



ВЕАВОЧЕМА 17

beabohema 17

This is BeABohema 17, the third annish of BAB, the frequent fanzine. In celebration of this third annish, I've accepted an overseas agent--Nick Shears in South Africa. Today South Africa, tomorrow....

BAB is available for the usual things or for 50¢/issue. I sure do like to have people write to me, though. I may as well mention that I'll trade BAB for old fanzines, too. I've been thinking of writing that since the very first issue of BAB. Doug Lovenstein's ARIOCH folded before my first issue came out, and I never saw an issue, but in a few reviews it was mentioned that Doug would accept old fanzines in trade, in an effort to bolster his fanzine collection. And: recently I've seen the same trade policy set forth by Bill Kunkel in his fanzine, so now I'll bring forth my long repressed desire, as mentioned above.

BAB is edited/published by Frank Lunney at 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951. South African fans can send their 40c to Nick Shears at 52 Garden Way, Northcliff ext 4, Johannesburg, Transvaal, Republic of South Africa. In a few weeks (1.5) I'll be firmly ensconced at that grandest of educational traditions, Lehigh University, but I don't know how I can be reached there, so the home address will suffice for the moment.

Mailing label symbols: Not too complicated. A number is that issue which will mark the end to your receipt of BAB, the Hugo nominated fanzine, unless you do something quickly. A triple-X is something to dread, because that means it's your last issue unless you do something...also quickly. Next issue I may start an Axe-type listing of people who're being chopped with that issue. Only 10-15 people per issue are being served notice with each issue these days (and by-the-by I'm saying by-the-by to each of them, really truly), so perhaps listing their names will embarrass them into doing Something Worthwhile.

BAB is published daily. This is the special How Far to Boston issue. This and all back issues are, for a limited time only, 50¢ each. That is...all back issues still in supply. (These days I'm running most copies of each issue through the mail almost immediately upon publication; in other words, I'm printing enough for sending to people immediately and To Hell With Back Issues. You people with triple-X's remember that.) Issues 3 through 15 are available...no more copies of 1, 2 or 16. This is Deutsch Noodle Press publication 23, I think. Yesterday I turned 19, so that means this must be August 29, 1971.

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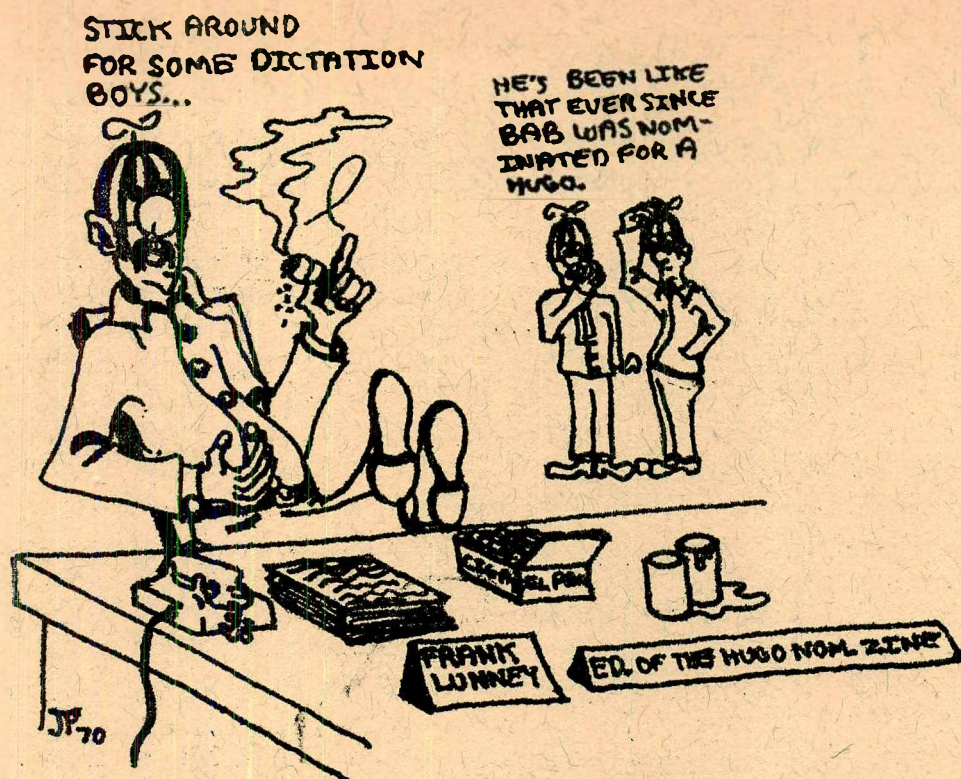
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The offset printing is courtesy of nobody. There isn't any in this issue.

--FL



BEN CRAWLEY STEEL CO. Being the editor of a Hugo nominated fanzine isn't the most profitable occupation in the world, though some people would have me believe Charlie Brown would find fault with that statement. So when my normal summer job (normal for this summer, that is) started turning up something less than a gold mine when the crook I worked for informed me we'd all (he and co-worker-Penn State student Tim and I) be the recipients of an unasked for mid-summer vacation, I wasn't too worried. He'd been unable to come up with jobs before, since he can't drive and was dependent on Tim for transportation, therefor unable to go job-hunting on his own. But still...there was a continuous stretch of work once the summer was underway.

The first free day I celebrated by going to Philadelphia for a Movie Trip. This time my brother and I, through ingenious scheduling and judicious use of double-features, were able to see six movies...all between the hours of 11:00 AM and 9:00 PM, all being seen from opening title to closing credits. Scheduling a round of movies planning on seeing the bulk of a movie after missing the first five or ten minutes is pretty much cheating as far as I'm concerned.

And while trying to make a grand escape from the city, one of Ratsio Rizzo's blue collar workers nailed me for making an illegal left-hand turn. It was a funny intersection where I was nailed. On the passenger side of the car was a sign that said "No Right Turn." Straight ahead was a street going one way in the wrong direction for my purposes. And hidden on the opposite side of the street, on the farthest corner, was a "No Left Turn" sign.

Fucking pig.

Anyway, after that day I settled down to some relaxation, but by the time one week had passed I was a little scared that'd be it for the summer, though there were four weeks until Noreascon.

By the weekend I'd found out there wasn't a job to work on yet. No one's house needs painting during a time of inflation/depression, apparently. So on Monday I got a job at the White Wing Egg Farm.

It was very apparent White Wing needed help...badly. The manager of the processing plant I was going to work in almost pleaded with me to take the job he was offering...for \$1.50 an hour. I suppose when they offer someone a job which does nothing to improve the impoverished state of the country, they have to beg people to take the job.

And it was also apparent my future boss was ignorant of much of the world... I later found out he'd told other employees I was working for a long time with White Wing. I didn't want to hide the fact that I planned on staying a very short time (it turned out to be seven days) so I mentioned that I was quitting while I talked to a kid who graduated from Quakertown High the year after I did...and was one of the creeps who will forever roam the halls of high school, in spirit if not in body.

"I'll probably be quitting in a couple of days," I casually remarked a few days after I went from night work to all-time work--from 7 in the morning till 9 at night.

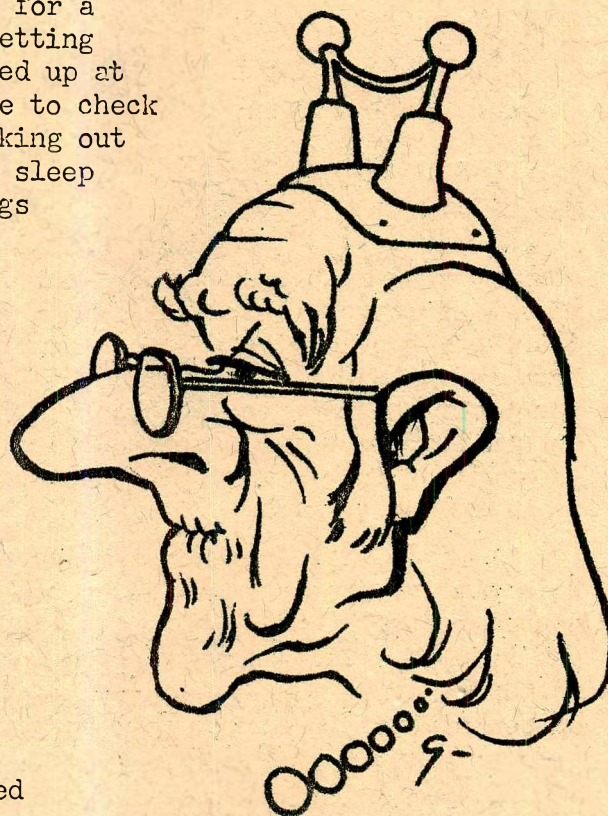
"Yeah, I don't blame you. This thing is bull-shit." It turned out he'd been at White Wing for a year, had started at \$1.35 an hour, was now getting \$1.50; but he didn't mind it because he cleaned up at night after everyone went home, so he was able to check in and sporadically clean the place while ducking out to go to a diner down the road or to get some sleep on the stacks of egg cartons the processed eggs were placed in for store distribution.

Mine was a totally exhausting job. In the morning I'd stumble bleary-eyed from bed and go to the plant and haul eggs from the refrigerator where they were held after being taken from the pullets/before being processed. Eggs from healthy chickens (the 1 and 2 houses) were easily recognizable: large and extra large eggs, clean, the type every person would love to eat.

Not all the chickens were healthy, though: I had a hell of a time loading those eggs from the 9 and 10 houses, eggs covered with chickenshit, shells incompletely formed and white spilling out the side, fouling the shelves I was supposed to handle, blood-covered eggs, apparently the last efforts from dying chickens whose bodies had to be knifed apart to retrieve that final Grade A Medium.

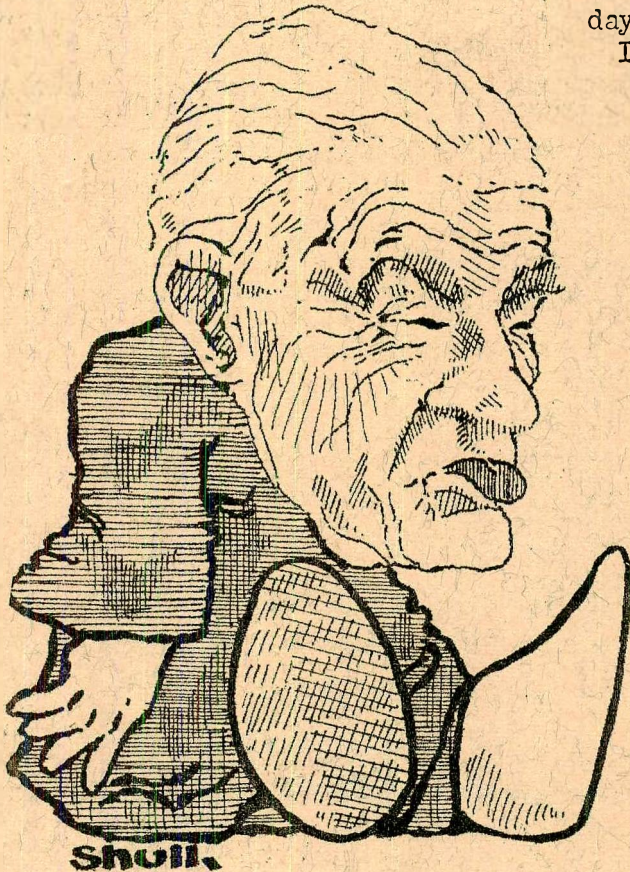
The first night I worked (until 1:15 in the morning; they were trying to catch up with three days of eggs in storage) I had cramps in both legs. By Friday I'd badly pulled a tendon out of shape in my left leg. I haven't worked at the Farm in two weeks and it's still painful when I move my leg/knee in the wrong direction.

The person whose place I had taken (a 26 year old midget) had to leave be-



cause he developed arthritis. The painfully creaking joints in my fingers I found each morning convinced me I'd be incapable of movement within a few weeks myself.

I sure did get to hate that place. The chickenshit smell stuck to my skin in such a way that nothing as simple as soap & water could hope to displace it. When I came home at night I didn't have enough time to read my mail, much less answer it.



As I said, after working there seven days, I called the plant's manager and told him I quit. It must've been a shock to him...expecting me to make egg processing a career as he must've thought I was going to do.

And now, off for the summer after go-back to work painting. That job took me away from home during the hours when any management was at the Egg Farm, so my mother called when my first week's pay came as a personal check with no listing of deductions for tax or social security. "No, that was sent," the secretary told my mother. "You didn't look at the check too hard...they're all computerized. Your son must have taken off the tax statement before you cashed it."

My mother argued. The secretary kept telling her she was wrong. My mother persisted, and the dumb shit on the other end of the line finally gave in. "OK, I'll send the statement..."

Yesterday the next week's paycheck came...without the statement that was promised. I was pretty pissed off.

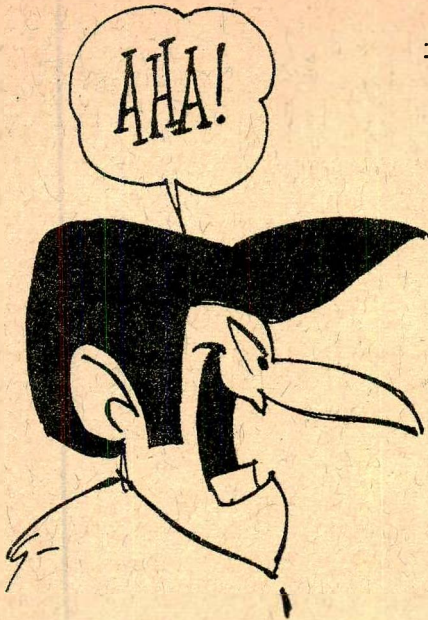
So last night I went into the White Wing Egg Farm rprocessing plant and blew the fucking place up.

*

DON'T MESS ME UP I think the subscription price of PLAYBOY magazine is around \$10 a year. All the people I know from school have lots of better things to do with their money, as do I. But PLAYBOY does have lots of hip, slickly written articles and stories, if any of you have noticed. And most of my friends like to read hip, slickly written articles and stories. The only problem is paying a whole dollar for one issue... The campus bookstore has a magazine rack...but it's directly in front of the checkout counter. And PLAYBOY is a large commodity. Well, not that large, but when all you're wearing are jeans full of holes and a T-shirt that already has enough to cover...

The most available place to steal PLAYBOY is the campus post office. For those that do. That is.

I was sitting in the snack bar when John walked in with a copy of PLAYBOY which had the best line-up I'd seen in a long time...considering I'd only glanced through Tables of Contents in Joe Harvey's room. There was some Bloch, Richard Matheson, and actually I don't remember what else was in the recently acquired



issue. I do remember a story (I think it was the one by Matheson; I love to get ahold of anything new by Matheson) about this guy driving along in his car when all of a sudden he realizes a truck driver is trying to kill him by running his car off the road/smashing into his rear at High Speed/causing him to have a heart attack.

The man stops at a restaurant, thinking the truck has gone by, but discovers the long-distance hauler has waited down the road a piece, prepared to renew the game of cat-and-mouse.

The man in the car wins in the end by causing the truck to drive over the side of a cliff, which I thought was fishy when I read it.

Last week while I was painting a truck started to follow me in exactly the same way.

The job we were working on took half an hour to reach from my house. So for an hour a day the transportation of myself to and from work was the ultimate in boredom.

This particular day I was going the long way ('twas the day before I discovered the short way) up route 563 past Alexei Panshin's house, along the 563 detour (the short way was simply going through the construction sight, a ploy which takes guts, buddy) to 611. I made it to 611 nicely and was accelerating up to 70 when I looked into the rear view mirror and saw a gigantic tractor trailer pulling up on me.

"Just like that story in PLAYBOY," I thought to myself. "If something exciting happens I'll be able to write it up for next editorial in the next issue of BAB."

I looked back into the mirror and an evil smile appeared on the face of the now-visible driver behind me.... And he was getting closer to my rear bumper.

I let the '63 Volkswagen all the way out...and my speed dropped to 65 as the turn-off for route 412 approached. 611 curved away to the left and I went into the curve with my foot all the way down on the gas pedal...the car slipped a little to the left but held the road.

The twists and turns avoided in later days by traveling along 412 approached and my speed necessarily dropped from 65 to 45 at the tops, jumping above and below the 40 mph markings on the dial, and my left foot and right hand were busy changing gears, accelerating, decelerating.

