





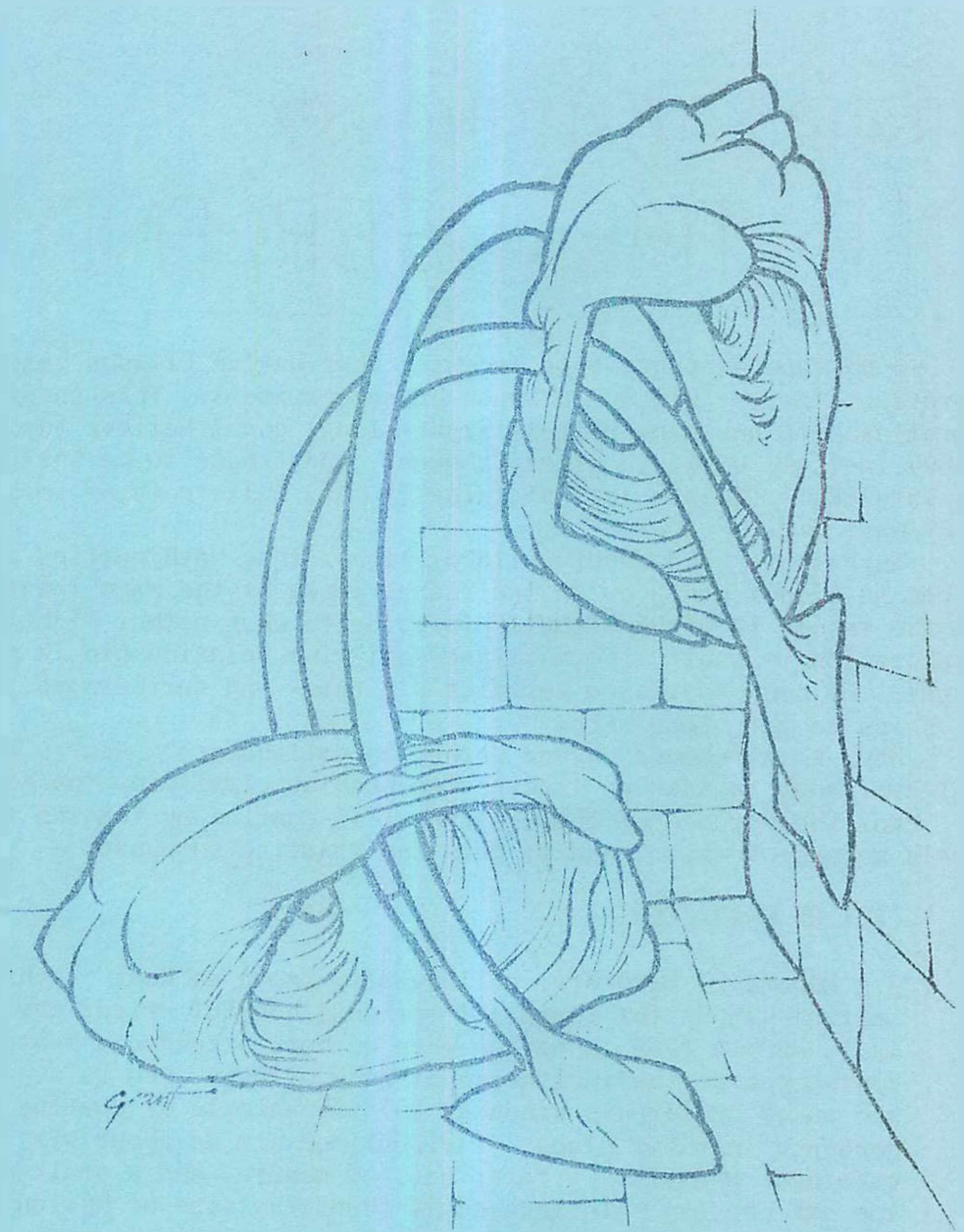
**DOES  
THIS  
MEAN  
YOU  
LOVE  
ME ?**

*Grant*

**GRANT** a folio by **CANFIELD**

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**OUTW**<sup>3.2</sup>**ORLDS**



"DOES THIS MEAN YOU LOVE ME?"

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Once again, so soon a'ready, yet another *Outworlds* [#3.2] appears, in spite of *Famine & Poverty, and Other Evils too Fearsome to Relate Here*. Produced & Directed as always by: BILL BOWERS [POBox 87, Barberton, OH 44203], a portrait of whom appears Up Front. Loyal Associates are STEPHEN E. FABIAN & JOAN BOWERS. 60¢ per Copy; or Four for \$2.00

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# PIERS ANTHONY

## OFF THE DEEP END

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I've seen announcements recently that Harlan Ellison has done a volume of collaborative stories: him and a bunch of name writers. This annoys me. I've been collaborating with non-name writers right along, and I believe the total wordage exceeds 400,000 (not all of it in print, though), and I hate to be unstaged by such harlan-come-latelies. (I hate lots of things.) Ah, well; nothing for it but to tell as it is, my way.

Things are said about collaborations: that both parties put as much effort into them as either would on an individual piece of the same length and competence. That the result is often actually inferior to what either might have done alone. That collaboration is a bit like marriage--only the relationship is not necessarily heterosexual. My own experience verifies all this--and furthermore, collaborators can be real pains to get along with.

Why, then, should anyone bother to collaborate? Bear with us; my collaborators and I are about to take an internecine stab at clarifying the matter.

For the purpose of this column, I'll confine my remarks to novel-collaborations. There's more meat there, and it cuts the minutiae somewhat.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

1.) Robert E. Margroff, colloquially known as Rem. I think his middle initial stands for Elgin. I met this hopeful writer early in 1963 via mail, and in 1965 in person when we both attended a Kentucky writing conference at the invitation of Andy Offutt. Rem is an ornery farmer who makes up for his kindness to dumb animals by putting bright correspondents in their place. I visualized him as about six feet tall with catalogue overalls, a faint odor of manure, and a stalk of timothy hanging off one lip. In fact he is about the size of Harlan Ellison, whom he regards with favor, and he looks entirely innocuous. *Looks*, I say. He's a bachelor about five years my senior; any single femmefan who admires his work and would like to admire *him* may check with me. If she qualifies, I'll put her in touch for the normal 10% commission.

2.) Francis T. Hall. She never has confessed what her initial stands for, so I think of it as Thelma. Rem engaged her in a five year long battle of a collaboration that I think never did see completion. He finally gave up and introduced her to me. I promptly rewrote one of her dismal pieces into an *ANALOG* cover story. But don't let this mislead you into supposing that Mrs. Hall is easy to get along with. She is balky, difficult, suspicious, argumentative, opinionated and stubborn on her good days--well, what I'm trying to say is, she's female. I won't tell you how old she is because I don't know, but she does have a couple of teen-aged daughters. With my usual politeness and discretion, I told her she was stupid. So she joined MENSA. Now I say MENSA is stupid. (No, I never applied to MENSA myself. Do you think



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I'm stupid?) I told her that a certain ellipsis in one of our joint pieces was a sign of her fouled-up thinking. She pointed out that it was *my* ellipsis. The most annoying thing about her is my inability to defeat her in logical debate. Oh, she's logical, all right; that's the trouble. So I collaborate; what else is there to do? Fortunately she lives far away.

3.) Roberto Fuentes, whose middle initial I don't even know. Maybe it's O--Robert O. Fuentes? Last year he wrote a letter to Fanzine X remarking that I was not his favorite author, so I shot him an irate post card, and when the dust settled down--well, here he is in the collaborator column. Let that be a grim warning for any *other* fan planning on taking my name in vain. Roberto is Cuban, just about my age, with a wife Graciela and son Robertico. They're in this country because they don't appreciate Fidel Castro. The three of them visited us for several days, and my little girl Penny took an instant shine to them. I had visualized him as a thin, surely, intense Spanish-American, but he turned out to be a jolly Latin. I'm going to have to get my preconceptions checked; people keep failing to conform. I wish they wouldn't do that! I like to mix such things as wheat germ and nutritional yeast in the oatmeal (very rich in the B vitamin complex), but because this stuff has a highly flatulet effect on the novice I left it out when they ate with us. (If a fan reviewer ever eats here, I'll leave it in; then he'll *really* be full of hot air!) So what happens? I learn later that Roberto is a health nut, long familiar with such staples. He is also a karate black belt.

And now to business. In 1963 Rem Margroff confessed he had trouble writing sexy, action-packed SF, so I directed him to concentrate on exactly that and discover what sort of adventure he could erect. He obeyed--and there he was, to his amazement, amidst a novel, *THE RUMPLESKIN BRAT*. I thought it was great entertainment with nil content, and said it should sell. Meanwhile, we were experimenting with story collaborations, and I had a better ending for one of his, so offered to redo it. About that time his original came in second in an NFFF contest (for those unfamiliar: NFFF is the fan counterpart to the pro SFWA. I believe the same person founded both, and their politics are similar) and it received an offer from Frederik *IF* Pohl. So the nut wrote to the editor suggesting the he *not* sell the story there, so that he could do the collaboration with me. This act of colossal folly intrigued me. Of course I told him to get the hell on the track and take Pohl's thirty pieces of silver before Pohl came to his senses. (Later Pohl *did* come to his senses, and really started editing--and got fired.) But we also continued with the collab. Thus Rem's *Monster Tracks* was published in *IF*, and later, the collab, revamped by offutt into a 23,000 word monstrosity after a phenomenal history that I omit here because it would make this column entirely too interesting, also appeared as *Mandroid*.

