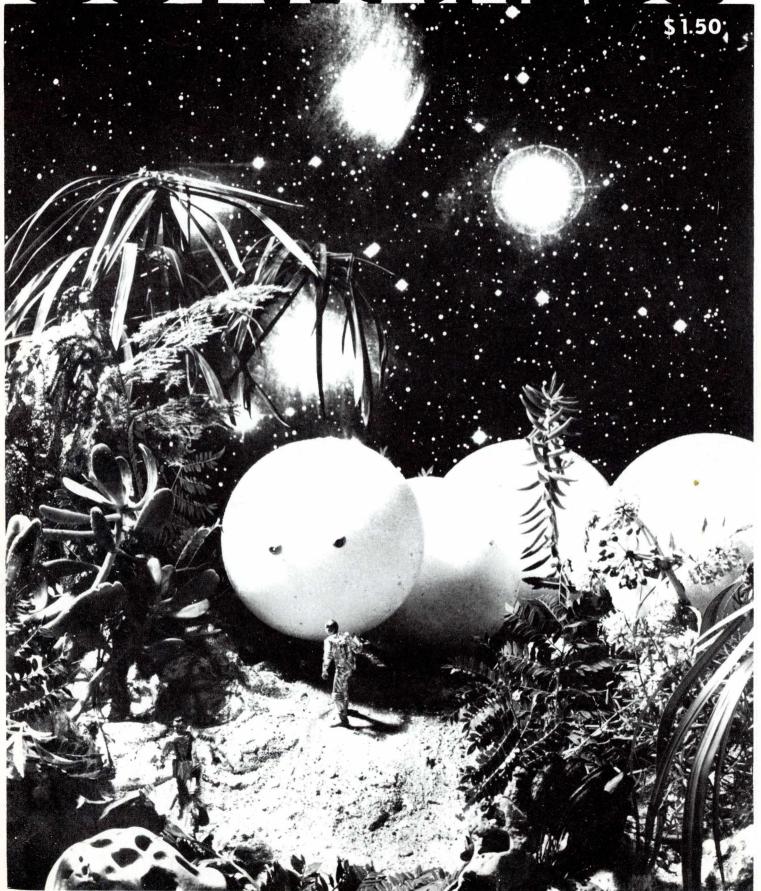
SIXTH Anniversary issue

OUTW(27)BLDS







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VOLUME SEVEN; NUMBER ONE ISSUE #27	first quarter, 1976
FROM WILLIAM'S PEN	BILL BOWERS 1021
THE SECRET HANDGRIP OF FANDOM	RO NAGEY 1023
LIFE IN AN IMPLODING PRESS	J. R. CHRISTOPHER 1026
THE NOVEL	JEFFREY S. HUDSON 1028
UNDERSTANDINGS: The Differences That Knowing Him Made	ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES 1030
ALPAJPURI'S POEM	BILL WOLFENBARGER 1037
Stand on DHALGREN: THE AUTUMNAL CITYDULLY GRINNING DELANY DESCENDS TO DISASTER	
MY WRITING CAREER	S. A. STRICKLEN, JR 1043
Introduction to A VISIT TO FANTASY LAND translated by:	DAINIS BISENIEKS 1045
ONLY WOMEN BLEED	JODIE OFFUTT 1049
Grafanedica: THE WITCH'S BREWON THE ORIGIN OF FANZINE SPECIES	
Inworlds 17: A GOREY CELEBRATION	DOUGLAS BARBOUR 1055

-----ARTWORLDS -----BACK COVER by: DEREK CARTER COVER: Photograph by WILLIAM ROTSLER HARRY BELL: 1028(2); 1029(2) \* GRANT CANFIELD: 1059 \* CONNIE FADDIS: 1038/1039; 1042 \* PHIL FOGLIO: 1021; 1045 MIKE GILBERT: 1026 \* STUART GILSON: 1048 \* DAVE HAUGH: 1034; 1035 \* C. LEE HEALY: 1019 \* ALAN HUNTER: 1030
WAYNE MacDONALD: 1041 \* BARRY KENT MacKAY: 1055 \* JIM McLEOD: 1049 \* RANDY MOHR: 1044 \* KATHY O'SHEA/ARMAGEDDON: 1036 ROY PORTER: 1027 \* TOM ROSE: 1043 \* BILL ROTSLER: 1024; 1025(upper) \* AL SIROIS: 1018; 1047; 1051(2) ----- JAMES SHULL: 1025(lower); 1033; 1050 \* DAN STEFFAN: 1023; 1037 ------

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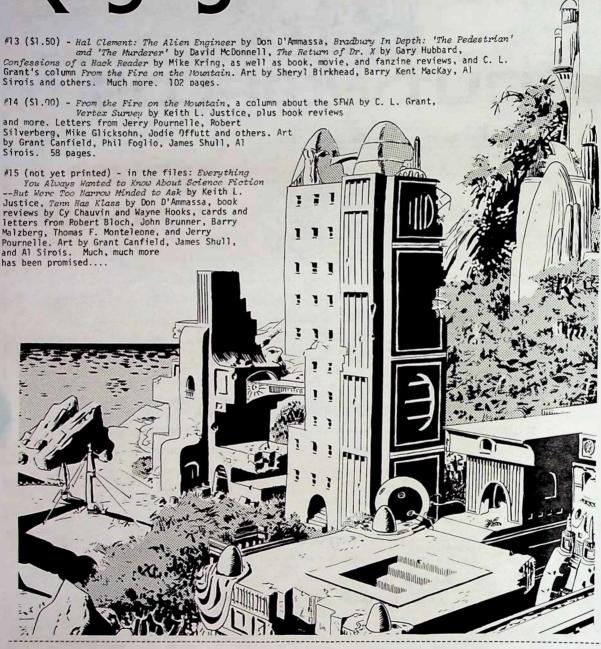
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# knights

"...each new issue is light-years ahead of the previous one. ."

Bill Bowers, Outworlds 26



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# from William's

ah yes, the Sixth Annish; and quite probably the last annish that Outporteds will see in this incarnation. But, before we get on to that tale, there are several other things to cover...such as some Old Business from OW25 & OW26:

Item: I have been assured by people in a position to know that Harrison is not "Kent Bromley". (They also offered to reveal the identity of the culprit, but I begged off: if (s)he doesn't care to come forward, having the knowledge second-handed would do me no good. And at the moment I'd really rather forget it all!)

As of this writing, I have not heard from Elwood on Item: OW25, or from Piers or Dean since the publication of OW26. (...in

case you were curious.)

Item: As might have been expected, my little bit on SF Expo in the last editorial produced a vocal, and rather varied, re-A few thought I was totally unfair to Linda, or that I don't "like" her. Wrong...at least on the second count: I've known Linda since the 1969 Philcon, and I consider her one of my closest fannish friends (and hope that the reverse holds true). It's just that...well, Linda does, on occasion, express her opinions rather forcefully...which is one of the things I like about her. But in this particular case she happened to strike a nerve, and I used it as an excuse to react. I probably would have found some other way to say my piece even if she hadn't happened to have pushed the SF Expo button.

On the positive side: As a result of my little spiel, and through the generousity of a certain Big Time Editor/Publisher, I now have an offer of a place to stay in NYC (which will make it affordable), and have been assured of meeting several fans (ones who don't make it to midwest conventions) that I've wanted to meet. There's good and bad in everything. Certainly I will miss seeing a lot of my friends at Midwestcon...but no more than I'll miss others in Minneapolis and Baltimore over Easter, or in D.C. over the Memorial Day weekend. Not even I can be two or three places at once. Not yet, anyway...but I'm working on it.

Perhaps it's simply that I'm too tired to be objective (I've been working on this issue solidly for a month, to the total clusion of about everything else besides hanging on to my job); or it may be that I'm overly impressed with my own genius...but it seems to me that, in a lot of ways, this is the "best" Outnonless to me that, in a lot of ways, this is the best "nut-worlds yet. It is certainly the best balanced of the offset ones I've done in the last two years (seems like a lot longer, but #19 came out in March, 1974). ..."balanced" in the sense of a blend of long and short items, light and heavy, sercon and fannish, art and text--and balanced to the extent that while no one subject dominates, there are certain themes running through several of the pieces. (There's also a little time-binding...that little red felt apple in Ro's tale made a previous appearance in OW21...) A few comments on the contents:

I first heard Ro Nagey relate the Real & True story of The Secret Handgrip of Fandom at the first Windycon, when he, Lin Lutz, Mike Glicksohn and Gay Haldeman were standing in the hallway outside the con-suite party...and I was sitting against the wall in my usual hall party pose. (I am old and I try to avoid standing whenever possible; besides, when both Ro and I are seen standing nearby, Michael seems to shrivel even more than usual... and I'm nothing if not considerate of the feelings of lesser beings.) It was a good thing I started out on the floor because, as I recall, it wasn't all that long before the others joined me,

rolling in hysterical laughter.

I've heard storytellers before, and excellent ones at that. I knew some masters of the art in the service, where storytelling and role playing is one of the ways of surviving. (Drinking is the other way of survival; in tandem, the two are almost as much fun and as "real" as politics.) But I swear, I've never heard a story told like this before: Ro had all the nuances, all the sus-

penseful pauses down pat.

Or perhaps I'd just had one too many Cokes.

I told Ro then: You write that down the way you told it, and I'll print it.

That was October of 1974.



He related the story, again, in my presence at Marcon. I said: You write that down, and I'll print it. That was, of course, March, 1975.

He told it... I said... He told it...

Finally, in early August, Po visited Mecca (here) for a weekend...and wrote it out, longhand, while sitting in my living room. He read it to me. I loved it.

But we needed a victim, a trial run on someone who hadn't heard the vocal version. So we drove up to Cleveland (having to tie up the muffler on my car halfway there) and he read the written version to Joan.

She loved it.

I said: You type that up, and I'll print it ... He told it again at Pghlange in late September. You'll

never guess what I said to him. (This is a family fanzine...) Then...a couple of days before Thanksgiving, Ro called, and in his usual direct manner he got straight to the point. About five minutes into the phone call, I finally pried out of him the information that he'd actually sent the story off to me several days earlier, and was curious as to why I hadn't called the very instant I received it to heap praise and abuse on his body. You see, Po, as his subtle way of showing how really impressed he was to be a small part of such a prestigious publication as Outworlds, purposely had not sent the final three pages of the mss. hoping that I would read it through, come to the middle of a sentence that had no end...and instantly call him and say, "Hey! What the ...!

The only problem was that I hadn't received the manuscript. You see, rather than spring for the extra dime (this was the Old Days, folk) that would have carried it First Class, Ro had sent the mss., all nine pages of it, third class. I think it was about then that I decided that, yes, this was the man to go into business with.

Of course the lost envelope did show up eventually, taking eight days to cover the 200 miles between us. ...and yes, he drove down here the weekend before Christmas to hand deliver the final three pages (he wouldn't give them to me when I was up there over Thanksgiving). And yes, it is in this issue... I swear...never have I worked so hard, so long, sparing no

time, effort, or expense, to bring to you readers something so beneath the usual high standards I apply to selecting material for this magazine.

I hope you like it...

In all seriousness, I am curious as to the reaction of the ones who have been fortunate to witness Ro's verbal telling of the tale. I think he's done an excellent job of getting it down on to a two-dimensional surface. (And should you others ever get the opportunity of seeing him do the routine in person, it is something you shouldn't miss.)

(Now, I'm waiting for Ro to put together the nine hours of George R.R. Martin's life that he has on tape... I mean really, when it is obvious that he used the promise of publishing the interview in OW to ingratiate himself with a Hugo winner! Has he no shame at all?) [Continued on Page 1058]

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A REVIEW
JOURNAL OF
FANTASY AND
SCIENCE FICTION



Dracula in Literature · Fact · Humor



A REVIEW JOURNAL OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION



THE REAL AND TRUE (MY VERSION) STORY OF THE SECRET HANDGRIP OF FANDOM

# RO NAGEY



PATIA SANDRA VON STERNBERG, per square inch of exposed flesh, has, in her heyday, provided a good deal of male neos with some heavy masturbation fantasies. In point of fact, there was a neo, who while attending his first convention, Infinity 1, had decided that fandom was definitely not for him until he saw the flashing red hair, exposed back, midriff and thigh of Patia. Suddenly he had an insight into the Real and True Meaning of fandom. The fact that this neo now runs ConFusion, the Ann Arbor con, irregularly pubs a fanzine and is now writing this article testifies to the impact of that first meeting.

With this in mind, let's go back to Saturday night at Pghlange 1974. Saturday night at any con can, and generally does, provide a known cure to that ailment known as "Glicksohn throat", which, in layman's terms is best described as a burning need to consume alcohol in great quantity without a great concern about quality. On this particular Saturday night, however, Glicksohn would have had to stand on his own shoulders to see over the crowd and into the bathtub where this medication was kept. Un-

heardof amounts of alcohol were being consumed. In a pause between drunken conversations (one of which was to see if any of the conversants had been in fandom back during pre-history, when Glicksohn still published fanzines. But enough about Mike; I bring him in as only a short subject.) you might well have muttered to yourself, "Hi, there! I'm Bacchus! Pemember me?" and then amble to rearm yourself with still another can of beer; walking past sixteen and seventeen year-olds having their first meeting, mano a mano, with Demon Pum, and losing; stepping over couples (generally one of each sex) that have found out that touching each other's bodies is fun. Suddenly, out of the corner of your eye, you see framed in the doorway two genetic throwbacks who could aptly do stand-ins for King Kong and, in all likelihood, be more convincing. They were met at the door by a femmefan and the ensuing conversation was something like this:

PICHARD: What sort of party is this?

FEMMEFAN: A science fiction party.

RAYMOND\*: Can we join in? (his eyes searching out feminine

anatomy)

FEMMEFAN: Do you read science fiction?

RICHARD: Of course!

FEMMEFAN: Gee, that's great! Who's your favorite author?

RICHARD: Bradbury.

FEMMEFAN: Really? He's good. What's your favorite work of his?

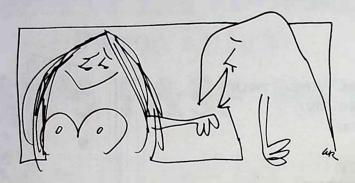
RICHARD: Well, I forget the title, but it had to do with outer

space or something. FEMMEFAN: Good enough. Come on in!