The big rig behind me came up and nuzzled the bumper of my car, then lost contact in another of the turns...I downshifted once more and pulled a little ahead of him. The posted limit was 34 mph, but both of us were ignoring that.

We charged through the small town of Revere, speed increasing and decreasing, one eye on the speedometer, another on the rear-view mirror, another on the road up ahead. Ferndale was but a mile away. And with Ferndale, I'd be able to get off 611 and end the game. I hoped.

The light that would tell the tale was coming up. It was at the Ferndale Hotel, where I had to turn left. If it were green I'd make it...red and the five ton trailer would paste me to the hillside. I went around the final corner, past the Ferndale Auto Works and to my right I saw the sign which read "Signal Ahead." The face of the driver to my rear was red and puffed. My eyes saw the light was

(cont. on p. 45)

THE CRACKED EYE

Her name was George, but she called herself Joe. I don't know why. It might have been a private joke or something. Or, maybe, she didn't like the name "George."

Anyway, she worked in the same place I did. In the same building, that is. She actually worked in a different area from the one I worked in. The only reason that I saw her at all was that she had to pass by my area to get to the john.

I wasn't particularly interested in her.

At first.

You know, she was sort of an unusual-looking broad. She was about average height for a woman, I suppose. She had peroxide blonde hair done up in a mess of curls that made her look like a 1930s Busby Berkely showgirl.

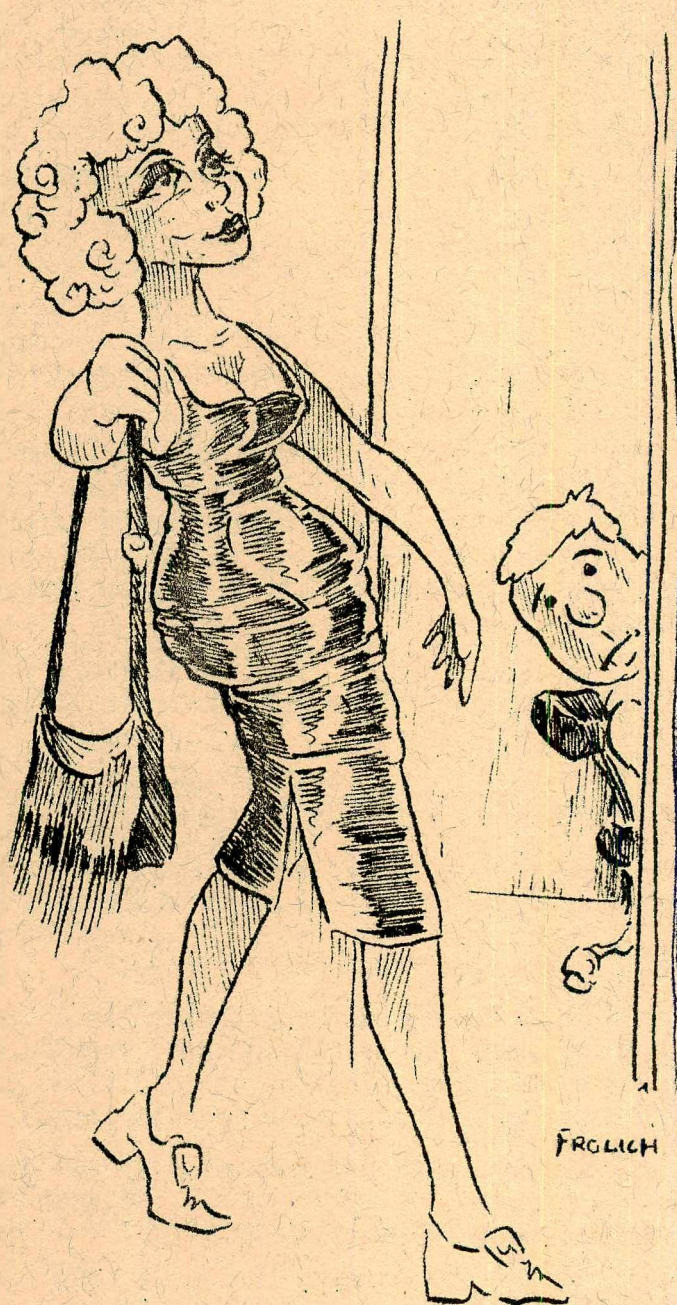
She wore too much makeup. She had two circles of rouge on her cheeks, black eyeliner around her eyes, and that green stuff on her eyelids.

She looked funny.

She was always overdressed. Overdressed for working around here, that is. She dressed like a walking issue of VOGUE magazine.

She didn't have much in the way of tits.

Nice legs, though.



BY GARY

Gradually, since she had to pass me by to get to the john, we got to know each other. We got on speaking terms. She had a very unusual voice. It was a whiny kind of Mickey Mouse falsetto. She put strange inflections on her words and seemed unable to pronounce vowels.

She would come up to me and say "Hi Gar!" She didn't even bother to pronounce the "y." But when she said "Hi Gar!" it would come out more like "Hw Grr!"

But in a sort of whiny squeak.

A word like "peelings" she pronounced as "plngs."

She was a bit odd in other ways, too.

She believed in the Devil. Really! She believed in an actual fire-breathing Satan. She believed in Hell as a real geographical location.

She seemed to be pretty religious. She may even have believed in Heaven. Although maybe not. Most very religious people believe more in Hell than they do in Heaven, you know.

She believed in other things, too. Like flying saucers and astrology and palm-reading and Republicans.

One day, Joe was standing by the water cooler telling me something to the effect that inside the Kremlin there was an elevator shaft that went straight down to Hell. That Breshnev received his orders directly from Lucifer. That they had a master plan to take over the United States by 1975. That the anarchistic, Communistic conspiracy in this country was...

I wasn't listening. I was smiling and nodding at her, but I was really trying to look down her dress. She was wearing a loose blouse, and if you stood at the right angle, you could see a part of her bra and a fair slice of upper tit.

Also, I was looking at her eyes. She had the strangest eyes. I think they were grey, but I couldn't really make up my mind over what color they were.

She finished talking about whatever it was she was talking about and, flashing me a smile, walked off swinging her little fanny in a triangular motion.

Watching, I wondered if someone could start a new branch of geometry based on the motion of a point on the planar surface of a female buttock. Say, if a buttock were



HUBBARD

thought of as a circle with a mole at its center. The mole would remain fixed in relation to the buttock, but it would describe a complicated geometric figure (sort of an oscillating elliptical spiral) as it travelled through three-dimensional space.

"Man, would I like to get my face into her pants," said my associate. I hate him. He smiles and girls begin to take their clothes off.

"That might make it rather difficult for her to walk," I replied sarcastically. His remark disturbed me for some vague reason.

"She wouldn't have time to be walking around. Ha!"

"No, I suppose she wouldn't."

But what, I thought, should I care if he or any other lusts after that ding-dong. I wouldn't care, I said to myself, if she were being ravaged by a St. Bernard. The mental picture of Joe being violated by a big, hairy dog with a drooling tongue flashed into my mind, and I laughed.

Much later, I was home watching the last notes of the National Anthem dying out with a smiling WAC saluting the flag. It was very late, almost three o'clock, but I wasn't sleepy.

That often happens. My body runs on a strange schedule that doesn't make much sense. Sometimes, I'll stay awake all through the night and only get a little bit of sleep before it's time to go to work. Sometimes, I fall asleep early in the evening, wake up around 11:00, go back to sleep around 3:30, wake up at 6:00.

Anyway, it was about 3:00 in the morning, and I wasn't sleepy. That meant I would probably be awake for the next half-hour or so.

Well, the tv was off for the night, so I got a book to read.

The book was Flight Into Space by J.N. Leonard. It was written back in 1953 when Leonard was the science editor of TIME Magazine. It's about the state of development of space travel as it was back in the early fifties and, to me at least, remains one of the better books on the subject--despite the writer's total lack of knowledge on the subject he was writing about, and his refusal to take the whole thing seriously, anyway.

I--yawn--started getting sleepy around the part where he's describing meteors as the Reefs of Outer Space lurking just above the atmosphere to wreck the unwary voyager into space. So, I close my eyes for a moment, and...

...and I suddenly found myself on the couch making out with Joe.

Really! I saw myself kissing her passionately on her overly lipsticked mouth. I saw myself open her blouse and start to fondle one of her breasts--which had somehow or other grown to a decent size (Joe's tits were really sort of small, you know).

My hand slid down from her breast, down to the top of her skirt, slid under it and down onto her...

Well, then I waske up.

So I go make myself a cup of coffee.



Sitting on a kitchen chair, leaning on the table, I tried to think things over. These dreams always ended when they were getting to the good parts. I think what it is is that I was raised on books and movies where they fade out just as they get to the sex scenes. I think that that "fade out" business is so deeply ingrained in my subconscious that I'll never be able to have an X-rated dream.

But anyway, sitting there in my kitchen thinking back over my dream, it struck me that getting the clothes off of some broad couldn't be that easy. Never having done such a thing, I really couldn't say for sure. But it seemed reasonable to suppose that it would be a pretty complicated process--even though in my dreams and certain books that I have read clothes come off quite readily and articles of clothing that might be a hindrance don't seem to be there at all.

However, in reality, say you and a girl were in a sitting position, and you managed to get her blouse unbuttoned (assuming that it buttoned down the front) without being too awkward about it, there is the problem presented by her bra.

Most bras buckle in the back, which means that you have to slide your hand around behind her. Which means that she will have to arch her back awkwardly so that you can get a good hold onto where the bra comes together.

Now, once you have the bra unstrapped, you can get your hand on her breast all right. But the bra is still attached to her body by the shoulder straps.

This means that if you have your lips on her mouth and your hand on her tit the empty bracup is going to relocate itself somewhere in-between.

Most likely, it will be poking into your neck.

That can't be too comfortable.

Getting one's hand under a girl's skirt would be, I suppose, simpler. Although one would probably have to grope around a while to find the proper place of entry, and, even then, one would have to deal with the problem of panty hose.

The whole process would be quite a bit more complicated than it appeared in my dream.

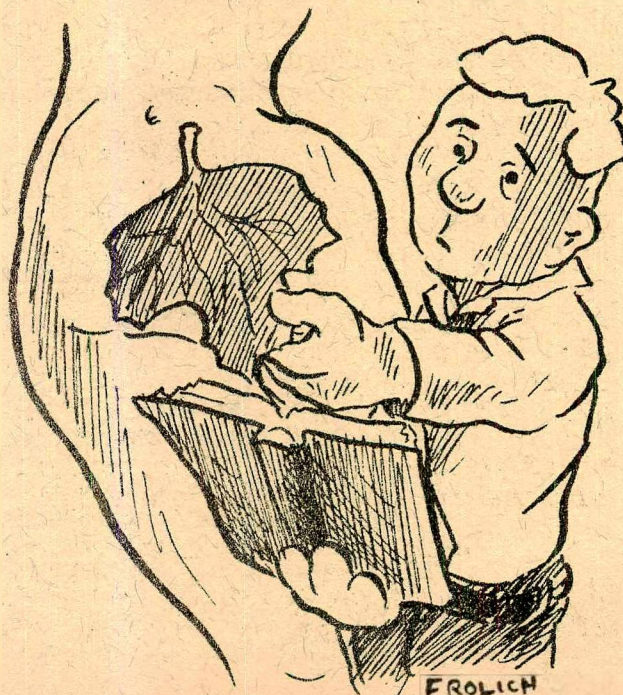
All of that aside, there was also the moral question of my wanting (even if only in a dream) to get my hands on Joe's twat.

What would I want to do a thing like that for?

At this point, I have to confess that sex has never been my strong point. I grew up in a family with four other brothers so that there was absolutely no female influence on me in my formative years. My mother impressed me as being nothing more than a convenient appliance.

A thing that washed and cooked and cleaned.

There were occasions when my old man took the old lady into the back bedroom for a while, but all that meant to me was that while he was back there, he, at least, wasn't out both-



ering me.

I entered puberty, but mostly ignored it. I did notice that girls with whom I was acquainted--classmates--were changing radically.

For instance, there was Nadine--the girl who used to sit across from me in the 6th grade--she used to have the hairiest legs of any kid I knew. But by the 9th grade all of the hair had disappeared from her legs.

And a few other things were starting to appear.

However, I didn't pay much attention to these changes. I didn't think they were really any of my business.

I did pick up some technical information on sex, of course. Mostly from biological nooks in the public library.

Only, it was called "reproduction" in those days, and reproduction to me was about like carpentry. Interesting, but not something I'd really want to work at.

Yet, now, here I was suddenly thinking about another person in a sexual way. And someone whom I really didn't think much of as a person, too. That was very strange.

Here I was, at the age of 25 years, apparently suffering from an attack of latent heterosexuality.

No kidding!

Little did I know.

The next time I saw Joe, violent physical reactions started to occur.

She just passed me by, smiling, and my heart started beating rapidly. I started sweating. My hands started shaking. My legs felt weak. I was very dizzy. And I had an erection.

I had to go sit down somewhere to recover.

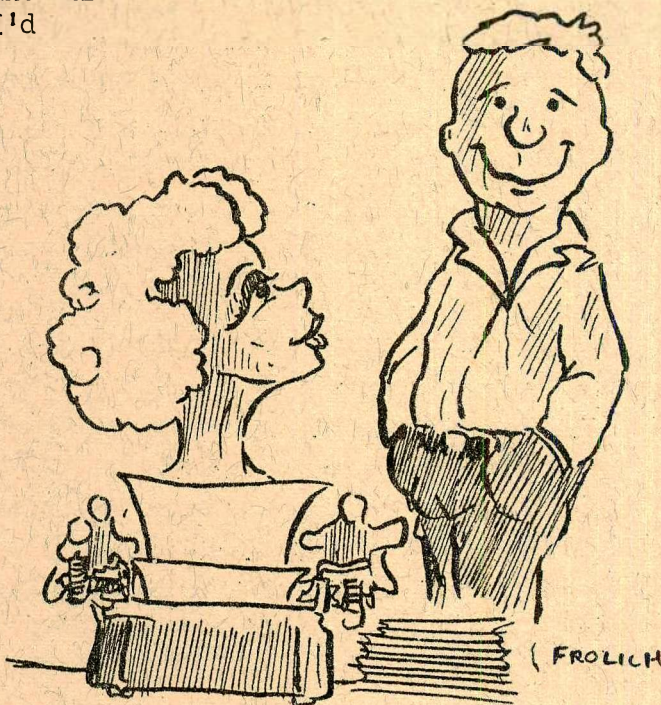
I can't say that lust is really a very pleasant feeling. I almost threw up.

Obviously, it seemed, the next time I saw her the same thing was going to happen. The logical thing, then, would be to avoid her like the plague.

However, I also knew that I wasn't going to do the logical thing. I knew that I was going to eagerly await her daily journeys to the john.

I wanted very badly to screw Joe!

But...how do you go about a thing like that? How do you approach a girl in a situation like this? Do you walk up to her and say, "Young lady, I need your help."?



No, I don't think so.

There was a certain procedure that had to be followed. But, I didn't know what it was.

The biological books I had read were strong on the principle of the thing, but hadn't mentioned technique at all. My associates in the Army had frequently discussed how they did it among themselves. But, looking back on those discussions, I didn't think any of their methods would be too practical in my situation. And rape or Spanish fly didn't seem quite right, either.

Even the stag film I had once seen was no help, because it had involved a young girl and a large roll of balogna.

What I needed were some practical instructions in becoming involved with females.

Well, there wasn't anything too useful in the library, and I couldn't ask anyone, because to be 25 years old and inexperienced is too embarrassing a thing to openly state.

I wished I had received some sort of sex education when I was in school.

It looked like the only thing I could do was to do it. Somehow.

The thought was terrifying.

However...

My behavior from then on became increasingly stranger and stranger. I smiled back at her when she came by smiling at me. On some pretty flimsy excuses, I managed to visit the area where she worked. I started conversations with her at every opportunity I could. Most of them were pretty trite, uninteresting and dumb.

And weird.

She talked about Martians, and the lines on the palm of your hand. She discussed the rituals of witchcraft and the existence of fairies.

I almost told her how dumb she was when, one day, she casually mentioned that Robert McNamara, former Secretary of Defense under President Johnson, was in league with the flying saucers which were actually secret Egyptian anti-gravity machines.

I, really, had nothing in common with Joe.