Thus was life with Rem. I sent him a number of half-baked story notions. He took the most complex and blew it up into a half-baked novel. My notion was based on a concept I had seen in a fairy tale: a ring that forced the wearer to behave by pricking him when he did wrong. For years I searched for the original tale, but couldn't find it. When I met *NIEKAS* co-ed Felice Rolfe, she said it was in one of the Andrew Lang fairy books. Finally, in 1970, we bought the entire Lang series from Dover for my baby (my first little girl has the OZ series; my second little girl has Lang)--and there it was, in the Blue Fairy Book: the story *Prince Darling*. Funny thing: female lead in that novel is Alice Lang. Coincidence, I swear; the novel was done before I learned of the relevance of Andrew Lang. Some fan claimed we'd cribbed the ring notion from a Philip Jose Farmer story, but the truth is I cribbed it from a volume originally published in 1889.

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The novel THE RING was published as an Ace Special in 1968, and that was the last heard of it. Meanwhile, Rem's own novel, RUMPLESKIN, had been bouncing. I felt a certain morbid responsibility for this effort, since I had in a fashion sponsored it, so I offered to take it in hand and make it salable. He agreed, and in a month I had cheapened it into commerciality, and it was published by Popular Library as THE E.S.P. WORM.

My novel with Francis Hall actually preceded the Rem efforts. I wanted to enter the second DELTA contest, and was breaking ground to write OMNIVORE when I got word that they had banned SF. (Contests can be stupid that way; far as I know, there was no winner.) I realized that a semi-religious notion that she and I had on the back burner could be converted to historical and lengthened to a novel. So I informed Mrs. Hall that we were now doing a historical novel set in Babylon of about 540 BC. (This is the way to deal with ornery women: don't ask, *tell*.) I put in plenty of sex, knowing that no woman outside of the male-magazine pages likes it, and also a scene parodying our own correspondence: innocent man writes innocuous letter, woman responds with a barrage of abuse. In due course the novel went to market: THE PRETENDER, 80,000 words. It's still at market; we discovered too late that nobody is buying historicals from unknowns these days. At this writing I am preparing to ship it out for its 16th submission; after that I will revise it back to science fiction to make it salable. Too bad, because it really is a decent novel as it stands, with something thoughtful to say about religion.

With Roberto Fuentes, the collaboration almost preceded the acquaintance. When I learned he was Cuban, a little relay clicked in my noggin, and I said to him in effect: "Hey, if you have the info, I have the talent." He had the info. So we wrote DEAD MORN, 115,000 words of time travel and the communist takeover in Cuba, the second longest novel I've done. It's just going to market now, and it's heavyweight.

But who does what, in a collaboration? The truth is, it's different every time. With Rem on RING, I did the basic summary, he did the first draft (the hardest part of a novel), and I did two more drafts and shipped it to Ace. In the course of the writing I informed Rem that his contribution read like a parody of the worst of the crappy men's magazines, and he informed me that I was an intolerable egotist. True statements, both. We had a doozy of a fued. And Terry Carr bounced the novel. So we rewrote: Rem did a couple of new scenes, and I retyped the whole to please the ludicrous taste of the editor. Terry thought that men don't dream of dancing girls but of *naked* girl. If he ever has occasion to dream of girls himself he may discover that a dancing one can be a deal more sexy than a naked one, odd as that may sound to the uninitiate. But Carr is a good editor, as these things go, and I must admit that most of the changes he recommended were good ones, and once we gave him his naked girls the novel saw print. (Not all editors buy when you give them what they say they want.) Still, I've always been cynical, for Carr did bounce MACROSCOPE...Rem, you hack, can it be that editors *prefer* crappy male-mag parodies?

The second time I knew how to deal with Rem. I told him I would collaborate only if he turned over his manuscript, gave me carte blanche (I think that's French for "even the cart must blanch"), and kept his male-mag mouth shut. He did, though the stifled apoplexy as he watched what I was doing to his precious prose nearly terminated him. I'm a fiend when I get someone muzzled like that! We used his agent for the marketing of WORM, and I promptly had a fight with the agent that almost bollixed the sale. (No, I'm *easy* to get along with! I can't help it if fans, writers, editors, agents and relatives are cantankerous idiots. My dog understands me much of the time; ask *him*.) I had to add in part of the crap I'd so gleefully cleaved out of his novel--a segment of WORM, as it were--with the result that at least one reader --Coulson of YANDRO--was unable to finish it--but *we sold the novel!* That's because I've got what it takes to sell: gall.

With Francis Hall it was reversed. I did a 49,000 word first draft and sent it to her along with my research card file. She did the second and submission drafts.



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That's about a 50-50 split of the work. I had a feud with her too, of course, but the novel ground on. Let me tell you this about serious writers, now that I'm in the middle of a paragraph where the speed readers won't see it: writers can cut each other to pieces, but they don't let it interfere with the bread & butter. Rem and Frances are serious. That doesn't mean they sell reams--some big sellers are dillitantes--it means they do the best they can regardless of personalities. I trust them with manuscripts, with money, their discretion--that's a considerable compliment from a turk like me. With such confidence, collaboration is feasible. That says it all. It doesn't *matter* who does what.

Now Roberto Fuentes is a fan. I took no chances with him. "Here are my terms," I told him. "We do it my way down to the last semicolon, we market where *I* say. Any arguments and *you're* wrong." You have to let a fan know his place at the outset, because many of them think they're people. Fans are worse than women. On the other hand, there are certain advantages to working with a fan, provided he's tame. He doesn't have the ridiculous notion he can *write*. He thinks it's a privilege to work with a writer like me. I wasted no opportunity to impress Roberto with the viewpoint of the working writer. If Fidel Castro had applied half the propaganda I did, the Fuentes would be cutting Cuban cane today. Actually, Roberto expressed pleasure with anything I wrote, and told me so about twice a week. I don't care whether he really likes it or is just trying to keep me from reverting to form: I can get along with an attitude like that. So we had no feud. (Well, can't have everything, you know.)

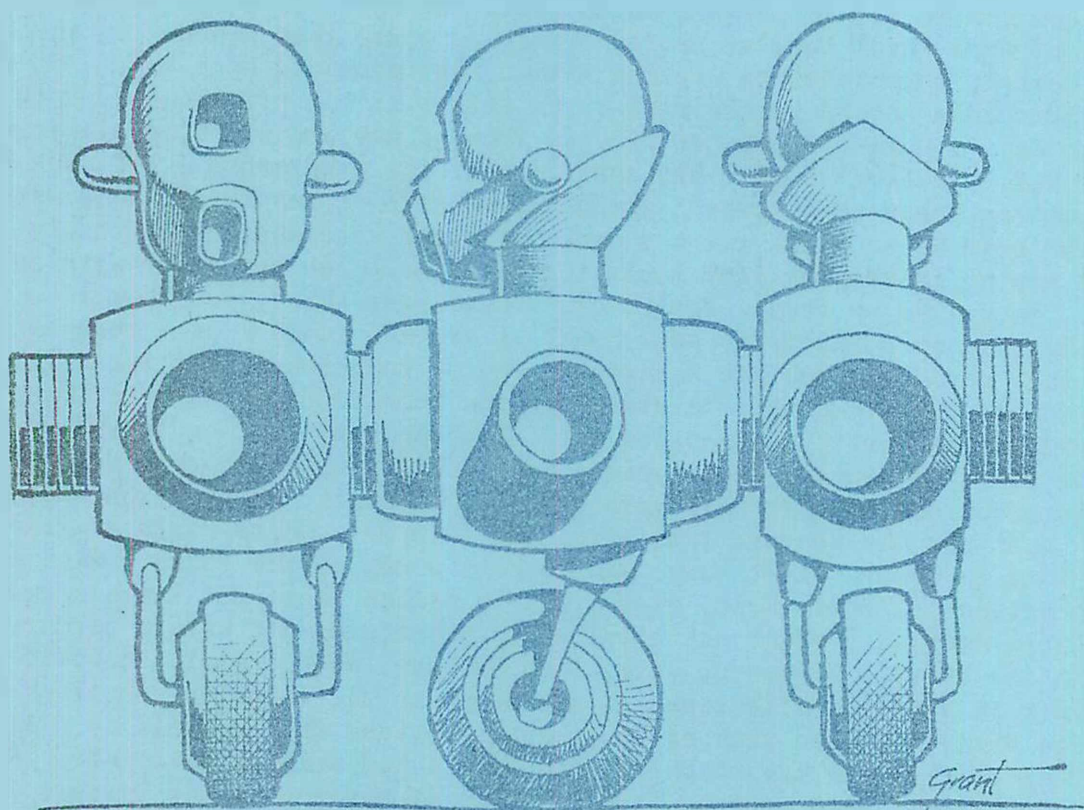
So how did we actually do DEAD MORN? I wrote a summary of a science fiction narrative that would incorporate Roberto's area of competence. He liked it. I wrote the first scene. He liked it. We discussed the remainder of the novel when he visited here, and got it pretty well worked out. Then on into the long grind by mail. I did a first draft in pencil, then typed a second draft with a carbon for him to go over. I interspersed my text with parenthetical comments: information needed. He provided it. What did Che Guevara look like? He told me. Where would a exile infiltration team land in Cuba? Right *here*, and here is a map of the route. What is it like in a Cuban prison of 1962? Well, when *I* was in prison there... There seemed to be nowhere in Latin America I might ask about where Roberto didn't have a former girlfriend with the inside story. I had our hero, Juan Bringas, meet a girl. Roberto described her from hair to sandals, with especial attention to the luxurious portions between. I put our hero Bringas in bed with her. Roberto provided full details to fill the ellipsis. They really know how to do it in Cuba! I had Bringas marry her. Roberto identified the church, even marking it on the map of Havana. I had Bringas deal with explosives. Roberto gave me a quick course in demolition. Every time I hit a snag, he came up with a spate of suggestions to un snag it.

