a kind of non-speculative scientific fiction.

Marooned almost happened with the Apollo 13 mission. The story concerns a spacecraft (Apollo 32, I think. The name is "Ironman 1" but often it is referred to as an Apollo) which fails to make its re-entry due to failure of its retros. So here you have it. A problem has been set up. How the hell do they get them down without doing anything ridiculous like having a little known quack professor rush in at the last moment with his new invention and save the day. No, there are definite rules with this kind of story. No rabbits out of hats. The technological capacity of the scientists is stated ahead of time. No funny business. The story simply tells what they do and how they do it with the knowhow and time that they have. They do it, of course, at the very last minute (for drama), complete with a Russian cosmonaut stepping in (for international relations) but really accomplishing nothing (to make our guys look better).

It's not a very involving film. Part of this is through no fault of the producer. It's a basic rule of all story-telling that in order to make something effective, you have to show it rather than just tell it. A space disaster as depicted in Marooned just isn't very exciting. No thunder, no tossing around, no flying debris. A button is pushed, a little green light goes on, and they tell us the retros didn't fire. Being hard-rock types, the astronauts don't panic. But they don't react either. Something should have come over them, an expression, a muttered curse, something. In 2001 Keir Dullea handled a situation like this beautifully (when he was EVA and Hal wouldn't open the door; if you see the movie again, watch closely at this part), but these guys don't do anything. Again, we are told they are in big trouble. We don't feel it.

Another problem is the photography. (I know it got an Oscar, but without something like the Kubrick masterpiece around, they seem to have given it out lightly.) If I hadn't seen 2001 and the real orbital photos taken by real spacemen, I wouldn't have been bothered at all. It would have been perfectly convincing, just as I'd always imagined it and seen it depicted on prozine covers. But little, subtle things are wrong. The clouds are too dull, they look like faded paintings. Space is far too bright. This is inexcusable. Even back in the Gernsback days they told us about the blackness of space. Wouldn't you be a bit disturbed by blue void? It was no darker (perhaps lighter) than the night sky I saw as I left the theater.

So the movie was a failure, at least for me, for a variety of reasons. Photography, acting, etc. were off. But I don't think that was the primary reason. The real failure was in the attitude, the good old "sense of wonder," something we may not be able to define but are sure aware of when it's missing. And it is, completely and utterly gone. Not a trace. Space travel loses its novelty, its ability to grip you.

Save your two bucks, or whatever it costs around your way. Stay home that night and read a good book.

--Darrell Schweitzer



## CUM BLOATUS

George Ernsberger  
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Ted White's account of the dealings dealings between Doubleday and Avon concerning Thomas M. Disch's Camp Concentration is mistaken and monstrously irresponsible and, it seems to me, utterly irrational into the bargain. Anyway, judgments aside, it's mistaken in every detail (save possibly one) and in general.

I thought--still think--that Disch's anger was at the very least misplaced; (of course he didn't and presumably still doesn't). He got the events wrong and misread motivations wildly; but it was not entirely without cause and I do not claim that I, for one, was entirely blameless of bad judgment. But Disch never had in mind a construct nearly as grotesque as the one White has managed somehow to convince himself of. It makes me quite dizzy to try to imagine what rationale, or motive, or whatever, White could have fantasized for Doubleday (incredibly is the word, all right) turning down a \$6000 offer to take one from me at \$2000. Talk about paranoia!

I don't think that any of this is anybody's business except that of the people involved, but there is one fact I'd like known. I made my bid absolutely blind; I had no information at any stage, from Doubleday or any other source, as to what bids or "no-bids" were being made. For the rest of it, Ted White can believe whatever it suits him to believe.

I guess he will find it pretty startling to learn (especially in view of his



remark to Piers Anthony about selling to me) that I have just contracted with Tom Disch for a collection of science fiction stories.

It occurs to me that during this whole affair, involving profound moral disagreements (along with rather mean business ones) with Tom Disch, causing perhaps irreparable damage to my not intimate but surely friendly relationship with a writer I admire as much as any I know of, and a man I like and respect as well; during this extremely painful business the word disgusting had not occurred to me in connection with it until I saw Ted White's cheap, squalid retailing of rumors as hot, "inside" facts. He doesn't mind telling the world? Is there anything he would mind doing?

\* \* \* \* \*

Paul Hazlett Paul Hazlett consists of four people, plus their correspondence with others. One is a professional PhD Research Psychologist, full time. one is a full-time newspaperman. One is a native of England.

I early gave you permission to claim that Paul Hazlett was Perry Chapdelaine and from what I read in DeABohema, he must be the fourth.

Three of the above have written and published SF stories. One has published several novels, stories and non-fiction books. One has published numerous research papers. One is a member of the SFWA, the other three could care less.

One is currently assigned to writing a hefty biography on a departed, famous political figure. One is collaborating with another person in writing a novel on the thesis that God is really the devil.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dean R. Koontz First: Ted White. It is difficult to take issue with Ted, 4181-E King George Dr. since he has saved two magazines from extinction and proven himself a good man to have around in the magazines Harrisburg, Pa. 17109 these days. But I must take issue:

One: I have been told, by three editors who buy our sex books, that they are among the best in the field. Perhaps Ted is not aware of the field. I think he isn't. The books are not over 40,000 words at all. 35,000. Except for a couple of exceptions, which took us longer to write. Two extra days.

Two: Ted ignores my statement that my wife does most of the work. She does. So two days is not the total writing time.

Three: I disagree that Ted White is a better writer, as he claims for himself. That's his opinion. Mine is mine. I will stack up "Muse" or "Dragon in the Land" against any stories he chooses (sort of a Piers Anthony challenge, but he started the point).

Four: I think Ted has made up his mind that I have begun to write less well, and has therefor stopped reading. If Beastchild, in VENTURE, is not one of the three or four best novellas written this year, I'll let Ted rub a rumpled copy in my face at the first convention we attend next year. I'll match Shambolain, coming from GALAXY, "A Mouse in the Walls of the Global Village," in Harlan's coming extravaganza, and a number of things I'm now doing, against works of comparable length. Ted seems not to realize that I have been writing three years, and that some things I wrote a year and a half ago are seeing print in these last few months. Beastchild is, I think, my final style: crisp, I hope, and rich with background. Hulann is the way I want to make all characters in my books, alien or otherwise: detailed and rich.