Now, whether this femmefan anticipated the events that were to transpire or knew that a large percentage of the fans in the con suite were not as well read as the goons is open to conjecture. However, the stage had been set.

I certainly had no foresight of what was to come, but I kept one eye, the one I don't use to watch my drink, the left one, on these two enormous Cro-Magnons who made me feel like a late, soon to be extinct, Neanderthal. Their attire came straight out of Playboy. Arrow shirts with the four buttons undone to expose their hairy barrel chests. Double-knit pants. Cardovan wing tips. They emerged from the john with bheer cans in their hands. (At least one assumes that they were drinking beer as their hands were so large the cans were rendered invisible. So they were either drinking beer or their palm sweat. But drinking, nonetheless.) They eased their way suavely through the con suite

<sup>\*</sup>Names are changed because I'm making a snide reference.



..stopping and talking momentarily to each femmefan that they encountered and then moving on.

A femmefan approached me.

"Po, you'll never guess what happened."

"Whazzat?"

"Those two jocks--those--over there....asked me--quote--Do

you want to come up to my room and fuck? -- unquote.

Hommon. They might have dressed out of Plauboy, but they talked out of the Penthouse lettercolumns. I refocused my attention on their goings-on. Classical chain reaction. Question from goons. Opening wide of eyes by femmefans. Expletive not deleted. Undaunted jocks move on. Femmefan joins evergrowing group with statement, "You'll never quess what those--those--those apes over there asked me!" Question from goons. Opening of eyes.....

There are times in every man's life when he is forced to look after the weaker sex and protect them from goons such as those. Fortunately, I'm a fan and not a man, and my crado is "Everyone for themselves" or, since this is Outworlds, haven for the uncensored phrase, "Cover your own ass, scalar lar"!\*\*

Still, from deep within, there were those stirrings of machismo lurking about. Besides, I figured I had the right to proposition the femmefans first. Isn't that what the registration

fee is all about?

Standing in a circle with Moshe Feder, Ctein, Lin Lutz and Linda Bushyager, my first thought was that we should all yell SHAZAM! in the hopes one of us would turn into Captain Marvel. Unfortunately, with the singular exception of Linda Bushyager, I was sure it wouldn't work.

"This is shameful," I bemoaned. We were on our own. No Bob Tucker to ask for guidance, no EIGHTH STAGE OF FANDOM to refer to. Then, my eyes aglow, in my best Andy Hardy voice, "Here's how to take care of them. Let's get Patia Sandra von Sternberg!"

Ebulliently, we all ran up the two flights to the room where Patia was holding forth at her Infinity con party. Excitedly, interrupting each other, we outlined our plan. As we went on in our narration, her face became transfigured by the challenge

She was adorned in a skimpy outfit: a black bikini top and a black skirt slit all the way up. Accepting the challenge, she slinked over to her suitcase, the one that is stocked with items obtained through her direct hot-line with Fredericks of Hollywood. On went the opera-length gloves and out came an eight inch cigarette holder that she waved about, Marlene Dietrich style. On her right breast, an inch or so above the top of her narrow

bikini top was affixed a small red felt apple.
Like little children pulling a prank on the teacher, we quickly ran down the two flights and positioned ourselves, with

great dignity and above suspicion, about the con suite.

I went over to my two gonadal hyperthyroid friends and attempted to engage in small talk.

"What do you do for a living?" I feared they would answer, "Whatever we want to." Instead:

"We work for an insurance company." Uhuh. I imagined their sales routine; "This is a nice place you got here Mr. Bonaducci, wouldn't it just be a shame if something happened to it." My mind became fixed on that image, so they had to pick up the conversational ball.

"Do you know where we can get laid?"
"Well, er, there must be some good bars downtown where you ought to be able to find someone to service you.

... Outworlds, formerly home of the uncensored phrase! Editor

"Don't get us wrong, we're just normal guys." Yes sir, The guys looked like they could take on the Empire Clark Kent. State Building and win.

At that precise moment, Patia Sandra von Sternberg sashayed into the room. Boom ta da Boom ta da Boom Boom Boom. Red animal lust sprang forth from their eyes. Their jaws dropped open at .9 c and their tongues dangled helplessly out.

As moans issued forth from their throats, Patia would turn and talk, touch and kiss various fans and then -- with a Boom ta da Boom ta da Boom Boom Boom of hips -- move on and repeat the process.

With all the humility and innocence that I could muster, I

queried of the two, "Would you like to meet her?" Assuming that their murmurs of adoration, glazed eyes and rapid breathing could be taken as an affirmative answer, I gestured Patia over. Putting her best efforts, and her chest, forward, she approached. BOOM TA DA BOOM TA DA (I AM WOMAN!) BOOM BOOM BOOM!!

There are some people that I would like to meet you," sez

"Helloooo. My name is Patiasandravonsternberg." "Uh....can we call you something--er--shorter?" sez Rich-

"Some people," she said, shifting her weight from one leg to the other with an impressive, suggestive circular motion of her hips, "call me...the Countess." She took a puff from the cigarette in that incredibly long holder and blew smoke into their eyes.

"Well, it certainly is a pleasure to meet you, er, Count-The rutting drive was so strong in these two bulls that they hadn't noticed the smoke at all. In fact, Raymond, the smaller of the two, had lapsed into a semistupor. Richard, on the other hand, saw the little red felt apple and saw, apparently, that his name was written on it. He reached out, index finger extended, in an attempt to touch it, and asked, "What does this mean?"

As he thrust his finger forward, Patia made a dipping of the right shoulder, a twisting of the upper torso and a parrying move with the right arm that not Antoinoni, Truffeau nor Fellini could have directed better. The parry, instead of saying "No", said, in a very promising manner, "Yes, Yes". With this move she replied, "Don't touch me unless you plan to do something." \*CLICK\*

I awarded Patia both ears and the tail. Ole. She had killed the bull neatly and with style. He was now little more than a machine. Upon her statement, his parried hand formed into a cup, he centered his sights about two inches below the red felt apple and homed in on his target.

And--oh my god--another parry, better than the first, unbe-lievably, saying in effect "Not good enough, big boy, but you'll learn." Richard got the message alright. In the suave and sophisticated manner of one of his upbringing, he asked, "Why don't we go up to my room and fuck?" Subtle. (Raymond was insensate at this point, suffering from terminal sensory and fantasy overload He took to muttering silently.)

"I only go to bed with big name fans," Patia replied, smiling sweetly. "Are you a big name fan? How many conventions have you been to?" Flutter, flutter of the eyelashes.

"This is my--er--first."

"Well, come to five or six more and I think that I can fit you into my .....schedule." And another shifting of the weight with the circular motion of her hips.

After a bit more conversation following this same level, Patia informed them that she had to move on. Richard, obviously wanting to leave a good impression, extended his hand in the

1024 OUTWORLDS #27



thumbs-up Freek handshake.

"This is the handshake of brotherhood and I really believe in that, you know." The sincerity that dripped from his voice formed little brown puddles, ankle high, beneath him.

"It was a delight meeting you!" She shook hands and breathed heavily. "In fandom, we have our own secret handshake, don't we, Ro?"

Now, mind you, I had no idea of what she was going to do, but I knew that it was going to be good.

"That's right, Countess."
"See you later, Ro." So saying, she reached down and grabbed my crotch and gave it a squeeze and walked off. Boom ta da Boom ta da Boom Boom Boom.

The Crucifixion of Jesus. Napolean at Waterloo. The Firebombing of Dresden. Armstrong on the Moon. These events pall in contrast. I had seen a Real and True miracle. Patia Sandra von Sternberg and the Real and True Secret Handgrip of Fandom.

"Who was that woman?" Richard asked.
"That," sez I,"was the Countess." So saying, I took my leave.

Patia and I went from small group to small group; retelling the story time and again. Each and every time I got to the Secret Handgrip of Fandom, she would reach over and demonstrate on me. I began to realize that I wanted to tell this story as often as possible. As long as Patia was standing next to me.

Elation raced through us all when Raymond left. He paused at the door, surveyed the reveling fen and said, "Fucking weird people!" He split, halving the field in the process.

Then the field report came in. In that inconspicuous manner

of fans, my shoulder was nudged.
"Hey! Take a look at that!" Half the room turned to look. Oblivious, aware only of his madonna, there was Richard with his puppy dog eyes and sprung steel muscles. I sauntered over, my sprung steel eyes flicking back and forth between the two; my puppy dog muscles rippling, cleverly hidden by my shirt. Some-where, perhaps in the far land of Hagerstown, Richard would find the answer to his quest. In Pittsburgh, however, Patia was fondling the people nearest her, ignoring him.

The field may have been halved, but apparently this half-

ass would be a harder prey. Something New was Needed.

"May I have your attention, please?" Perhaps quicker silences have occurred elsewhere. Perhaps Shaver is right.

"As you well know, any con can have a Pro Guest of Honor, and any con can have a Fan Guest of Honor," I intoned in my best #7 sincere voice. "But only Pghlange has adapted to the changing times. Pghlange is proud to announce the Lady of the Night Guest of Honor. The Lady of the Night is none other than Patia.... Sandra....von STERNBERG!!"

The house came down when Patia stood with a Boom ta da Boom

still lingering in her hips.

The image was quickly conveyed that the best a Pro GoH can give you is an autograph; the best a Fan GoH can give you is an egoboo mention in his zine; the best a Lady of the Night GoH could give you would eliminate the need for Fan and Pro GoHs at conventions.

The only fair way to give out the honor was by lottery. The only famish way was to rig the lottery. Numbers were assigned

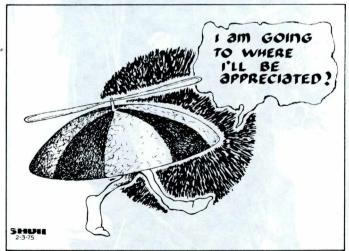
to each member in the con suite. Cheers came from all parts of the room when Jerry Kaufman, whose reputation is spanning the globe, won the draw. Richard was downtrodden. When Jerry picked another number, gasps of surprise came from all. When Rusty Hevelin, the winner, picked yet another number, enthusiastic applause broke out. Moshe Feder, whose winning brought several appreciative New York femmefen to their feet in gratitude, picked still another number. The four winners, Rusty, Jerry, Moshe and Jeannine Treese picked up Patia and ran out of the room.

Richard approached, downcast. "There were four of them!" "She's quite a woman." "But one of them was a woman!" "Yes sir, she's quite a woman." Richard split.

Nanoseconds later the con suite door closed. Game, Set, Match. Since he would be unable to find the five, having locked themselves in Patia's room, we would say when he returned that "well, the party is over" and "hope to see you again real soon". A nonviolent solution had been found and a Good Time was Had by

..except Patia et al forgot to close the door. The suite emptied to lend support and to observe the goings-on. Eventually, after additional merriment when, after Richard's most recent proposition, Patia said she had to consult with her wife, we formally announced vespers and everyone went their own way, only to regroup in the stairwell and, safely later, back in Patia's room.

As time passed, I began to feel a little, well, evil about the whole thing. When I heard that Richard had later confronted one of the femmefans and asked, "Why are you people trying to make fun of me?", I felt worse. Until I found out that he had asked the question while standing well inside the ladies' john on the main floor. I felt justified once again.



And that is the Real and True (my version) Story of the Secret Handgrip of Fandom. Or....should that be the Secret Fangrip of Handdom?

--- RO NAGEY

(1)

# Life **Imploding** Press

J. R. CHRISTOPHER

JOHN BRUNNER is mainly known to us for his science-fiction novels. For example, in 1965 appeared THE SQUARES OF THE CITY, a novel placed in an imaginary South American country, "Aquazul" (located in the place of Venezuela) -- a novel based, move for move, on a game of chess: Steinitz-Tchigorin (Havana) 1892. In 1969, Brunner won a Hugo, of course, for STAND ON ZANZIBAR, a novel dealing with overpopulation in the future and put together like Dos Passos' USA trilogy. (I cite these two books to prepare for an interest in South America and for mild experimentation in form.) He also writes poetry, and I have one pamphlet of his verses called LIFE IN AN EXPLOSIVE FORMING PRESS (London; Poets' Trust, 1970).

As might be expected in a volume published in 1970, it contains several political poems. The Coffintree Carol describes the head of a baby charred by napalm. Admission Free, Emission Somewhat More Expensive Celebrates President Johnson's Great Society; it begins:

llooray for the free world baby Hooray for the marveleous place you can recognize any time baby by the smell of its cordite and MACE

And he also suggests what he thinks of The Silent Majority; here is the second stanza:

> When a man crawled along the gutter half-blind crying for help because he'd been mugged and robbed the silent majority decided not to get involved.

But perhaps the most radical of the poems in the booklet is a semi-Italian sonnet titled soy Tupamaro. (I say "semi-Italian" because it rhymes ABCBBABC DEFFED, with A & C being off rhymes.) The tupamaros are, or were, the far left in Chile, famous for their kidnapping of an American agricultural expert several years ago. According to a State Department official who in 1972 visited my campus, they were then embarrassing (although that may have been the State Department's wishful thinking) President Allende by taking over in the name of the people smaller acreages than the government was currently redistributing.

The sonnet of course predates the Marxist government (and its overthrow). The octave says that "all references to us are

banned" from the papers, and that the people

murmur admiration of our capers And see how carefully each coup is planned To pay the workers what's due from their labors.

It is ironic that Presidents Allende and Castro (who visited each other in 1971) urged the copper workers to restrain their desires for a raise in pay, for the sake of the economic wellbeing of the country.

The sestet celebrates the tupamaros' stealing in order to build schools and hospitals, and concludes:

> The bosses haven't realized, the fools, But every prosecution swells our ranks.

Although I personally prefer the Robin Hood ballads as a poetic celebration of attacks on the establishment, I must admit the tradition should allow modern examples. As far as this particular poem is concerned, I cannot see the sonnet form either helps or hurts the content particularly. There is only one South American reference: an image involving the coypu in line 9; the rest -- "workers", "the people", "the bosses", "ranks" -- is fairly -- "workers", "the people", "the bosses", "ranks" -- is fairly standard international Marxist rhetoric. And a damning comment about any poem qua poem (whether its message be religious, Marxist, or psychological) is to say it employs standard language.