Oh, we did have problems. The novel grew larger and larger. "Wonderful!" cried Roberto. It took about five months to complete: one month for me to transcribe collaborator's illegible handwriting to typing so I could comprehend it (no, I mean it; it takes time to transcribe total correspondence the length of a novel); one month for the submission typing; three months to do the novel proper. In all that time I put nothing new on the market, made no sales. (Well, I sold a short story, but haven't been paid yet.) Next collab we do, he's going to buy a typewriter; I put that in the contract. Then a hundred pages of manuscript were lost in the mail. I always keep carbons, but that delayed the novel about two weeks.

On the other hand, I got an unexpected bonus. We decided the novel should be translated into Spanish and marketed in Latin America. I queried my British and American agents: no soap. Poor markets south of the border, poor contracts. So I sent a parenthesis to Roberto: we need a Spanish-language agent. So he found me one. I went agentless for five years as a selling writer, disliking the breed. So now I have three agents: American, World, and Latin American. Ah, that I should sink so low! If any other writers need a Latin American agent who can work from English-language text, query me privately and I'll provide info.

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So that's *how*. Now *why*? Why do I bother to collaborate, when I save no time and do have to split the money 50-50? Because there are limits to my erudition but not my ambition. If someone knows more than I do in a given area (it does happen, you know), and will humor my every whim, I will consider pooling resources in the interest of producing superior fiction. My ambition is more literary than monetary, you see; that's my fatal weakness. This means that in the future I am more likely to collaborate with non-writers who *know* something.

But don't all rush up at once, folks; read what the other side has to say about collaborating with Piers Anthony.



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ROBERT E. MARGROFF -----

I've been trying for a month to think what there is to say about collaborating with Piers Anthony. It's tough. Collaborating is tough. Life is tough. But specifically what is there to be said about collaborating with Piers Anthony? Why is collaborating with him any different than with a (if you will excuse a somewhat contradictory term) "normal writer"?

Well, first there's Piers' famous (some will say infamous) personality. Those who know it best shriek with horro, strangle in inarticulate rage, turn any number of pale or dark or vivid colors. It's true, all true, Piers keeps saying. And it is, dammit, every bit of it. Obviously only a totally colorless personality with the holding qualities of a barnacle and the self-effacing temperament of a timid clam has any business trying to collaborate with anyone so...so Piers Anthonyish. Ask any collaborator of his, past or present, and you'll get the same information: it takes a saint.

Next there's his meticulousness. Piers' great concern over sometimes piffling matters is by now almost as well known as his waspishness. During the full moon or whatever arcane event governs these changes in...I think it's Transylvania, Florida,



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the damndest things can occupy him. When he's not seriously debating with himself whether a hero should dream of naked girls or dancing girls (when the obvious preference is for dancing girls who are also naked) he's apt to be brooding (but not silently) over some fancied insult (such as his not winning that year's Nobel Prize). Since he once taught high school English and escaped with his life (though I understand there were some death threats) he's forever out to outgrammar grammarians. Then there's what he's apt to do when offered a contract -- scream if all the theoretical rights aren't covered. It's his easily defended position that nothing should ever be taken for granted, though in this imperfect world things often are. Of course you can argue that it's impossible to take too much care. That's the point: it's possible to argue...and argue...and argue.

Last but not most fortunately not least there's his literary side. Piers knows more English literature than most, makes better use of it than most. He has more literary pretensions (Piers would have another word) than most, and very fortunately for him he writes far better than passably. He's a damned good writer, arrogant showoff though he is. It's this ability to write, to slop the words down faster than I can and a helluva lot better arranged, to get contracts from editors who sometimes must hate his guts just because he can and does write so effectively...this makes up for a lot. Collaborating with him is a lot like taking a spin in a laundromat washing machine with a spool of barbed wire and a box of sharp tacks. Yet when it's done, when it's all over and there's a book...any masochist, i.e., Piers Anthony collaborator, would be hard put to say it wasn't worth it.

FRANCIS T. HALL -----

Why did I say yes--you are perhaps wondering--to co-authoring a novel with Piers Anthony? In sheer ignorance of this guy's poison-ivy personality? Nope. He and I had been part of a writer's workshop-correspondence group for some time, so my eyes were open when I jumped into this.

I don't object too much to any writer's blowing his own horn. We all do it at times. Writing is a soul-bruising business, and a writer must snatch at his ego-boasts where he can, and this usually means do-it-yourself. (If a writer fails to pat himself on the back now and then--who else will? Another writer? Hah!)

Still, most writers exercise some intuitive judgement of where his associates' tolerance limits lie. So does Piers--and he'll go any distance out of his way in order to overstep them! Some inner necessity propels him into spates of gratuitous insults to his associates. Even for a writer, even for a male, even for a male writer, his conceited arrogance must get some kind of record! Such a person would not seem promising co-author material. Which only goes to show that appearances can be deceiving. And this is so in more ways than one.

For instance, Piers' thought processes operate on some obscure double track whose windings are paradoxical if not downright contradictory. I know that he can write erotic scenes--not to mention porno--without turning a hair or leaving a single detail for the reader's creative imagination (he wants to do *all* the work--well salted with Anglo-Saxon quadriliterates like as not). Withal, from time to time he parades a paradoxical streak of Victorianism; he recoils in shock at certain crass words I've been known to use. What words?

Hang onto your seat, reader, and prepare for jolts. "Puberty" and "mate", it seems, are words in Very Bad Taste (that's what the man said, in effect); even farther beyond the pale, it seems, is the word "sweat" when attributed to a human female, even a primitive one. As for expletives--he winces at any vocalization so coarse as "Damn!" escaping from the rosy lips of any female character--of mine. Not ladylike, I presume.

Be all that as it may, I came into this collaboration because the ideas we'd been batting back and forth (between barbs) intrigued and challenged me. A rather grim science-fiction story that might do for religion, in minuscule, something darkly akin to what Freud had done for sex... (Not that I now see anything like this in the

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end product; it and certain other things unfortunately got lost along the road of plot and story; still, you can't fault a writer for aspiring!) Besides--though I hate to admit this right out here where he can see it--this guy does have a certain talent, a way with story. He had volunteered once to mend a "dismal piece" of mine, and I was frankly tickled with the result; learned a great deal from his handling, especially of the opening. (The novelette sagged at the end, though, and bounced, and he was all for dropping the whole project into the circular file. In time I rewrote his rewrite, incorporating a subplot to take up the slack, and sold it to *Analog* for a healthy check; then the co-author was also tickled. So we both gained, and in ways besides monetary: I learned how effective a dramatic flashback can be right at the opening; I think he learned something about structured endings.)

The novel THE PRETENDER got off to a great start: I and my typewriter were clattering down the home stretch of the plot outline when comes the word: Forget science fiction, our setting is going to be Babylon, sixth century B.C. All this stuff has to be worked around Cyrus' foray across the Euphrates.

His excellent draft (Piers', not Cyrus'), when it came, followed my outline only in a very general way; Babylon was in another dimension than the interstellar civilization contemplated in the outline: Only human nature was the same. I rewrote from his draft, livening up some of the narrative passages by expanding them into scenes, and making certain changes.

Our volumes of correspondence about the ending must have made some dent in the postal deficit! I didn't like it, the three or four trial readers who waded through the script didn't like it--and Piers himself didn't like it. He wrote another ending--longer and worse, not remotely planned. I finally realized that another ending was already planted, almost staring us in the face! So I scrapped his ending and wrote mine. (Since he wrote his article above, he has written that science fiction version of PRETENDER, with yet a new twist in the ending. I'm not sure whether I like it, but at the moment have nothing better to suggest. Anyhow, this time around, he had final say.)

I marvel we ever got this show on the road! As you may have gathered from my erstwhile collaborator, we differed in temperament, personality, philosophy, ideas of good writing style (he fancied the florid, I the pithy), the degree if any to which natural egotism should be bridled.

Surprisingly, collaborating with Piers in both instances turned out to be less traumatic than merely corresponding with him; during the actual writing we were too busy to exercise our egos overmuch. There was even a rapport. Of sorts. And the collaboration we turned out was a solid piece of workmanship, the best both of us could do at the time. Why?