Five: Ted seems to infer that the time spent on porn is the same as spent on SF. I would venture to say I spend as many hours writing an sf novel as he, perhaps more. Porn is done in those hours when Ted might go out and paint the sun furniture with Rustoleum.

Anyway, I expect that writing the non-fiction, the porn, the mysteries, will make it possible for me to, from this date onward, do only winners in SF, or what I would consider winners. Whether Ted will think so or not is another story.

JESUS H. CHRIST, White, what is this clustering me with Faith Lincoln and Piers Anthony in a "friendship" group. What is your definition of friendship? AARRGGGGHHHH!!

\* \* \* \* \*

Harry Warner, Jr. "The Inside Story of Why Freud is Dead" is both a good article  
423 Summit Ave. and one that is based on a shaky premise. I haven't seen much  
Hagerstown, Md. criticism of science fiction which concentrates on the Freud-  
21740 ian interpretation which Paul Hazlett considers outdated. Per-  
haps it happens in an occasional piece in one of the little maga-  
zines, and I'm sure that some of the people generally listed as New Wavers would  
provide Freudian guidebooks to the unmapped backgrounds of their fiction, if asked  
prettily. But this article might apply with more relevancy to the world of art  
film criticism or even to the most popular theories about why detective and crime  
fiction is popular. There is also the point that some Freudian interpreting is  
justified, even if Freud is largely supplanted, for the simple reason that some  
modern writers deliberately put Freudian symbols into their stories, perhaps fear-  
ing that their superegos and ids are not lively enough to deposit such symbols  
subconsciously without some assistance from the conscious mind. As soon as someone  
tells a pro that a spaceship is a phallic symbol, that's going to provide a tempt-  
ation for the author to use the spaceship deliberately as such, in the hope that  
a reviewer will praise the subtlety of his story and give him a lot of egoboo a-  
bout the dual-level meaning of the yarn.

Al Snider is a trifle too hard on MATHOM and PEGASUS. Isn't there a place  
for fanzines that are published solely for the entertainment the editor finds from  
creating something, not from any intention to produce a beautiful booklet that will  
be nominated for Hugo voting? I'm not sure how many copies of MATHOM and PEGASUS  
circulate, or who gets them. But I can think of a lot of excellent fanzines of  
the past and several of the present that don't look too impressive, simply because  
they were intended for a bunch of friends who weren't looking for something or-  
ganized and properly composed. I don't consider OUTWORLDS or TRUMPET overly beau-  
tiful. Their editors obviously enjoy making them look more professional than a  
lot of profit-making publications. But right now I'm wearing an ancient pair of  
slippers with a hole in the toe and crumbling soles. They would never do for walk-  
ing around the block but they're just right for loafing around the house on In-  
dependence Day. I'll put on shoes if I go somewhere. So it can be with fanzines,  
as long as a lot of us find perfection of format an extra added attraction, not an  
essential.

((I, too, find more in the "word"zines than "art"zines, and I'm sure Al  
does too. He doesn't like it, though, when people have other attitudes regarding  
layout than he does. My favorite fanzine, at the moment, is probably EGOBOO. I've  
only noticed that I read it immediately upon plucking it from the mailbox, while  
others may be read over a period of days. I doubt that it's for John Berry; more  
for the people who are drawn into EGOBOO by his presence. Anyone who writes in  
his review column (in AMAZING) that if he thinks a neo"shows no promise at all,"  
he'll "be discouraging," he shows himself for an ass, no matter how honest. I



could tell him to fuck himself if he gave me a few words advising me to get out of fandom, but some neos might actually carry through on his advice. I was on fanzines, though. Layout and impressive production can help a fanzine, but it needs more.))



Ted White doesn't mention the biggest psychological danger in drugs. They distort the user's perception of reality around him. There's no drug known to me that permits an individual to cope with the real world while remaining uninterruptedly and permanently in this state of falsified comprehension. An awful lot of drug users become unable to reconcile the real world with the world they prefer to sense with the help of drugs. So their personalities change: not that they become insane or radicals but some of them alienate friends and family by differences in behavior and others condemn themselves to a permanent low income status and others turn to more dangerous drugs in the hope of finding that permanent world-as-it-should-be. It's exactly the same danger that alcohol creates and because society accepts alcohol and some people are able to drink a lot without serious trouble, we can't take the easy way out and say that drugs should be legal and available to everyone because alcohol is legal.

Marion Breen is one of the very few people who have succeeded in explaining why they like The Left Hand of Darkness. I found it one of the finest science fiction novels of the past ten years or longer but I couldn't think of any specific reasons why I had this reaction. I'm not the kind of reader who likes a book simply because its carefully documented alien world gives my mind something to play around in. The basic theme of Mrs. LeGuin's story isn't completely new, as several fans have pointed out, although it could conceivably be the first important story which makes the sexual nature of the aliens clear almost from the outset, instead of using their nature as a puzzle which the reader must gradually work out or trying to overwhelm the reader with the revelation of their sexual makeup near the climax. The novel treats with exceptional realism how power struggles behave in government circles, but Heinlein's treatment of the same topic has been imitated by many authors so that's hardly the most striking feature. Since I don't agree with Marion's reasons for liking the story, I'm left with nothing to fall back on as a reason for my admiration except perhaps the total competence that infuses every element of the novel. There's nothing in it that comes across as clumsy or glossed-over or phony. Now it will be interesting to see how well it does in award voting. It's very hard for anyone not known personally to fandom and prodom's bulk to win trophies. I hope the merit of the story impels the Hugo and Nebula voters to decide that this year, by golly, I'm not going to vote for good old Joe's novel because he's such a good conversationalist.

No comments on the SFWA squabbles, circulation claims and other matters that are none of my business. But it's hard to refrain from proposing something we've needed for a long time, a companion word for pro in analogy with the way we have faan as a special way to refer to a fan. Faan or faaan was invented by Tucker to suggest the way basing sheep follow the leader. After reading in this BeABohema so many demonstrations of how this and that pro is impressed by the high quality of his latest fiction or the amount of money he's making out of science fiction or his place in prodom's power structure, I wonder if it wouldn't be wise to refer to a pro when behaving like this as a proh. Or prohhh.