But that didn't matter. When I was in her presence, I totally lost the ability to think rationally. When she talked I hardly even heard what she was saying. All my attention was on her eyes, or her mouth, or her hair, or her legs. Her smell was so overpowering that I'd get dizzy and almost pass out.

I had to keep a bottle of deodorant with me, because every time I was near her I'd sweat like a pig.

I had no way of knowing whether I was getting anywhere or not. Most of the time I wasn't lucid enough to tell--or to care--what was going on.

However, Joe didn't seem particularly interested in me. No more than she was in anyone else, it seemed. She just displayed toward me the usual pointless friendliness she gave everyone.

It is interesting to note here that I never asked her to go out with me.

Actually, the idea never occurred to me. I really didn't know what it was that people did when they went out on a date. I was vaguely aware that there were things like parties, and movies, and night clubs that people went to, but I had

never gone to any parties, and didn't like movies or bars.

Anyway, all I really wanted to do was to rip all the clothes off Joe's body and bury my face in her breasts.

It turned out that it was Joe who asked me out.

"Are yuh goin' th' Reception, Gar?"

She was standing next to the water cooler. I was leaning up against something looking at her legs.

"No. What's a Reception?"

A Reception, it turned out, was a party they gave for people who had just become married.

"You should come, Gar." Her long, graceful fingers were wrapped around a paper cup.

"Well, I wasn't invited."

"Oh, everybody's invited. Why don't you come, Gar? I'll be there."

Well, that changed things. Of course I was coming.

I didn't know who it was who got married, and I never did find out. I didn't even care. But, not knowing who the participants were in this event did make me feel like an intruder when I showed up at the Reception.

After all, I had only come here because Joe was here. All the rest of these people were strangers to me.

The Reception was held at the Wayne-Ford Civic League. A sort of semi-public building maintained by the city for various social events (like this one) and elections.

I think the building must have been a factory or a warehouse at one time. That's what it looked like.

Inside, it was just a big room filled with people. Old men and women and young men and girls were all jumbled together and milling around. They were dressed in various degrees of formality. From tuxedos to suits to sports jackets to field jackets. Ball gowns to black party dresses to Trisha Nixon frocks to mini-skirts to slacks.

Waitresses threaded between rows and rows of long tables heaped with food and glasses. One gave me a contemptuous look as I entered.

At the far end of the room there were people dancing. And beyond them there was a band: a piano, a trumpet, a saxophone, an accordion and a guy singing.

They were playing mostly polkas.

The whole thing looked so godawful "normal."

I really felt out of place, so I sort of sidled up against a wall where I thought I might be less conspicuous. I needed time to think about what it was I was going to do now.

Well, I had to find Joe, obviously.

But how?

She was here in this room somewhere, but there was a horde of people between her and me. I couldn't just go wandering through this mess of people looking for her.

Well, I could have, I suppose. I mean there was nothing stopping me.
But...

Maybe I should just forget the whole thing and go home. No woman on earth was worth, after all, this much effort. I...

"Hi Gar!"

Something exploded in my stomach and there was a massive power failure throughout my nervous system. I think I must have blacked out for a second.

Outwardly, I just said "eek!" and gave a startled jump.

There she was--standing beside me--smiling.

She was wearing one of those French Empire gowns. It had a real low-cut neck, so you could see a fair amount of cleavage. Which was nice. But that high waist made her look a little pregnant.

"Come on an' join the party, Gar!" she said grabbing my arm. She led me across the room to a spot near where the people were dancing. She put me in a chair and handed me a glass of beer--for which I was grateful, because I needed something to steady my nerves.

"Why were you just standing up back there, Gar?" she asked me.

I was going to say something in reply, but just then all the lights went out. There went up a collective "ahhh" and a few giggles from the people in the room. Then the lights came back on. Only they were dimmer and there was a red spotlight on the band.

To create a more romantic atmosphere, I suppose.

Joe got up and, standing in front of me, said, "Let's dance, Gar!"

Dance? Me?

"No, Joe. I..."

"Oh, come on!" She moved in between my legs...and...I could feel her leg right through her dress.

I mean I could really feel it. Vividly. Right through her dress and right through my pants. I could feel every part of her leg. All the way from where her ankle ended to where her thigh began.

I couldn't have gotten a better impression of it even if I had stuck my hand up under her dress.

I let her draw me up from the chair and onto the floor with the dancers. She led. I followed. Stumbling around and bumping into other couples.

She was saying something, but I couldn't make out what it was. The band was playing too loud, and I was thinking about her leg, anyway.

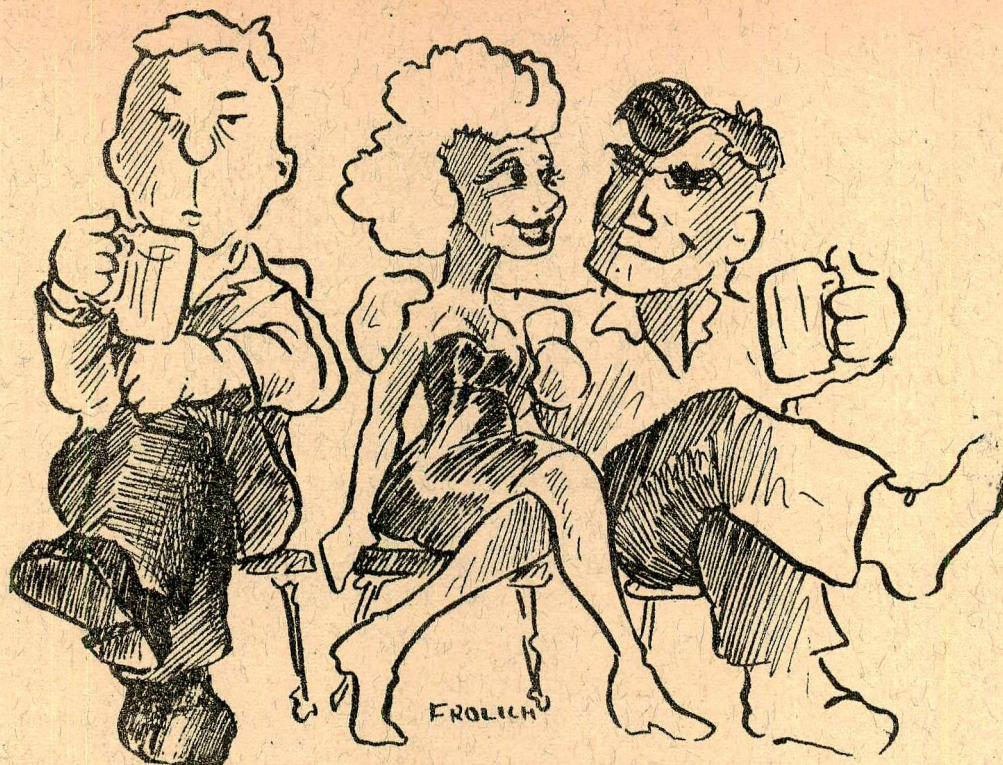
I started thinking about other parts of her body, too.

I wanted her so badly I could taste it.

Somewhere along the line, the music had stopped playing and Joe had led me back to my chair and put another drink in my hand.

"You dance good, Gar."

It struck me that should wouldn't be likely to tell me that I danced rotten. She leaned toward me and patted my hand for some reason.



We sat there for a while.

And danced some more.

Finally...

Maybe, I thought, I could just come out and ask her. I could say, "Joe, can I screw you?"

"Joe," I said. I don't think I was really going to follow with, "...can I screw you?" I would have phrased it nicer than that.

But she replied, "Yes, Gar?" in a funny sort of expectant way.

Just then, some guy came up--seemingly from out of nowhere.

"Hi, Joe," he said, smiling at her in a way I didn't like.

"Hi, Val," she replied. Then she introduced us to each other. "Val, this is Gar. Gar, this is Val."

We nodded at each other. Personally, I don't think he was any more thrilled at meeting me than I was at meeting him.

Actually, I wanted to stomp his face in.

Instead, I took a gulp of beer and withdrew into myself.

Val sat down in a chair next to Joe, and they started talking with each other and laughing a lot. Eventually, I became aware that my glass was empty. I felt the same way. So I set the glass down and stood up.

"Are you going somewhere, Gar?"

"Yeah, I think I'll go home now."

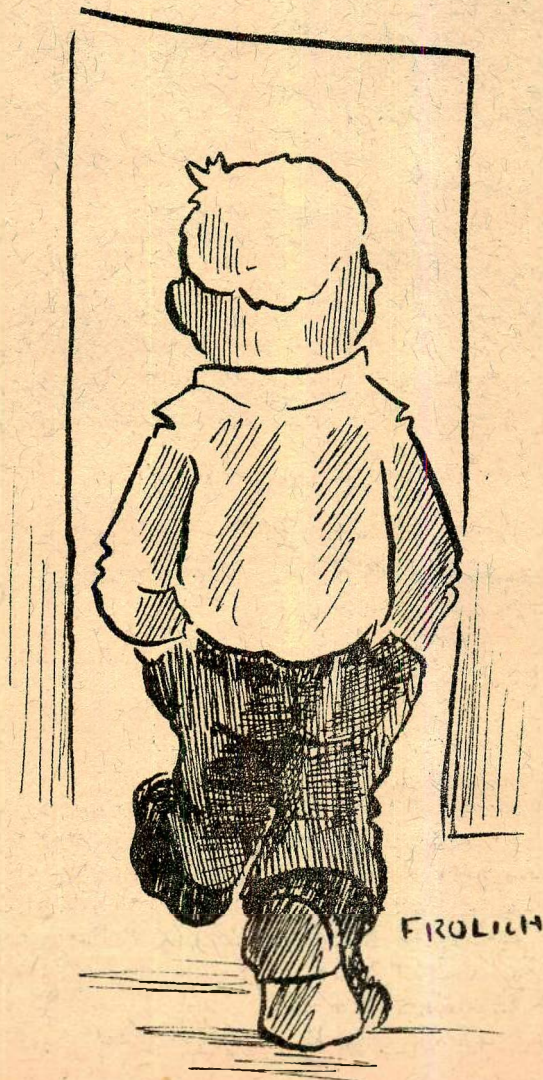
"Why?" she looked puzzled and a little hurt.

I shrugged.

Just feel like it, I guess. It's a nice party, but I never was very good at it, you know."

And I walked toward the door.

--Gary N. Hubbard





Back a few columns ago I discussed my Review Index project. No, don't go away yet; I'm not about to repeat all that. BAB is now a noncontroversial fanzine, meaning that no matter how good it gets, it will never again make the Hugo ballot, and I suppose it is time I try my typer at noncontroversial writing. The editor wanted me to write about my dog's kidney stones, and no doubt I could discourse on my lone appearance in a church this past decade, wherein I delivered the sermon --yes, both of these are true!--but I felt that it would be better to do something useful, just this once. So I'll merely mention that a femmefan read that Index

Piers Anthony

Review column, contacted me, and is now at work updating and computerizing that index. It may actually be published in due course. Fans do have their uses, especially the distaff variety.

Seldom do I see a proper roundup of the other types of index in the field. Some truly creditable work has been done, and I consider that a major index is as worthy an accomplishment as a novel and a sight more useful. Let's survey what I have on my shelf. My collection of indexes is hardly complete, but I do have some good ones.

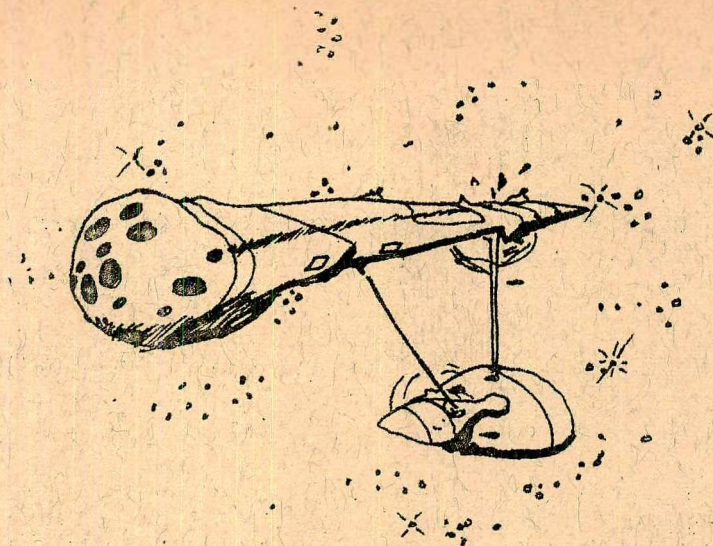
The Author's & Writer's Who's Who, Sixth Edition. This is an 887 page pro volume published in 1971 that contains a few preliminary ads for magazines (BLACK-WOOD'S, THE WRITER) and services; a list of pseudonyms (incomplete; I'm not there), a list of British literary agents (also incomplete: my British agent isn't there), and about nine thousand writers from Aaron to Zuntz. Unfortunately, the writers list is also incomplete, even though I am there. What is one to make of a compendium that includes Aldiss without Harrison, Zelazny without Delany, Gold without Campbell, Heinlein without Panshin, Russ without McCaffrey, and Anthony without Tucker? I checked names from my head, and here is the comparison as far as I took it: LISTED: Aldiss, Anthony, Asimov, Ballard, Bradbury, Brunner, Clarke, Gold, Heinlein, Leguin, Nourse, Russ, Spinrad, Vonnegut, Zelazny. NOT LISTED: Anderson, Best-er, Campbell, Carter, de Camp, Delany, del Rey, Dick, Dickson, Disch, Ellison, Farmer, Geis, Harrison, Knight, Koontz, Laumer, McCaffrey, Moorcock, Niven, Norton, Panshin, Pohl, Reynolds, Silverberg, Sturgeon, Tucker, White, White (that is, James and Ted), Wilhelm, Williams, Williamson.

Why should such a thing be? How could so many relevant names be missed--names that any fan could readily have supplied, let alone any professional in the field? Well, one answer might be that mundania is ignorant. SF suffers from a poor literary reputation, so literary experts don't feel the need to get the facts straight. It must be a matter of chance whom the mundane compilers happen to pick up. I'm really quite curious how they located me, for example. Contrary to appearances, my head is not completely swelled, and I must confess that there is a name or two in the NOT LISTED list that perhaps should have been included before me. Was it roulette, with chance selecting the one-in-three? I note a certain new-wave bias, once you get past the Asimov-Clarke-Heinlein trilogy of supernames (and how many of them have published significant SF recently?), and Bradbury and Vonnegut have pretty well departed the field. But neither Name nor Wave seems to be any guarantee of inclusion.

No, I think the Forward covers it more specifically: some writers asked to be excluded, so as to protect their privacy, and apparently a number failed to respond to the publisher's query for information. Obviously a pro volume doesn't fool around with such attitudes; it just skips those names. Convenient for it--but not for the user who assumes the volume is complete.

Apart from such quibbles, it is a nice volume, providing lists of published works (with errors), education and address for the entries available. So if you need to reach your favorite writer, check this or some similar reference in the library--but don't expect too much.

Now the fans have a different attitude. If a writer won't cooperate, they proceed without him--but he's still included, if that's clear. No sense letting



such a minor detail as a writer's preference inhibit the compilation! The result is a superior index. Let's look at a few.

Consider the Day indexes. I understand there are two Days, not related; but the one I have is Don Day's INDEX TO THE SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES, 1926-1950. There was to be a to-the-present sequel, but it never materialized, and finally the MMT SF Society published a 1951-1965 index to magazines that is a worthy successor. I won't go into detail on these sets, as they

are well known; if you are a collector, they are your finest references. I understand Norm Metcalf has published a similar index, and plans to do a complete one: 1926 to present. Theoretically I'll know when he does, as I paid for it some years ago. There are also some single-magazine listings about, compiled by the NFFF (National Funny Farm Federation) some years back; I have F&SF to 1963 and GALAXY to Aug 1963, and recommend these simple author-alphabetic listings for those who are interested in particular magazines. No doubt NSF has published listings for the other magazines, and put out more recent editions, and perhaps some helpful Neffer will clarify the matter.

If your interest is in particular authors rather than in particular modes of publication, Donald Tuck's series of AUTHOR'S WORKS LISTINGS is for you. I have those for Derleth, Hamilton, Kornbluth, Long, Russel and Simak. They contain general information about the writers too, and should be invaluable to the specialist. But for recent writers, you'll have to look elsewhere.