Mostly, I think, because we agreed at the start on who was to do what (a point hard-learned for me, and well remembered!) I was to do the plot outline, Piers the first draft, I the second and possibly subsequent drafts--interim revisions and spot-rewriting were left open ended--and one of us was to have the final say on the final draft. The last I think was the most important--not because I was the one who drew that responsibility--that was mostly a matter of practicality, since I was to do the final typing and wasn't about to be slavishly bound to the last comma should new ideas dazzle me in transit!--but because we both accepted that the final details should devolve on one person. Working from this ground, we were able to transcend temperamental differences; more important, this plan enabled the work not only to go ahead, but also to come to an end.

## ROBERTO FUENTES -----

First, to set the record straight, actually my complete name is Jose Roberto Fuentes Planas, so it should be Roberto F. Planas, but in Cuba we follow the Spanish custom of naming ourselves after our fathers and the surname commonly used is the father's. (Actually my legal name is Joseph Robert Fuentes as I was born in Miami;



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my parents were exiles at that time, it runs in the family, but I went to Cuba at 1-1/2 years, and renounced American citizenship in 1953.) I also happen to be a Ni-dan, second degree black belt in Judo (not karate), and former twice black belt champion of Cuba, and also ex judo instructor, and now after many years I have taken the sport up again.

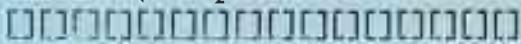
In our collaboration my principal part was as Piers says supplying the information, but it was difficult as it entailed the conveying of an alien mode of living to someone who did not really have the slightest idea of it, but only a lot of misconceptions; and also I had to be impartial trying to present both sides of the history, and supplying as much source material as possible. As Piers says there were lots of problems, among them the principal my really illegible handwriting. I must take my hat off to Piers; he should really be a cryptologist. I don't think there is anyone in the world that can read my handwriting as good as him, including myself.

A very common problem was my often complete inability of reading my own notes; half the time I had to guess what I had written from the context of a few words. Also the time lag; he wrote, then I answered, and then the waiting to answer him. If we had lived close the novel would have been terminated in half the time. And of course our wonderful post office managed to lose a big part of it, that had to be sent again. Also Piers' writings never came at a convenient time, like a Friday; no, they came marked urgent rush, on a Monday, so I had to be till late at night writing, and be half asleep at work the next day. (Actually I still do not know how I was not fired as about half the writing was done at work.) Another thing--I was telling Piers a lot of things that I knew were true (as near as something is possible to be true) but I did not want for him to take my word for it, as some of the things were pretty farfetched, so I had to dig up an enormous amount of data, maps, old papers, newspaper clippings, photos, etc. (complicated in that half of my stuff was in Florida in crates, books, etc.). Like a very good map of Cuba I had--I looked all over the house, no deal, then at last my mother sent me a copy that belonged to my sister, and then I found my map.

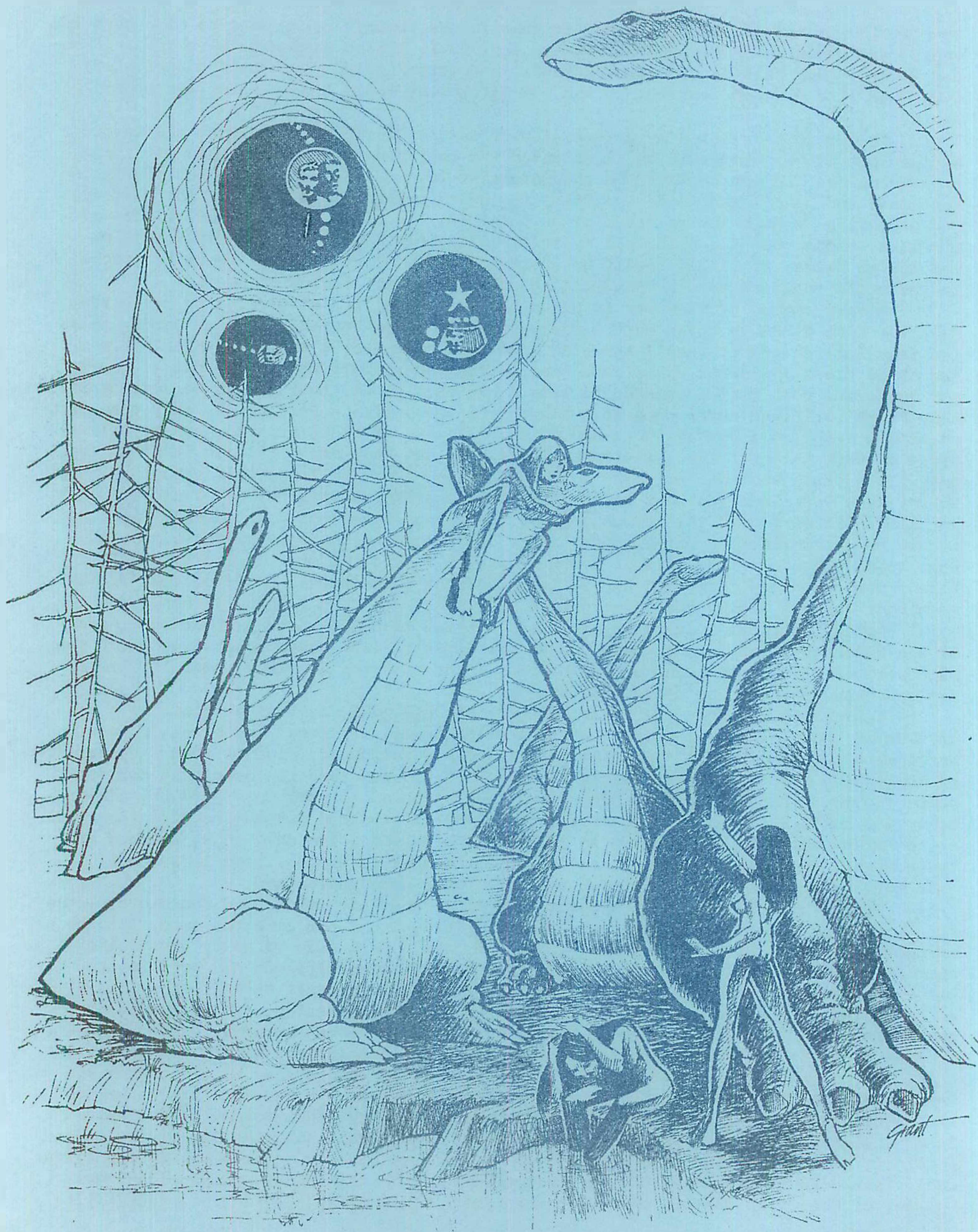
In the material I submitted to Piers I tried to be fair and present both sides of the Cuban question, so he could decide for himself. And some times to answer a simple query of Piers' involving a single word, I had to write him five pages of closely written handwriting so he could understand.

Another thing about the Cuban episodes of DEAD MORN, is that as close as I can say 90% of them (except of course the obvious SF ones), are true; the novel is in a large part autobiographical--meaning that the Cuban anecdotes, most of them I experienced personally from the prison scenes to the sabotage ones, and the ones that did not happen to me, I either saw them happen, or they happened to some very good friends of mine, and not only I have their version of it, but I have had outside confirmation; all of the minor characters are mirrored in true life persons, the only thing changed are their names, and even the names, are of people dead or in prison; some like Ramon, I just told their story till they died and left their names unchanged.

Of the bigger historical figures like Fidel and Raul Castro and Che Guevara, the idea I give of them some of our professional lefties might not like too much, but the anecdotes of their life, some I saw happen and others were told to me by among others members of their bodyguards, persons of their family, close friends and even lovers. I was very involved in anti-Castro activity and also had and still have close friendships with members of the regime, so I have good sources of information. I was a student leader in the University of Havana, studying law, both before and after Castro, and was a close personal friend of several key figures in the Revolution, Majors, Captains, etc.

In the novel part of my contribution, I tried to change some of the common misconceptions about my country; things like if Castro became a communist, it was because of USA persecution, that we were an underdeveloped country and a colony of the United States, that the Castro revolution was a peasant revolution, that the lot of the Cuban people is better now than before, etc., and I tried to make it interesting by supplying real, little-known anecdotes of the Revolution against Batista, of prison life under Castro, of Guerrilla warfare and urban sabotage, etc. 







Eulogies are something I feel singularly uncomfortable writing, but there are certain men whose passing demands that words and impressions, however inadequate, be set down, and John W. Campbell, Jr., was one of them. Certainly I possess no qualifications for writing a eulogy for this man. I was not a friend of his, hardly even an acquaintance. I spoke to him at occasional conventions, but I called him "Mr. Campbell" and I doubt that he remembered my name from convention to convention. Nor am I a writer; I never submitted a story to John W. Campbell, and never received one of his celebrated eight-page rejection slips containing ideas for five better stories. I am not even qualified by admiration to pen this sort of sober commentary on a life recently ended. As an editorialist, I considered John W. Campbell frequently reactionary and wrong-headed, and as an editor, over the later years, too narrowly inclined toward a limited spectrum of types and styles of fiction.