Dave Piper  
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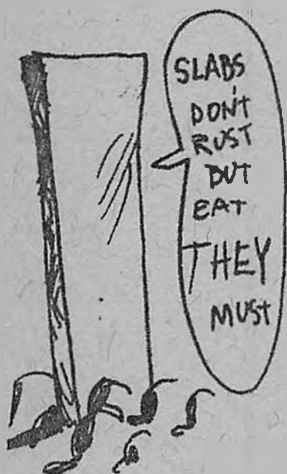
For what it's worth, Frank, here's what I think; you get these geezers together, in one room, face to face (or bum to bum...depends what turns you on!) and none of 'em would say boo to a goose. When I started getting fanzines, some years ago now, I used to think that the fights and feuds were a bit childish. But I've slowly changed me mind. I now think they're a big laugh and very

entertaining. To see people, especially Pros, bleeding in print is a bloody hoot. The point is that however vitriolic and bitter they get, I just can't believe that those involved really take it seriously. If they do, then I reckon it's a little sad. There are a bloody site more important things to worry about in this world than to take a hobby that seriously. After all, the written word is artificial. It can't be honest and must always be open to interpretation due to the physical and time distance between writer and reader. It's all a big game. A con. if you

like. 'Clever with words' is how HORT once described something to me (just a lousy ole name dropper is me!) and that's exactly what it is. When the 'nitty gritty' and 'telling it how it is' phrases start spewing out I know that what's gonna follow will (probably) be entertaining and amusing, 'clevering with words.' ('Course that's what I'm doing now, ain't it???) Tell you what: I think it's sad when, f'rinstance BA and HH tell Geis to stuff SFR because they don't like it's tone and they don't like PAJ's self-promotional bits. This is very sad. I assume (trying to protect me back from a Piers' Pierce) that the stuff he' f'rinstance, writes for you and Dick is bashed out, with tongue-in-cheek, as a form of relaxation between Pro-writing. I dunno how authors work, but if your trade and bent ('scuse me!) is words then for relaxation, you probably stick to words. It's what Piers enjoys doing, I suppose, writing I mean, and I also assume it's what he does best. If this ain't the case: tough shit! We've all got our problems. Soo, for relaxation and some enjoyment,

Piers writes stuff for fanzines, all of which I find fascinating. The self-promotional bit doesn't worry me one little bit...course I'm not in competition with him (as is bleeding obvious from this load of old balls I'm subjecting you to!) Geis' reply to (I think) Bester a few issues back that 'we (the readership) have learnt more about the mechanics and processes (?) of writing and publishing from these fights' is a valid point. We/I have. But I don't take it too seriously. And the accusation that (f'rinstance...again...Gawd! I 'ope 'e never sees this... 'e'll slay me IN PRINT for mentioning his name so much) Piers is self-publicising is so bloody obvious and true that it makes the accusation just a load of sour grapes and Yah! Boo! Sucks! Course it's self-oojah. I imagine that for PAJ to cop a Hugo or Nebula or even an award from the Daughters of the Revolution would, in some way, enhance his chances of selling his work, to publishers initially but, more important, to the public at large. It wouldn't cut much ice with us In The Know of course, we know what a lousy hack he is...Oh No! Help! Aaaaghhh!, but picture a member of mundaneville seeing a book plastered with 'Awarded the Hugo/Nebula/Old Sock as Best Novel of the Year'...it would probably help sales a lot.

((Puff. Yeah, there are a great many people who don't understand that not everyone is serious all of the time. Or even if they do. They just don't know when they're doing something for kicks. So we have, as a result, people refusing to read Piers Anthony's fan writing because it doesn't agree with their temperaments... or Harry Harrison threatening to sue Ted White and a few weeks afterward leaving for Europe.))





Frederic Wertham, M.D. I notice that on p. 17 the theories of Konrad Lorenz are recommended. According to my studies, science fiction and fantasy fiction writers would be greatly misled if they would follow these theories, according to which human violence is an inherited, biological, ineradicable instinct. I have refuted these ideas, as you can see in the marked passages of my book A Sign for Cain:

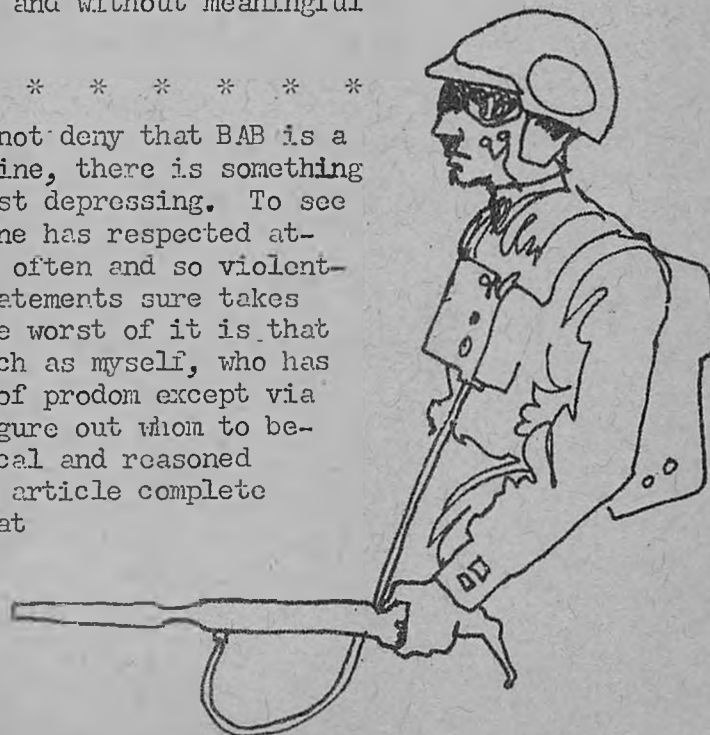
Human beings have a capacity for violence, which is very different from an instinct in any strict sense. A natural inborn instinct is something positive. Sex and desire for food, for instance, are positive biological instincts. Even if we go to the moon or to distant planets, we shall need and have both. Without sex the race would die out; without desire for food the individual would die. But violence is due to negative factors. Without violence humanity would flourish.