Tuck also did a HANDBOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY, a two-volume paperback compendium published in 1959. This lists everything indiscriminately; if you want an author, a book, a magazine or anything else related to science fiction, you merely look it up alphabetically in the main text. This is actually a pretty convenient system, if your mind is like mine: sometimes you remember the author's name, sometimes a specific title, and sometimes a publisher--without being certain which it is. There are also appendices covering magazine titles and issues (titles and schedules change, you know, bewilderingly, so that even publishers have been known to get confused. I remember when FANTASTIC ADVENTURES changed over to FANTASTIC, with both titles being published simultaneously, and--), pseudonyms, connected stories, series and sequels, and paperback items. Unfortunately, the HANDBOOK is now somewhat dated, as it stops at the end of 1957, and I don't believe a later edition has ever appeared. If your interest stops at Zelazny, Delany, Disch, Niven, etc., this one is not for you.

Fortunately new compilers appear to replace the old, and it is these modern ones to whom I want to give primary attention. Many new fans desire to publish the Great American Science Fiction Index; many promising starts are made; but my own experience suggests that it is easier to put a novel into print than a major index. Let's diverge into personalities.

I believe it was late in 1968 when I received a query from one R. Reginald, representing THE NAME OF IV. He was planning to do an index of contemporary SF

authors: what was my name, pseudonym, marital status, children's names, education, etc. I always answer such letters courteously. Fanzine fans are a treacherous breed, but biblio fans are serious, even if their efforts are not always rewarded by publication. So I filled out the grimy details, and then I typed some gratuitous explanations on the reverse. Like, I was married in 1956, and my first child was born in 1967, and that looks like a typo or prolonged impotency. The first might reflect on my writing prowess, and the second--aw, forget it. While I was at it --I never do know when to shut up!--I proffered bits of advice in indexing. Remember, I'm a thoroughly experienced unpublished indexer myself. Since I happened to be the first writer to return the questionnaire, Mr. Reginald was appreciative, and wrote asking for more advice. Now it is much sweeter to give advice than to take it; and since he actually followed my advice, as well as complimenting my fictive work, I had a good feeling for him. Takes a reader with real discrimination to compliment my work! Not that I really expected him to come up with much. Time, money, information--it takes a superfan to make it all the way through.

But in mid-1970, after the usual hassles with publishers (there seems to be something inherently unreliable about commercial printers who tackle amateur projects. Not the fans; the mundane, print-for-pay interests), it was published: STELLA NOVA: THE CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS. The first edition was limited to one hundred numbered copies, of which my own was number one, autographed to me by the compiler. (I believe Brian Aldiss got number two,)

STELLA NOVA covers 483 science fiction authors, which is a good total. The compiler queried 484, but about a third





would not cooperate, so he had to get the information elsewhere. A writer's reputation in the field bears little relation to his cooperative propensities. Not that there is any actual obligation to fill out such a form; but it serves as another reminder that you don't know a writer unless you know him. At any rate, if info is skimpy on some, this time it isn't because the compiler didn't try.

There are over 300 biographies in addition to the bibliographic listings, plus a supplemental index of books included in the text. You can find the age, education, family and employment of a bio'd author, and a number have additional statements on the state of the field. I don't know what the criterion was for the extra statements; I don't believe I was asked for one, so I didn't provide it. Be all that as it may, this is the most useful single reference I have encountered in the field, and when I want to know something about a fellow writer, this is the tome I grab first.

Unfortunately, STELLA NOVA isn't generally available; the compiler intended it primarily for library-type use and wasn't too hot even to have it reviewed for the fan press. I feel that such a valuable book should be reissued in larger quantity. If ever a reference had potential to become definitive, this one does.

The compiler's next project, under the auspices of "Unicorn and Son," is to be an index of the paperbound book (SF, I presume) in America. It will include some 35,000 or more titles from 1939-69, indexed by company, author and title. Tentative publication date 1971. If the competence of STELLA NOVA is any guide, this book index will be a major event--provided that more than 100 copies are printed. Unicorn & Son have offered to produce my own index some future year, should it not be done elsewhere first, and I am not forgetting that offer though it is being worked on elsewhere.

I mentioned the inclusion of writer comment on the state of the field. Suppose it were possible to make a list of maybe 10 or 11 questions to submit to maybe 90 or 100 SF writers--and get answers? Such as why do you write SF? What's its value, anyway? Its relation to mainstream? And how about fandom? Where do you get ideas? What advice can you offer a beginning writer? I mean, print up all those answers for any fan to read and meditate.

I've known the Bills of DOUBLE:BILL in one way or another since 1962. You see, they were neos then, participating in NEFF. I had sent one of my standard letters to TIGHTBEAM, the N3F letterzine--but since I had not advertised the fact that I sold fiction under a pseudonym, I was considered just a garden-variety fan. You think writers treat fans bad--get a load of the way fans treat fans! Theoretically TIGHTBEAM published everything, and always needed more, but foulups were legion. Now I felt I had done a good letter (as I recall, it delineated the problems of subscriptions--if you have ever subscribed to any of the GALAXY publications,

you know what I mean); but the editors of the relevant issue, through a technicality of policy, excluded it, and it never saw print. Naturally I stopped lettering forthwirth (my reasonable temper is renowned!) and departed the organization forever.

Evidently the joint editors of that issue of TB felt it was a good letter too, for when they started up DOUBLE:BILL they shipped me three consecutive free issues, soliciting a contribution. Finally I wrote telling them where to go, and they left me alone thereafter for a good five years. But then another issue showed up. I knew somebody had discovered my identity and was out to do the usual: lambasting my novels because I wouldn't play footsy with fandom. (As you can plainly see, I'm not at all paranoid.)

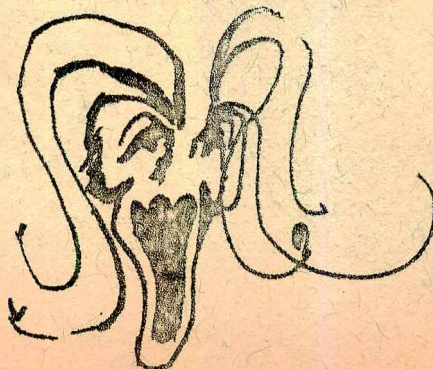
Sigh. The issue contained just about the most flattering appraisal of my work I've ever wallowed in. Naturally I don't allow such things to influence me, so it must be coincidence that I've been on excellent terms with Bill Bowers ever since, and we have a standing agreement to collaborate on a novel, just as soon as he does most of the work.

Bill, of course, went on to marriage and fame for his Hugo-calibre OUTWORLDS (a fanzine I frankly don't understand), and may one day turn pro as a publisher. But in the meantime he had performed another service: THE DOUBLE:BILL SYMPOSIUM. I described it above: SF writers' responses to specific questions. If I were a hopeful writer with three dollars to spend, I believe I would lap this up with disgraceful eagerness. I don't know whether SYMPOSIUM remains in print, so will follow my helpful practice of not giving price or address. Five hundred copies were produced, but many were given away to contributors. At any rate, I consider this a type of index, and it deserves credit for the fine job it is. I'm not saying that just because I have the longest answer in it, either; there are other commendable entries, I'm sure.

That covers the major efforts. There are minor ones, too. If your interest is in collection, N3F can probably help you; as part of my one-time membership in 62-63 I received FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION COLLECTIONS, compiled by Collins. Perhaps this has been updated since. If you like to keep current or slightly ahead on books, keep an eye on Joanne Burger, who publishes a fanzine PEGASUS partially devoted to such lists, plus annual Author/Title compilations of the past or future year. I believe I also received through her an annual listing of British books published, though I can't put my finger on that one at the moment. I think MIT keeps up annually on the magazines.

And if you like reviews, Hall Hall is another fan who queried me way back when, and who has now come out with a competent job: SFBRI--SCIENCE FICTION BOOK REVIEW INDEX 1970, and a partial list for 1971 has been published in the WSFA JOURNAL. He picks up reviews from all the SF prozines plus several fanzines (LUNA, RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, SF COMMENTARY, SF REVIEW, SPECULATION and WSFA JOURNAL) plus LIBRARY JOURNAL and PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY out there in mundania. His 1970 index lists 1484 reviews of 961 books. Good show, and I wish him--and all other dedicated indexers--well. We need them.

--Piers Anthony



I REALLY DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT MUSIC =||

I've been reading Don Keller's mail, which I hope you don't consider too reprehensible. It's a good thing I have been, because Frank Lunney has been telling Don all about what my column is going to look like. Otherwise, I wouldn't know. I'm still gonna do it my way, but it's nice to know what's expected of me.)

I'm not supposed to be reviewing records any more, which is a relief because I Really Don't Know Much About Music. Why, you ask, did I volunteer to do the column. I forget. Anyway...

As a consequence, I threw out



whole bunches of notes and full segments of a column of record reviews, about half-completed. Much of this was to be on JESUS CHRIST, SUPERSTAR, an album with its fair share of failures but many brilliances as well. It is better than either of the two Hugo-nominated records, BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE (Paul Kantner/Jefferson Starship) and DON'T CRUSH THAT DWARF, HAND ME THE PLIERS (Firesign Theatre), and is probably the best choice for Dramatic Hugo. This thought just occurred to me the other day, however, far too late to nominate.

Is SUPERSTAR blasphemous? I doubt that any sf person believes so. After all, we've lived through Michael Moorcock's interesting novel Behold the Man, Dean Koontz's incredibly flawed (it may be the worst novel-qua-novel ever to hit the field) but utterly fascinating Fear That Man (in which a character kills God by smashing Him to a pulp with a chair--God being a small pink slug) and many others. And we have yet to receive a lightning bolt in our collective spleen.

Oh, hell, I'm going to review BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE anyway, because so



many people seem to like it so much, and I'm not quite as enamored of it. This, particularly the second half, is the special Science Fiction Jefferson Airplane album, except that half the Airplane is missing and lots of other people have joined in.

The album is a mess, any way you look at it. A beautiful mess, sometimes, but always a mess.

It is a mess musically. Kantner seems to have Ellisoned it: "Go out and do what you want to do." But whereas an Ellison anthology is not seriously hurt by a couple over-indulgent contributors, you just can't turn thirteen (apprx.) musicians loose on an album; someone has to control things. Kantner seems to have been too lax. Everyone sits around playing what he damn well wants to play and there may be ten minutes of coherent/cohesive music on the entire album.

BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE says: "Fuck you, America!" (Are you too getting tired of hearing people say, "Fuck you, America"? When you hear it, do you sigh and say, "Not again"? It says: "I'll show you! When you build a starship I'm going to steal it from you and go flying off and you'll never see me again because I don't need you." "Except to build the starship, of course.) I think if I were America I would hurry up and build a starship to get rid of Kantner and his FY,A people. (Don't try and read my political feelings from this paragraph. I assure you you'll be wrong.)

Kantner wants to take seven thousand people; depending on the company, I think I might like to go. (And I'm sure that among seven thousand I could find enough to make the trip worthwhile.) The pipe dream of starting over. But Kantner is crazy if he thinks that losing him would hurt America; he should know that America would love to lose him, would love to give him a starship if he promised to take seven thousand "undesirables" with him and never come back. Threatening to leave is not a "blow against the empire," by any means.

Well, yes, there are some nice things I can say about the album. Grace Slick's "Sunrise" is excellent. (Her poem, a part of "A Child Is Coming" which never made it to the record, is also very worthy of mention.) Parts of many of the cuts are of the quality I expected the whole album to achieve--which it could have achieved had Kantner cared enough. "The Baby Tree" (not written by the Starship People) is very nice, though Kantner didn't sing it particularly well. It feels good to hear and see "to the abyss of Chicago" and "more than human" and other sf phrases thrown into songs. It is exhilarating to feel Kantner's dream: "Hijack the starship/Carry 7000 people past the sun/and our babes'll wander naked through the cities of the universe."

And of course, you can hear Grace Slick's voice and piano work, and that's pretty much worth the entire album.

BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE is a bad album, but a lot of enjoyment can come from it if you want it to.

But from what I gather from Frank's letters to Don, I'm supposed to just use music as a jumping-off point. Working toward that, let's get into the words of one of the most poignant and beautiful songs to reach my ears since...ever. I'm referring to Carly Simon's "That's the Way I've Always Heard It Should Be."

I have yet to read Alvin Toffler's Future Shock, but from what I hear it is an excellent commentary on the reasons behind the problems of modern Western civilization. Those of us who live--or until recently had lived--with out parents have heard all sorts of foul wonderings along the lines of Why Do You Have To Be So Different? Sometimes we've had answers. Other times we haven't realized we

were being Different. The world is changing and we try to change with it, often without realizing any change. We were merely keeping step.

Unfortunately, the people who run the world grew up in simpler times. I believe they are the ones suffering most from Future Shock. The advent of the Atomic Age (which I was amused to note in Harry Warner's All Our Yesterdays almost sent Rick Sneary scurrying into the Arizona desert; the prospect of George Wallace as President had people packing their bags, too) made the past obsolete. (Witness the Southeast Asia conflict, an attempt to return to the simpler wars before the Bomb.)

Anyway, all this is merely a digression on the subject Things Are Changing. One of the changing things is the institution of marriage. The prospect of one male and one female binding themselves together for the rest of their lives is falling out of favor. A couple is quite likely to merely live together until they decide to terminate the arrangement; the furor over communes is dying down, thus making them accepted and able to exist quietly.

Here in Maryland someone is trying to introduce a legislative bill formulating three-year trial marriages, a measure I fail to appreciate. It doesn't really change anything; it's merely a slight variation on what we already have.

In Carly Simon's "That's the Way I've Always Heard It Should Be" (which she wrote with Jacob Brackman) the solution to not entering into a typical middle-class marriage has been not to get married at all. Married people are described thus:

They have their houses and their lawns.
They have their silent noons,
Tearful nights, angry dawns.
Their children hate them for the things they're not;
They hate themselves for what they are--
And yet they drink, they laugh,
Close the wound, hide the scar.

Attractive? To whom? Not I. I've seen it, and you probably have, too. And I've seen women standing in their yards, wearing bathrobes and curlers, yelling at their children inside. Yet...these women were once young, in love with the young men who now threaten long-haired sons with dire results unless that trip to the barber's is made. The first line of that Simon verse, omitted in my quote above, was "My friends from college they're all married now"--it wasn't a kid looking at her parents, but a young woman looking at her friends.

But in the song she does agree to get married, only because "that's the way I've always heard it should be." She is less than thrilled by the prospect:

The couples cling and claw
And drown in love's debris.
You say we'll soar like two birds through the clouds,
But soon you'll cage me on your shelf--

What to do? I think the problem lies in the pattern of husband/worker wife/mother-housekeeper. I think even a slight variation--such as Piers Anthony's wife/worker husband/mother-housekeeper--is enough to keep a marriage vital by forcing its partners to think. I don't think it's particularly easy to run a marriage that means something. But we should certainly try. I for one refuse to enter into a typical middle-class marriage; and I'm going to have to work hard at it, because I'm so forlornly middle-class...

Good luck to you all, too.

(This has got to be the most disorganized essay from this most disorganized writer. But it is done, what was begun in December, on --June 14, 1971.)

terry

carr

ENTROPY REPRINTS

There's been a rash of articles and even columns about sf art in fanzines lately, which brought to mind the article that, as far as I can see, said it all twenty years ago, Hannes Bok's Why Artists Go But Grey, which appeared in the third issue of THE BIG O, August 1951.

Published by Les and Es Cole and Lee Jacobs, this fanzine's original title was ORGASM, but it so offended the generally freewheeling members of SAPS at the time that with the third issue the title was changed to THE BIG O. Lee Jacobs is a fan you've probably heard of: author of The Ballard Chronicles, long-time SAPS and FAPA member, he died tragically a few years ago when he evidently fell in the bathtub. Lester and Esther Cole are less well known to fans of today, though they were exceptionally popular as intelligent letterhacks in the prozines around 1950 and were co-chairmen of the San Francisco worldcon in 1954. Fannish fandom may remember them best as the subjects of a Charles Burbee piece titled Two Separate People: Burbee, having met them when they joined FAPA, had a hard time convincing F. T. Laney that they were a married couple. Laney had always seen their names as one byline and considered them a single person; finally convinced that they were two people, he decided they must be two males living together in squalid sexuality. Of course, Burbee may have stretched the truth a bit.