Yet that his has been the seminal influence on science fiction thus far in its history cannot be denied. When he took over editorship of *Astounding Stories*, science fiction was a juvenile form of pulp entertainment that produced something of enduring worth about as often as a cactus blooms. John W. Campbell pulled it up by its bootstraps, and sustained it for two decades. No single editor has ever had greater impact on an entire genre of fiction. Virtually all of the consistently good SF writers of the 1940's and 1950's were developed in the pages of *Astounding Science Fiction*, and the number of "classics" that first appeared there is legion. A great deal of the history of science fiction is contained in a complete set of *Astoundings* from 1937-1960. If, eventually, the field grew beyond John W. Campbell, it could never have gotten that far without him.

Almost incidentally, while *Astounding* was being molded into what Campbell thought SF should be, he founded its companion magazine, *Unknown*, and thus for several years, until World War II intervened, provided a vehicle for some of the most delightful light fantasy ever written. Here again, although it spans a far shorter period, the number of classics is legion. And almost incidentally, during his early years at the helm of the Street & Smith magazines, Campbell wrote, both under his own name and as "Don A. Stuart". He wrote well, and not only *Who Goes There?*; had his first love, editing, allowed him to devote more time to creating fiction, he would probably have become one of the greatest writers in the field as well as its greatest editor.

Eulogists usually speak of the unfinished work and the unfillable gap left by the deceased. But John W. Campbell, Jr., was one of that fortunate, fulfilled minority who dies with his contribution essentially completed. I think there is not much more he would have accomplished had he continued editing *Analog* for another decade. He had already done more for the field than any other person, and more than enough to insure that the name of John W. Campbell will be remembered and respected as long as there is a single science fiction fan alive. I imagine that, if he had ever dispassionately considered his own accomplishments, he would have been satisfied with that.

Ted Pauls

TED PAULS

## EST MODUS IN REBUS

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Nothing is more frustrating to a reviewer who happens to have a deep love for science fiction than a talented hack, a writer who possesses great ability yet is content usually to aim for saleability. The talentless drudges may anger us superficially by their existence, but this falls into the category of petty annoyance. Talented authors who drift along in mediocrity are a lot more important, because we care about them. Such an author, in my opinion, is Keith Laumer, who fritters away the splendid writing ability revealed in *The Last Command* and *In the Queue* on such trivia as the Reteif stories and *The Devil You Know*. Such a squandering of talent both disturbs and depresses me.

THE HOUSE IN NOVEMBER [Putnam, \$4.95] is a novel perfectly characteristic of its author: potential genius is left lying amid an untidy heap of mediocrity through nothing more than a want of effort. At 60,000 words, the book is too short for the story it tells, yet, ironically, instead of being restricted and compressed, this novel suffers over most of its length from precisely the opposite weakness: it sprawls. Laumer deals inadequately with several major ideas, any one of which might have occupied a 60,000-word novel, and tosses in a few less major ideas and situations, playing with each for a few pages and then carelessly throwing it aside. The effect of this is to create a shallow novel, moving erratically this way and that, which forever seems to be heading in a direction that the author hadn't given any thought to until the previous chapter. This looseness and shallowness is reinforced by the fact that both one of the characters and the alien invaders change from "bad guys" to "good guys" without adequate explanation or preparation. And, finally, there is a missed chance at a superbly gripping ending.

It all begins well enough. The hero, Jeff Mallory, awakens one morning and begins to notice things subtly--and then not-so-subtly--wrong with his surroundings. His home and clothes are a little shabby, his wife and children remote and listless. Then Mallory's wife calmly denies the existence of their oldest daughter, and when a distraught Mallory rushes upstairs he finds a blank wall where the door to her room ought to be. After some nasty moments, he satisfies himself that he hasn't lost his mind, and sets out to discover what is wrong with his home town of Beatrice, Kansas. It turns out that the area has been invaded by aliens, and all of the residents, under some form of hypnotic control, are laboring for these non-human creatures. Up to this point, THE HOUSE IN NOVEMBER closely resembles a *Twilight Zone* episode or *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, and as such is a tightly written and neatly constructed SF mystery.

Then it begins to unravel in several different directions at once. Mallory escapes from Beatrice after killing several of the aliens and, wounded, finds his way to a house on the outskirts of town where his missing daughter, Lori, was visiting at the time of the alien invasion. His wound is tended by a doctor who is staying at the house with two other strangers and a girl named Sally, who is a friend of Mallory's daughter. They believe that the United States has been defeated by the USSR and is under occupation by Soviet troops, and Mallory is unable to convince them that Beatrice has become the center of an alien invasion. Acquiring Sally as a companion, he leaves the other three (who are never referred to again) and promptly runs into a



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patrol of Russian soldiers. They take Mallory and his youthful chick to their commander, a US Army colonel named Strang. It seems that the Soviets, far from being invaders, are allies, invited in to help deal with the true invaders--whom the government believed to be the Chinese! Subsequently, government appears to have collapsed, and Strang is left as the chief of a mixed American-Russian private army. One of Strang's followers, possibly his mistress, is none other than Lori Mallory. Leaving his daughter and his companion Sally behind, Mallory manages to escape from Strang's camp, only to stumble into the hands of a band of religious nuts led by Brother Jack Harmony. Fortuitously, Harmony and one of his lieutenants kill each other, and Mallory makes his escape from their ranch. While fleeing in an automobile, Mallory is guided by a voice in his head toward the "Old House" of his "Uncle Al", a relative whom he and the reader had up until now believed to be the fantasy of an orphaned child.

See what I mean about it unraveling in several directions at once?

It turns out that Uncle Al was actually Mallory's grandfather, one of the two advanced aliens established on Earth as watchmen to alert their civilization in the event of the appearance of the Mone, the aliens who have invaded. The Mone are/is a group mind, whose component parts are infinitely adaptable and who propagate by means of space-travelling spores. The watchers may only function as a team, however, and since the pair became bitter enemies and one killed the other, the warning was never given. Algoric, one of the watchmen, established telepathic contact with his Terran grandchild--Mallory--before his death, and imparted the necessary knowledge to him on a subconscious level. In the process, the alien also opened Mallory's mind to the development of certain psionic powers. These emerge into his conscious mind when he goes to the Old House and confronts Gonyl, the murderer of his grandfather.

Armed with these mental powers, Mallory returns to Strang's encampment and convinces the Colonel to accompany him into Beatrice to destroy the aliens and save what is left of the human race (everybody outside a 30-mile radius of Beatrice having already been killed by a poison gas). He succeeds in facing and defeating the Mone race-mind by using his own expanded consciousness to create an equally powerful group-mind, a gestalt incorporating himself, Strang, and many of the humans under alien control in Beatrice. Mallory's wife, Gillian, dies in the process, conveniently allowing him to settle down and live happily ever after with Sally.

What finally wrecks this hodge-podge of everything that Laumer could think of to throw into 186 pages is the ending, not because it is poor (it is appropriate to the rest of the novel) but because it discarded the opportunity to be great. Toward the finale, there is some really marvelous writing, in the scenes in which Mallory creates his gestalt and "meets" the Mone--in particular, his comprehension of the Mone itself. Following the destruction of the Mone and his futile attempt to save his wife's life, Mallory walks outside to a lonely field. It is a magnificently powerful scene:

"Alone," he groaned. "Oh, God, so alone..." He felt that he was drowning in a bleakness more terrifying than the prospect of death. He fell to his knees, impaled on torment like a worm impaled on a thorn.

A soft voice spoke. "Jeff--please, Jeff..." Sally came to him, knelt beside him, held him to her. He pushed her away.

"Jeff--I only meant--"

"You think I'm weeping for Gill?" His thoughts raged, unspoken, unspeakable. "You're wrong. It's not that at all. It's not humanity I weep for--or anything human..."

"Jeff--you look so strange--"

"You don't know, you couldn't ever understand. No human on earth ever could understand. For one moment--for one tiny instant I held the Universe in my hands--and looked across the vastness of space and time... and beheld another mind that was my equal.

"And what did I do? Did I meet it, join it on that level beyond human comprehension? No--no, I didn't. It lowered its defenses to me--"

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and I killed it. It's not Mankind I'm mourning. It's the Mone."

And that ought to have been the final line of the novel. Had it been, the drama and wrenching emotion of that ending would have redeemed, in large part, the mass of purposeless twitching in the book's center. But instead, there's an additional page and a half, in which THE HOUSE IN NOVEMBER plummets back into mediocrity for good, when the Mone informs Mallory that, after all, it is still alive and that it will watch over mankind like a benevolent great-uncle, and Mallory and Sally (figuratively) walk off into the sunset. *Yecchh!* Rarely has an author committed such a blatant act of homicide on his own talent in the closing moments of a novel.

It is impossible to avoid the feeling that had Laumer written two more drafts and worked another two months, this would have been a superb 100,000-word novel instead of a mediocre 60,000 one.

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Last night, I read what is at this point in time (early August) my choice for this year's Hugo winning novel: Robert Silverberg's A TIME OF CHANGES [Signet O4729, 95¢].

It is all too easy to be led down an unproductive path by overemphasizing the similarities between A TIME OF CHANGES and THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS. They do exist, both thematically (an enlightened member of a native nobility grappling with ideas beyond the horizons of his own culture) and technically (the rather somber emotional rhythm, and the detailed portrayal of an alien planet's environment and culture), but there are equally significant differences, in the situation, in the approach of the respective authors, and in the character of their world's inhabitants. Perhaps we should simply say that A TIME OF CHANGES is something like what THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS might have been had the latter been exclusively narrated by Therem Harth rem ir Est-raven, and leave it at that.