(2)

IN THE FIRST SECTION I considered the political poems in John Brunner's LIFE IN AN EXPLOSIVE FORMING PRESS. I would like to go on to a survey of the other types of verse. Will I be pardoned if I begin with an example of scatology? (Probably I will, these days...) A Small Point But Significant is the next-to-shortest poem in the booklet:

> In order to blow someone's mind there is absolutely no need to get down on your knees in front of him.



As a three-line, vulgar joke that is amusing enough. It is a verbal attack on the person addressed (and the "your" puts the reader to some degree into the range of the shell). I suggest that the poem is structured on a trimeter line beat, with some secondary accents:

In order to blow someone's mind

there is absolutely no need

to get down on your knees in front of him.

Further, the off-rhyme of mind and need (perhaps nearly consonance, with their nasal openings), and the repetition of beginning sounds in need and knees, support the first two and a half lines of this tercet. But what is wrong with this as a poem (a free-verse limerick, so to speak) is implicit in the technical comments I have just made: the last line is weak where it should be the emphatic line. We have final stresses (with off-rhyme) in the first two lines (the second ends with a double, alliterating stress), but the third trails off after its last stress in a prepositional phrase, "of him". (The poem would be just as clear, I think, if the phrase had been dropped, although less close to speech.) Also, I think the echo of nead/knees, while effective in emphasizing the second stressed word, tends to make the latter part of the last line an anticlimax. (I wonder if anyone has ever written a sexual poem about an anticlimax?) The failure is one of technique. Catullus, with his distich, could have structured the noem metrically; Pope, with his heroic couplet, could have tied two lines together with a rhyme. To leave myself open for attack on the poetic merits, let me attempt a tetrameter couplet on Brunner's theme:

Enlarge his swelling thoughts? You'll find You need not kneel to blow his mind.

Not all of Brunner's poems are free verse: most, in fact, are in one regular verse form or another. Several are sonnets, one--'are You Sure You Had It With You When You Came?'--with one odd tetrameter line (1.8) amid all the pentameters. (After all, if you're going to play the game for thirteen lines, why not make it fourteen? Soy Tupamaro (which I discussed above) is a better sonnet, and the title Doem, Life in an Explosive Forming Press is an interesting experiment, with the beginning metrical phrase appearing at the end of the poem instead of in its empty space at the start (presumably to suggest one should start through the poem again). And one poem--He Was Such a Nice Chap--Why Did He Do It? -- incredibly enough, is a sestina.

I suppose I should say something about the rest of the contents. Several poems are comments on love affairs: the sestina is about a man who is impotent, and the sonnet with the tetrameter line is about loss of virginity and the meaningless of it. Others are social satire (if that's distinguishable from political protest, as I believe it is, by tone): Asking, about white expectations from blacks; America, the shortest poem in the book about a Carlylean cash-nexus; Wishful Thinks, which details various things the speaker would like to do; and The Silent Majority (mentioned above), which is a list of failures to be just and honorable. Still others are less classifiable, such as the exuberant diatribe, A Flyting upon Mr. X, which is fifteen quatrains of abuse ready to be applied to anybody. (My desk dictionary does not list "flyting", but it is a fine Scottish word for an abusive poem.) Here is the fifth stanza:

Hanger-on, bletherer, half-truth gatherer, Confidence-trickster, cheat, Current-fad follower, dishonest borrower, Moron with two left feet!

Also a few poems are on science-fictional themes: What We Have Here is about man's descendants journeying across the galaxy:

They came very shortly to Arcturus

And there found bones in heaps around machines
Which had been listening to the sky a million years

(to quote three lines from the middle of the poem). Another clear example is Excerpt from a Social History of the Twentieth Century, which is about the Establishment taking over the drug revolution.

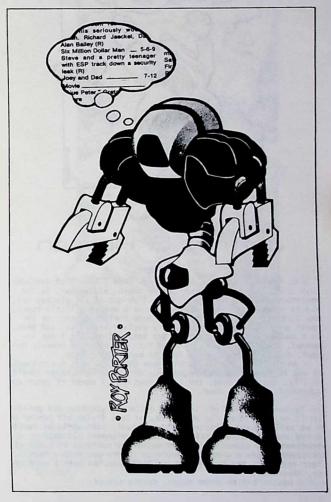
To balance the science-fiction verse, one may consider the medieval touches. Two of these have been mentioned--the Flyting and The Coffintree Carol, which echoes the medieval title of The Cherrytree Carol. Another medieval parody is Only My Name Isn't

Porcival, which celebrates the learning of modern science which makes the school room a siege perilous. More bawdy (but medievally so) is No Lay for the Last Minstrel.

Over all, it is a nicely balanced collection. I find some of the poems obscure in spots, perhaps because of British references or popular culture references (I recognize Warhol and Jimi Hendrix in the title poem, but I do not claim certitude about some references elsewhere which are not proper names). I also find the poems more interesting intellectually than exciting emotionally. (This is a comment on their type, not on whether they are good or bad.) Finally, despite my analysis of the metrical weaknessed of one of Brunner's free-verse poems and my dislike of the language of one sonnet, I find most of the poems carefully crafted (at least by modern standards) and the words usually fresh and precisely chosen. The amount of scientific knowledge (or at least knowledge of scientific terminology) is impressive.

I suppose one is supposed to conclude even such a brief study with some sort of evaluation-in-light-of-eternity of the poetry; however, Brunner has clearly established his role in the majority of these poems as an ironic observer of the modern world, and contemporary irony is usually temporary irony, even though John Dryden and Alexander Pope made it more than that. Brunner is closer to Dryden's unevenness than Pope's polish, and he does not seem to me as successful as Dryden (perhaps because he's writing lyrics, not the longer genres); however, that's the league in which he's competing.

--- J. R. CHRISTOPHER



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\text{Quarter}, 1976
\tag{Quarter}



#### Jeffrey S. Hudson

I HAVE A NOVEL locked up in my brain. Now I know that everyone says that, but I really have one up there, hidden away in the reverberating loops of my cortex. I've got it all plotted out, and it's beautiful. It started out as a wretched little story, the first thing I ever wrote, for some English teacher in the tenth grade. Other stories slowly evolved around it, and then, in a sudden white flash of blazing inspiration, the links appeared, the whole thing organized into one clorious organic concept, descended from heaven into my weak little mind.

And it kept growing, adding new chapters, plot occurrences. It got to be a chambered nautilus, doing circles around itself. Finally, the time came, and I sat down with a sheaf of paper and started to write it down.

The typewriter raced off into the distance, giggling and pointing at me. I held on for dear life, my legs flying off behind me as we sailed along. Up, out, into a lovely pink world we raced, me and the typewriter rising through rose shaded clouds, whooshing over mountain tops, skimming the surfaces of lakes at top speed. Then a creat volcano rose before us, with a huge blast and crash the typewriter and I disappeared into a puff of ash, absorbed.

I was left with three pages, double spaced.

Finally I gathered up enough strength and crept away from the table. Oozed down the staircase and sat before the dinner table, drained. After carefully detaching several of my limbs and plugging them into a wall socket to recharge, I sat down again and prepared to eat.

But oh no! That would not be permitted of me, oh no! Down it came, like a sun kicked out of heaven and falling to Earth, settling with a roar in the backyard, causing the swimming pool to evaporate, burning the shrubbery to a bar-b-o crisp!

to evaporate, burning the shrubbery to a bar-b-q crisp!
Yet I am not upset. No, for it is not everyday an Apollo
space capsule nestles like a dove into your backyard.

Suddenly a ramp protrudes from the side of the spacecraft and pokes through the sliding glass door. Glass splinters decorate the rug like ornaments, diamonds form a footpath for the kings.

Ho, ho, call the family, the inhabitants of the can are going to enter our home!

The typewriter waddles in, its keys done up in curlers. "But wait," it asks, "is this the way it happens on television?" Indeed not! For the capsule pops open and down they come. Descending the ramp like June Taylor Dancers, legs kicking in the air, three little teevees!

My typewriter shrieks with delight, running to the base of the ramp, jumping in anticipation as the dancing darlings de-

"Careful, dear," I caution, "You don't want to get glass in your feet." But my typewriter does not heed me.

The teevees reach the bottom of the ramp and one walks over to me, puffing smoke in my face. "Let's make a deal," it says. It maneuvers me over to the dinner table, where we prepare for discussion.

Meanwhile the other two teevees have dragged a book rack out of somewhere. You know, one of those revolving wire things that decorate the supermarkets of our land, with fine literature for all. It is filled with a distinguished assortment of science fiction paperbacks; the two teevees sing and dance about it, faster and faster. The teevees leader is disturbed and anxious; I am paying more attention to the other two than to him. My typewriter, meanwhile, stands in the background, squeaking and jumping with glee, fists bobbing in a rhythm of their own.

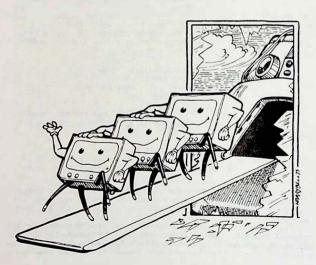
"Ahhem," reminds the leader, but I refuse to look away. The

"Ahhem," reminds the leader, but I refuse to look away. The other two teevees are now rotating the book rack, faster and faster until it blurs and the paperbacks fly like frightened birds about the room. My typewriter races about, little gurgles clopping out of its mouth, gathering the fallen paperbacks as if they were letters from heaven, depositing them solemly in a lit-

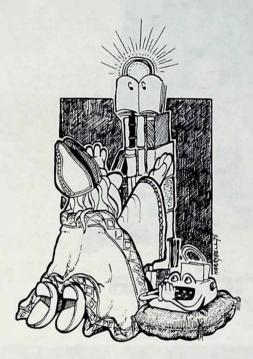
tle pile beside my voluminous collection.

Meanwhile the leader has attached my right arm again (it is fully recharged) and I absentmindedly sign the contracts he sets before me, while I watch the spectacle. Finally, they all pack up and leave. I collapse, my mind spent, on the bed. My typewriter pulls the covers over me and kisses me, then trots off to do the dishes.

I have not written a thing for the novel.



#### ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BELL



Once again I sit before the typewriter, once again the sheaf of

paper, the fresh ribbon.

With a fiendish grin I prepare to type, the plot and characters clambor in glee, they are about to be released, to live as words! I have carefully, deliberately headed off all obligations at the pass. I am free!

Slowly I begin, one word, two. I am writing whole sentences

now, I am really getting places...

Over the hills and far away, off in the distance a voice, a single note calls. Many times I have heard it, it is most famil ilar, yet immediately my head snaps up, I gaze toward the sound. I am transfixed!

The collection!

My hands cease their pounding, I sit motionless for a moment. The voice is stronger now, now it is joined by others, a trio, a chorus. More and more join in, a mighty orchestra calling me to the temple, to fulfill my religious duties.

Silently I leave the typewriter, it sits dead still, it understands. Without a sound, I walk to the bookshelf, genu-

flecting the whole way. My feet barely touch the carpet.

I kneel before the alter, my fingers running slowly, lovingly over the sacred, beloved volumes. Here in the holy of holies, the voices rise to their full values, sweeping me away in their glory.

With complete reverence I open my mouth and begin the holy chant, the Old Litany, "A for Asimov, B for Bester, C for Campbell (here I genuflect)... " And on through Z.

Then I glance to the top of the collection once again,

touch the volumes with care, and begin the New Litany, equally holy. "A for Aldiss, B for Ballard, C for..."

Once I have completed the two sacred litanies, my hand reaches out of its own will and grabs one of the books. It opens before my eyes, the reflex falls into place; I read. It is superb. Of course.

One hundred and sixty pages later, I put the book down. Glorious. My typewriter leers at me, jealous and righteous at the same time.

It is the middle of the night and I haven't written a thing.

Yet again I seat myself before the typewriter. This time I am going to do it. Several pages, maybe even a chapter; nothing will distract me!

The typewriter, vexed, spits and bites my fingers. I swear and continue. Slowly, agonizingly I climb up the mountainside. clawing for each inch, beating back the forces of the clutch up that resists me.

Pidges fall, and minor peaks. I will make it to the top! I fight wickedly, slashing with adjective, pressing my attack with a mighty climax. Finally I reach the top; I can see it all now,

above me, my characters move, alive.

Hoho, they see me! I am having trouble breathing (the air at this height is very thin) but having made it to the top I

shall not leave.

No! But the central characters are gathering about me. pointing accusing fingers as the thunderclouds gather and storm about the peak. No! They will not work with me, they say I am too slow, that they are on strike for higher wages, shorter work hours (now wait a minute!) and, in general, a more congenial attitude on the part of the proprietor. And then they stomp off. their feet like thunder, and leave me on the mountaintop. The rains begin, gray.



Someday I will write the novel. No doubt it will come out as an Ace Double, but some kind reviewer will recognize it as a classic. He will show it to everybody and it will win every award in the field of science fiction, and I will make witty, modest remarks as I drag off all those awards. Someday.

--- JEFFREY S. HUDSON



## Understandings ROBERT A.W. LOWNDES

# The Differences That Knowing Him Made

A SPRAWLING, SUBJECTIVE REMINISCENCE OF JAMES BLISH

"I am the cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me. ..." (Kipling, JUST SO STORIES)

WELL, NOT EXACTLY ALIKE, and there are such things as preferences. But I'm like Kipling's cat in that while I will make concessions (and rather large ones at time) for the sake of temporary amusement or something more important that I want at the time, there comes a point where I will go nor farther; and that has often been distressing to people who felt very sure that I was safely settled in a path of their choosing -- so long as I could be kept away from what they considered subversive influences.

Such a viewpoint was no more flattering to those who held it about me than to me, myself; but I'll admit that my temperament makes such a conclusion both easy and seemingly plausible. I suspect, though, that Don Wollheim was aware of the truth about me back in 1945 when circumstances he had a hand in brought me into a position where I could get to know James Blish well beyond the level of acquaintanceship and occasional meetings. He may even have suspected that some sort of drastic alteration in my views was due sooner or later, anyway. John Michel, on the other hand, seemed to think that I could be kept safely where I was, so long as I was protected from "undesirable" associations.