Hannes Bok needs no testimony from me as to his stature in the field of fantasy and sf art; the fanzines were filled with tributes to him when he died half a dozen years ago. He was my favorite artist in this field, and reading of the conditions under which he worked appalls me as much today as it did twenty years ago. One thing that disturbs me today is that so much of what Bok complained about then is still true today: the tight deadlines, overweening editors or art directors, even the price of \$5 a drawing, which still holds true for at least some markets. Cover paintings go for much more than \$75 per today, though; there may be an impoverished magazine that still pays that little, but most of the magazines pay twice that and paperback covers bring \$400 to \$600 or more.

At the end of the main article is a selection from another piece by Bok, Hannes Looks At Bok, autobiographical notes written in 1952 and published a couple of years later in WASTEBASKET #4, the badly delayed final issue of Vernon McCain's fanzine. This was the same issue that contained Willis' famous article The Pun, plus other pieces by Bloch, Tucker, Warner, Willis (another article) and a parody of Alice in Wonderland done in the style of Ray Bradbury by one D. R. Smith; maybe I'll reprint that one sometime too. As you can see, this was one of the best single issues of a fanzine ever published; a pity it had to be the last.

The drawings scattered through the article are all by Bok, and are from his last sketchbook; Jack Gaughan lent these to me for publication. I believe I used one or two of them in LIGHTHOUSE years ago, but most are seeing print here for the first time. When Bok did a sketch or drawing that he liked, either for itself or because it gave him ideas for further drawings, he'd cut it out and paste it into his book, and surround it with obscure notes. (Obscure to me, anyhow.) Thus some of his more interesting drawings were preserved, including some examples of his cartooning style. So what follows is a feast of Bok in both his writing and his drawing.

-- Terry Carr



WHY ARTISTS GO BUT GREY

BY HANNES BOK

I

Some years ago, a friend of mine ditched his current girl friend. He was an addict of Delius, Szostakovicz, Bruckner and Mahler.

"We were talking about music," he explained, "and she told me that the most beautiful and profound music ever written was Victor Herbert's Ah Sweet Mystery of Life."

I could see his point. But, because there was a time when I thought that In the Halls of the Mountain King was the most beautiful and profound music ever written, I could sympathize with the girl.

And so, when I read some of the gruesome slush sent in to "Readers' Letters" departments of fantasy magazines -- and am tempted to go out and hang myself -- I hark back to the days when I, too, didn't know any better.

In fact, I'll go so far as to tell an embarrassing tale about myself: I flunked Public Speaking in high school because at the end of the term I got up and brilliantly narrated how I had come to the conclusion that Norman Rockwell and Maxfield Parrish were better than Michaelangelo, Botticelli, Rembrandt, Durer and El Græco.

I just didn't know from nothing.

My ears burned in sympathy yesterday for some students of a radio school, who -- in a broadcast over station WLIB -- told the world that they were potential disc jockeys. I don't think much of the school they attend. Such voices! -- accents from Lower Slobbovia! And one of them said, in all seriousness (ah, echo!), that composers of such little gems as "Mona Lisa," "Sam's Song" and "Stardust" are better than Mozart, Beethoven, Sibelius and Chaikovsky. He used the same reasons that I used in my public-speaking nosedive.

We both had the idea that, since these moderns were equipped with the experience of their forebears, plus originality of their own, they just had to be better.

Ah, the optimism of Youth! We were saying that if an idiot studies under da Vinci, his own talents plus da Vinci's must result in work surpassing da Vinci's.

We just didn't know from nothing.

And the fans who write in that Fantasy Illustrator Doakes is better than stodgy old Rembrandt and Rubens -- they just don't know from nothing either. Let us hope that they'll learn better as the years go tromping along.

II

In the first place, most artwork appearing in pulp magazines bears small resemblance to the original drawings. Yes, I said drawings, because the method of reproducing artwork (except in cover pictures) rules out the use of painting.

Interior illustrations in pulp magazines are what's known as "line cuts." Thus at the outset, the artist is bogged down with limitations. A line cut reproduces only pure black -- whether a solid area of a fine hairline. Thus the artist, if he wishes to use greys in his picture, must simulate them by spreading out, in a white area, a lot of tiny dots or hairlines -- achieving a half-and-half mixture which the eye blends into an approximate grey. And to achieve a uniform grey or a subtle nuance from black through grey to white takes a lot of time and patient effort. If you don't believe me, get out a pen and try it. Only a superlative craftsman like Finlay can get a range of more than three greys. The average pulp illustrator rests content with pure white, one gray, and pure black.

Therefore, knowing that he is limited to white, one grey and black, the artist must confine himself. He can't be subtle with his use of tone and value -- it won't reproduce. The most he can do, if he is a bona fide artist, is to stylize his picture, so that the lack of subtlety isn't missed. And so his work is always "contrasty," through no fault of his own. How then can it possibly compare with -- say, Blakelock's Brook by Moonlight? It can't!

Now there is a better method of reproduction known as halftone, whereby the engraver's magic can reproduce any grey that any artist can cook up. But unfortunately, halftones have a habit of darkening the effect of the original, so that areas intended to be pure white will come out a soft grey. This can be remedied by carefully detailed work on the part of the engraver -- "etching out" portions of the metal plate. But it's expensive. And about expense, more later.

It's necessary to use "line cuts" in pulp magazines because of the quality of pulp paper, which is only a slight step above bathroom tissue and blotting paper. It's both too soft and coarse to take ink properly. Consequently, artist Doakes' beautiful black areas generally print-up as grey ones, and spotty grey ones at that, not a bit like those in the original.

So you can see that pulp reproductions have little likeness to the original drawings. How, then, can you tell if the original work was good or not?

III

Comes now the question of time. The editor summons you to his office and says, "I have five pictures for you to do by next Monday. They've got to be sent to the engraver then, so don't fail me."

The poor artist may not have worked for months, because the magazine was a bi-monthly and didn't care to use his work in every issue. Here he is stuck with five drawings to be conceived and executed in two weeks or less. Contrary to popular myth, artists do not turn a crank and thereby produce a picture. Covering a sheet of paper with pen or pencil takes time -- and the more carefully and artfully covered, the more time it takes. Covered with what? With (let us hope)

good draftsmanship and an original conception.

I don't know about the other illustrators, but I'll tell you about me. The editor's given me a story in which not a darned thing happens until the last paragraph, wherein Our Hero finds he isn't a man at all, he's a robot. How can I possibly get a good drawing from THAT?

I read the fool manuscript four or five times, looking for a loophole. All through the story, nothing has happened by way of "dramatic action" except various conversations the hero has held with various characters. Should I show him arguing with the heroine, as described on page 10 of the manuscript? No, of course not -- he LOOKS like a human being, even if he isn't one, and if I show two ordinary human beings arguing, where's the fantasy? -- it could illustrate any ordinary love story.

Well, I certainly can't show the heroine arguing with a robot -- for one thing, it will "give the end of the story away," and besides, the hero looks exactly like a human -- readers will write in and complain that the artist has made a mistake.

What would you do? Well, no matter what I finally do turn out, the readers write in and complain that Bok is slipping -- this illustration isn't very fantastic. As if Bok could help it. He might submit a fantastic picture which didn't illustrate the story, but in that case, both readers and editor would object.

In which quandary, Bok thinks and thinks and thinks. Sometimes it takes days. Sometimes he pulls a rabbit out of the hat and does manage to turn out an illustration which is fantastic and yet fits the story. Sometimes. But what can he do when he has to turn out five pictures in less than two weeks? And supposing he does have a brilliant idea -- how much time can he devote to careful execution of it? If he just scrawls it on paper, readers kick because his work is "crude." (They kick about his work's crudeness regardless, since the finest work is often loused up by the ink "not registering" on the coarse pulp paper.)



And if this weren't enough, some editors think that they're artists. They hire a guy on the strength of his past performance, and then proceed to dictate how he shall interpret the story (often they tell him to illustrate a certain paragraph on a certain page) and just how to draw it -- the girl must be so many inches high, her costume must consist of burlesque-theater breastplates and panties rather than an imaginative conception of future fashions; the hero should be over there, and doing this or that, and the dragon shouldn't have heartshaped scales, he should have triangular ones, etc. ad nauseum. Oh, and by the way, don't draw this in drybrush -- the medium you specialise in. Artist Joe Blow has some drybrush work in the same issue, and we want variety in techniques -- so instead of the medium you handle best, you must draw this picture in grease-pencil.

IV

Comes now the question of salary. Most fans who discuss pulp-illustrating with me are flabbergasted at the price I get.

Generally, the doorbell rings, and as I open the door, a youth or damsel says plaintively, "Oh, you're not Mr. Bok!"

"I sure am," I say.

"But I thought you were about sixty, and with lank yellow hair hanging over your eyes! And tall and stooped-over!"

They come into my one-room combination of workshop and living-quarters, and look very downcast. Eventually they confess why. Seems they figured I got \$500 per picture -- after all, my work was published in a magazine and "everybody knows" that people whose work appears in magazines get at least \$500 per picture.



And if I get \$500 per picture, why am I living in this shoddy old tenement, and wearing rags?

The answer is simple. I don't get \$500 per picture. I do get a heckuva lot more than I did in pre-war days. Back in 1940 and 1941, I got \$5.00 per picture from nearly all magazines except Famous Fantastic. THEY paid me \$10! -- top price! Now the average payment per picture (obtained by adding up and dividing what ten fantasy magazines pay) is \$20 per picture.

Covers average at less than \$75 per each. If an artist were lucky enough to get six covers a year, he'd earn all of \$400 or less!

So you see, the average fantasy-pulp illustrator is forced to turn out as much work as possible, barely to keep alive. If he's a real artist -- that is, if he values quality above the necessities of life -- he turns out less work, because he requires time and careful thought to produce high-quality work. And even if he's a hack, and whapps out pictures as fast as he can, he'd have to make 20 covers per year, or 75 half-page interior drawings, to earn \$1,500 a year. I suggest you start counting the works of artists in the magazines, and figuring up their yearly salaries.

And so, how can pulp illustration possibly even equal, let alone rival, the works of past masters, many of whom were subsidized by kings, and could take years to turn out one picture?

And so Pete Fan writes in, "Doakes' illustration for The Goozled Opsters is better than van Gogh!!!!!"

Ten to one, Pete Fan never saw a van Gogh, except in a lousy reproduction. (I hated van Gogh myself until I saw his originals -- wow, what a difference!) Pete hasn't even seen Doakes' original for The Goozled Opsters; he is judging from a cheesy reproduction on bad paper.

I'll say one thing about pulp paper -- often it makes a bad picture look better than it really is.

V

Comes now -- esthetics. Pete Fan raves over Doakes' illustration, which shows a realistic woman (copied from a photograph in Bathing Beauties Magazine, and "made fantastic" by adding a snaky tail, copied from Your Wildlife Magazine,

and further fancied-up with a lot of bubbles and stars that have nothing to do with the story -- they just "look nice"). This, says Pete Fan, is real art. Pete also writes that because The Goozled Opsters was a time travelling yarn, it's no good, because H. G. Wells wrote a time travelling yarn years ago.

What Pete really likes is the subject matter of the picture. Or the technique. He thinks he likes the drawing -- only artistically speaking, there ain't no drawing. Art is essentially interpretation, making a cat seem cattier. You don't interpret a woman by drawing her as the Bathing Beauties Magazine camera sees her. You interpret her by making her softer, fleshier, more lushly feminine -- or by making her attenuated, ethereal, not of this world -- or by accentuating the length of her nails, the slant of her eyes, the sinister sinuosity of her contours.

The fact that the picture may be entirely without pattern doesn't faze Pete. He'd snicker at a house built without blueprints and in varying styles of architecture; but he hasn't the sense to realize that a good picture, like a good building, must follow definite laws of structure. Often when I try to explain Composition to Pete Fan and his ilk, I'm greeted with "Composition? What's composition?" And yet Pete -- with no knowledge of esthetics whatever -- thinks Doakes is better than Rubens, who draws ugly fat old floozies.

He's like editors who think that "action in a picture" consists of 17 different fistfights going on at once. Whereas a good artist can convey an exciting feeling of action, although the drawing contains just the head of a girl smiling, by the use of dynamic line. Pete and the editor aren't really talking about "action" -- they're talking about subject matter, human interest, association of ideas.

VI

To hear me talk, you'd think that all pulp fantasy illustration is lousy. And yet, I know a lot of it isn't. A great deal of it is far too good for pulp magazines -- worth far more than \$20 a throw. Some of it belongs in expensive books. A very little of it belongs in museums.

Let's talk about technique. Artist Smith can't draw worth beans. He can trace nice pretty girls out of movie stills, however, and swipe Artist Jones' rocket-ship from an old issue of Gory Space Stories. He pretties them up with a super-fancy technique -- all kinds of tricky stipple work, delicate cross-hatch, brilliant scratchboard exercises -- all derived from other pen-artists who in turn derived them from eighteenth-century engravings on metal and medieval woodcuts.

Pete Fan may agree that the girl and the rocketship aren't very good, but the "picture" is superb, he maintains, because of the wonderful technique. Technique in itself is nothing. Nobody in his right mind would applaud a pianist who, at a concert, gives forth with a half-hour rendition of finger-exercises in brilliant technique.

Technique is only HOW you say a thing -- the language in which it's couched -- and if the artist isn't saying anything (that is, offering creative, interpretive subject matter) -- he is simply saying nothing in very brilliant language. And if a speaker got up on the platform and delivered a



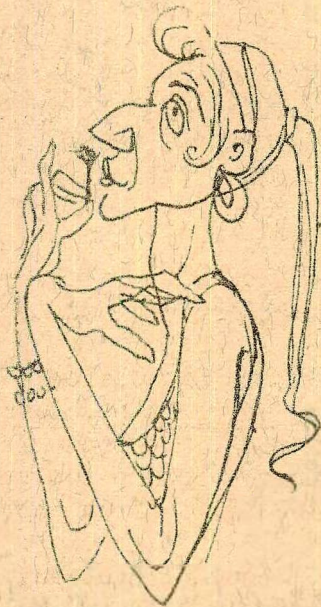
lot of double-talk with an Oxford accent and all sorts of marvelous modulations -- it would still be double-talk, signifying nothing -- except that the speaker thought he could "put one over" on his listeners.

VII

Every fantasy artist to whom I've talked says that he has received a letter of this sort:

"Dear Mr. Jones: I liked your picture for Scrobble My Owlps in the May 1872 issue of Gruesome Stories. Would you please send it to me? Thank you. Yours sincerely, Pete Fan." Although, Pete Fan generally doesn't close with yours sincerely -- usually it's "FAN-atically yours," or "The Watcher by the Wailing Wall, Pete Fan," or "The Bugeyed Fantasite, Pete Fan" -- something real cute and individual, letting Jones know that Pete is a real character, Pete is different, Pete is Somebody.

Mr. Jones, at the outset of his career, makes the mistake of sending the drawing, autographed, for Pete Fan's collection. Does he receive a thank-you note? Of course not.



Jones could have sold that drawing to a private collector, thereby maybe augmenting his pitiful fantasy-illustration wages. In other words, he gave Pete Fan a drawing worth money. Did Pete ever give Jones anything? As a matter of fact, Pete wrote three letters to editors panning Jones' work. But Pete wanted to impress his fellow fans by having an original Jones, something none of them have, and nyaah to YOU, I'm Pete Fan, I am, I got something you ain't got, nyaah to you, I'm better than you are.

Jonesy later discovers this drawing in the possession of John Pulp-reader. John paid Pete Fan ten bucks for it. Did Jonesy get anything out of it? Of course not. But Pete Fan got ten bucks without any work. And yet Pete tells everybody he's crazy about fantasy and fantasy art. Seems to the various Joneses concerned that Pete is making a racket out of it.

Worse still is this letter, common to all the illustrators:

"Dear Mr. Jones: I just adore your gorgeous work. Will you please make me a cover for my fan magazine, DISGUSTING? I'll need it by June Tenth. ((The letter is postmarked June 5th.)) Thank you. Yours STWMPFstically, Pete Fan."

Jonesy, earning just enough to pay the rent, is supposed to drop everything and spend a week or two doing something for nothing. Even if he could turn out the drawing in one day (and I don't know one illustrator who can) -- it's still a loss of time and money. Do you think Pete Fan would give Jonesy a day's wages if Jonesy wrote in to Pete and asked "Dear Fan: I adore your fannishness, please send me a day's or a week's wages"? Not on your life!