This novel is the autobiography and revolutionary testament of Kinnall Darival, second son of the hereditary septarch of Salla on the planet Borthan. Darival is Silverberg's most successful characterization to date: a full-blown, memorable individual, with all the quirks and contradictions, strengths and weaknesses, moments of nobility and moments of pettiness, of any real individual in his position. Several of the less pivotal characters are also excellently portrayed, and along with the similarly fine characterizations in TOWER OF GLASS this appears to indicate that the author has now overcome the inability to create living, breathing people that was always his outstanding major shortcoming as a writer. (His outstanding minor shortcoming still pertains, and is displayed again in A TIME OF CHANGES: Silverberg seems hardly ever to be able to describe sexual intercourse or refer to genitalia without sounding like an extract from a salacious paperback...)

In characterizing the narrator, Silverberg at the same time necessarily characterizes his culture and, to a lesser degree, the physical environment in which it and he developed. Borthan was settled many centuries before Darival's birth by a group of Terrans formed around and governed by certain religious or pseudo-religious attitudes of harsh self-denial--not self-denial in the sense of ascetism or celibacy, but the more fundamental idea of denial of the importance of self. In this colony, each man was an island by moral commandment; it was a crime and a profanation to reveal feelings, desires, ambitions, fears, etc., to others, even members of one's immediate family. Eventually, a ritualistic form of third-person address became the norm, and the use of "I" or "me" in conversation was looked upon as the ultimate obscenity. The only persons with whom an individual was permitted genuine human contact were a pair of bondsiblings (one of each sex was chosen by parents during early childhood and the three youths were ceremonially united, a custom that served to spread webs of communication and mutual alliance much as marriages have in many clan societies) and the drainers, religious figures whose priestly duties were more or less confined to hearing



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confessions. The society produced by these strictures is narrow and sterile, with an abiding emotional flatness more oppressive than the heat and humidity of Borthan's tropical regions. Familial closeness is a rarity, and individuals expect contentment, at most, rather than joy from marriage; except among bondsiblings, friendship as we know it is non-existent; even the most trivial dealings require signed contracts, because there is no trust in this society of strangers. For a Borthan to inflict any part of his personal life or personal feelings on another is to be guilty of "self-baring", at once a social crudity, a criminal offense and an act of blasphemy.

The younger son of the prime septarch (i.e., king) of the province of Salla, Kinnall leads the carefree life of a youthful aristocrat until the death of his father during a hunting expedition. His elder brother, Stirron, ascended to the septarchy, and Kinnall's life changed dramatically. Although the brothers maintain an aloof amicability, both are aware that Kinnall is a potential rival for the crown by his very presence and that Stirron will sooner or later feel compelled to eliminate this threat to his position. So the younger Darival slips secretly across the border to the neighboring principality of Glin, where he hopes to prosper through the connections of his mother's family. In this he is disappointed: the septarch of Glin has no wish to antagonize his powerful neighbor, and Kinnall soon finds himself impoverished, unemployed and fleeing Glin agents, who plan to turn him over to his brother. He manages to escape to the relative security of a sparsely populated up-country district and there earn a living working in a logging camp.

After more than a year of this isolated and uneventful life, he is forced to flee once more when his identity is discovered. This time he travels by sea to the wealthy southern province of Manneran, and through the good offices of his bond-sister's father he secures an influential post in the Port Justiciary. Here also he meets and promptly marries the cousin of his bond-sister, Loimel, and father's five children by her. His feelings toward Loimel are indifferent; he marries her because she almost identically resembles Halum, his bond-sister, whom he has loved since late childhood but toward whom it is absolutely impermissible to have such feelings. During these years, Kinnall uses his position at the Port Justiciary to become one of the wealthier and more powerful men in Manneran.

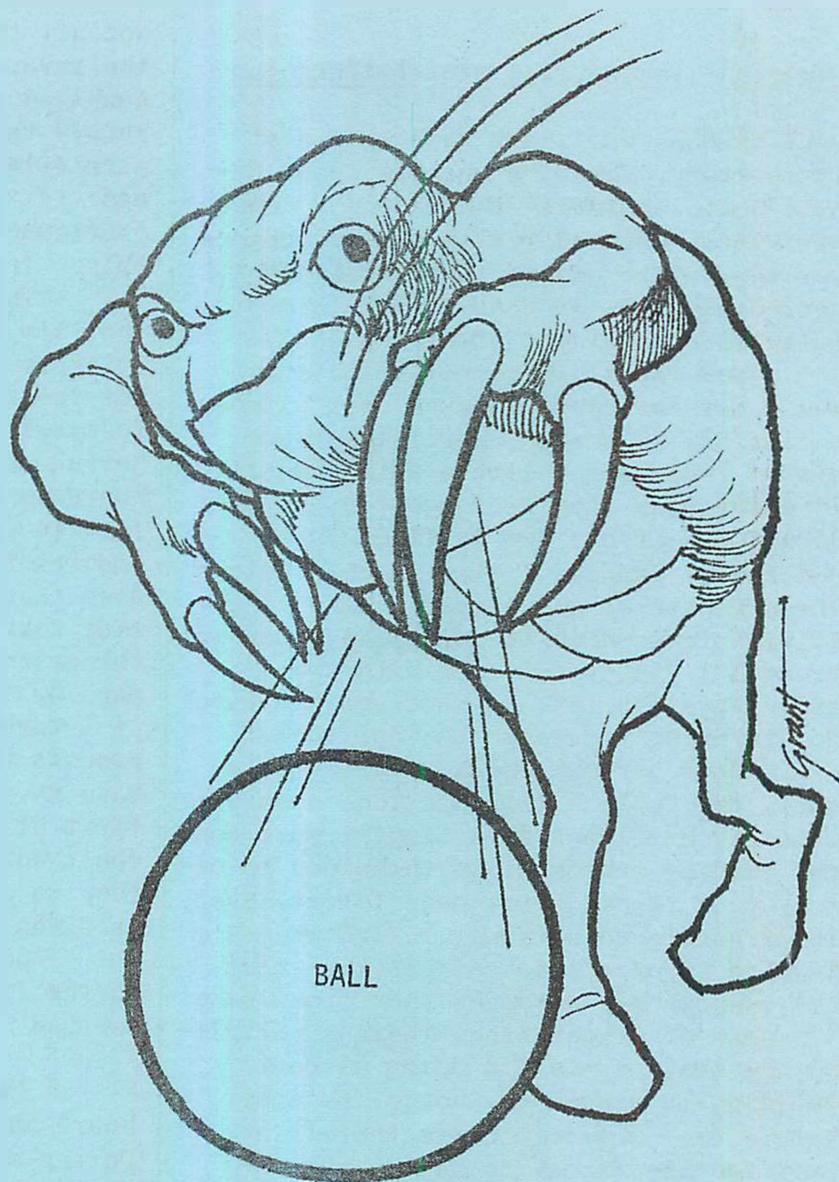
Despite his unusually broad experiences in life and his forbidden longing for Halum, it has never occurred to the now middle-aged Darival to question the values of his society. When a small-time Earth entrepreneur named Schweiz who has become the closest thing he has ever had to a friend casually refers one day in conversation to the flaws of Borthan society, Kinnall is able to respond "Flaws? What flaws?" He has simply never thought about it before. However, Schweiz is able to convince him that to live in emotional solitary confinement is not necessarily the healthiest possible mode of existence, and eventually the Terran induces him to share a drug, grown on the planet's southern continent, which produces a temporary telepathic sharing of minds and souls. Both men undertake the experiment for selfish reasons--Schweiz because after so long on Borthan he is desperate for human contact, and more essentially because he is a troubled agnostic looking for something larger than himself to believe in; Darival so that, having tested it, he can share the drug with Halum and thus achieve the union that is prohibited by Borthan's moral code. The Borthan, however, is profoundly affected by his experience. Having opened up and touched and come to love another person, Kinnall recognizes the suffocating narrowness and unsatisfying emptiness of Borthan culture and life.

A new-born zealot like many a convert, Kinnall sets out to shatter the Covenant, the codification of Borthan's ethic of self-denial, and revolutionize first Manneran and then the rest of the planet. He and Schweiz make an expedition to the south and return with a large quantity of the drug. Then, utilizing his powerful position in Manneran, Kinnall begins to introduce others to his new-found way of life, including many aristocrats and government officials. Inevitably, this threat to the status quo is uncovered, Kinnall Darival is declared outlaw, and flees to Salla where he takes refuge on the estate of his bond-brother, Noim Condoit, who regards seeing to Kinnall's welfare as an





# BILL BOWERS INCHOATE



No, this is not exactly a 'balanced' issue. I thought I'd say it first... I'd intended to work in a third piece, one somewhat lighter in contrast, but Piers' epic ran longer than visualized. As it is, I've had to hold the remaining full-pager in Grant's folio over for a future issue...

Y'know, I'm becoming remarkably relaxed about the entire operation of putting together an issue of Ow; not sloppy, I trust, but more on the order of being sure enough of myself to break free of the justification, for one thing (though it will reappear from time to time). I'm still very much into the 'graphics' trip--enough so that I'm planning on spending a fair portion of the next two/three years getting an associate degree in order to persue such things (hopefully) professionally--and I'll still be trying to Surprise & Delight you...but on a more low-key approach than before.