I'd seen letters by Jim in the various magazines—there was one in Astounding Stories. September 1932, the same year that my own first letter appeared in print (Wonder Stories, July) with my name spelled "Lownder": had met him briefly at the International Scientific Association convention in 1937, the one where-

in the committee to arrange for a science fiction convention to go along with the 1939 World's Fair, was set up (chairman, Don Wollheim); had heard about Jim now and then in relation to continuing the ISA when, later in 1937, Will Sykora resigned as president in such a manner as to break up the organization; had become his agent some time in 1940, after his first story, Emergency Landing, appeared in the initial issue of Fred Pohl's Super Science Stonies; and had run at least one letter by him in the departments of my magazines. That letter had to do with the Fortean Society and with the comments of one Mallory Kent; I recall that Kent's reply took a dim view of the Fortean Society on the grounds that it seemed to be regimenting doubt. Jim was astonished later on to learn that I was Mallory Kent.

And some time in 1942, I believe it was, while he was in uniform, he joined a number of us at one of our gathering places—the old Dragon Inn on West 4th Street. The highlight of the evening, for me, was an animated discussion of FINNEGANS WAKE, which I had not read, though I'd managed to acquire a copy of ULYSSES in 1939 and found it splendid. I do not know whether any of the others had read FINNEGAN, though I know that Don had some of the "Works in Progress" material, which had appeared in various literary and avant-garde publications of the time. He'd shown me some samples, and they did, indeed look like pretty meaningless jumbles of sounds to me--far beyond the free association parts of ULYSSES, which do have continuity and make sense if you just pay attention.

Jim's contention was that the book entire makes sense, however difficult and obscure -- after all, Joyce was exceptionally learned, knew many languages, and puns in all of them, so that any reader has to bring an equal amount to the reading of the book in order to get everything out of it. At that point I dropped out of the argument and listened. Since then, while I still

(September 1975) have not read FINNEGANS WAKE through, I have found that Jim was right insofar as I have read; and each time I've gone back, such modicum of learning (mostly history, but some literature) as I've picked up betweentimes has unlocked something that was entirely occult to me that last time.

In 1945, I was a member of the Futurian Society of New York (founded as the Futurian Literary Society of New York in 1938; we dropped the "Literary" shortly afterwards for the sake of simplification) and a member of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association—in fact, president of that society. Outside of being a registered Democrat, for the purpose of voting in the Presidential elections, I was not a member of any political party nor did I take active part in national or local politics. My views, however, were very largely "stalinist"—small "s" and quote marks, to indicate that I wasn't under the strict discipline that members of the Communist Party—the genuine Stalinists—were, nor did I expend any time or energy on the day-to-day aspects of the class struggle, etc. If memory serves right, I'd long since stopped reading the Paily Worker and most other Communist publications. Nonetheless I still thought of myself as a communist, still believed that the USSR was a more just and happy society than could be found in any of the capitalist countries, and favored the "International Soviet" referred to in the Internationale. I believe that the above description pretty fairly describes the views of the rest of us who were the hard core of the FSNY.

Unlike the others, however, I was beginning to have doubts and some of them were beginning to have doubts about me. What was bothering me were certain aspects of the Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist dogma which I had never liked from the start, but which I'd tolerated under the belief that such measures were necessary in order to bring about the better world which I believed existed (on however imperfect and incomplete level) in the USSR. To favor the Soviet Union was to be on the winning side in the struggle which would end with the downfall of the anti-Communists and the capitalist societies. (Today, I suspect that I left the winning side for the losing one, as Whittaker Chambers said when he left the Communist Party.)

That such doubts had not, as yet, made any real change in my attitudes is shown in that I saw nothing wrong in the Futurian attempt to amend the FAPA constitution, requiring censorship of any and all material that we considered "racist" (and the censure or even expulsion of any members who wrote such material or ran it in their FAPA publications). On the contrary I had a definite hand in the wording of the amendments. I was quite sure that passage of them would make FAPA genuinely democratic. When the amendments not only were voted down by the majority (although there was considerable support for them) and the Futurians were attacked for proposing such "undemocratic" measures, I was outraged and disgusted with FAPA. As I saw it then, a vote against the amendments was a vote for continuing the anti-Negro and other "racist" material that some FAPA members included in their publications.

All pleasure in being president of FAPA vanished. Looking hack on it now, I strongly suspect that the passage of those amendments would have been disastrous. And while I cannot speak for any other former Futurian than myself (although all with whom I am still in any contact with have mellowed) I think that Don would have been unhappy with the results of what would have seemed then as a great triumph for democracy.

The upshot of all this was that one day I said, in effect, Look, Don; you started FAPA--well, now that it's gone completely sour, let's form a new apa along lines we find more congenial. There are enough progressive-minded fans who would come in, and the waiting list on FAPA is pretty long now. And this time, let's not make the mistake of letting anyone else take it away from us. (What had happened earlier, when Futurians held office in FAPA was that, in a period of disgust with fandom, we threw our control away--1938.) All highly democratic you see, with us Futurians -- the most politically enlightened, we were sure -- being chief democrats; none of us saw anything wrong with that outlook at the time.

One of the charming things about the old FSNY was that we could all get together and plan great plans, confident that we would never thereafter be called upon to do anything about them. John Michel was the exception; it was unsafe to propose anything even remotely feasible when he was around — he'd insist that it be done. I don't know how we managed to tolerate him as long as we did; well...he had enjoyable points, too, and none of us were exactly easy to get along with for any length of time.

That was one of the times, though, when I really meant a suggestion. The sloqan "Wollheim is our leader" (from the great feud times of the 30's) was partly a warm-hearted jest; but the fact is that Don did show more consistent and sound leadership abilities than any one of the rest of us. Among those is the

A bit of background: some years back, when I had a regular column in Dick Bergeron's Warhoon, he wrote me saying that he wanted to bring out a special James Blish issue of Warhoon; would I like to contribute personal reminiscences -- and/or anything else.

I would, and did, and essentially this is the article that I sent him. All this was on the QT, because Dick wanted the project to reach Jim in its completion as a surprise.

Don't know the whys and wherefores, but the issue never appeared. And when Charlie Brown asked me to write an appreciation of Jim for Locus -- I dug around until I found the carbon of that old article. Wanted information which had, or might have, slipped my meory since then, as I did not want my Locus piece to be just a slightly reworded repeat of the profile I did for Fantasy and Science Fiction.

In reading this (Warhoon thing over, I got the feeling that it's as worth publishing now as it was then--how's that for an ambiguous sentence? It did need some reworking, and that's what the newly typed pages are about. The poem at the end is new, too.

August 31, 1975

ability to delegate authority to the right person--which means, get someone else to do the work while you, the leader, are left free to think the mighty thoughts and plan more work.

So I was duly appointed Pooh-Bah in the as-yet-unnamed new apa, and the search for prospective members started. Among them, Don suggested Jim Blish, now out of service and living in South Orange, New Jersey, both doing graduate work and teaching at NYU So arrangements were made to go to see him one Sunday in January or February, bringing with us the plans and provisional constitution of the new apa, which we had named the Gothic Amateur Press Association. Donald had already run off a one sheet GAPA Vanguard listing the "firsts" and I find that I had proposed the name as well as the idea, and was, of course the Provisional Manager. The first constitution was "drawn up at V. K. Emden's flat near the East River that same historic night, January 13, 1945." (Before going to Emden's, we'd had the founding conference at the Waverly Inn, in the village.)

Jim was interested, but questioned the name "Gothic", which has very definite literary meaning and, were it to be apt, would restrict the new club far too much. So we held a caucas on the spot (it being agreed that I was outright dictator until a free election was held--thereafter I became freely-elected dictator) and came up with the Modern Amateur Press Association.

It has been truly noted that science fiction fandom is a microcosm. (Don Wollheim pointed that out to me in 1937.) Within fandom in my period of activity you found every type of person and every type of political, sociological, and economic thought that you found in the world outside; you found the same sort of motivations, behavior, and rationalizations, in miniature. Actual power over the lives of others was greatly restricted, of course; but within those limitations, the person who was capable of learning--and interested in learning--could actually discover more about how people really behave, the differences between formal meaning and actual meaning, and the techniques of all kinds of politics, than in any single course of formal study that I have ever heard of. It was valuable experience for all of us, and I first began to comprehen how destructive collectivist ideas are, when put into practice, from observing the many kinds of fan behavior (including my own) and then comparing it to actual events in the world around us.

There followed later a constitutional meeting at the apartment of Virginia Emden to which Jim brought his first issue of Tumbrils, bearing the "Modern" credit line. Whereat I learned afresh that a dictator has to satisfy his subjects, because hardly anyone liked that name "Modern". We finally settled on "Vanguard", and somewhere around this time Jim, who was tired of living at home and commuting, suggested that he and I take an apartment together: we did, moving into it shortly after the first Vanguard mailing went out.

That was how it started: but the first difference that knowing Jim made was not related to politics, nor fandom, nor amateur press associations: it was music.

IT WAS AT SOUTH ORANGE THAT SUNDAY that I first heard a Bruckner symphony. Jim invited me to stay over, while Don and John went back to New York; he'd felt, from reading what I had written

about music in my FAPA magazine, that I'd like Bruckner. So I heard the 4th symphony, conducted by Bohm and the Saxon State orchestra on 16 78rpm record sides, RCA Victor. (That is not the "fabulous Lowndes memory" operating: I just got up and took out my NORLD ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RECORDED MUSIC.) No Bruckner symphonies were available in the New York record store that I frequented at the time (Jim introduced me to the Record Collector's Exchange, where, later I did find the fine old Victor 78 set of the 9th), and I'd never been able to catch any of the infrequent performances of WOXR, etc.

While a number of the other Futurians were fond of music, and often enjoyed listening to various items in my collection, none of them owned any of much interest to me that I did not have—and they knew even less about music than I did. (With the possible exception of DAW: he might have known more, but he did not much care.) Jim was the only accessible fan now (in 1942 we had broken off relations with Cyril Kornbluth) whose interest was compatable with mine and who knew more about it. He could read a score; played several instruments, and knew the rudiments of conducting; and his collection included much material which I had never heard before. We introduced a number of works to each other, as well as specific performances of works which we both

knew; that was the immediate bond.

Music isn't everything. It's possible that sooner or later I'd have gotten on to specific musical experiences that came as they did from knowing Jim is some other way had we never gotten together. It's possible that all the other things might have come about, too. But as those considerations pile up, the differences that knowing him made become larger, because they just aren't water-tight compartments. A love or detestation for a particular composer car derive entirely from one's political and social opinions; and once those change, the music may seem entirely different. I do not recall now that any music I did not care for was music I disliked because of the composer's politics, etc. But there was some music which becan to sound different to me once the composer's political righteousness no longer had the slightest interest for me. (Shostakovitch's 7th Symphony is an example. While I now enjoy all 15 symphonies, they no longer seem as great as they did when I heard them in my pro-Soviet

The business of judging a work of art according to the "righteousness" or "wickedness" of the artist was one which I was all too familiar with in childhood, and thereafter. Poe drank, so he was out; Oscar Wilde was a moral pervert, so he was Etc. While no work of the morally approved could be too vapid. Edgar Guest was in. That was the oldfashioned lower middle class (or perhaps upper lower class) attitude. It's unfair to call it Puritanism, because the great Puritan-type thinkers in American history (John Adams, for example) would never sup-press the works of Rousseau which they considered utterly detestable, or, for that matter, the works of Thomas Paine, which they considered even more vile than Rousseau. But I grew up in an atmosphere wherein, however Roman Catholics were looked upon with distrust, the actual practice was the Poman Catholic doctrine: "Evil has no rights". What that comes down to is that those persons whom you (or the group you belong to) define as "evil" have no rights. That may well be a corruption of what Roman Catholic theologians really meant; I'm entirely willing to believe that it is. But we live in a world where everything is subject to corruption, especially when it comes to suiting the purposes of people who are convinced that their own visions of Truth sanctify any means they choose to employ in saving the world.

Collectivist attitudes upon art were brought home to me forcefully in two cases that came up, and were debated amongst Futurians and other Vanquard members, in 1945 and beyond: those of Ezra Pound and Wilhelm Furtwandler. Perhaps not strangely, because I loved music more than poetry, it was the Furtwangler case (where there was really little fuss amongst us) rather than the Pound case (which was occasion for prolonged battle) that

hit me hardest.

When a man who could bring an orchestra to produce extraordinary performances of the Beethoven Sth and the Tchakivosky ath and the Tristam Prelude & Liebestod (those were all I had heard by him at that time) is treated "in the name of democracy", "human decency", etc., as if he were on an exact level with Hitler, Goering, and Goebbels, one is likely to question the entire range of values of the persons who talk that way. I bgan to do so -- although I now suspect that the beginning was unconscious. My argument was that the standards of condemnation did not apply in the case of Furtwangler (about Pound, I was ambivalent), and that led to an unavoidable questioning of the standards themselves. (Which is why, of course, entrenched "orthodoxy" cannot afford to tolerate even minor heresies; Michel was right in his insistence that "deviation" on this matter would lead to defec-

tion. A dogma is a whole; as the rabbis taught in Old Israel, he who has violated the least of the commandemnts is guilty of

breaking the entire Law.)

Lord knows there shouldn't be any such intricate tie-up between music and party politics, but there often is; and with totalitarian ideologies (Dr. Samuel Johnson called "ideology the study of idiocy-delightfull) the arts (as well as all else) are counters in the endless game of power politics. The political arguments in Vanguard were very sharp indeed and eventually became entangled with personal relationships; the time came when I was forced to choose sides. (Jim was considered something of a fascist by the more orthodox Marxists among us.) So it was through discussions with Jim and arguments when we were on different sides that I was moved to look sharply at the entire range of the consequences of what I considered my political convictions. And although our opinions never did entirely mesh on all such matters, there was considerable agreement.

THE SECOND (and in some ways more lasting) difference that knowing Jim made is in regard to poetry. In 1945, music and poetry were my two foremost interests outside of science fiction and history. (Politics has always been more of an historical orientation than anything else--I was the armchair type of politician although I had done some propaganda work in earlier times.)