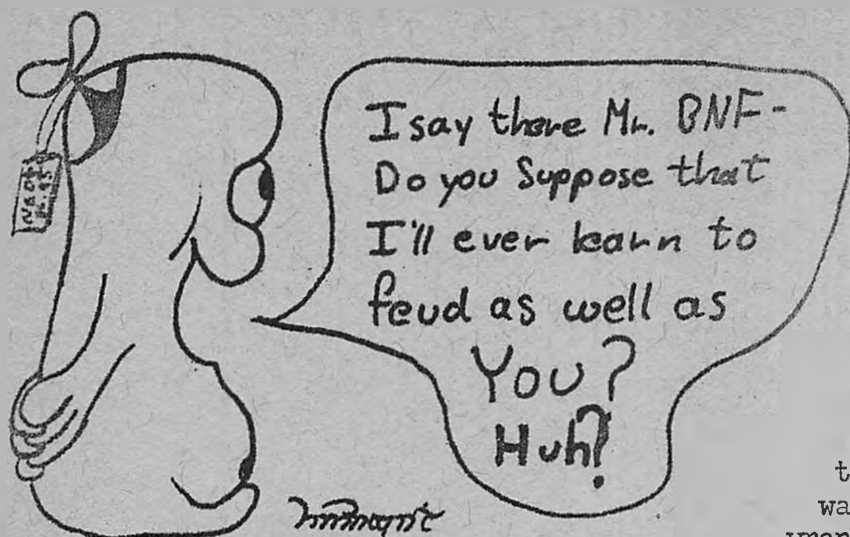
Some students of the instinctive behavior of animals (ethologists) such as Konrad Lorenz have greatly bolstered the claim of an ineradicable instinct of violence in human beings. Whatever value these nature studies and animal observations have, their arbitrary application to human violence is misleading. The claim is made that our whole culture developed as a compensatory consequence in reaction to "our killing imperative." Such neo-Spenglerian ideas in modern garb have gained great influence. They are not only scientifically mistaken and historically unsubstantiated, but are socially harmful and politically reactionary.

It is hard to see what pertinence flatworms, baboons, geese, wolves and "territoriality" have to the very real outbreaks of the violence around us. They represent more than the emergence of an "instinct of aggression." The facile way in which ethologists first interpret animals as if they were humans and then humans as if they were animals reminds one of a member of the Pickwick Club. Compiling a lecture on Chinese metaphysics, he proposed a simple amalgam of the entries under China and those under metaphysics--haphazardly and without meaningful interpretation.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mike Glicksohn While I certainly cannot deny that BAB is a most interesting fanzine, there is something about it that is almost depressing. To see so many people whom one has respected attacking each other so often and so violently with such mutually contradictory statements sure takes the fun out of fandom. And perhaps the worst of it is that it is extremely difficult for a fan such as myself, who has practically no contact with the world of prodom except via fanzines such as BAB, to be able to figure out whom to believe. Ted White presents a most logical and reasoned refutation of "Paul Hazlett"'s previous article complete with figures and facts, or at least what are presented as facts, and I'm more than willing to accept what he says is true because I have some strange faith that whether I agree with Ted or not and whether I find him opinionated and boorish at times





or not, he is basically a very honest man and someone I can trust. However, in this very issue Ted is flatly contradicted by one of the principles and I'm sure your next issue will include further contradictory statements to muddy the picture. So whom can one believe? The current situation with SFWA seems to indicate that at the least "Hazlett" was right about something being wrong with that organization but again, is Ted White a liar or is Harry Harrison one? Whom do we choose

between Ted and Perry Chapdelaine? If the rejection slip Chapdelaine claims to have received is fact, then how can anyone take seriously Ted White's comments on SFWA and the Forum? Someone, somewhere is spreading a hell of a lot of out-and-out lies and while I would really like to know the truth about these various episodes it's becoming a bit too depressing to scramble through the shit that's covering the path. And to the cry that it's none of my damn business I can only say that, while that was initially true, if people insist on airing their dirty linen in public they must expect a few complaints about the stink.

Jeff Smith is asking what has doubtless been the most-asked question in history and I hope he realizes that it must be a rhetorical question, that no-one is going to be able to give him an answer that can only come from within himself. However, without wishing to sound like a fireside psychiatrist, I think it's a fair bet that a certain percentage of fans enter fandom either looking for an answer to that question or because they can't find any answer. Fandom provides a refuge from the problems that beset the so-called "mundane" world, a place where you can be important and wield a certain type of power regardless of your inability to function in the world outside. And this is why there are fans to whom fandom is everything: outside of fandom they practically don't exist. And who's to say whether they have copped out or found a solution? At least they have a purpose in life however distorted it might seem to an outsider.

This all ties in with David Gerrold's remarks on the worth of fandom. I totally agree that when confronted with the many serious problems facing us today, the petty differences that are so prominent in fandom are worthless and I can quite understand fans and pros getting sick of the whole thing. But surely there is more to fandom than feuds, insults and in-fighting? Can't a fanzine be a worthwhile thing in itself without provoking violent personal exchanges? Hell, I publish a fanzine that gives me an immense amount of pleasure in its production and stimulates interest and discussion among its readers without resorting to deliberately provoking attacks on personalities. I share Bill Bowers' opinion and like to think, corny as it may sound, that I have in some small way enriched the world by creating something of worth and beauty while at the same time benefitted a few people by causing intellectual stimulation and perhaps increasing to some small extent the communication that exists between some of the people who live on this much-troubled planet. Is this aspect of fandom not worthy of being preserved? Sure, eliminate the squabbles, the insults, the petty politicking, the power struggles and the needless "ego-boosting" internecine warfare but keep the friend-

ships, the heightened communication and the creativity of fandom. To remove a sliver, there is no need to cut off the whole arm.

\* \* \* \* \*

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You have referred to a rumour anent the establishment of a Science Fiction Writers International in England. As the person mainly involved here, I would like to set out the exact facts as they stand now.

It is true that I have said, and still think, that such an organization would serve a very useful role. Still, no such body exists at this time, nor have any concrete proposals as yet been put forward for getting one off the ground.

However, in September of this year there will come into existence a formal academic Science Fiction Foundation, which will live and move and have its being at the new N.E. London Polytechnic, which itself will start to operate at that time. The name 'Science Fiction Foundation' is provisional, while we check the legal niceties, but I hope it will go forward as that. A number of distinguished names from both sides of the Atlantic have stated their willingness to serve on the Management and Advisory Boards, and it is hoped that in time the Advisory Board will represent writers, critics, etc. from all over the planet.

The formal aims of the Foundation are still under discussion; however, I think it is fair to say that we see it serving as a focal point for the interest of all those in the field, and also for putting the subject across to the general public as it actually is, not as the caricature that generally reaches the media.

Specifically, the Foundation will start by serving as a depository for rare books, mss, bibliography etc; as soon thereafter as possible we hope to move over to teaching courses, special projects, etc. In particular we feel that the Foundation could be of value in promoting some badly-needed research into such matters as sf readership habits, book distribution and the like.