Take for instance the fact that the 'headings' in the last issue were the most universally...ummm...'disliked' thingie in Ow thus far. I won't apologize for them being there, that way--I had fun doing them--but if that style is as unreadable as you all say, they won't reappear. A valid one-shot experiment; a permanent gimmick--no.

OUTworlds' INwords : a mini-lettercolumn

HARRY WARNER, JR.: Not *Bach* is a neat little story. Here I'd quibble about details while approving the whole. I doubt that Victor Herbert really was so dubious over the future of his light music as T.L. Sherred implies, or that Herbert's music really is more played after his death.

Ted Pauls had better watch out. When a critic starts to fuss over cliches in fiction, he should exercise extreme care at least for a little while, until his particular item is forgotten, to keep cliches out of his own writing. Just choosing at random, I find in this column "the strength of the writer's name", "the oblivion into which it sank", "a tower of strength", "it start's out with two strikes against it", "a race against time" and "it doesn't scratch the surface".

Your artwork is as spectacular as usual. The Frolich illustrations seem particularly brilliant this time. I must confess that my subconscious threatens to destroy your tricky first-page format. Every time I handle this issue, I find when I'm slipping it back into the envelope that I've unknowingly unfolded that front page. It's sort of frightening. There's no telling how many things I'm doing without realizing it around the house, because this is the only spot where there's a novel fanzine format to betray the unknown forces for conformity that lurk within me. -----

GEORGE FLYNN: Ted Pauls is probably right about the unlikelihood of the classic "future societies". Still, there's some danger of his falling into the same trap. The error in the predictions of space travel wasn't so much technological as economic: it's just too expensive to do it that way. But just let there be some breakthroughs that lower the cost a few orders of magnitude, and you'll get your colorful lone-wolf spacemen. As for how intelligent they'll need to be, I suppose that'll depend on how good the automation is. But I don't see why the equipment shouldn't eventually become reasonably foolproof; there are certainly enough fools around to make a market for it. As for the societies that result, it

Not all that many of you were thrilled by the reverse 'ragged edges' on the even-numbered pages last time, either. (But I'll retain the option to fool around with that particular gimmick again...someday.) A year ago...six months ago...this display of ingratitude would have of upset me considerably. To put it mildly.

This time, it didn't faze me. Not that I'm 'above' such things as praise and criticism...but it seems that, when I was not looking, I 'proved' what I had to prove to myself with the 2nd Series of Ow. And having done that, I can now go about the business of producing an enjoyable fanzine for its own sake, rather than for some not-important-except-to-me purpose. And having done that, I see no great need to go into what that particular 'monkey' was. One thing, though: Believe me, I do not TRY to make Ow 'difficult' to read. Honestly. But if I foreswore every experiment on the grounds that it might not work, well, I'd have no reason for doing this thing in the first place. And sometimes, the one's that don't work aren't evident--to me--until they're down in print on 300 copies; then it's too late. So we try something new.

Several of you commented favorably on the 'fold-out' cover, which is Nice. Because I liked it, also.

Many of you know that I've set my heart on making it to AUSTRALIA IN '75. During my fafia/gafia, several Kind and Generous souls offered to nominate me for the current DUFF campaign; thank you! But perhaps it's for the best that I didn't take them up on it this time 'round. However, if there is to be a DUFF race for the '75 con... (himm...haven't lost my touch with the subtle hints, I see!)

Speaking of DUFF, strangely enough, it deserves your strong and active support --each and every one of you. There's no TAFF race this year, or 'special' funds (that I know of), so that's no excuse. A number of fanzines are carrying ballots, but if you don't have one, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to FRED PATTEN [11863 West Jefferson Blvd., Culver City, CA 90230], and I'm sure you'll get one...

Both of the candidates are quite qualified but I'll opt for Andy Porter, if he can assure me that it won't interfere with *Algol's* hectic schedule...



As you might have expected, the most commented-on item last time was John Brunner's column. But I'm printing only one of those comments: John Leavitt's, on this page. Because it's the one with which I most closely agree, down the line.

Anyone who's known me at all, and those who've followed my fanzines over the past 4 or 5 years, can testify that I'm not really copping out; I've been known to express my unhappiness with the entire mess, often, and at length. But...I'm not about to make the same mistake with *Ow* we did once with *D:B*--getting bogged down in politics. No way. The entire thing is too emotional, still, for me, to discuss in any logical manner.

I published John Brunner's piece as an 'outside' view of something that has affected all of us. And next time, I'm bumping a long over-due Barry Gillam piece back one issue (sorry, Barry) in order to run a lengthy *Beer Mutterings*, in which Poul Anderson answers from the conservative (to use a term) American side. In the meantime, I'm running Leavitt's comments for me, and for those around here that I have shown both the Brunner & Anderson columns...the confused 'middle-grounders'.

And that, unless someone comes up with something completely original that I haven't encountered endlessly before, will be it. Totally unfair? Most definitely! I *do care*, but I have to take this option for my own sanity. O.k.?

Many of you will be getting this in the same envelope as *Ow* 3.3, as a way of saving a bit of postage & envelope expense this time around. It (3.3) is laid-out, and should be wrapped within two weeks after this one. And something like 90% of the subs run out with these two issues, so we'll see what the circulation levels off to by 3.4. Next time will have the last of the columns accumulated for the ill-fated double-issue, and 3.4 will pretty well (I think) use up the other dated material on hand. After that, the columnists will have first priority, and Bowers will be much more evident. Outside material will still be welcome, but only a limited amount will be accepted. I'm serious about the small size remaining! But future lettercols'll be longer! *Bizz*

is highly unlikely that they'll resemble those models from past history, but an extrapolation of NASA writ large seems even less likely. -----

JOHN LEAVITT: The first time I read John Brunner's column, I got all political again, and then after a while I just settled down again. That's the problem, you get this stuff constantly, and it's all true, and something has to be done, but after a while it just begins to lose all long-term impact, and what really can be done? After all the anti-war stuff for the past 5 or 6 years, maybe more, I don't know, we're still there, only now we do it with machines instead of men. Voting isn't effective when it's gotta be Humphrey or Nixon, Muskie or Nixon. The senators are owned by the party they belong to. Congressmen are unimportant. All political action is useless, and revolutionary action is futile without some kind of popular support. About the only thing that can be done is to work to change the social and economic structure, indirectly forcing a change in the political action that takes place within it. Changing the social and economic structure of the US is a long term project. In the meantime, South-east Asia is going to keep getting fucked over, but there's nothing to be done except read stuff like Brunner's and get your blood-pressure raised once in a while so you can remember *why*. -----

DARRELL SCHWEITZER sent a letter denying his 'professional status', and further says about *Ow* 8.5: One thing about the supplement. It says "Restricted To Consenting Adults". Well in most states an adult is someone who is 21 or older. I am 19. Maybe one of the lawyers in the audience (if any) can let us know if you are guilty of Corrupting The Morals of A Minor for sending me a copy of my own work. -----

RICHARD GEIS: As a footnote to the Lowndes piece of gentle correction of Harlan's comments on Blish... Jim Blish can write with emotion, powerful emotion, as in *DOCTOR MIRABILIS*, a novel few fans have read. I actually wept as I finished it, and I'm not easily affected. Of course, Blish could have written that novel cold-bloodedly to generate emotion in the reader, but I don't think it's possible unless the writer

has that same emotional capacity in himself. -----

MIKE LEWIS: I like it. Very much so. I was talking with someone one day about *Outworlds* 3.1, and the first thing they asked me was, "What's the gimmick this time?" This might possibly reflect the attitude of the majority of your paid subscribers. They were expecting something new and completely spectacular with Ow 2.8 --thought they were being let down.

What I'm afraid of is that many people will think this series is the same way. I hope it's not (right now it doesn't seem to be), and I'm glad. Issue one is 24 pages of FANZINE. It's quiet and beautiful in a way unlike the slick issues of past. It's well worth 60¢ for me.

Thanks for Ow 8.5. It certainly was. -----

TERRY CARR: Doc Lowndes is right, I suppose, in comparing the emotionless sf story as a form to the sonnet in poetry, though I think his better analogy is with the classic detective story. Yes, both Agatha Christie and Jim Blish entertain our intellects, in their (very) different ways, and this is no reason to dismiss their contributions. Nonetheless, and despite the fact that I've been a Christie fan for a dozen or more years (I once wrote a parody of Hercule Poirot for *The Saint Mystery Magazine*, and I don't parody things that I don't like), I do think a story that confines itself strictly to the intellectual plane is likely to be an incomplete esthetic experience. Without getting into the question of what-is-art I think it's safe to say that the fuller the grasp a story has on the entirety of the human condition, the more effective it's likely to be. Intellection is an important part of our lives, yes; but emotion is more basic and more encompassing. If I had to choose between a fiction of the intellect and one of the emotions, I'd pick the latter--but of course this choice isn't necessary, and that's Lowndes' point, or part of it. Science fiction "can certainly take but does not require the passionate writer", as he says.