And supposing Jones DOES send Pete a specially-drawn cover. What happens? Pete doesn't frame it -- he rams tacks through it, hangs it on the wall until it's smoked-up and flyspecked, and has to be thrown away. Or sold to some other fan.

So finally, when Jonesy in self-defense asks for payment of any drawings that Pete Fan requests, Pete denounces him as a money-radd louse to all and sundry.

Cute, too, is the editor who has received a letter from Pete Fan requesting a Jones original. Jonesy has to fork over if he wants to continue working for the editor. It doesn't cost the editor anything to be nice to Pete Fan.

It's a great life. And yet people wonder why I'm trying to quit fantasy and get into some other field of art.

EXCERPTS FROM HANNES LOOKS AT BOK

Bok wanted to be an actor. Then he decided to be a writer. Later, to attract attention of a gorgeous blonde (in the 8th grade) he switched to art -- SHE drew, and he figured that he could get to know her by asking her advice on drawing. It didn't work. However, dear Teacher hung his stuff up on the front wall, so he kept on drawing.

Bok got into fantasy art because he found Life a pain in the neck, so would imagine a nice dream-world full of dinosaurs, huge abandoned castles, fair maidens in distress, which eventually he started to capture on paper in lieu of taking snapshots of same. When he discovered Amazing Stories (Gernsback, publisher) it was right up his alley, and he decided to "be able to draw like Frank R. Paul."

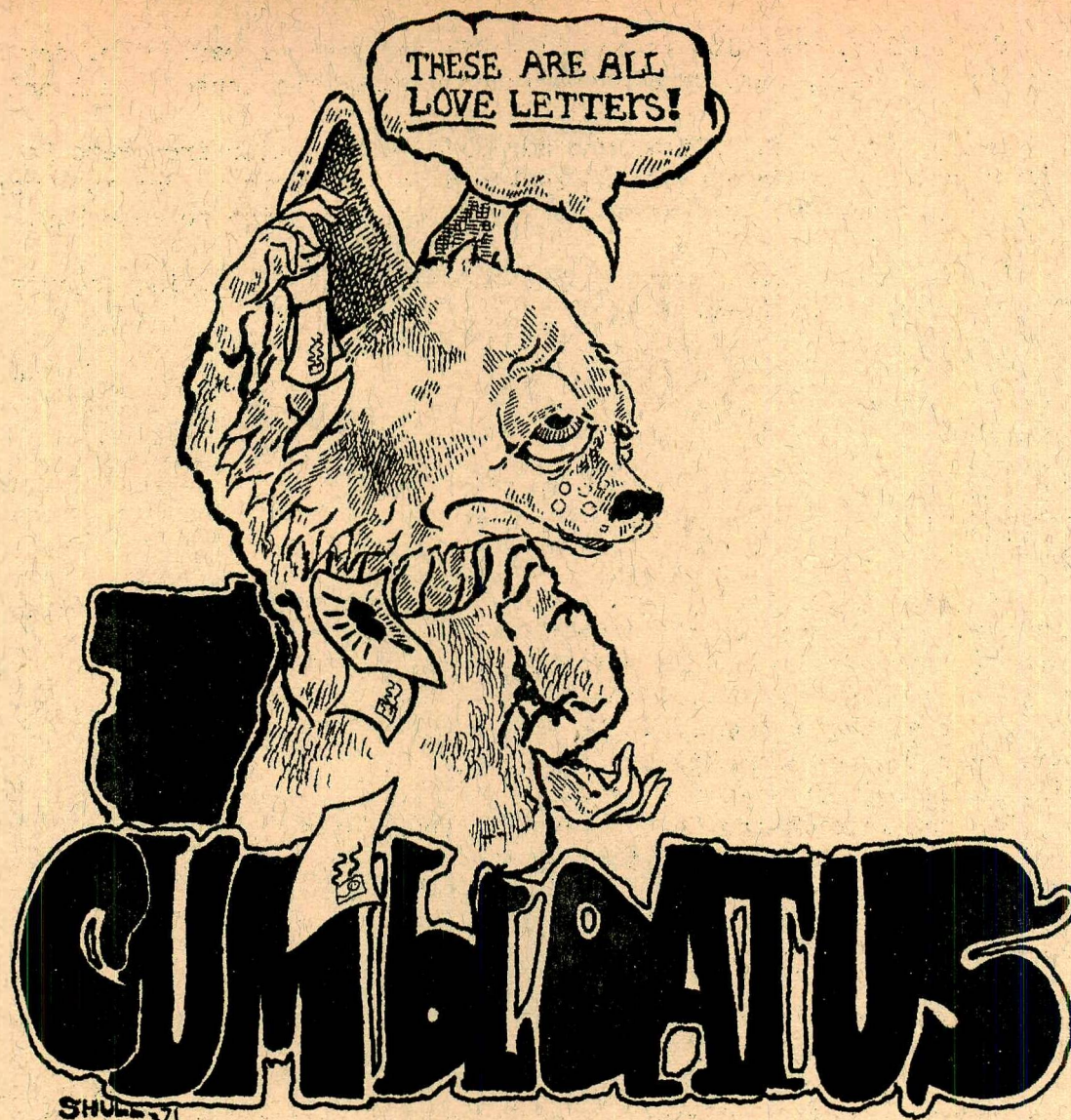
He left home and stepmother at an early age and -- in mid-Depression -- failing to get "honest work," started making up samples to send to Weird Tales, Amazing, etc. No luck. Meanwhile, he discovered Museums and Galleries. He took his stuff to one gallery who threw him out on his ear with the comment, "You're too young to have done this sort of work, therefore you must have copied it." After that he got chary on telling his age.

He emigrated to California looking for "honest work," couldn't get any. About this time, Ray Bradbury exhibited Bok-work to Farnsworth Wright of Weird Tales, and Mr. Wright said he could use Bok's work. Bok rushed to New York and began doing Weird Tales illustrations at \$5 apiece. In his "spare time" (of which he had little, since \$5 per drawing usually averaged him \$45 a month) he worked on portraits, landscapes and writing. In 1943 he worked for Associated American Artists, then quit in 1944 to produce work for a one-man show held in a New York Gallery in 1945. At this show, he discovered that the average person doesn't care to hang "dragons in the living room," something he had never had time to find out hitherto, so that thenceforth his spare-time work featured less and less fantasy.

Among his illustrations, he has no lone favorite, but you can tell how much he likes a picture by his signature. If it's signed at all, he likes something about it; if it's signed "Bok," it's fair; if it contains his full name, he likes it. There have been times when, to meet a deadline, he was forced to rush and turn out sheer junk, the originals of which he destroyed whenever possible. His greatest satisfaction is that in 20 years most pulp magazines will have deteriorated into brittle flakes of paper, thus obliterating his entire illustration-output.

He sums himself up as being "a ragged individualist."





((Leading off all the letters this issue is one from Justin St. John, commenting on BAB 15. The letter is dated April 22, but I didn't receive it until early-mid August, which is nearly as long as Ted White refrains from sending letters he's forgotten about. BAB 15 was the Triple-X issue for Justin, unfortunately. That means, folks, he wasn't sent an issue of BAB 16, and by now I have no extra copies. The preceding has been a warning to all you Triple-Xers out there...))

Justin ST. John
2760 Crescent Dr.
Yorktown, N.Y. 10598

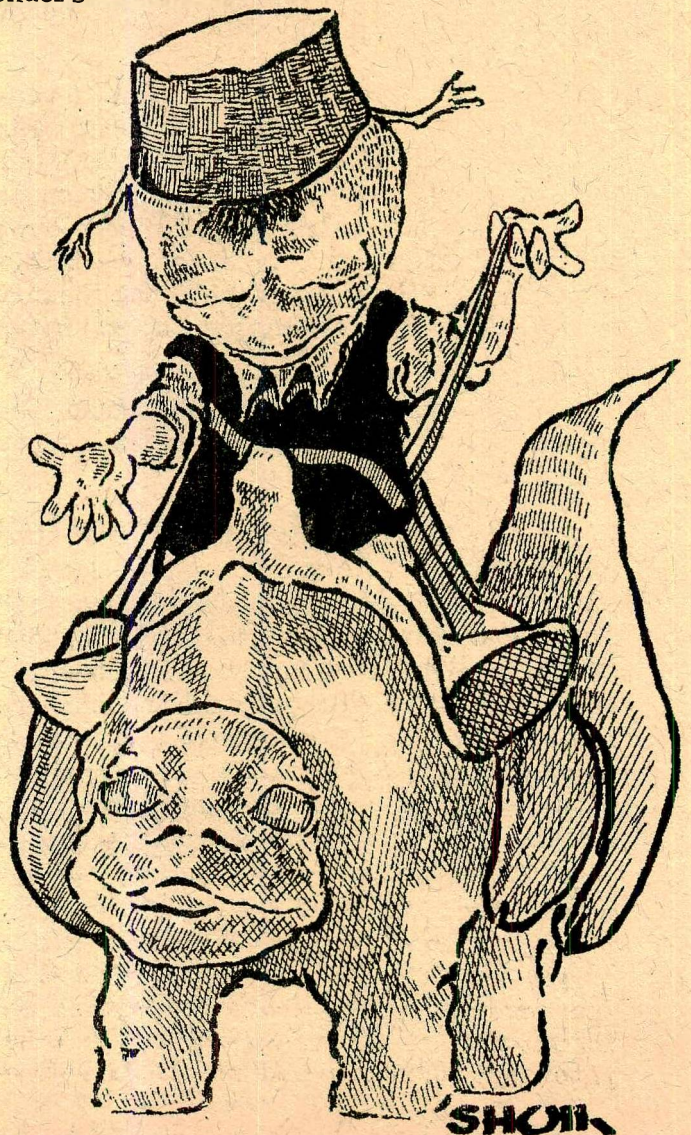
Frank, you aren't the only one who's run into The Other Side of Andy Offut. About two years ago, when I first became an active fan, I published one issue of THE GREEN TOWN REVIEW. What I intended was a "Thank You" for the benefit of Ray Bradbury, whose stories had given me so many hours of contemplative pleasure. The title was derived from the scene of many of Bradbury's fantasies (Green Town, Illinois); there was an analysis of some of his book length work, as well as fiction obviously very much under the Bradbury Spell. Well, Mr. Bradbury wrote me a nice letter, and several people wrote commenting on the quality and neatness of the job; what I couldn't sell through the mails I sold at the local head shops & book stores. My interests changed, and so did the direction and name of my publishing efforts; I'd

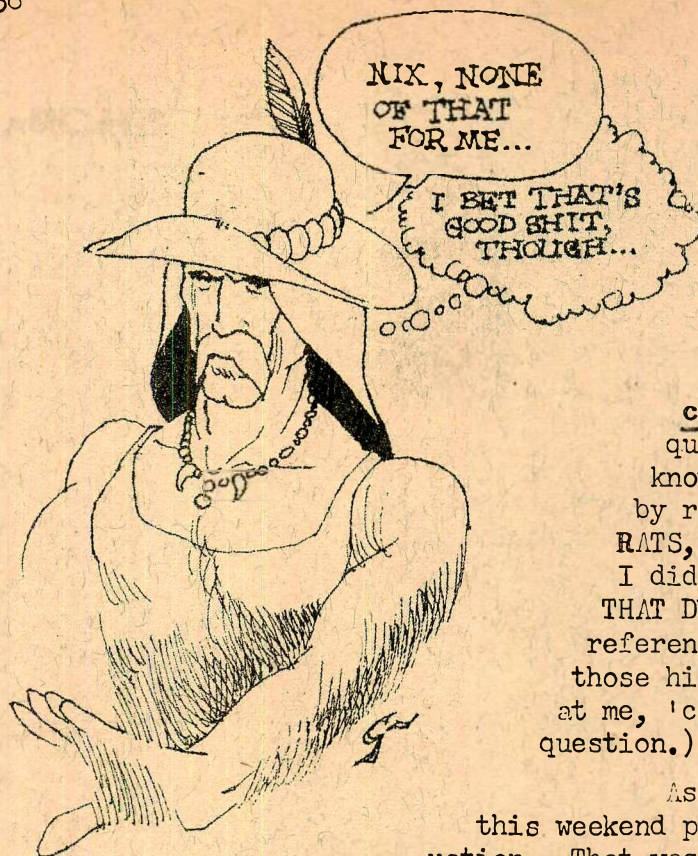
made a few dollars with a one shot, and That was That. At least, that's what I thought...

Apparently, Andy Offut didn't think so at all. Looking thru the fanzine reviews in a long ago LOCUS, I chanced upon a remark made by Charlie about CROSSROADS; apparently my blood had been spilled, and I hadn't even been told. Al Snider sent me the next issue of CROSSROADS and, from what I could gather, Andy had been very much offended by GTR's numerous typos...I never did get what Andy actually did say, since Al Snider ignored my requests for a copy of that issue of C! What I ended up with was a letter from Andy that was either Very Snotty or Very Apologetic (I didn't dare hazard a guess) which offered Free Proofreading and 10 cents worth of coffee at St. Louiscon. Before I knew it, LOCUS ran a cryptic item about how the Offut/St. John "feud" was FINALLY over ("The war's ovah, Paw, and de darkies is dancin' in de streets!")

I don't know what's going on; your experience sounds remarkably like my own. It seems to come and go in cycles; maybe it has something to do with the moon... ((I think Andy just takes typos too seriously. He apparently regards them as a slap in hisMagnificentFastWriter's face...))

Tell me, Lunney; why are you Surprised and Hurt, and Full of Regret about JEFFERSON STARSHIP/BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE not standing a chance for the Hugo? Last week at the Lunacon, I was holding forth before a group of people about the many wonders of Mick Jagger ("That mouth!"). Some femmefan, who looked like a walking commercial for Clearasil, or the before picture in a consumption cure ad, came out of nowhere (and I do mean No-where) and informed me that she Despised Mick Jagger, and gave me a What Are You Going To Do About That look. I said that no doubt the feeling was Very Mutual, and she disappeared into one of the elevators, never to be heard from again (which was, by the way, just about the only time the elevators made any attempt to elevate during the whole con, but that is another story...). It seems to me most fans feel threatened by things like the Airplane; all that proud sexuality is maybe a bit Too Much for people who found what little sex there was in Bug Jacl Barron (not to mention all that nasty language) something to cause some kind of plastic "controversy" about. Fans are supposed to be so cosmic, so imaginative; then what's all the "scandal" about drugs at cons and at club meetings? And don't tell me it's A Legal Matter, because the nature of the arguments used by the opposition are almost informly concerned with the ill effects of drugs; and the old "if he has to turn on to





have a good time, I feel Sorry for him" line, reveals that the anti-heads objections are much more fundamental than anyone cares to admit. Why don't they admit it; if someone alters his consciousness in a science fiction story, that's ok with them. But when it comes to real life, they are terrified to the depths of their conventional little souls. Talk about living vicariously... ((I can't answer your questions, St. John. I'm so dumb I didn't know until this very day, August 24, 1971, by reading in Bill Kunkel's/Charlene Komar's RATS, in a letter written by Jerry Kaufman... I didn't know that the title of DON'T CRUSH THAT DWARF, HAND ME THE PLIERS was a drug reference. Holy shit! So don't start posin' those highfalutin' Philosophy of Life questions at me, 'cause I might not even understand the question.))

As for sex, my experiences at Lunacon this weekend pretty well dramatizes the current situation. That was one of the cruisiest cons I've ever been to; I got Meaningful Looks from fans of both sexes. Hell, I got one offer of \$\$\$ (but then I remembered that thing about Greeks bearing Gifts...). Do you think they came right out and Went After It...no sir! Sex? We don't talk about That. We don't acknowledge That. We pretend that It doesn't even exist. And then when someone like Grace Slick or Mick Jagger throws it in our faces, we close our eyes and turn the other cheek.

So don't feel Too Bad about the Airplane/Hugo situation, Lunney; what do you expect from a bunch of repressed twitches, anyway? (Obviously I don't mean everyone; Just Too Many...)

((Actually, I'd rather see Firesign Theater win the Hugo. But...gasp... a drug reference...!!!!))