My first love in poetry, acquired during high school, was Edgar Allen Poe's weird poems—the straight ones bored me then. (I find more in them now.) And I also loved some of the verse in Wecht Takes, most of it by Robert E. Howard. The early attempts I made to imitate Poe and REH are almost completely forgotten, and I'm grateful now that none of them were ever published. Then in 1935/36, I was introduced to Charles Baudelaire and Clark Ashton Smith, the latter mainly through his Baudelaire translations. (I'd been reading CAS stories since 1930, but had paid little attention to his poems.) At that time, the only extensive translations of Baudelaire that I could find were those by Arthur Symons, in the Modern Library volume—which I later came to see as appallingly bad, in just about every way. (One exception, the prose-onem Epilogue, I loved then and still find astonishingly right and good.) Later, the Millay-Dillon collection was more influential—directly influential in that when I set about, one month in 1937, to write a sonnet a day for 31 days, I chose the type of "alexandrine" that I found in that collection, rather than the usual pentameter for my model.

Of course, it is no fault of the translators that what I sought, and found, was mostly eroticism and attitudes of revolt --"shocking the bourgeoisie". Nonetheless, the available translations in English were inadequate; as I learned many years later, if you are going to read LES FLEURS DE MAL, you need to read the entire work (the entire body of Baudelaire's poetry, not just the particular section headed Les Fleurs du Mal and a few other ripe ones; the New Directions revised edition of 1963 presents the entire work, in translations from divers hands) in order to grasp what it really is. The original book represents the labor of a lifetime, and while the early versions of many of the poems were indeed written to shock the complacent, CB worked them over and over far beyond the point of necessity for such an end. The poet or writer who has no other end is more likely to be fuzzy and sloppy--to perpetrate what Ezra Pound refers to as blur, slither, and slide -- for what such a poet or writer wants is immediate effect; he has little real interest in poetry or

riting

Baudelaire, as I saw him in the late 30's, was my prime model, first for attitudes, then style. The trouble was, it was all too easy. I didn't have to think about anything but my vocabulary, rhyme schemes, and rhythms. And my sentiments picked out key words for me, and the rhyming dictionary matched them up with others--selected first because they sounded right, and then fitted in to the general sentiments. Jim's verdict on my poems was directly to the point: all right for what they are, but what they are are dilutions of what other poets did better decades or centuries ago. And he urged me to find out what had been done since Baudelaire, how the art itself had advanced since the Great War, recommending most highly not only the poetry but the criticism of Ezra Pound; and EP naturally led to others both of the past and of the period whom Ezra regarded as worth study.

Don Wollheim felt that this was not a good thing; and in one sense at least he was entirely right. If you liked the sort of poetry I'd been doing between 1937 and 1945, then you probably would not care for my experiments in what seemed to me to be new directions. First of all, I tried to revise certain of the earlier efforts in more "modern" manner. Often, the results, like the issue of the young man who mated with a baboon in a tree, were most horrid. However little there was in the earlier efforts in their original forms, that little worked in those forms; it came across; it made its point, small as the point was

Most of the revisions did nothing but to make those sentiments unworkable.

It wasn't pleasant to learn that writing poetry worth reading in the present day (that is, poems that are good enough to justify the potential reader choosing to read them at this particular moment, instead of a masterwork of the past) is hard work, even for a poet of great talent and some genius. There were many arguments, many of which were thrashed out in the Vanguard mailings. One of the most persistent ones (expressed in many different ways) can be put most simply as: "How hard can the surface of a poem be without becoming a private cryptogram?"

One of the differences between poetry and "verse" is that verse necessarily has a very soft surface. Almost anyone can get the point on a single reading, and without much thought. And there are many truly great poems which have soft surfaces, too; the difference being that the great poem has a lot underneath the surface: it says much more than that simple and effective appearance suggests -- but for those who do not care to look any farther, here is a well-made thing that says something meaningful. Verse is all surface; there's nothing beneath it to dig out -- although the light verse of earlier times may require your brushing up on customs, usages, idioms, and events of the day.

Pound claimed that poetry should be defined as "words charged with emotion", then added "as much as possible". Which won't do: if you put the highest charge possible into each word,

then you are coing to wind up with a cryptogram.

And there was the question of "obscurity" and multi-lingual poetry. I suppose there is no reason why a poet should be barred from putting anything (or for that matter everything) he knows into a poem, but at that time it seemed to me that some liberties just weren't sporting to take. Multi-linguality seemed to me to be one of the worst offenses. It shuts out the person who does not know more than one language, without necessarily providing the motivation to learn. Of course, it is not necessarily to learn the entire language; and I can see now that what I was really objecting to was the poet's demand upon me -- the demand that I earn the right to enjoy his poetry; and each particular poem may have different requirements.

What I learned finally was that often the rewards are worth the effort, because each problem solved opens up wider areas of appreciation to you. The labor one may undertake to grasp a particular canto of Pound, for example, is not going to result in a little package of new information floating in a vacuum. You may or may not feel that what the particular one says was worth the effort involved to find out; but it may pay off better with latter Cantos, or with other poetry, or-most wonderful of all-with something which would not seem to be remotely connected, and

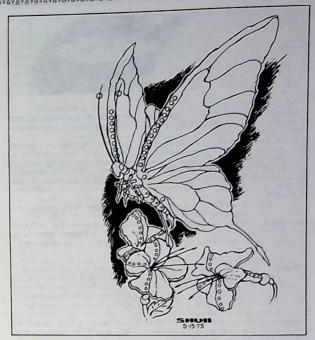
might not be at all.

How hard should the surface of a poem be? I don't believe there is a simple answer, but my present feeling is that hardness of surface should not be something which the poet works for. I'm not convinced that the poems which Jim ran in his Vanquard publications, etc., were written with the intent of excluding as many of his potential readers as possible even if it did seem that way. And I know I had no such motivation with my efforts. But both of us managed to produce things which were quite obscure to others (and to each other!) although he came out with a higher score.

The difference that knowing Jim made, in respect to poetry, is a much more definite one, than with music. I think it is very likely that otherwise I would have been content to continue on the same level of comprehension as before. And since I do not regard any knowledge as evil (even though no knowledge may be truly sufficient), it was a good thing for me to be shaken up. Being lazy (something which Jim never caused and certainly did all he could to cure), I stopped writing poetry a few years later, when it had become still more difficult. But that may not be quite correct: Lazy as I am, I somehow do find the time and do manage to make the effort over things I really want to do. (And that is one way of finding out what I really want to do.) So the answer may be the simpler one of no vocation. Which does not mean that I might not be moved to try to write a poem once in a while.

Sam Moskowitz so moved me in 1966 or 67 by asking permission to reprint a thing for Edgar Allen Poe that was published in Fantastic Novcês, back in the '40s; he wanted to run it in his anthology of stories wherein Poe appears as a character. Well, he said, when I replied positively no, how about writing a new one for this anthology? I did; all I can say about it is that it was not easy to write, and that I don't believe it's difficult for anyone to read. (A little background knowledge of Pe may be helpful, though.)

Ezra Pound has been proclaimed as very difficult, but I don't find him excessively so. Despite his use of ideograms and expressions in foreign langauges, once you know what he's talk-



ing about at this particular point, he comes across. (And you can now get an annotated index to the cantos, that includes translations of the multi-language material -- which really does not take up a large percentage of the work, and is nearly always paraphrased reasonably near to the excerpt.

The real difficulty is to know when he's jumping from one subject to another; and Jim hit the nail squarely when he noted in an article on EP and the Cantos (Rituals on Ezza Pound, The Sewanee Review, Spring, 1950) "Pound assumes, in short, that everything he ever wrote is going to be carried forward to posterity in the same steamer trunk; ..." There are many personal references in the Cantos which will remain obscure to the person who has not read various personal memoir material by EP--unless he has a thorough annotation handy; and some of those references are important to the tone of the context.

I remember a junior high school shop instructor who urged us not to copy someone else's mechanical drawings-not just because it was cheating, but because everyone makes some kind of mistake, and if you copy someone else then you're going to wind up with his mistakes in addition to your own. And that principle certainly applies to trying to imitate a poet or writer you've just become enthusiastic about. You haven't really digested him, but some things seem to be quite clear, so you imitate what moves you. Unfortunately, those are the very things which may be your model's weaker aspects. The finest aspects can't be imitat-

ed at all; they can only be caricatured.

After some dubious attempts to be a little multi-lingual, I stopped trying to imitate anyone in particular, or to come up with symbology that turned out to be too personal, and went back to a model that was more congenial to me, and seemed to come more naturally; the King James version of the Psalms and the prophets. I grew up in a Bible-reading family, and despite my having put religion aside, still found much of the Hebrew scriptures and the New Testament moving as literature. While that turned out to be easier in a sense, it wasn't easy. Free verse that is worth reading is not easier than writing in the more or less fixed forms; and I'd say generally that in order to do free verse well, you need to have attained some mastery of the strict forms, in order to obtain a feeling for flow, rhythm, candences, etc. Otherwise, what you'll turn out will prove to be something that could have gone just as well as prose -- which means, as EP noted, that it'll go better in prose.

Let me confess that one thing still baffles me. There are times when I really can't be sure that a particular poem in free verse would be much different when typed out as prose. I've tried it at times--and can only say that reading it as prose did not destroy any of the sense, but something did seem to be missing. In other cases, that exercise of typing the poem out as



prose satisfied me that the specimen is prose, arbitrarily tricked out into lines. (And it may be that if you retyped some of my post 1944 poems you'd come to that same conclusion about

them; I pass.)

As to obscurity: It will come, for some readers, no matter what you do; it does not have to be striven for. It's simplicity that has to be worked at, I've found--but not simplicity down to the "socialist realism" or "democratic" level. But, to repeat, anything above the level of a jingle is going to be obscure, or obscure in places, to some reader or readers--even the most intelligent.

I don't know if Jim would ever have agreed with the above; I'm pretty sure he wouldn't have agreed with it in 1945, when the application of the mind to the writer's demands was under such heavy attack in Vanguard. And we mustn't forget that "simplicity" is a word over which there can be many viewpoints and

arguments, too.

The debates Jim and I and the others had may have been exasperatingly intellectual in content, but they certainly were not cold and passionless in tone. Jim's father had taken him on a vacation trip to Germany either in 1934 or 1936--the year does not matter since in either one the experience would have been impressive to a teenager. Casual visitors, with no reason to suspect horrors behind the facade, would see only the impressive "recovery" of Germany from the terrible runaway inflation period and notice the exuberant atmosphere. They wouldn't likely get to see or talk to any dissidents.

Jim never displayed the general animosity toward National Socialism or Fascism that some of the rest of us did, very possibly because of what he had seen on the surface. Hitlerian anti-Semetism did move him, however, as well as the Nazi treatment of the art and artists. He was marginally in favor of the war (and would have accepted combat duty willingly had he been sent overseas -- it so happened that he never was) because he realized that a National Socialist Europe would level the arts of

Politically, then, he was opposed to any and all "leveling" systems, which meant that he was not only anti-Communist, but anti-socialist. (He had no animus against Mussolini's Italy prior to the alliance with Germany; art and artists were encouraged there, and while "subversion" of the Corporate State could not be tolerated, the artist was not compelled to confine his

work to exaltations of the party line.)

To continue this digression, a look into the farther past: In 1933, the August-September issue of Amazing Stories, ran a letter from one Virginia Kidd. I wrote to her, learned from her reply that she was somewhat younger than I'd have suspected, and thus started a correspondence which lasted without interruption until 1937. In 1940 she wrote to me again but broke off later in the year. I never expected to hear from her again, so it was quite a surprise to receive a telephone call from her around October 1944 and find that she was living in New York. She'd married a naval officer named Emden, was separated, and very pregnant.

It was also in late 1944 that Damon Knight knocked on my door at 308 West 11th Street one night, with a female in tow: Judy Zissman. That first meeting with Judy was not impressive; as I told Damon a few months ago when he called on me with a tape recorder to talk about old Futurian days, my first impression of Judy was anything but erotic. I had to admit that later acquaintance quite reversed that initial impression; but that night in 1944 she did look as if she might have ridden to my

place on a broomstick.

When Don, Johnny, and I got going on the then-still-to-benamed new apa, we brought Jim into it as I've described, and at one meeting I introduced Jim to Virginia, little suspecting that I was introducing Tristan to Isolde. Not that they stood there enrapt at first glance, but the die had been cast. Virginia met Judy at the same time, I believe, and the upshot of it was that Jim and I took an apartment farther West (and much farther up -five flights above the landing, no elevator) on 11th Street, while Virginia and Judy took side-by-side apartments still farther West, but within close walking distance. Virginia now had a baby daughter and Judy a little girl of 2 or 3 -- I don't recall the exact age. (I was not in favor of children in those days.)

Judy's husband, Dan, was due to return from service soon. I remember him as a good fellow, unfortunately out of place in the Futurian menage. (Jim, Virginia, Judy, Damon, and Larry Shaw were voted in as members.) Judy divorced him not long after and when she became a published writer later, changed her name to Merril.

So there we were, Don and Elsie Wollheim, John Michel, Chester Cohen, and I--"stalinists"; Judith Zissman, anti-stalinist marxist; Virginia Emden (who would become Virginia Blish in 1946), Damon Knight, and Larry Shaw--political mavericks. Needless to say the political debates generally brought forth more heat than light, and there were times when it seemed that everything became a political question no matter how it started out.

Particularly the Ezra Pound case: the marxists (with one exception) considered him a fascist who ought to be tried for treason or whatever, and pronounced his poetry and criticism worthless. I was the exception; truly, I was bothered by Pound's affection for Mussolini and the fascist regime in Italy, and somewhat more than bothered by the nasty anti-Jewish digs that pop up in the cantos. But I could not really look upon him as a war criminal, or consider everything he wrote as bourgeois rubbish. Toward the end of the year I had become heartily sick of bolshevik bigotry and resigned from the Futurian Society. I knew that that would strengthen the suspicions amongst the marxists that I was becoming some sort of fascist, but I really didn't care--although I hoped that we could remain on friendly terms as persons. With one exception: I'd have liked very much to get away from John B. Michel entirely, but splitting with him would also mean breaking with Don Wollheim -- which I did not desire.