Still...when you think of classic sf stories, what distinguishes them in your mind? What ones do you think of? Are

they primarily intellectual in appeal, or do you remember them for their emotional whammy? I don't know what stories would be on your list of "memorable sf," but mine would include only a few logicians' stories such as ...*And He Built A Crooked House* or *Surface Tension*; mainly it would be filled with Simak's "City" stories, *Flowers for Algernon*, *A Rose for Ecclesiastes*, *The Star*, *What's It Like Out There?*, *Light of Other Days* and so on, all emotion-based stories. They have fire, they have passion; in a sense they're inexhaustible, because we can't truly assimilate all of them. An intellectual point or puzzle can be exciting and delightful, but once you've understood it you've taken in all of it that there is to be had; a story whose main impact is emotional will sustain rereadings and re-thinkings because it's so much more difficult to store away in your memory the ineffable, the transcendent, the effects that move us below the level of intellection.

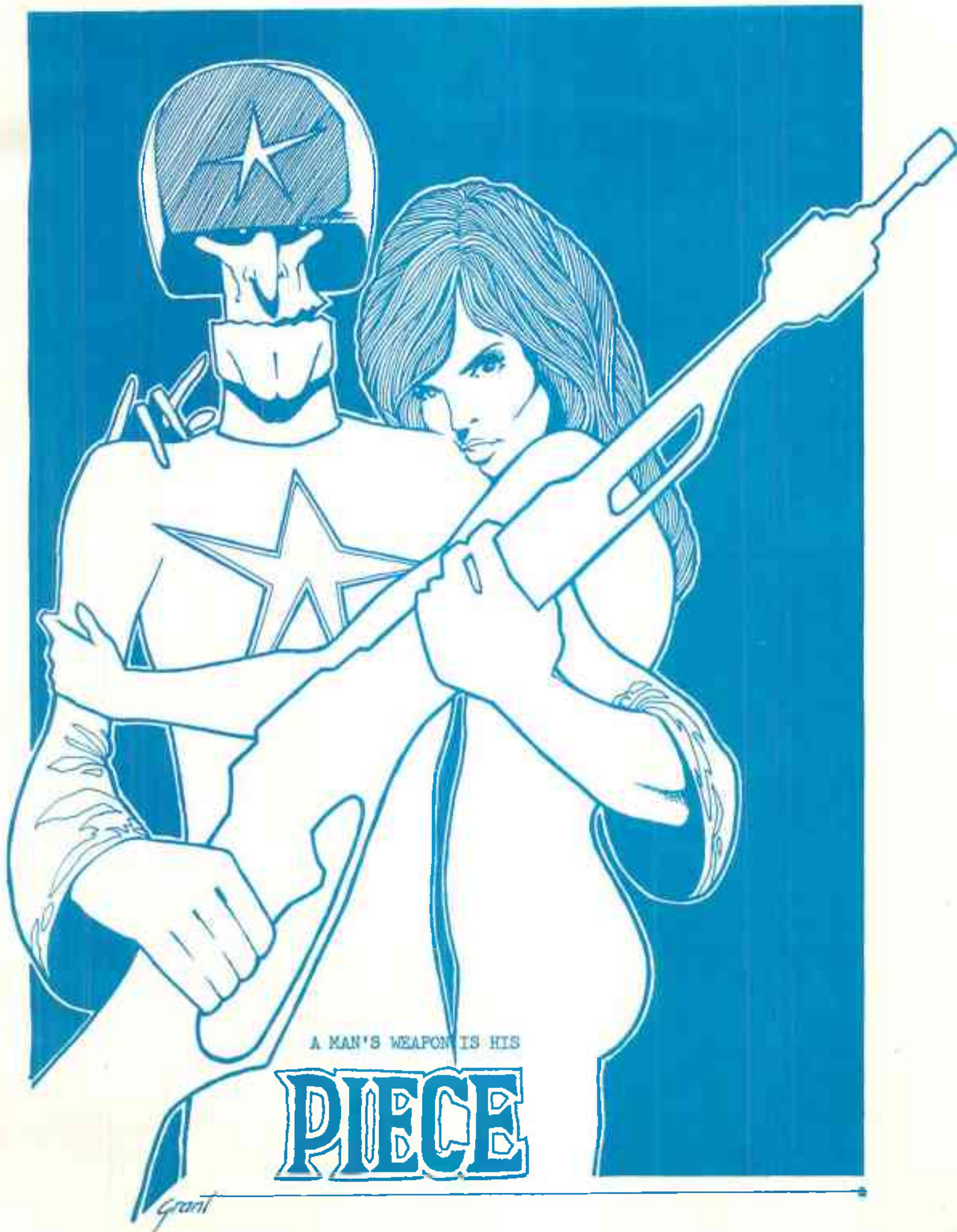
Even such a rationalist's story as *The Cold Equations* derives its impact not from the logic it contains, but from the conflict between that logic and the human values of empathy and morality. Some people have spoken of this story as "proving" that gooey emotions must ultimately give way to the logic of every given situation, but oddly enough if it weren't for these emotions the story wouldn't have any impact at all. What the story actually proves, if it proves anything, is that what we must do to survive is dictated by logic--but what we must inevitably *feel* about what we do has absolutely nothing to do with those logical necessities. -----

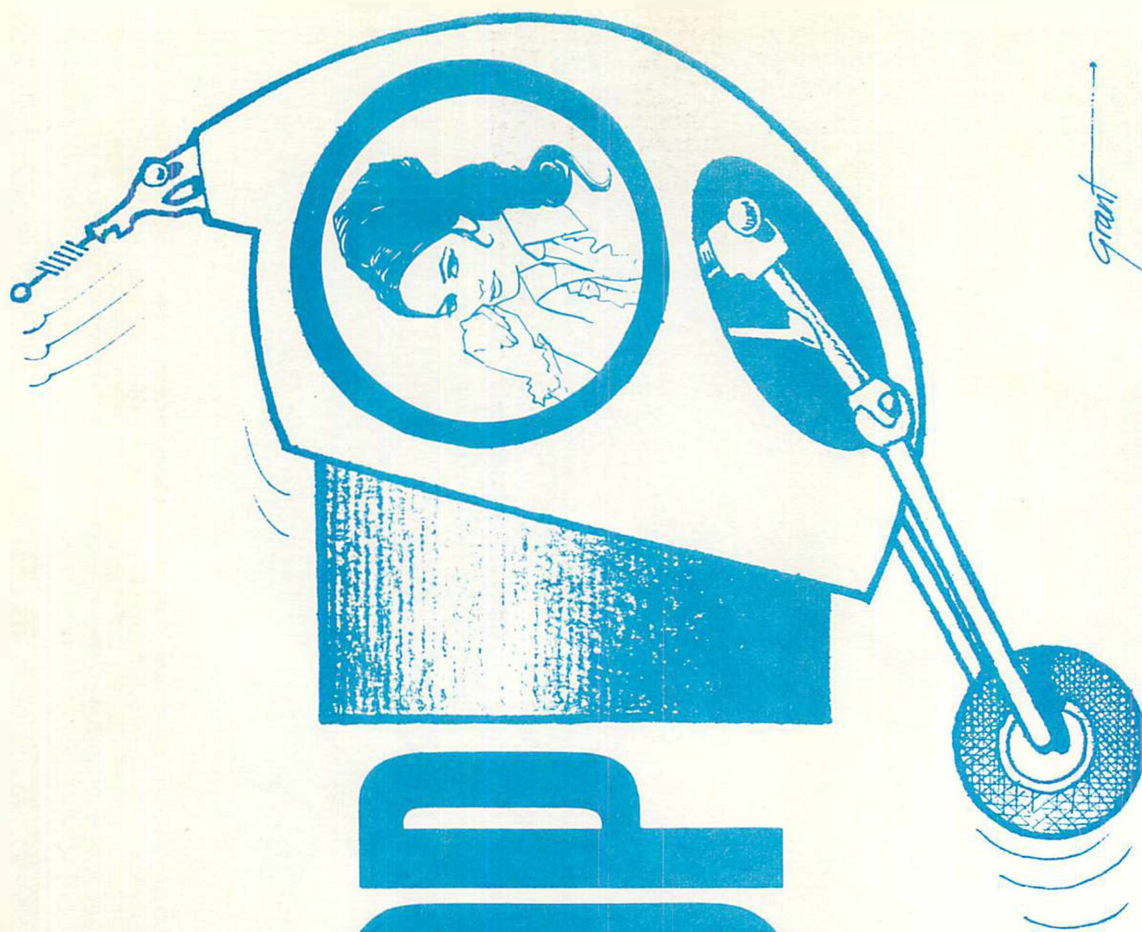
MIKE GLICKSOHN: Welcome back, Father William, idle [sic] of my youth; 'twas nice to see another radically different issue of Ow, Fandom's Favorite Fractured Fanzine. (I anticipate the day an issue will arrive loose-leaf with text and art on different pages with each separate page being labelled *Outworlds m.xyz*. Doesn't this numbering system confuse you at times?) -----

They Who Also Wrote: ED CAGLE; CY CHAUVIN; ED CONNER; ALEX EISENSTEIN; CHARLES FITZ-SIMMONS; SUSAN GLICKSOHN; ROSEMARY HICKEY; NESHA KOVALICK; JERRY LAPIDUS & T. L. SHERRED.

Thanks, All! It was fun.







Grant

POP