We hope also to have regular national and international conferences. Already the National Book League have offered us the use of their premises for an International SF Book Exhibition and Conference in the spring, and we hope to take advantage of this offer in a way that will involve not only writers, but publishers from all over.

Now then--when the Foundation exists, it is obvious that it could serve if desired by sufficient members of the Board as the basis for either a British or, indeed, an international body of the type you mentioned. I must repeat, though, that at present the whole thing is an idea, no more.

Around September, a formal statement about the Foundation will be sent to all interested parties. Until then, the less said the better. I would not have written this letter but for the fact that you have raised the matter. Rumour is a chancey business, and I felt that the injection of some fact at this stage could be helpful.

\* \* \* \* \*

Robert Moore Williams  
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The assholes who talk from the inside out seem to have found a new and possibly self-appointed spokesman and apologist who must be a source of great satisfaction to them in their battle for minds, as brilliant a farter- orator as these old ears have heard in many a day, a man who will indeed go far in his efforts to convince you that there is nothing here in this chicken coop but us assholes.

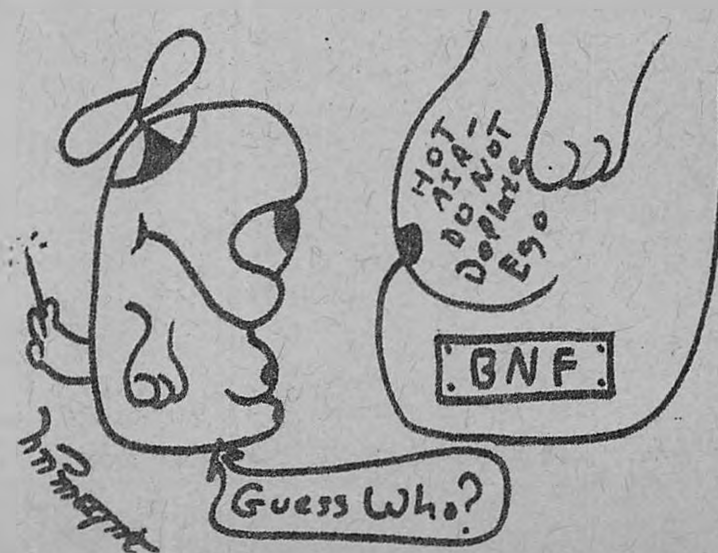


Piers Anthony  
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My working rule of thumb is that all publishers and most editors are bastards. It therefore grieves me to have to come to the defense of one such. Nevertheless, I may be able to shed a little indirect light on the Disch/AVON case, and since I started this particular round--by posing a question in BAB to which I knew the answer--here is my follow-up comment.

In BAB #8 I was indulging in a little more of the self-promotion for which I am justly famous, and remarked that fans might begin to wonder why my novel Macro-scope and Disch's Camp Concentration were not on the Nebula ballot. I knew the answers would come as something of a shock to most fans, and point up one of the major weaknesses of the Nebula awards system. The fact is that the candidates--and in many cases the winners--for Nebula awards owe entirely too much to (a) discussion of a given piece in a Milford Conference and (b) prominence of the author in SFWA politics. I can name names and titles, but I doubt anyone in the know will challenge this statement. That explains why many of the candidates make the ballot. But in this case I was driving at the other end of it: why some that should make it, don't. Why, for example, Silverberg's quality Nightwings had little chance (whether or not it was eligible) while his lesser novel Up The Line did make it. And why Macro-scope, that has now made the Hugo ballot, missed on the Nebula ballot. And, of course, why Camp Concentration, that I still haven't seen but still understand is a logical contender, ((did not make the ballot)).

Well, it was simple on Nightwings and Macro-scope: they were published by Avon. Had they been published by ACE or BERKELY or BALLANTINE they would have stood a much better chance on the Nebula. Why? Because these three publishers distribute their SF novels to the membership of SFWA as they come out, more or less regularly. Thus the members have a chance to read them, and nominate them, and talk about them and in general get something going for any novel that has potential. Within that framework, quality has a fair bargaining power, subject to the other influences mentioned above. I don't object to this; I only wish more publishers participated, even though it is a pain to try to keep up with the multifarious trash that is also distributed. (Of those there, I believe ACE has the best variant: it sends only the SF it really believes in, not its entire output. That may explain why ACE has the best success in the awards.) (Actually, this is oversimplified, but I think is a fair approximation.) AVON, in contrast, has not made such distribution until this past year. It used the ACE system: pick out the best and ship to membership a month or so before the ballot deadline. Unfortunately, AVON is notorious for its slowness in all aspects of paperwork. Editor Ernsberger prepared his package--including both Macro-scope and Nightwings among others--at the proper time, but apparently the clerical dept. delayed a full month before actually shipping out the books. (At least on my package, there was a one-month differential between the date of Ernsberger's cover letter and the post-mark on the package.) Thus few if any SFWA members received the books before the preliminary



ballot deadline, and AVON's entire output was sunk. The only one that made it was Spinrad's Bug Jack Barron--because WALKER had distributed its hardcover edition when published. So you may wonder why I fault SFWA for this. And I reply, because the SFWA officers are familiar with factors like this, yet each year it happens again while no corrective action is taken. Oh, they change the rules about--but that's the extent of it. Change, not correction. I proffer Macroscopic, Nightwings and (but for the grace of WALKER) Bug Jack Barron as examples of what current Nebula balloting procedures eliminate. You be the judge. SFWA is not entirely at fault, but it is allowing its ballot to be degraded by inertia.

Oh, yes, I can suggest a cure. Extend the balloting time, so publishers are not jammed up against the end of the year. And take steps to see that every reasonable contender is distributed--if only by requesting publishers to make distribution by a given date. Most would comply, I think. If the publishers refuse--well, then the novel and author are sunk, and the author would be well advised to change to one of the more cooperative publishers, assuming that the Nebula means anything to him. In this case it was mismanagement--AVON's and SFWA's--that torpedoed several novels, not bad intent.