Events forced my hand. There came a night when I was awakened alone at my 11th Street apartment (Judy had moved out of the apartment adjoining Virginia's and Jim had moved in; they were planning marriage as soon as feasible) by a knock on the door. Not the KGB but Judy, Damon -- I'm not sure whether there were others. "Come on over, Doc," they said, "we've just expelled Don, Elsie, and Johnny from the Futurian Society and we want you to come back." I don't swear those are the exact words, but

they're close enough for veridity.

So I got dressed and accompanied them to Fort Wit (the name of the Blish-Emden combine) to find that we were seven. The mimeograph was set up and I was handed the stencils for a onesheet (two sides) publication, X, which would broadcast the purge in the Futurian Society to all fandom. My signature was

solicited. I read it -- omigawd!

Memory may exaggerate, but I know that my feeling then was that X was the sort of vituperation I'd seen constantly in the Communist press as just about each yesterday's Hero had become today's Traitor. Donald was not accused of any legal crime, true, but he was certainly presented as a thoroughly loathsome person; so much so that anyone might wonder how the members of this committee of righteousness were ever able to associate with him at all. There were nasty digs at Elsie, too, which struck me as being unnecessary -- but I must admit that I didn't object to some the comments on John B. Michel.

I saw before me three choices: to refuse to sign and return to the "stalinist" fold, which would mean breaking off with these six; to sign, which would mean breaking off with Donald and Elsie; to declare neutrality--refuse to sign but not repent and reform my lapses from marxist orthodoxy, which would mean that I would essentially be an outsider in respect to both

groups.

I did not like any of the three choices. The first, however, I knew was no longer possible. I could not pretend to be the orthodox comrade I'd long since ceased to

Nor did I want to make any such pretense.

The third, perhaps the most sensible, was beyond my strength. While in a certain sense I am, and always have been, a loner, in those days I could not bear to be alone very long. (Today I don't need people around me to that extent.) The relationship with Jim and Virginia meant a great deal to me, and I knew that it could not continue on anything like the present level if I refused to join the conspiracy. (It wasn't until later that I heard that the "purge" was a counter-purge; John had told Judy that Jim, Virginia, and I were to be expelled formally from the FSNY and henceforth to be shunned as fascists, enemies of the people, or words to that effect. I say that I "heard" this; but I have no knowledge that it's true -- believable, yes, but that is hardly proof.)

I knew I was wanted, so made my joining the conspiracy conditional. The text of X would be definitely toned down, and mine would be the blue pencil to make the cuts and modifications. It still might be actionable, but there was no doubt in my mind that the original text was libellous and malicious beyond necessity. I still believe that the lawsuit, which did follow hard upon the heels of the mailing of X, would have turned out differently had it not been for the revisions I insisted upon. And I rather suspect that I was the only one of the seven who was not

surprised when Art Saha delivered summonses to us.

Some years later, when Don and I were reconciled, he told that he hadn't brought suit out of a desire for revenge or to get money out of us. His purpose was to insure that this initial attack upon him would be the last from us. I believed him then and I still believe him. Donald Wollheim has strong convictions, and indeed may still choose his associates in accordance with them, but he is not a vindictive person. He was shocked at the amount of money we finally had to pay for adequate legal assistance, which squashed the suit. And I cannot hold that action against him.

Was I wrong in joining the conspiracy? Morally, yes: there's no getting away from it and in a way I'll always regret it. Don Wollheim had been a close and true friend for nearly 10 years. We had gone through the feuds of the "immortal storm" period together. Without his help I'd never have become a professional editor, and very possibly never have gotten to live in New York in the first place. It's true that had I not signed X in accord with the revisions I exacted, Don would have been seriously libelled--it could have been injurious to his professional career. But what if I just hadn't answered the door that night? Would the other six have proceeded without me? We'll never know. And my motives were far from pure, even so; I knew that this betrayal was giving me something I wanted. (Which is why I cannot condemn the behavior of various "collaborationists" as vehemently as could a non-sinner.)

To return from the digression: The marxists among us considered Jim something of an intellectual poseur (although that term would have fitted John Michel far better). Well, there's no doubt that Jim's temperment was intellectual; to him the "right way" of composing a story or a poem was to express emotional content in a more intellectually complex manner than ever seemed needful to me. That is part of the reason why some readers consider Blish's work "cold". So one other difference that knowing him made was this: I was spurred by our private debates (which did not degenerate into marxist slogans) to find out for myself why I didn't care much either to write or read poetry with a very hard surface. And in the process, I realized that my general preference against that way does not prove it bad--as well as that you might consider a poem I found quite accessible very ob-

WHEN IT COMES TO LITERATURE outside of poetry, knowing a person like Jim gave me motivation to fill in some of the gaps in my education, which had gone very little beyond high school. For a time I was willing to argue along the lines of a political theory about literature which does not require one to think much at all, but merely to develop polemical skill. And while I am not a moralist at all, and have very little interest in morals outside of speculative curiosity, a remark Jim once made about the immorality of discussing books one has not read as if one's opinions had weight, regardless of ignorance, struck home to me.

Before then, it had never occurred to me that there was anything wrong about it. The "authorities" I had been accepting dismissed FINNEGANS WAKE as worthless obscurantism, intellectual fascism, and anything else that fit in with the basic orientation. Besides that, it was, and is, hard to read (although not uniformly so). And it was much the same sort of thing with numerous other authors whom I had not read; occasionally I felt the need of defending my not having read them. And, of course, attitudes in my background were that certain authors were wicked, immoral, etc., and no decent person would soil his mind with their evil productions.

I remember a series of discussions and arguments about some of the great philosophers, my point being that I wanted to get a simple idea of what they were talking about before taking the time and energy to go through hundreds of thousands of words

which might add up to nothing for me.

scure, and vice versa.

Somewhere in the course of this, Jim remarked that his interest in seeing me do the best work I could (and doing it required certain foundations) did not include doing my homework for me. At the time, that seemed like a particularly waspish brushoff, but now I have long since seen that it was the most genuinely friendly and even loving approach he could have taken. It isn't knowing the answers in the back of the book that counts at all; it's getting into your nervous system that process through which you can arrive at the answers without the book at all. The back of the book is helpful in indicating whether you've made a mistake with this or that particular problem.

And the great works of literature, philosophy, etc., cannot

be meaningfully digested for readers who do not want to do their own homework. If a philosophy is of any value to you, it will be

so because of a process it enables you to use; and then it makes not the slightest difference whether you come to the same con-clusions that the master did (philosophy isn't arithemtic!) or even if you come to exactly opposite conclusions. But to get the process, you need to follow the master step by step thousandwords by thousand-words. If you don't want to do this, that's your right; but if you're honest, then you'll accept the consequences of exerting that right: you'll acknowledge that your opinions on these matters are worthless.

DESPITE MY FONDNESS FOR IT, I find that I have written less science fiction than any other form of popular fiction I've tried to write except pulp detective stories. (Referring to number of stories, rather than number of words.) One important reason for this is that while scientific ideas, which might be a good starting point for a story did occur to me now and then, I just didn't have the fundamental background to handle them, nor again (and perhaps more important) any real desire to obtain it. That is, while I have willingly done a great deal of research for later stories, such as MYSTERY OF THE THIRD MINE, in order to get necessary scientific matters reasonably sound, that is not the sort of information that sticks with me once the immediate, practical need for it has passed. Science, for me, is interesting to visit now and then, but not to live with.

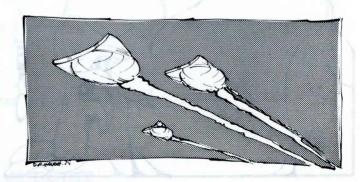
Some time in 1945 I mentioned to Jim a notion for a story that had been rattling around between my ears for several years, but which I doubted if I'd ever get to write -- I could see that it required solid scientific development which was just beyond He liked the idea and suggested a collaboration, and we found that we could work together quite well, though it may have been 1946 before we completed it. Fred Pohl was Jim's agent at that time, so I heartily agreed to letting Fred see the preliminary finish for suggestions, and Fred immediately spotted the one flaw that he was convinced would make the difference between

a sale to Campbell and a friendly rejection.

Fred was right, bless him; we reworked the story according to his suggestions, found we liked it much better ourselves that way, too, and the final copy that we turned over to Fred went through without delay. (Jim had gone to see JWC and told him something about the story, whereat he learned that Campbell had never read THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK. Jim said that JWC nearly fell out of his chair when he explained what happened when one met a boojum. Campbell pointed out that under the conditions we had set up, the Master Computer and Coordinator would be entirely capable of manufacturing snarks.) Thus was born CHAOS CO-ORDINATED, which did not, and never will, win any prizes but for which Jim and I always retained a good deal of fondness, although the time came when neither one of us could re-read it with much pleasure.

That led, of course, to another attempt: My notion of a different approach to the "duplication of people" machine. In this variation, the information is fed into the machine by five persons and the result is that the duplicates do not come out exactly alike. (Since no two people see the subject exactly the same way, of the five duplicates that appear, not one more than approximates the original in appearance.) That was the basis for our next effort. I'd pictured it as a short story; in no time at all, when we started to work out a plot outline, we found we had a novel in the works; and there Jim's greater experience, in addition to the necessary scientific background, was crucial.

By the time we saw that it would have to be a novel, we decided quite deliberately to see if we could out out-Vogt A. E. van Vogt in complexity of plot, but make certain that everything was tied together at the end -- something that vV usually didn't do. My guess is that he didn't do it, not because he didn't know how but because he didn't greatly care; and the fact that Camp-



First Quarter, 1976

hell was taking just about everything vV wrote, and the readers were applauding lustily for the most part, no doubt satisfied him that it wasn't necessary. We felt it  $\omega as$  necessary for us, first because of artistic conscience, and second because (since conscience is often put aside) we realized that newcomers couldn't get away with it. Tremendously popular writers, like van Vogt, Burroughs, REHoward, L. Ron Hubbard, etc., can get away with a lot of just plain sloppiness (add A. Conan Doyle to the list) because thay have a flair, a magic, a zest in their stories that grips and holds most readers to the point that they either do not notice the frequent slips--both in writing and plot--or find them easily forgivable. Neither of us had that flair then and we both knew it.

Jim contributed the scientific background, and some of the characters, I had historical background and political background at my fingertips (not to suggest that Jim was as uninformed on these matters as I was on science, but rather that I had read more and that was the sort of thing that does stay with me). But it was a real blend of give and take.

JWC didn't buy.

Several years later, we re-worked it, expanding considerably, for Pynamic Science Fiction, where it was well received.

But re-reading THE DUPLICATED MAN today, I can see, while still feeling that we have a good story there, that Don Wollheim hit the nail squarely when he declined it for Ace books: it needed to be at least 80,000 words. That rejection from Campbell in 1945 (or early 1947) put an end to our collaborations, very largely because Jim couldn't afford to spend much more time on speculative projects. (And when he took on one with Norman L. Knight, it was handled differently in one important respect; as much time as was needed was given to a TORRENT OF FACES, spread out at the collaborators' convenience.)

I don't know how valuable collaborating with me on our first novel was for Jim, but it made a lot of difference when I got the chance to do one on my own for Winston. (Blessings on Lester del Rey who gave me substantial aid with the science.)

Perhaps one reason why Jim and I were able to collaborate with so little discord was that we were both synthesizing talents. True, every author has to have some talent for innovation, exploration and discovery, as well as development on the base of what has already been done, but every author will be centered in one of the three, and we had a common center. Synthesizers generally have a wide range of curiosity and interests (if given the chance to develop them), and all are particularly prone to eclecticism, an element you will find in both Jim's and my writings-sometimes to the point of excess-but not expressed in the same manner, for one eclectic isn't another.



We're opposite in that Jim tended to compression, even when he wasn't consciously working at it, while I tend to be expansive if I let myself go at all. (That shows in my tendency to latch on to story ideas, themes, etc., which require great length; sheer indolence and lethargy has often been the reason why they didn't get it. In other instances, my laziness moved me to get a contract before going all the way and that included a length restriction -- damaging to BELIEVERS' WORLDS, less so to THE PUZZLE PLANET, though certainly more could have been done with it.) Jim, on the other hand, disciplined himself to work at writing constantly as well as to accept the limitations of the markets open to him in the process of building himself up to the point where he could write what he felt like writing, at the length he wanted to, with an almost certain chance of a sale.

His writing has been criticised for coldness, and I do find it cooler in style than that of Lester del Rey, for example; but that does not mean the absence of emotion or emotional impact. It's there; but generally it just isn't as readily accessible; it does not immediately caress or wallop as does the style of Harlan Ellison or Samuel R. Delany; it requires thinking on the part of the reader. Not that Harlan's and Chip's stories do not stimulate thought — and the ones by Delany that I've read are bursting at the seams with ideas—but rather that these two (and others like them) are easier on the reader who likes to wallow in word-sensations, but hard on the reader who has to swim to the ideas through shifting currents of emotion.

Since I still hold with the definition of science fiction as essentially a literature of ideas, rooted in science, I prefer the Blish-type coolness. But that doesn't mean that I cannot enjoy the other sort, now and then. One's preference need not be exclusive.

Music, amateur publishing, politics, history, poetry, literature, writing, criticism, and attitudes toward these things-they are not all of life, nor were they all of our lives at the time. Jim and I shared experiences on other levels, too, and the great lawsuit was not the only disaster we went through together. The first attempt to launch Vanguard Records, through the Vanguard Amateur Press Association, was a failure. The later attempt to set up a record company, Vanguard Records, which did produce three lo-inch discs-you'll find the two classical ones listed in the record bibliography mentioned earlier -- was a heartache, a headache, and a rather costly experience at a time when neither of us could really afford to lose much money. (But perhaps that was just as well -- we got out before we'd lost a lot more.)

And the burden of this essay, for all its digressions into earlier and later years, really rests upon two years only--1945, 1946 -- the time when Jim and I were most closely together. Our friendship remained for the rest of his life, but our paths drifted farther and farther apart, and we saw each other less frequently. Being imperfect, our influence upon each other could not have been good in all ways, at all times. No matter, there's no such thing as a perfect relationship, either between friends or between lovers. But I became a considerably different person because of those two years of intense association.