Laney's "Dianuts and Dianetics" convinced me that I have been Unfair, and that I should investigate L. Ron Hubbard's theories more thoroughly before coming to any kind of conclusion. I wonder, though, what Laney would say about Scientology today if he got some of the things in his mailbox that I got in mine. About three years ago, I received a questionnaire from the L.A. Org of the Scientology Foundation; the questions were exceedingly strange, the person who originated them was apparently under the impression that anyone fool enough to get on Scientology's mailing list must have something wrong with him, because most of the questions were asked assuming that the subject was either unhappy or very neurotic or both. (e.g. "Why do you feel inadequate to do what you REALLY want to do?") As a goof, I filled out the questionnaire, informing them, among other things, that I AM doing what I REALLY want to do... About a week after that, my mailbox started to fill up. Since then, I get Scientology brochures nearly every day, as many as four or five at a time. They're getting progressively more hysterical as time goes by and I continue to ignore them. The latest one, just arrived with today's BAB, deserves some sort of award, and I have hung it up on my wall in honor of the unbelievable kind of mentality that sent it out. It shows, at the top, a picture of L. Ron Hubbard in some

kind of military uniform. The photo is flanked by two identical symbols, a five point star bordered by laurel leaves. Underneath is the caption **WORLD RECRUITMENT TOUR** in big bold blue letters. It all sounds like one of L. Ron Hubbard's very contrived science fiction novels, only much more expensive. And then there are these vaguely threatening, hand-written messages I keep getting every once in a while, from people called "Registrars" whose job I guess it is to write such letters all day long. No wonder the letters sound a little Strange. The last one I got said, in part: "What are you doinf that's more important than freeing yourself and the world?" I looked at the letter in disbelief, in frustration, in simple annoyance at being virtually bonbarded with junk mail, and said to myself: 'WHAT do these people WANT of me!????!' Then I looked at the prices on those elaborate sounding courses of theirs and concluded, "My MONEY....!"

David Hulvey should either get his ears in tune or else learn that words have precise meanings. Where did he ever get the idea that Jefferson Airplane has anything to do with the New Left? What did you do, David; read in LIFE that kids("kids...") with long hair who dress Funny and don't reserve a special place in their hearts for policemen are "New Leftists"? Or did Martha Mitchell call him, one lonely night, and let him in on the big secret?

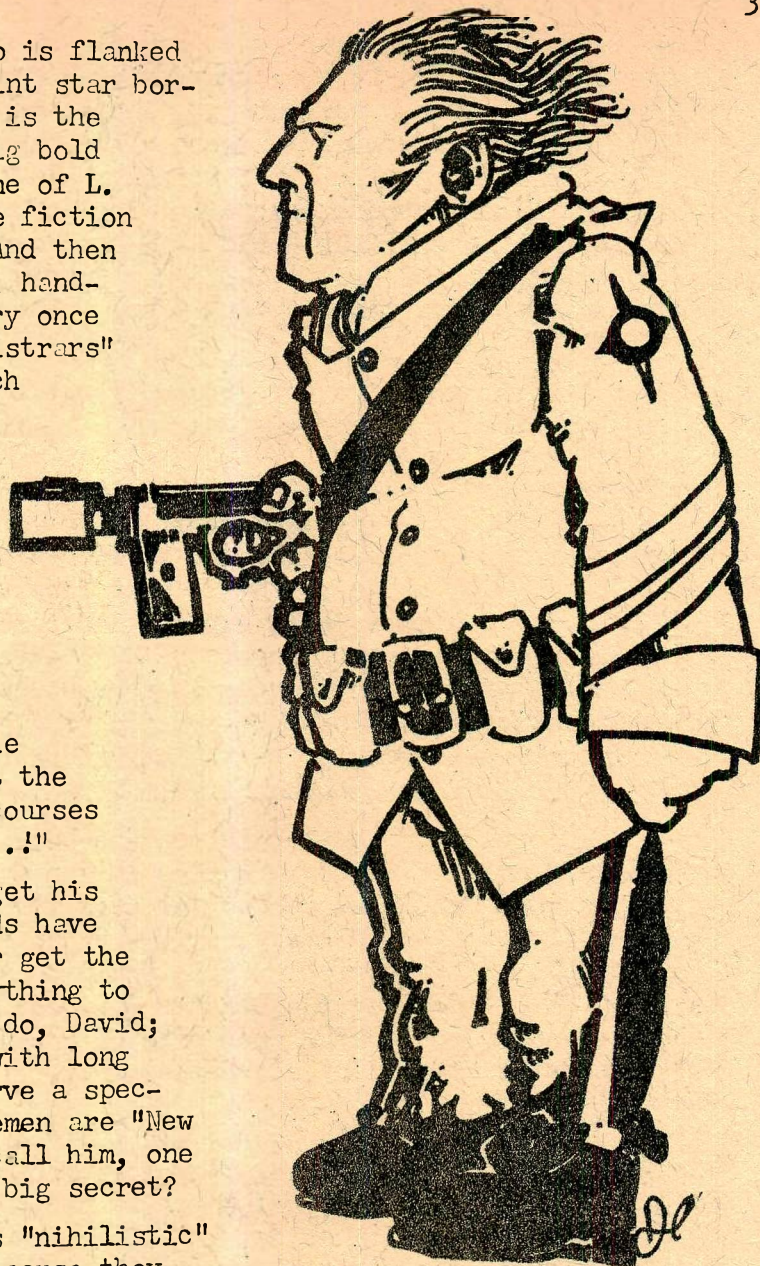
I'm not exactly sure what is "nihilistic" about hijacking a starship; is it because they hijacked it or is it because they want to Get Away? As for the former, that isn't nihilism, that's just Stealing. As for the latter, what you mean is "How dare the Airplane be so 'pretentious' as to want personal happiness...why aren't they out here saving The World with Me!" You sound like an advocate of the draft.

((??? That last line seems pretty weird...))

And what is this you're trying to hand us, David darling?: "...they really want to go on that Fantastic Voyage to the lifestyle of unfettered freedom and non-hassles, if mom and dad will foot the bill, of course." I don't know what kind of people hang out in Harrisonburg, Va., but if you're any kind of indication... What possible use would someone who wants to live in a goddamn starship have for their mommy's and daddy's split level plastihouse? Maybe you're just looking at things a little too much from behind the bars of your own Predicament, hmmm?!

((Write On, Justin. Write on...))

You know, Lunney, when BAB used to come in the mail I used to Glance thru it and then toss it on the floor (it inevitably wound up under the bed, and was



Never Seen Again...) There was good old Perry Chapdelaine badmouthing a professional organization that he was lucky he even qualified for, under a few obvious pen names; John J. Pierce was Ranting, Again; Robert Moore Williams was muttering something that sounded vaguely obscene; Piers Anthony was telling a breathless world what he had for breakfast that morning; and Ted White was crying on the nearest shoulder. I don't think anyone but the jerks involved could have cared less; and I should think even Piers would have been eventually bored to death by the whole dreary spectacle. BAB is a Whole New Thing, and this issue was the best fanzine I've read in a long time. Keep it up, Lunney, and next time you just might get that Hugo...

((Well, now I've got you and Darrell Schweitzer in my corner...))

*

Dave Hulvey The comments re my Jefferson Starship critique were disappointing, Rt. 1, Box 198 to say the least. Only Harry Warner came through with anything Harrisonburg, Va interesting and valid. Actually, though, records are eligible, 22801 at least that's what Tony Lewis told me at Lunacon. He even said that legal experts had researched the Dramatic rules and found, under a loose interpretation of the Hugo category, that records were certainly eligible. Of course, Harry Warner is correct, there should be precise words in black-and-white or corflu-proof purple ditto plague or whatever the trusty legal rules are duly entrusted within, to the effect that records are completely and unequivocally safe unto a nanosecond of validity.

The pollution extrapolation was beautiful. I say, Harry Warner, you would make a read good SF writer. Why you might even scare the pollutocrats into doing something about their wastes to forestall the inevitable consequences you envision. That is, if you wrote a story built around the idea--safely in collaboration with Ayn Rand, so that the right people would chance to read it--and sold for a nominal fee--say \$25. Then, by the strange and beautifully obscene processes of the free market economy, you'd make your pile of green rot, save the corporations from Big Gov't and as a by-product, save the world.

*

Gary Hubbard I didn't think my last Cracked Eye ((in this issue)) was all THAT Apt 2 personal, although it may affect people who have problems. I realize that sex is a touchy subject for many people. I once asked 208 Hubbard Ct a friend if it were true that she shaved her twat. I had heard Westland, Mich that she had, you see. 48185

That guy almost ended my life right there.

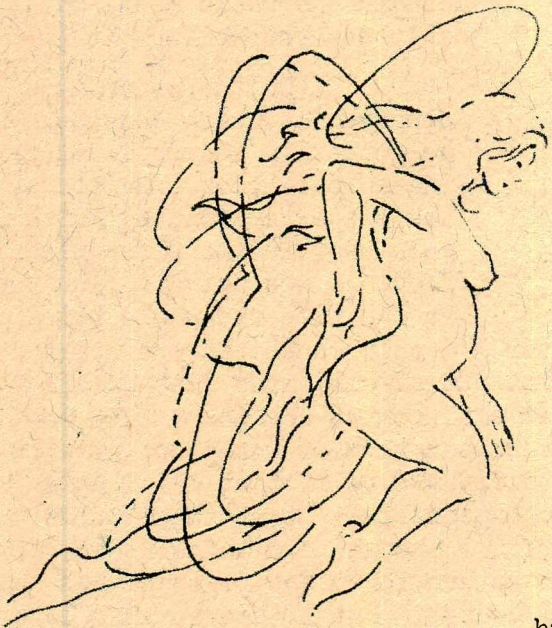
Now, there's my weird brother. He's always been pretty successful with girls, but it's gotten to be an obsession with him. Apparently he needs conquests to keep sane. Rare failures drive him into a state nearly like catatonia until he can rationalise himself out of it. ("She wasn't too swift anyway. Too hung up on herself.")

My old man has problems, too. His organ is starting to go bad on him, and every time he gets drunk, he goes on at length about his coming importency.

You know, from time to time I have felt tempted to write a book review for Turnip Country, but, fortunately, I usually had better things to do. Just as well the section won't be carried any more. Keeps temptation out of my reach. I, also, agree with you that, in effect, book reviews are the scourge of space. More often an easy way for a less-than-talented writer to show how witty he is by ripping up someone whom is better than he. Also, they never review books that I read...or books that I ever even see...or ever heard of.

I recall that when I was young I used to go around cutting up various small animals like the kids in David R. Bunch's story. I was never stupid enough to do it out on the front lawn, tho. Too much of a chance of the clod from next door running up screaming about "cruelty to animals" or "sadism." There are some things you just can't let grown-ups or your parents find out about.

Never got to cut open a dog, tho. Had a cat once, but it was almost decayed away. Got hold of a bird with a broken wing and waited all night for it to die. It was an interesting vivisection (I didn't realize that such a small bird could have such a massive collection of chest muscles), except that the bird **had shit** caked all around its bung. The only animal I personally ever killed was a frog. I found that they would die simply by putting them in warm water.



I think the nastiest thing I ever did was mix up a batch of chemicals from the bathroom medicine cabinet and inject it under the leg of a live frog. Didn't hurt the frog, tho.

Children, you know, are so busy growing up that they have no time to decide on the morality of their actions

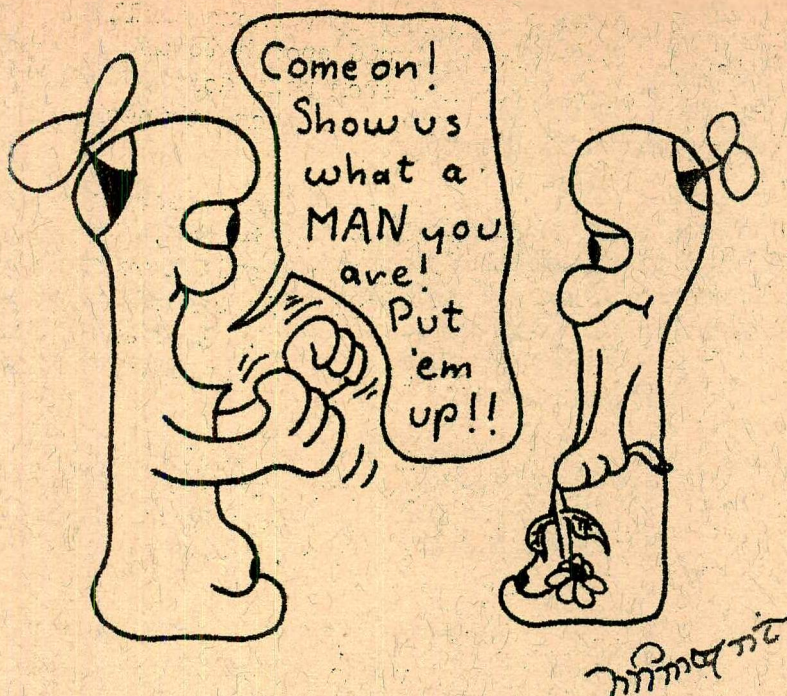
The Shull cover is beautiful. You were right, Frank, when you said he was a genius. The composition is perfect and the fine line of the drawing is very elegant... and I like that sexy broad, too.

I LOVE Dany Frolich's drawings for my article. He managed to get EXACTLY the half-serious, half-comical spirit I try to put into my stuff. It would be great if you can get him to do the illustrating for any articles of mine you publish in the future.

*

Jerry Lapidus
54 Clearview Dr
Pittsford, N.Y.
14534

This brings us directly to the andy offut story; I don't really care if you want to print what I say about this or not, but I do hope you'll at least read it. At the moment, I'm on good terms with both you and andy, and I don't want to break either relationship. OK. From where I stand, the whole thing between the two of you seems to boil down to three specific points. Point one, andy has a thin skin, and does not take lightly to abuse; if he thinks he's been shat upon, he's not likely to forget it quickly. Let's accept this as fact for the moment. Point two; andy is violently antagonistic to so-called "killer" reviews, and will react accordingly to them, especially of his own work. I can see his point fully here, and you should be able to grasp it. A killer review accomplishes nothing; it shows off the reviewer's ability to write abuse of a book, and does **neither** reader nor author any possible service. As James Blish stated so well in More Issues At Hand, "Destructive criticism is not criticism, it is merely abuse." So I'm not surprised that any author should object to a killer review, especially one who is somewhat sensitive. Point three, possibly most important. Either you have to admit massive incompetence in running the combination killer review-offut article in the first place, or you have to stop declaring "no fault" in the whole matter. Frank, it's an editor's responsibility to know what material he's printing, what goes into each issue. Each person who contributes to a fanzine has got to assume



at least the editor knows what he's doing, knows what he puts into each issue of his magazine. So when andy saw his article run along with a killer review of his work, I would say that an assumption that "Lunney was doing it on purpose" was only the natural reaction. Calling it an accident may be the truth, but it certainly doesn't sound very sensible. You see what I mean? You apparently consider yourself blameless in the whole mess, but I can't see yourself right in that.

((On the other hand, it appears Andy also considers himself totally incapable of writing a lousy book. Or story, as the piece reviewed by Faith Lincoln was, in the first place. Though I was but a callow youth at the time the whole thing

started, barely able to manipulate the typewriter I'd only months before started to pound on that I might be able to put a fanzine out at all, much less be all that concerned with a blanced contents, I still never did promise any person who contributed to those early BeABohemas, should they happen to make money out of writing (something I never did with BAB, contrary to Offut's belief that all fannish transacstions should adhere to his brand of professionalism), that they wouldn't have a work of theirs reviewed in Turnip Country. I thought and think it was simply a matter of his wanting worshipful treatment in return for a few pages of his holy words. Coupled with my youthful enthusiasm, of course. But I thought that last would be obvious to most people.))

So. I like andy. I've been corresponding with him for nearly a year now, and as you're aware, I've been happy to feature a regular offut column concerning his writing experiences in Tomorrow And... I do it because andy's a competent writer, because I'm interested in the creative processes (especially in the sf field), and because he's willing to do it. If I could get Robert Silverberg, Robert Heinlein, Roger Zelazny, Samuel R. Delany, name your own "important" writer to do the same sort of thing, I would gladly print their reactions too. Partially as a reaction to andy's columns, we've gotten letters from a number of bigger-name writers, often talking about their own methods. GREAT! Dean has an article coming up, on a similar subject. General reader reaction has been excellent, from people who have liked andy's fiction to those who have hated it. I publish his writing because I like it, I'm interested in what he has to say, and my readers seem to be equally interested. If you're not interested, fine; but why attack fanzines and readers who are? I'm sure there are readers of BAB who could care less for the fannish reprints--but there's no reason you should worry yourself over them. YOU like it, and at least some of your readers like it. Fine. What more is necessary.