Now as to Camp Concentration, a special case. As it happens, AVON also published it. (This would have been AVON's banner year, but for circumstance.) I was familiar with the circumstances, and of course knew that Disch had withdrawn his novel from eligibility for the award. (Note to Ted White: you are too quick to assume that others are stupid or ignorant...as perhaps you are beginning to realize now?) I posed the question because it needed answering--but I did not feel free to lay it out in print. My own affairs I can smear all over, if I choose; I hurt no one but myself. But the affairs of other writers--no, I do not have the right. That is, incidentally, one reason that I talk about myself so much. (Mainly, of course, I'm self-centered. But so is Ted White: He gets into more trouble than I do because he fails to draw the line discreetly, and does advertise material that is not properly his to air.) I had hoped Disch himself would answer. Instead, White did--and now has incurred the rebuke of Ernsberger. (I was sent a copy. This is a courtesy some people practice that I appreciate--sending copies of provocative material to the parties most concerned.) I will comment on the actual facts of that case, now, only to this extent: the figures White gave do differ from those I had, but in every case appear to be conservative. And the culprit--by colossal mismanagement--was not AVON but DOUBLEDAY. I suspect, from Ernsberger's letter, that he himself is not conversant with the full story. But as far as I know, none of the parties were guilty of bad faith--just bad judgment. And here is where SFWA should have entered the picture, for this is exactly the kind of communications failure I thought SFWA was formed to alleviate. A word to the right person at the right time could have saved tremendous trouble and anguish. But, alas, SFWA doesn't work that way--as I know to my own cost. That's why I'm leaving SFWA myself.

But this is where my own experience may serve to exonerate AVON. I will not name figures because I know Ernsberger prefers not to discuss such things in fan-zines, but I assure you I, as the first party, do have them. You see, it stands to reason that if AVON were out to screw writers like Disch, it would have no hesitation about screwing writers like Anthony. And though I do have my disagreements with AVON--as I do all publishers--I have not been screwed there. So here is an expurgated account of how I placed Macroscopic at AVON. (Sorry, Ernsberger, if you feel this should be private--but it is my business as well as yours.)

I marketed Macroscopic by simultaneous submission--six copies sent to six American publishers the same date, with a cover letter giving them six weeks to make an offer or be damned. One made an offer; five bounced it. The first bounce was

without even a reading: the novel was too long for them. Now AVON had not been on my original list, because I had understood it was not actively in the market for SF at that time. So I sent the bounced copy on to Ernsberger with a letter explaining the situation and asking whether he cared to look at it in spite of the fact that only about two weeks of the six week deadline remained. A fast way to get told off, as you may imagine. Well, Ernsberger was miffed that I had skipped him the first go-round, especially since he had written to me a year before saying he wanted to see more of my work--but agreed to look at my novel--and to make the original deadline. And he did, basically, phoning me with an offer before he had even had the chance to finish reading the novel.

Fine so far--but I threw a wrench into the works. You see, the other publisher who had made an offer had required that the climax be revised extensively. I feared that Ernsberger might have similar reservations when he got to it. So I asked him to hold his offer in abeyance until he had finished the novel, and if he wished to change his mind then, he could. And I told him what the other offer was. And it happened that it was only about two-thirds as good as his own. So here was his golden opportunity to cut me down--exactly as he is purported to have done to Disch. That is why I insist on telling this now. I don't think we shall ever have a clearer guide to an editor's intentions from a third party. AVON could have bought Macroscopic for considerably less than it first offered, and I would have agreed, and I would not have screamed in the fanzines about it, either--because the integrity of my novel was more important to me than the amount of the advance. All Ernsberger needed to do was tell me he had finished it, and that he didn't like the climax, and would have to reduce his offer. Instead he stuck by his original offer, and did not ask for revision of that scene. (He asked for many other revisions, and they were good ones, and I made them and feel the novel stands improved, however.)

That's the story. So now Ted White asks me how doing business with a publisher like AVON sits with me. Just fine, Ted, just fine. Better than doing business with Sol Cohen, I can tell you. And it is about three times as lucrative--judging by Orn, that I happened to place with both these publishers. I have now taken an American agent, so my marketing is out of my hands; but other things being equal, AVON will be the first publisher to see my best work henceforth. (But AVON--about your distribution--)

Now a quick run through the rest of the issue. Ted White's article refuting the Hazlett piece on Hugos: an excellent discussion, particularly in regard to clustering. Sure enough, even BAB has its ingroup. And (ahem) I notice that YANDRO remarks that the pros here are mainly second rate, Piers Anthony specifically excluded. Man, that gave me a start, until I came to that part. Suppose Dean Koontz or Ted White had been excluded instead? My sense of humor would be abated considerably! But I suspect that in attempting to discredit the Hazlett piece you have only confirmed its general accuracy. After all, you have suffered from the ills of the award systems too; you Marauder Satellite deserved a place on the ballots in its year and didn't get it. Because it was hardcover and not distributed to SFWA. As an ACE Special it might have been a different story.

Ted White again--you say "Certainly Robert Moore Williams has almost no justification for any of the charges he has leveled..." This is untrue. He has it--when he cares to show it. And I can explain why you remember no insults from me in old YANDROs. It isn't because your personality is generous; it is because I made none. To the best of my memory. The insults started with you in SFR, and though you obviously feel it is paranoic to correct the errors you made in disparaging others--such as me--that does not make it so. I'm satisfied to let the readers compare



my statement on that SFR basis to yours and form their own opinions; are you? As for your denial that you gained any favors through your SFWA participation--OK, you should have the facts. Spell it out for us, please: exactly how did you get your current job at ULTIMATE? I mean, did anyone intercede for you, or did Sol Cohen simply realize that you were his type of man, all by himself? If someone helped grease the track for you, who was it? And why did he bother? Name us the names and let us judge; perhaps you can refute my implications. And on your remarks on my remarks on such as Tucker and Silverberg: your loyalty is touching. Too bad you feel obligated to defend those whose ethical sensitivity is inferior to your own. And you want to know when I joined SFWA: when it started. Damon didn't list me as a charter member, but I sent in my dues before some who were listed. Robert Margroff was one such charter member, I believe, and I don't think he'll object to confirming my remark. And you say I was profoundly upset when you wouldn't let me into your apartment, way back when. Ted, again you miss the humor and at-

tribute a nonexistent gripe: I have pointed out before that I was brought to your apartment without invitation at something like 3 AM. (I just looked up the dates: my \$3 dues were mailed Feb 4, 1965.