And looked up to the sky crying Why, why, 0 Lord cannot two people I love love each other?
And from the sky reply cometh not (I am not the sky, the Lord replieth from the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of hell within me.)

And I am too goddam emotional to be an intellectual, and too goddamm intellectual to gather much fruit of emotion. Ja so bin ich; I was as I was, I am as I am, I shall be as I shall be, Laus Deo; I would not have it otherwise.

--- ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES

# ALPAJPURI'S PŒM

Head so sleepy it won't quit dreams
but coffee coming soon
dreams going on while I'm awake
in these hours hours
in these dreams beneath the Buried Star
where mortal man came questing
for a music beyond dreams and the singing of stars
where a phantom womb of darkness
crawls in the Legend of the Deeper Night

Old comrades of the road come to me in dreams & we hitchhike the endless highway bound for the legend of America & dreams of future journeys up mountains down streams in Autumnal Wood dreams my head in my hand on the kitchen table woozy consciousness mind images a feast for the head dreams of the night in continual spaces in a house in Oregon country leaving a.m. for San Francisco for a while for the epic poetry of the streets dreams pouring in from the window at night but Everlasting Now too fused to woo it to paper

And once I found the legend of America in the rain in Oklahoma, when I couldn't get a ride out of midnight downpour a hungry little bum heading home while the vast Panhandle spaces linked me with road blues and a faint glimmer of light at the end of my mind.

I read Jack's books / he's gone from us now these 6 years his bones lie in Lowell, Mass. gone in sentient October and dreams of me in a new beard the colors of Mars--- i hope Jack's in Heaven with lots of happy paper--- i hope the dream comes to an end so we can live the dream.

night for dreams. the drama of the universe is old. Earth is but a place we borrow

> -BILLY WOLFENBARGER outside Harrisburg Oregon June 30th, 1975

# The Autumnal City

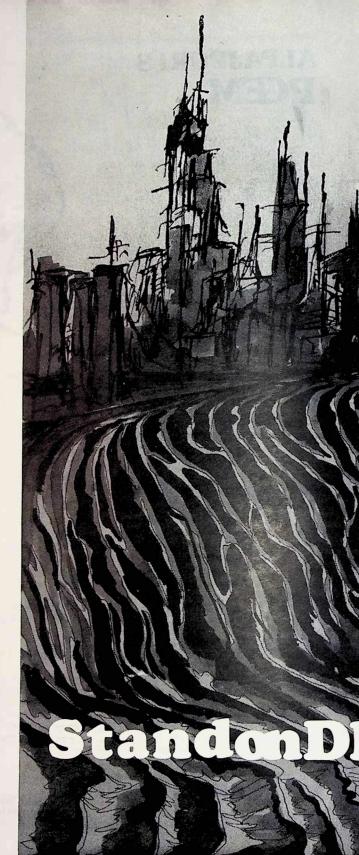
DOUGLAS BARBOUR

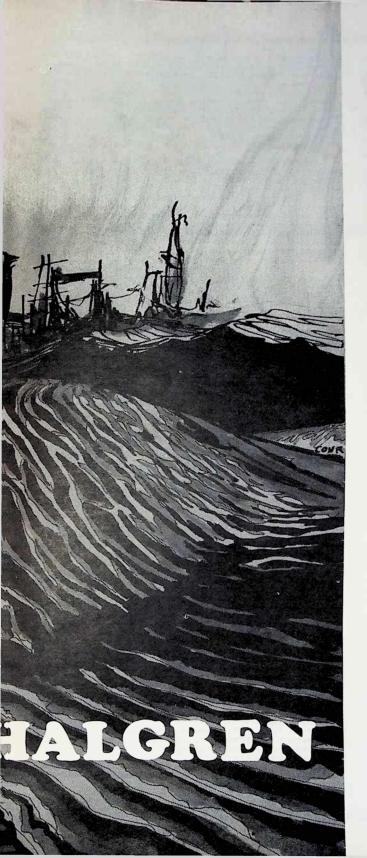
Some Notes Towards a Putative Review of Samuel R. Delany's DHALGREN

1. Let's get this out of the way at once: I liked this book. That I also found so much to provoke thought, various kinds of aesthetic & emotional responses, critical theorizing, & delight follows, though not necessarily (I rather liked--to take a fairly far-flung example--Phyllis Eisenstein's Alaric stories, but they did not demand the spectrum of complex responses DHALGREN does). I suspect it is necessary to like something this big if you are ever going to finish it (I liked GRAVITY'S RAINBOW, too). I further suspect that a lot of sf readers are not going to like DHALGREN sufficiently to keep going through all 880 pages of it. Fine, but that doesn't give them the right to dismiss it as a poor job. And I, for one, believe it is a very strong, major work of contemporary fiction.

2. Is it science (or even speculative)

[Continued on Page 1040]





### Dully Grinning Delany Descends to Disaster

DARRELL SCHWEITZER

> Refuting Douglas Barbour An Essay With Numbered Sections

1. In 1970 James Blish wrote an article on what was then called "The New Wave" and you can find it in his collection of critical essays, MORE ISSUES AT HAND (Advent, 1970). One of the more interesting points made, from the viewpoint of 1975, is a rather cautious statement about Samuel R. Delany:

That Delany has drive, insight and a certain music I cannot doubt, but neither his clotted style nor his zigzag way of organising a story strike me as being much better than self-indulgent and disdirected. If I am right about this--and my experience with Ellison suggests that I am more likely to be wrong--Delany's early popularity, laid on well before he was either in control or was convinced of the necessity of being in control

[Continued on Page 1041]

#### THE AUTUICIAL CITY, from Page 1038

fiction? Even Fred Pohl, who showed great editorial courage in purchasing it for Bantam (he may be doing less, but I think he's worth a lot more than Roger Elwood--partly because he does know the field, & does have high standards, but no special social/ political/spiritual drums to beat as editor), has admitted in conversation (fall, 1973, Penn State) that he is not sure if it really is sf. Well, by my very broad definition of 'speculative', it certainly fits that category: & if we accept the idea of science fiction that Delany & Joanna Russ have suggested--that it deals with events that have not happened (but-implied--possibly could, or could have)--then it is definitely science fiction, too; at least it's sf. Of course, it's so much more than more sf, that perhaps such categorization is an insult to it. Perhaps, but I'm not sure. Delany has remarked somewhere that science fiction provides marvelous metaphors for a writer to play with. Indeed, as he implies, sf is a marvelous metaphor. How many sf titles can you think of with a phrase something like 'other worlds' in it? In DHALGREN, Delany does not use the usual sf trappings, yet Bellona (named for the Roman goddess of war, if for anything) is an 'other world', to which we--along with the kid--travel by means of a bridge (the bridge of art?). This wounded, autumnal city is, like most of landscapes, both terribly Wounded, autumnal tity is, the most a transcept of the familiar & terribly alien, & strangers (aliens) live strange lives within its walls. Delany is just not that interested in telling us ('scientifically') how Bellona came to be such a strange place, but he does exercise his very subtle art in ren dering its presence--as an alien, yet not totally unrecognisable, landscape against which humans can act out their various roles-with great verisimilitude. This is good of writing: create the 'other world' as fully as possible, & put some believable characters in it, whose actions will intrigue, interest, & perhaps overwhelm us.

3. What a lot of people will not like: the frank enjoyment (or sometimes simply acceptance) of human detritus. Most of the people we meet at any length in DHALGREN, especially those who hang out, or about, the scorpions' nests, aren't too clean. There is quite a bit of description of human smells, etc., very little of washing (though the one bath the kid has, to clean off a lot of blood, is described with Delany's usual precision). Delany may be attacking the western bourgeois concern with hygiene here. Anyway, those who were turned off by Delany's description--very light, & doing double duty as part of a scientific explanation of the changes in health by the year 3,000 -- of Mouse's dirty foot in NOVA, will definitely be turned off by the kid, & unable to understand, or even appreciate (perhaps -- though it's always possible Delany's articulation of these things will win said reader over). Lanya's desire for him. Hot very.

why go into this? Well, those people have every right to say they don't want to read this book. They have none to say that Delany's exquisitely detailed rendering of human funkiness represents some kind of falling off in his artistry. He is doing something heyond what he has done before. In 880 pages he can attempt—at some length—scenes that have never before been a focal part of his work. I think of the dinner at Richards' apartment, where his representation of 'polite conversation' is so devastatingly accurate it creates its own satiric context. The whole shifting scene of the party at Roger Calkins' carries some of the social conflicts suggested in Prince Red's Paris party in NOVA to new heights of subtle confrontation; it's an exquisitely realized piece of writing.

4. "But what is this huge wallop of a novel about?" I hear some poor readers crying in the wilderness of Lit 100. After all, any book this huge has got to be about something. But then, there are others who accuse it of being 'relevant', & therefore out of date already. Well: precisely. It is about what it surrounds, & that is as relevant as you-or any single reader--wants to make it, taking it as whole as you can, & responding to it--this other world where things happen which you can or cannot relate to-as fully as possible (or you wish to). It is-precisely because it is so big -- about too many things for me to even attempt to list them. (Can they be listed? No. It is a fictional construct, an artifact, an other world; in it many wonderous events happen. As is true of any experience, the experience of reading this novel can be a learning experience. So can getting up in the morning, if you want it to be.) The point I'm labouring to make here is that Delany is not interested in messages, but in creating a fiction so multiplex & profound (i.r., something we can dive deeper, deeper into every time we enter it) it will stand for itself alone. Has he succeeded? It will be a long time before anyone can pronounce authoriatively on that.

5. "Nothing we look at is ever seen without some shift and flicker--that constant flaking of vision which we take as imperfections of the eye, or simply the instability of attention itself; and we ignore this illusory screen for the solid reality behind it. But the solid reality is the illusion; the shift and flicker is all there is. (Mhere do sf writers get their crazy ideas? From watching all there is very carefully." [S.R. Delany in shadows, Foundation 6, p. 32]). Delany, I believe, is interested in perception (yes, yes, I am going to tell you one of the many things I think DIALGREN is about; like poets or lovers, critics reserve the right to contradict themselves in a good cause)

Delany has been accused, & has accused himself in THE TIDES OF LUST, of being pretentious. The word is applicable if we can remove the sense of derogation from it. I think the sheer clottedness of his recent style, the increasingly ragged difficulty of it, is due to his interest in reconstructing what happens, from here to here, the perceived particles of event (by particles, here, I mean something akin to what happens at the subatomic level in physics -- to measure that, record what is going on--Delany wants to record what is perceived as happening--which does not include all that is going on -- in a language that will represent the perceived event. Perceived, because any event is too full & complex to be caught whole in words, but some uses of language, such as a highly compacted style used phenomenologically, may get at perceptual knowledge, what one individual could perceive as happening now.). I think Delany's desire--articulated in his essay in Those Who Can-- to write down exactly what is happening is one reason for the high pretentiousness of his style in his latest work: he is attempting to capture physical & psychological events in as full a manner as possible.

& he does this much of the time, right from the strange -possibly dream -- fuck in the first few pages, through many different actions, including a number of other sexual encounters.
But he does something else as well. There is one triple sex
scene that is described--from the kid's perceiving point of view
-in exquisite detail. Shortly afterwards there is another similar scene, only this time the kid loves both other partners,
Lanya & Denny: he can't remember the details because he wasn't
concentrating on perceiving the act, but the shared emotion of
the act. This is done, it is not simply talked about.

- 6. Things I don't like that much? Yes, quite a few, but then such failures to continually achieve perfection must be expected in a novel that dares as much, over such a great distance, as this one. Sometimes it is a pretentious use of language that does not come off. A small example: "swive-juice", in which the word "swive" in its archaic presence calls too much attention to itself, thus loosening the bonds the story has on my imagination at that point. Possibly Delany overdoes his explanations of brass orchids, so they aren't allowed to achieve their own resonance the way Lobey's hollow blade and Mouse's syrinx do. On the other hand, when BRASS ORCHIDS becomes the title of a book of poems, the art/weapon paradox Delany has long been obsessed with is neatly made literary rather than musical. There are some places, especially in The Anathēmata: a plague journal, where the style becomes too clotted for me, though I'm not sure the passages won't clear up with rereadings.
- 7. Things I do like. Lots. Much of the characterization. The sex scenes: they are erotically stimulating & yet demand intellectual response as well, & they're written with grace & sensitivity. The handling of interpersonal tensions and the way such tensions can lead to quickly erupting violence. The descriptions of the landscape of Bellona & of the sky. The marvelous scene where another young poet, Frank, tells kid- & he's the only one to do so -- that he doesn't like the poems of BRASS ORCHIDS. The tension of that confrontation is perfectly rendered: I know that scene, & Delany has caught it perfectly. Too much else to go into. But there is more than enough to allow me to cry, Riches galore.
- &. Delany's literary obsessions. They're all here. The sexual/loving triple relationship. The conjunction of artist & criminal—an old Romantic notion (see my article in  $\mathit{Khatru}\ 2$ ). The continual discussion— in fictional terms— of the place, effect & value of art & the artist in society (one of Delany's finer minor characters in DHALGREN is the Audenesque Mr. Newboy, who holds forth on these matters most wittily & at some length). The analytical interest in violence. Linguistic theory & philosophy (what, after all, is real, & how can we name it?) ("These things I'm writing, they're not descriptions of anything. They're complex names." DHALGREN, p. 198).
- 9. Look, when I say I enjoyed reading this book, I mean it. If

other people don't or can't, that's their worry finally, not mine. But I did not enjoy it in the same way I enjoyed earlier Delany works. I couldn't put them down--with the books & stories following EMPIRE STAR, I couldn't put them down even on 3rd or 4th reading. Well, of course, with an 880 page hook you can't read it straight through, but my point is I could put DMALGREN aside, even in the middle of a paragraph, & not feel any pressing need to finish at least this chapter. Unlike most of Delany's earlier books, there is no urgent plot movement urging me on (as in Bester's TIGER, TIGER, as well). There is a very diluted quest pattern here, but it too isn't as central to the drive of the narrative.