((Saying Offut's writing shouldn't be published was Wrong on my part, and done in an uncontrolled frenzy. A four door convertible going 75 mph, as a matter of fact. But...let's just say I can see no rational reason for publishing a lot of his material. Nor anything else, for that matter. An article needn't be published simply because someone has gone to the trouble of writing it. And maybe if people started sending some of Andy's poorly written article telling for the

fifteenth and sixteenth times that he's just bought himself a snazzy pair of bell-bottoms or that's he's pissed off that Let There Be License was published under another name...well, maybe there would be a few real reasons to publish/read what he writes.

But I wouldn't want to tell anyone else how to run his fanzine. Or vice versa.))

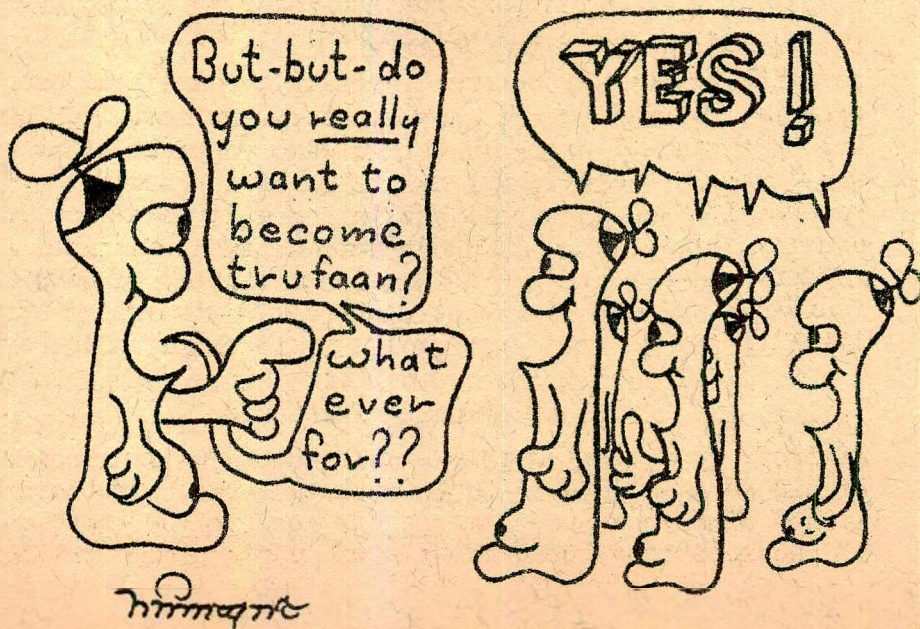
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Mike Glicksohn
32 Maynard Ave #205
Toronto 150, Ont.
Canada

Thanks for another excellent issue of BAB. I really do like the small, frequent format and your art repro makes me extremely envious!! A most impressive looking issue with the exception of the back cover which just doesn't have the artistic merit of your splendid front cover and excellent interior work. But it is an impressive piece of mimeo work. And I applaud your use of art drawn especially for the work. It adds a cohesiveness to the zine that one just cannot get by depending on an art file, no matter how large and varied it may be. How do you manage to get the artists to illustrate your articles and still keep to a regular schedule? Do you have so much material on hand that you're working several issues ahead. ((I'm not able to work several issues ahead, but at times I'm able to plan...one or two issues into the future.))

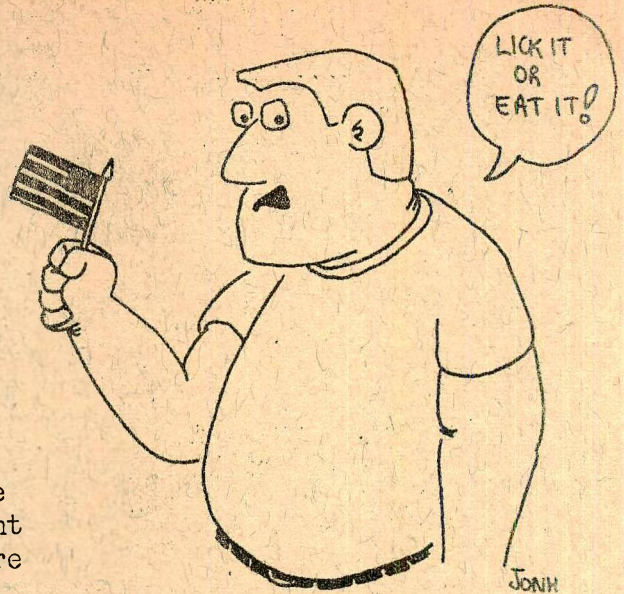
Your decision to drop "Turnip Country" coincides with my similar choice with regard to ENERGUMEN. As more and more interesting and well-written copy began to come in, I found I had to drop first fiction and then poetry. This was not too hard a decision since I've never been a particular fan of these types of fanzine content anyway. But recently I've received so many articles and columns that I've had to decide to drop all short book reviews as well. I just don't have the room, the interest or the frequent appearance that such reviews demand. I am not putting down the short book review; it is useful and important in fandom. But its place is more LOCUS or YANDRO than ENERGUMEN. It's really amazing how rapidly things can progress in our microcosm. When I first started publishing 18 months ago, I was desperate for copy and generally began each issue with only half of the material needed for a full issue. I just hoped the mails or my bugging friends would fill up the copy file before the next deadline. Now I have enough for the next two issues and have returned material I would have been delighted to get a year ago. (When SFR folded, several people sent their material Geis had returned to me--this included many book reviews which helped prompt my decision to stop publishing the short review. I don't want to become "the new SFR".)

While I enjoyed Hubbard's piece (and found it immeasurably strengthened by Frolich's fine illos) and Arnie's column (which I'd seen in LOG), it was the reprint again this issue which impressed me the most. Terry's choices so far have all been excellent and his description of Bunch's terrifying vignette is most accurate. If only for the saving of this frightening and



angry condemnation of the American dream (or should that be "Amerikan"--I'm not really up on political terminology) then Terry's column would have been well worth the space devoted to it. As it is, I enjoy his every installment and hope he continues for many issues to come.

Darrell Schweitzer's somewhat petty putdowns aside, I think the question of the extent to which fandom controls the Hugos is open to considerable debate. As it happens, this matter has been touched on in recent issues of *ENERGUMEN* and gets a more thorough treatment in the Ted White supplement being mailed out with #8. But the chances are that the people that Andy Offut will get to through his fannish activities will have little effect on his chances for the Hugo. This is not my opinion, but that of people such as Ted White and Joyce (Fisher) Katz who have run Worldcons and know the breakdown of the voters. See *ENERGUMEN* 8 for expansion of this topic.



Jonh Ingham Would Arnie Katz please stop using material that is appearing 21157 Kingcrest Dr in LOG and (I think) *POTLATCH* in his columns? It gets really boring to read fannish wit and brilliance the second time when it was rather light to begin with. James Shull outdoes himself as usual. *ENTROPY REPRINTS* is amazing. A really nice David Bunch type of story. I wonder, is that man a hard, cynical world hater, or does he treat it all as a joke? Feeling uneasy in their human pieces indeed! Or whatever he calls them. That or human strips. I read sections of *Moderan* quite looped as we rode through Griffith Park one day. The conversion to a man of *Moderan* is the only thing I clearly remember. That and the line up above.

Darrell Schweitzer I don't think the David Bunch story is the best story I've ever read in a fanzine (see "Convergence" by Lon Atkins, *SHAGGY* 75) 113 Deepdale Rd but it is one of the top three or four. Actually it's much better than the kinds of things you usually find in the little magazines which Bunch was writing for at the same time. Strafford, Pa 19087

It's a horror story, really. There have been lots of stories written about little children turned ghouls, etc., but most lack any real power because they are fantasies about unlikely things like vampires and their ilk (the only successful pro story of this type I can think of is Bradbury's "The Small Assassin" which wasn't really supernatural) but this one is so effective because it is realistic. It could happen in any suburban neighborhood, and when I was younger I knew of it happening several times. I knew sweet little kids who delighted in throwing box turtles out of trees onto pavements, or pulling the wings off moths or killing birds, and they all thought it was "cool." This whole thing reminds me of something I saw in *MAD* a while ago, about how certain things change in value between adulthood and childhood. It went something like this:

If a little kid who delights in killing animals as a "sadist" and is sick, then how come when an adult does the same thing he's called a "sportsman"?

Really, there is nothing in the upbringing of the average suburban brat

that prevents him from doing exactly what the two kids in the story do. Nowhere are they taught anything to the effect that all life is sacred or how would you like it if a gigantic dog came along and quartered you?

Actually, it seems that we all have elements of sadism in us, and especially when we are little, a fascination with death. (Why do you think little kids like war movies so much?) However, when we begin to understand a little more, and realise that death hurts, we cease this kind of stuff. So it would seem that the adult sadist is basically immature, while kids doing it are disgustingly normal.

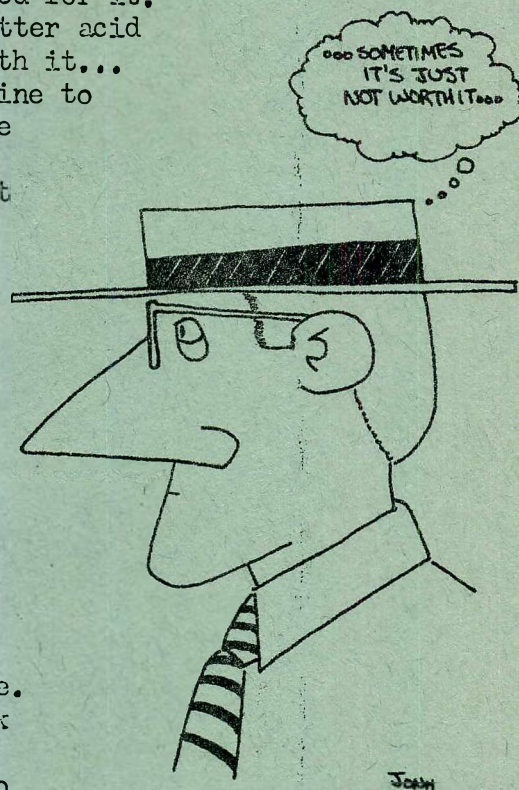
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Jeff Schalles I ate pieces of paper just the other week. Contrary to what Joyce
173 McClellan Dr Katz claims of Nature's Way, it sent my body way
Pittsburgh, Pa off of anything Nature ever planned for it.
15236 The fact that it was a hit of blotter acid

I wonder if I could send out a limited edition fanzine to the heads of fandom, with a small square of one page marker "eat me" and impregnated with a little drop of acid...and ask for locs on what was found on that page.....

*

Donald G Keller And as "Turnip Country" sinks
1702 Meadow Ct slowly in the west, I see
Baltimore, Md that I am half of it. Hmmm...
21207 Both fair-to-middlin' reviews,
though I think I've done better. But the main point of comment is Schweitzer's review, one of the most irresponsible excuses for a book review I've ever seen. He says, in effect, "This is a lousy book--here, I'll prove it; read some." What kind of reviewing is that? Schweitzer in the past has done some remarkably perceptive reviews for BAB, and for him to bow out the column with this piece of crap is a disgrace. And it's not personal pique because I liked the book and he didn't; had he honestly thought the book was bad and showed why, by analysis, I would have had no complaints; in fact, I probably would have agreed with him. Not that my review is any masterpiece of criticism; but I won't dignify his piece with the name book review. (In closing, I must say that the two passages he quoted did not seem poor or laughable, as he seems to imply; they struck me as rather neutral, neither good or bad. The best thing in the review, actually, was your mistake.)

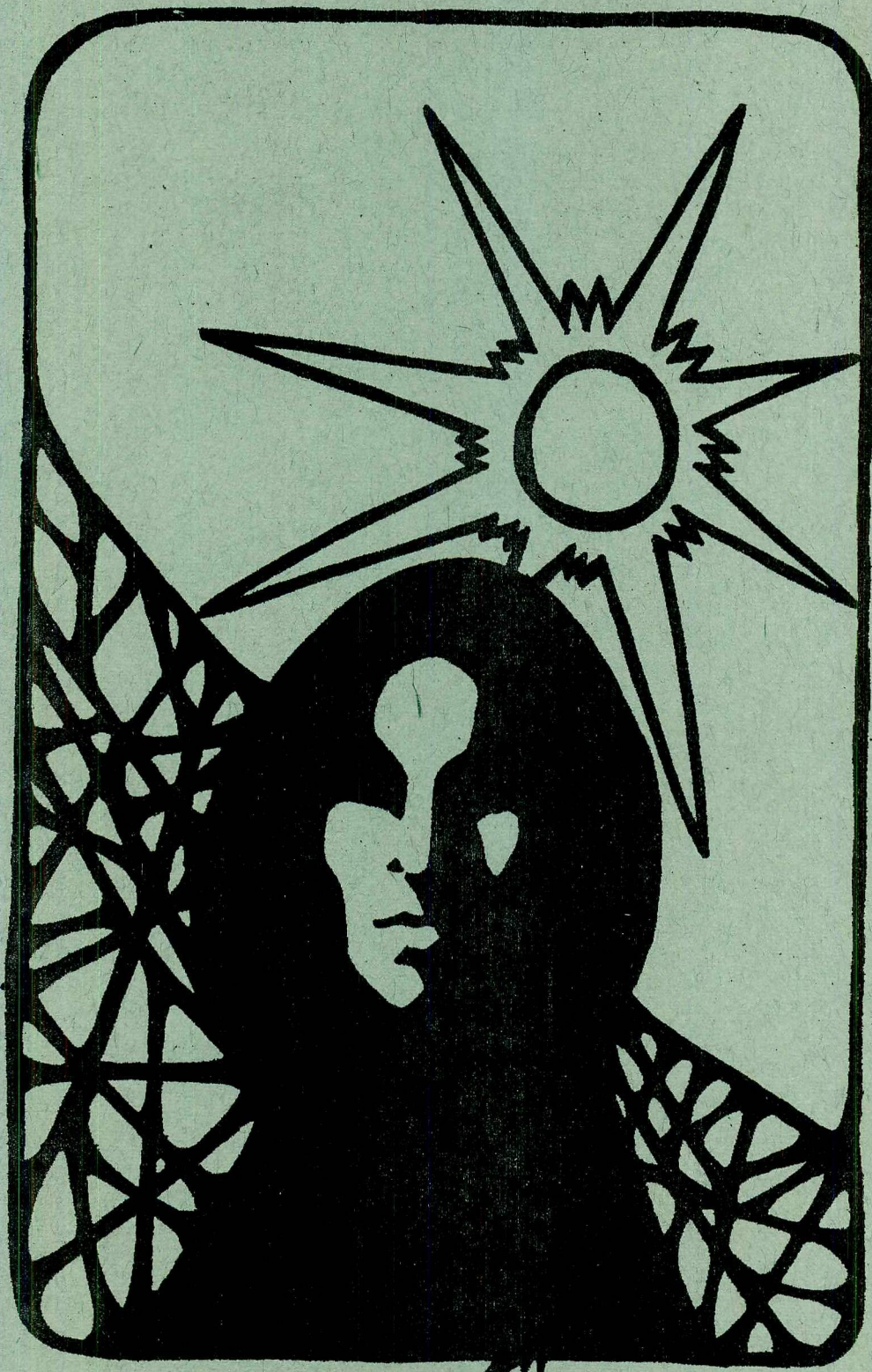


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Ken Scher I thought the cover on #16 was much too good. It's a lovely piece
3119 Mott Ave of artwork...but the quality of the rest of the zine simply isn't
Far Rockaway, NY up to it. // Aside from being rather disgusting, I don't see any
11691 point in reprinting "How They Did for Doggie at the Curbside"...

Cy Chauvin: Terry Carr said in one of his FOCAL POINT columns that record reviews "aren't faannish." But a mainstream short story, for some perverse reason, apparently is. If Terry could take his foot out of his mouth for a minute without losing too many teeth/toes, I wish he would explain.

WAHF: Nick Shears, George Hay, George Senda, Terry Jeeves, Joe Siclari, Stephen Gregg, David R. Bunch, Mike Glycer, Grant Canfield, Rick Stoker, Paul Anderson, Phyrne Bacon, Eric Lindsay, David Grigg, and lots of other, but no room, no room...



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