The list of Charter Members is dated Feb 28, 1965. Neither my name nor yours appears on it

Dean Koontz--You say to me "I think you are getting paranoid and projecting the paranoia as well, seeing attacks where there aren't attacks." A fine-sounding statement, but let's see just to whom it properly applies. Your remark was provoked because I said in BAB 8 "James Blish--Aha! You challenge Koontz on that Finnegans Wake apostrophe bit." From this you inferred, despite your knowledge of Blish's gentle nature, that his remarks were "nefarious and vicious." Interesting. Now "challenge," like many words, has a wide range of meanings. When one soldier meets an enemy soldier, a challenge is apt to mean bloodshed. But when a lawyer challenges another it means objecting or taking exception to a statement. There is not necessarily any rancor involved; it is merely a device to establish the rights of the issue. So just how do you see yourself: as an armed soldier meeting the enemy, or as a lawyer questioning a technicality? I intended the word to be understood in the latter sense, as far as it applies. And I expressed my interest in the outcome. Does

that make my reaction nefarious and vicious...or does it suggest something about your own reaction, and your own projection of paranoia? You mention how sick you're getting of this and that--you know, I'm getting sick of people who do exactly what you have done: projecting their hostilities to me. And I do mean you. Come off it, Koontz, and you'll see that I approach these nefarious and vicious struggles with more of a sense of humor than you suspected or evinced yourself. And you can add my name to Deckinger's list of SF writers making a living thereby. There are more of us in the woodwork than the pessimistic experts like to admit.

((Ah ha! I managed to skip a paragraph in all the heat of transferring the titanic struggle to paper. One I didn't mean to skip, that is... It follows:))

Harry Warner: Your response to my comments is apt, and your fannish quarrels do you credit. Now: are you certain that you were the target? But one correction, while you're thinking about that (and you would be wise to think carefully): you mention my writing for pulp magazines whose editors require a violent crisis every eight hundred words. Well, I have now placed my work at 22 different publishers, in America and worldwide, yet I'm not aware of writing for the type you describe. Examples, please. Or perhaps you'd like to read one of my pieces--any one--and judge for yourself whether you have mistaken my intent a second time in succession.

((And back:))

But let's finish with a paranoid fling at some bullshit you charge me with. You say "But Christ, Piers, let's not try to say that because of the cliques the 'out' writers can't sell as easily. That's bullshit of the first order." Did I say that? I don't recall it and I don't see it in glancing over my letter. Will you call out page and line, please. Whatever I said--or you thought I said--this is not something I believe at this writing. I am myself an ardent outgroupier, yet I have sold everything I have written in the past two years. Fannish grouping has precious little to do with commercial sales appeal. So we don't have any argument there. Where we do have an argument is in your implication that I am using this statement you attribute to me to excuse diminished sales on my part that may in fact be due to inadequacies in style, techniques and characterization, etc. Well, let's trot out that word "challenge" again, if you understand the term now. I challenge the validity of your attribution, because I don't think I ever said it; I challenge your assumption that my sales of new fiction peryear (286,700 last year) or, if you wish to add in secondary sales of the same material--British, translation, etc.--about double that (a record 1,180,400 last year); and I challenge your assumption that Dean Koontz has anything to tell Piers Anthony about style, technique, characterization, etc. In fact, it looks as though you have opted for quantity instead of quality, and you never are going to earn much respect that way--not from anyone whose respect you crave. You say you put in a minimum of eight hours a day, six days a week and taught yourself to enjoy it. Hell, man, I used to put in every waking hour not spent in necessary household chores or feeding my face (and I usually typed while eating) in writing, and I never taught myself to enjoy it; I did it because there was nothing I wanted to do more. Then my situation changed abruptly, and I'm surprised that you, alone of all fandom, failed to get the word why. I had a daughter.

So how much time do I actually spend writing? As Ted White points out, quantity of output is only one aspect, and not the primary one to the writer with genuine literary aspirations. And I amend that by saying that time spent in writing is not the only aspect either. I am questing for gold, not brass, and a 16 hour day at the typer is worth less than one hour--if the production is brass. When I find myself turning out wordage with diminished value--and need I add that I'm not defining "value" monetarily--I quit, and I don't resume until the level is where I want it.

But aside from that, time is indeed a critical factor, and I am ubiquitously short of it. So here is your answer--and I dare say you will not appreciate it fully until you face a similar situation. Highly personal:

My marriage has been more successful than my writing, perhaps because I tend to put more into it. Last month we had our 14th anniversary. On the day of our anniversary I woke up at 6:45, fed the dog, fed the three kittens that had been deposited by a stray cat in our car six weeks before, fed mama cat, washed the prior night's dishes, made breakfast, brought our month-old baby downstairs, kept out 33 month-old daughter from mutilating the kittens in an overabundance of affection ...and then it was breakfast time.

You see, in the month of June, 1970, I pretty well ran the household while my wife recovered from abdominal surgery. Fair enough--she was the wage-earner for years while I struggled to make good at writing. So the majority of my time that month went into mundane activities.

After breakfast, anniversary day (I read the newspaper while eating), I picked up my little girl and we went for my monthly haircut--five miles to the \$1 shop. (I'm cheap; I don't like to pay a man \$2.50 or so for ten minutes semi-skilled work.) Then I minded the baby while my wife and daughter went shopping for the tiles to place where our big dog keeps digging around the back doorstep. (We don't like running the risk of breaking an ankle in one of those four-deep holes, some careless moment. You're not supposed to hit a dog, and ours doesn't pay much attention to mild rebukes, so the holes keep appearing...) Then I sweated for half an hour in the 90 degree day to install the tiles. Then washed the breakfast dishes and set up for lunch: leftover potato salad, thank God for making it easy! During lunch I read what I could of BAB #9 that arrived in the mail that day along with a bounced novel-length ms from DEIL (I know, I know--I said I had sold everything I wrote. But some of it bounces several times first, and some is still in the market. This particular piece was written prior to two years ago.)--and I see your query to me, about how much time do I spend writing. Yeah.

Then I put my little girl down for her afternoon nap--a process involving toilet, reading a story, some tickling, some fussing. As she finally nodded off, I wrote 250 words first draft on another novel, pencil. (Title is Neq the Sword, 3rd the in Sos the Rope lowbrow series, if you must know.) I checked on my wife to see whether the baby was giving her trouble--we have what is known as a "colicky" baby, which means hours of screaming, no solution, just about every day--but this time they were both asleep and I was free to type. I had typed one page submission --280 words--of Race Against Time, my juvenile SF novel, in the morning by propping baby on desk beside typer while wife was out of house. Now I did three more pages, for a day's total of about 1100 words. (Without distractions I do 800-1000 words per hour, normally. But I am never without distraction now.) Then the baby fussed, I took over, little girl woke, we brought in the kittens, and a man came to haul the ailing washing machine to the shop. (Yes, I handled the laundry too.) We all packed into the car about 5 PM and went to the local Lafayette radio store to buy an intercom set, so wife could contact me when I'm isolated typing. Thing is, dog, baby, child etc may be sound asleep, but just let an adult try to talk to the other for a moment or move somewhere in the house, and bedlam breaks out. Tested the units out, found they worked erratically. Probably would have to return to store.

Then I fed the animals again. This isn't all that simple, because the dog likes cat food, cats like dog food, child likes both, and all are very jealous of any food. And the stray mama cat insists on zipping inside where we don't want her when the dog comes in, and hisses when balked. And I washed the dishes, opened



a can for supper. Read some more BAB while eating. Then on into the evening routine--animals put away with due struggles, little girl bathed, complicated by her insistence on having a dental disclosing tablet--you know, the pill that makes your mouth all red. On her, morethan the mouth gets stained. Walk outside, story reading, etc. When she goes reluctantly to sleep I take shower (I try to fit one in every week or so; writing is a stinking business). I read five pages of Montgomery's History of Warfare for my continuing research and conked out myself.

So how much time did I spend writing that day? Maybe 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  solid hours. How much on correspondence? None, except for the notes for this present listing, which were filed away for this time a month later that I'm doing this letter. I had wanted to write to a fan concerning the details of a projected collaboration of a novel, but the time never materialized. (The following day I did get that letter done, however; watch for a time-travel novel along about 1972....) How much anniversary celebration? Only the inter-com bit.

A bad day? Hardly. This day was typical. The distractions vary, but the pace is constant--laundry, baby's colic, little girl to beach, grocery shopping, one animal or another to the vet, ad infinitum. I keep a record of each day's activity--not this detailed, of course, but I can tell you in general what I accomplished any day of the past several years (since I went full-time pro). My production varies inversely with the mundane activity. As my wife recovers, I gain more working time--which explains why I am able to get this letter out in July. But I will never again have the kind of working time I had before my children were born, when my wife went off to work and I typed...all day. If you feel all this is exaggerated--as undoubtedly you do--ask a woman with small children. She will tell you that the only thing unusual is that a man is doing woman's work while writing novels.

I do not travel, I attend no conventions. I even skipped the Milford Conference when it was held five miles from my home. I have not seen a movie in three years. I watch almost no TV. I don't eat out. I just stay at home and manage as described. I have had a recent set-to with my relatives, because I made it plain that we are not at home to unexpected house guests, because then my available working time would approach zero and it is hard enough making a living working 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours a day. I'm doing it, though. I no longer vote in the Nebulas because I can't read enough SF. I don't join the worldcons at all. Letters such as this one are about the only contributions I make to fandom, and I only do about one a month, or an equivalent column. That one effort I make count--and if it seems to you I am flooding fandom, perhaps it is because you react to more of what I say and remember it longer. Which is the general idea; if people aren't reacting one way or another, or learning something, from what I write, why bother?

I can if you wish total up the total amount of finished novel I typed in the month of June--it was about 38,000 words--and the total in pencil drafts--about 17,000 words--and the 90 or so sets of dishes I washed, the 60 or so times I put my little girl to sleep, the several laundrys I washed, the two books I read (History of War-



fare and Winnie the Pooh), but I trust I have made my point.

Now I fault none of this. I like having family concerns. It took me longer to father a surviving child than it did my first salable fiction, and for many years neither seemed possible at all. Now I have both, and revel in it, and I'm pretty sure there are more successful writers than I who would gladly trade places for the sake of a similar family. I put a lot into my mundane life and I get a lot out of it, just as I do with my writing. But it is busy, busy--busier than you have means of comprehending.

So go throw your tantrums, Dean Koontz. You don't know where it's at.

\* \* \* \* \*

WAHF: All sorts of letters I could have printed this time. But god, am I tired.

I've been typing for a good many hours now, and I want to get the rest of this issue run off tonight; I'm thinking of giving a copy to Frank Rizzo at the Festival for Peace in Philadelphia on Sunday. Or maybe to Schaeffer. Or to Nixon. They're all pigs, so what's the difference.....

Greg Benford: "Your sf reviews are improving. I suppose this is as good a place as any to remark that if anyone reviews work of mine in a fmz I would very much like to see a copy. I usually respond to fmz in any case, and would be sure to if an editor were kind enough to send me an issue out of the blue.// Liked Snider's reviews, too. He's not working at close enough focus for my taste, but what he says is to the point.// I find it hard to believe Ted White wrote Marauder Satellite in 3 weeks. It is one of the best juveniles of the 60's and gives every appearance of a good deal of background work."

Jerry Lapidus: With six pages, and I had a great many sections chopped out to print, but I'll have to have at one small paragraph. "At the risk of overpraise, I'll...note that Ted's analysis of the current drug situation is uperb, one of the best and most accurate I've read anywhere. That particular section of his letter deserves particular notice."

Alexis Gilliland: "Ted White remarks that LSD flashbacks are uncommon. I suspect that a certain type of person may be flashback-prone, and even if rare, such people should be protected from the drug. Which means that it isn't safe to put LSD out for general usage like cigarettes or whiskey.// The Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic notes that "commercially available" LSD is badly adulterated, sometimes with dangerous substances. So your chance of a bad trip goes up."

Henry P Durkin: "I must correct one thing: the price of Nightwings by Robert Silverberg is \$4.95, not \$5.95. And I also want to compliment Gabe Eisenstein for his very perceptive and highly quotable review of the book." Highly quotable? S'-interesting....

Jay Kay Klein: "I must say I found Sam Moskowitz's inadvertent review of Aldiss's The Hand-Reared Boy very delightful. I really should get a copy and find out what I missed by being an only child and attending only public day schools. And I think it interesting to note that this is not the first time Sam has brought cases of "mutual masturbation" to public attention."

Irvin Koch: "And lastly there is the bacover...oHNo! This stuff can have of lot said against it or for it just because it is wrong and/or right. But what should be noted is that this stuff is IN FASHION now, just as in Nazism, feeding lions with Christians, hunting Jews to death, starting deals like the Paris Commune and French Revolutions were in fashion at one time or another."

AND: Buck Coulson (on #8), David Hulvey, Jerry Burge, Grant Canfield, Jeff Smith, Darrell Schweitzer, Jeff Schalles, John J Pierce, Phyrne Bacnn, Paul Anderson, Dan Osterman, Don Keller, and George Senda. And thousands of checks...thousands.

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