Indeed, Delany is not, apparently, interested in narrative thrust in this book the way he was in earlier novels. One of the possible reasons it is his longest novel is that he is filling in the perceived moments of a life slowly passed in an autumnal space rather than rushing us through larger happenings with precision, wit & a delicate complexity of understanding -- % only a few, important scenes taken close-up. So DIMIGREN is different,

as is my response. I savoured scenes, & lines, arqued with some, thought a lot about what was happening between readings, & eventually, happily, reached the end of the book. It's a difficult book, not always a nice book, a demanding book. Don't read it because I say it's good. It's good, all right, & I like it, but because I say it's quod. It's good, all right, & I like it, but I know it's for certain tastes only. Still, I hope there are enough people out there (both steady readers of sf and others) who will be intrigued by this book, & will eventually find enough in it to stimulate them, that it makes enough money to satisfy Bantam's accountants that Fred Pohl is a worthy editor (after all, he also bought Joanna Russ's THE FEMALE MAN, yes!). DHALGREN is but one step on the way, Delany is still a maturing author. I want to read the book that will follow. I think it's entirely possible that it will be shorter & apparently lighter of touch. Possibly it will appeal to a wider audience. If so it won't be because DHALGREN doesn't mark a necessary, & artistically important stage in Delany's development as a major writer of contemporary sf.

--- DOUGLAS BARBOUR

#### DULLY GRINNING, DELANY DESCENDS..., from Page 1039

of his manner or his matter, may well turn out to be destructive. He would not be the first writer whom early praise (though every writer longs for it) put out of business, at least for a damagingly long period...[p. 135]

Back in 1970 I was reading Delany and I considered him to be one of the greatest living science fiction writers in English. He had the drive, the insight, and the music Blish spoke of to an enormous degree. He was interesting, occasionally profound, brilliant once in a while, and ceaselessly inventive. I found him to be better organized than Blish did occasionally. Only THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION teetered on the brink of chaos, and even that pulled itself back by the end to become a meaningful whole.

But now with the publication of DHALGREN (Bantam, 1975) I'm afraid I have to admit Blish was right. Chalk up one astoundingly perceptive prediction for him, but still it hurts to do so. Writers of the first water are worth more than all the critics there will ever be.

<code>DNALGREN</code> isn't just a poor book, it is a shockingly bad one. This sudden disintegration of all Delany's artistic strengths is numbing. If it can happen to Delany it can happen to the best of us. It has.

In retrospect there were a few telltale signs, but I dismissed them at the time. There was a story called \*\*night and The Lives of \*\*Joe Dicostanzo\*\*, published in an anthology called ALCHEMY AND ACADEME (Doubleday 1969, edited by Anne McCaffrey) which was the first time Delany ever did slip off the handle and go spiralling out of control into non-meaning. I met a rabid Delany fan who read the story in the collection DRIFTGLASS and said of it, "Well, I assume that one was just filler." No way. Delany isn't the kind of writer who produces filler. Something was fundamentally wrong.

Also there's something called THE TIDES OF LUST which I cannot evaluate because I have not read it. It apparently sold all of a half a dozen copies before going out of print, and is now extremely rare. It would be quite valuable if anybody wanted it. I saw a copy only once, in the hands of another Delany admirer. He told me the book was bilge, that it made sex dull, and the only noint of interest was trying to figure out who was doing what to whom in some of the more complicated orgies. You needed a diagram, he said. I dismissed this too. I thought maybe Delany was just goofing off. Rut I can't believe that now, in the light of DHALCHER.

2. One of the most curious things about DHALGREN is the fact that very few people manage to finish it. I'd like to see Locus take a poll asking "How far did you get?" The answers would be fascinating. DHALGREN has become a fannish endurance game, and few people make it to the end. I did because I was reviewing the book for a magazine called Concept and felt obligated. I've taken a little survey of my own and discovered that among maybe thirty or so people asked, one (1) person finished DHALGREN. The most common breaking point is about page 200. About half the people gave up there, and of those who went further, the next most common point was page 500. That took care of all but the people who lasted less than 50 pages (maybe 15%, including two well-known SF writers) and a few oddballs like the guy who went as far as page 800 before abandoning the thing.

This is amazing. There have been controversial books before in SF, and terrible books, but a score like that is without precedent I think. The obvious question is  $\omega hy$ ? Style isn't it. The

prose is inferior prose, which sometimes becomes so concerned with putting words into novel combinations that meaning is lost—sound becomes more important than sense, a classic sympton of self-indulgence—but for the most part the book is extremely readable. The descriptions are usually clear with a few exceptions, like what seemed to be an "attack" on a deserted department store by people without weapons facing quards with rifles, in a sequence I can't make heads or tails out of, and for the most part people talk like people, the prose flows along nicely. In the best parts the style is almost invisible.

Now many books are unreadable because of turgid prose. Henry James had an absolutely tin ear for language, and few people have been able to finish his novels. James Fenimore Cooper suffered from the problem of being only partially literate, with no genuine bowers of observation, and again no ear for language. On the opposite end of the spectrum there's Joyce's FINNECAN'S WAKE, which is unreadable to most people because it is too difficult. It has to be studied rather than merely read before any meaning comes out at all, and most novel readers are unwilling to exert that sort of effort. But DHALCREN isn't like the works of James, or Cooper, or the later Joyce. It is easy to read, so the problem must lie elsewhere.

3. The universal complaint of all those people who failed to finish the book is that it is dull. It did not interest them, and when I read it I saw why. The overwhelming impression it left was one of rambling emptiness. It is a dreary, dead book, about as devoid of content as any piece of writing can be and still have the words arranged in any coherent order. In the review I did for Concert I synopsised the whole thing in a single paragraph, and said that meant a lot, because I'd like to see you do the same with another novel of the same length, say, WAR AND PEACE. You can't. Tolstoy's book is too complicated. Delany's is very simple, and doesn't merit its lenoth.

For the first time Delany is wasting words wholesale.

4. Fred Pohl insists that DHALGREN is great literature, even though its meaning may not be known to us at this time. He's



(This is not what I meant by saying I liked "gag" illos!)

 said this several times at conventions, in conversation and on panels, and I respect him for his faith. It's a very dangerous thing for an editor to buy a book he doesn't understand, because he could be making a mistake, and one mistake is all you get in publishing.

I'm not holding my breath for the Great Revelation, because I don't think it will come. DHALGREN has no meaning. By traditional rules it isn't even a novel, because a novel has to be a story, and a story is a series of significant events which lead to some sort of character change. If the character is the same at the end it is because the development has run a complete circle, and the sameness is the point of the story. DHALGREN makes a few weak noises about a cyclical structure, but the essential movements aren't there. You can excise any section you want and there's no difference, because nothing is being dismembered. The book has no structure beyond the kid's entering and leaving the city. The great bulk of it is a formless lump.

It's a very literary lump, to be sure. It has lots of Symbols in it, most of them sexual, the most obvious ones being the huge red sum and the double moons. Delany is not subtle about this. He all but stands up and shouts, "Hey! This is symbolic!" But do the symbols do anything but hang there, like art Christmas tree ornaments? They do not. They do not illuminate, expand, parallel, or otherwise work on the thematic material, because there is no theme, just as there is no plot or character development.

Pohl seems to think DHALGREN is great literature, but I would have to disagree. Great literature is something which speaks to people of all ages and all times. It's something you read when you're young, and maybe only enjoying it for the superficial story. Then when you're a little older you come back, and it means something new to you, something visible only now that you have entered a new phase of life. You keep coming back, and the work continues to speak to you. I've had that reaction with Shakespeare's <code>Macbeth</code>.

This isn't the case with DHALGREN. It is all vague touching and feeling, with no personality dominant, no intellectual content. It does not speak because it has no voice.

5. When you get down to it, DHALGREN is pornographic in the strictest sense of the word. I don't say this to condemn it, only to describe it. The book works on no other level but the erotic, and even that is only in passing intervals between large chunks of complete non-function. I've been suggesting rather cynically for a while now that the thing should be subtitled "The Collected Fetishes of Samuel R. Delany", and that's how I explain much of what others call the book's kinkiness, the fascination with dirt, human odors, and chains. There have been traces of this sort of thing before, in Time Considered As A Helix of Semi-Precious Stones, in NOVA, and in night and The Lives of Joe Dicostanzo. Delany seems to be on a grime and bondage trip. To each his own.

The book has been enormously successful in America. It has

sold something like a half a million copies since its initial publication, and has gone through at least five printings as of this writing. I suspect much of its appeal is that it isn't just anti-intellectual, but non-intellectual, and this fits the temper of the times. The middle Seventies seems to be a period of regression and exhaustion for this country, filled with a hazy mental apathy. Nothing matters anymore. Hence it's just the right time for a book which allows the reader to escape into a fantasy world where people can lounge around without cares, where the rigidities of modern society are gone, and all the people Samuel Delany doesn't like don't exist anymore. There's no mental stimulation at all, no challenge, as is to be expected in a daydream. Delany compromises the basics of human experience overlooking such things as greed, lust for power, and brutality. Nobody in DNALGREN seems to worry much about territory, property, or taking over the whole scene and ruling others, as people really do in life. Even the hoodlums are basically nice people. The thing about all this is that the self-conscious reader

The thing about all this is that the self-conscious reader who imagines himself to be an intellectual can read this soothing mind-wash and pretend all the while that he's experiencing great art. And the sexual angle shouldn't be overlooked. Most people are ashamed to be seen reading hardcore smut. DHALGREN is packaged respectably. No one will ever know.

6. DHALGREN is, I think, the most disappointing thing to happen to science fiction since Robert Heinlein made a complete fool out of himself with I WILL FEAR NO EVIL. Heinlein proved with that book and the subsequent TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE that he was artistically exhausted, written out, and had lost his touch. But then Heinlein is an old man, and has a large body of respectable work behind him. For this to happen to Delany at the age of 32, after he had shown such tremendous promise and begun to fulfill it, is nothing short of tragic. Of course it has happened before Stephen Crane burned himself out at an early age, as many flaming geniuses have, but the catastrophe of it is undiminished. Blish is right; the damage has been done; and Delany has been put out of business artistically. DHALGREN might have made a mildly interesting 10,000 word novelet, and some of the literary discussions could be excerpted as essays, but beyond that it's all padding.

Science Fiction's Great Hope of the late 1960's has just fizzled out.

--- DARRELL SCHWEITZER

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# areer

#### S. A. STRICKLEN, Jr.

ON CERTAIN SPECIAL NIGHTS -- they are not many, but they exist -- I withdraw into myself and sit under the stars and moon and gaze upward into a universe which is far away and filled with a fountain of diamond stars and which seems to draw me up to be the rainbow that must dance atop that fountain. Sometimes a gentle breeze disturbs the molten silver of full moonlight and shatters it against the trees into myriad magical fragments each beckoning me onward. Then I feel a fluttering near my spine and a rising thrill and an overpowering urge to express myself.

Whenever this happens, I usually express myself with a loud yelp and shake the moth from underneath my shirt. Then I finish

my beer and go inside.

At other special times I think that I want to be a writer. This feeling lasts, usually, about four pages, and I realize for the thousandth time or so that I don't want to be a writer at all because it is such terrible hard work. What I want to do is dash off first drafts at forty words a minute and have people gape in awe and make me rich and famous. Possibly I am not alone in this desire.

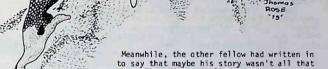
When I do try to write, my ego dances between two extremes, one minute growing vaster than empires and substantially less slow, and at other times shriveling smaller than a mote, not even large enough to make a good parable out of. I feel I ought to mention this because I doubt that many of the readers of this

article will be familiar with such feelings.

It was, as I recall, in the summer of '63 that I was particularly exhausted from my real-life career as a free-lance genius and happened across an issue of the late lamented Double: Bill. Here, I thought to myself, is the perfect outlet for my literary aspirations. I wrote a story and sent it in, and got back another copy of the magazine with my story in right there for everybody to see. Also I got a nice letter. In the next issue, people wrote in and said nice things about my story. My heavens, I thought, perhaps I'm better than I ever dreamed. scanned over the fiction in various fanzines. Yes, I could do that well. Over the next year or two I sent in a couple of other stories, not too badly received. Vaster than empires, I believe I said.

id. But was there any competition? With one exception, I thought I could compete with the other fanwriters. The exception wrote with a rather poetic style - but was sometimes hard to understand. Competition, perhaps? Rely on another opinion, had I not better? Ah, but complacency. The editors of D:B said of me:

 $\ensuremath{^{11}\text{We}}$  have always considered Si to be one of the best finds in fandom."



"It's not so bad for a new fan writer..."
See There! He got a qualified approval, but my approval had no strings attached. The other fellow's name was Zelazny.

The editors replied:

Meanwhile, my interest returned to my work. I had a particularly important assignment around then: the government had accepted my offer to arrange for a small (preferably fifth rate) power to pick a war with one of our allies. I figured that a quick military victory would unite the country and raise morale The editors of Pouble: Bill kept putting issues in the at home. mail until eventually they got tired of it. Naturally, with an exciting job like mine. I couldn't be bothered with mundane things like changes of address.

After I had taken care of my project, the old lust started to rise again, so I wrote in and asked for back copies. The reception was pleasant, and I sent in a few more stories. My corespondence in those days was with Bill Mallardi, so I asked (roughly every letter) how one went about getting into print,

good.

how much money would one get, and do on.

Then came the -- I can't very well say high point--the hot spot of my ambition to write. Under the spell of Mallardi's insidious pen, I decided to go to the '69 Worldcon in St. Louis. I figured the place would be just oozing with people who knew all about writing. I not only wanted market details, I wanted to get some critical remarks about the structure of novels, how to do characterizations, and suchlike.

I arrived in St. Louis with definite queasiness. Aside from Mallardi and Bowers (both know to me only through the mails) I did not know a single soul in fandom. The whole thing could have been a disaster, especially for someone with my shy, retiring personality. Fortunately, Mallardi and Bowers (and lots of other people) turned out to be full grown and mature. I saw little of Bowers--he was busy with other things, and, anyway, was too respectable to associate with the likes of me. Luckily, I was sharing a room with Mallardi, so he couldn't get away that easily. Thanks to him I met a number of interesting people, both fan and pro.

I was interested in trying to be a pro, so I asked Mallardi the same questions from time to time (maybe every ten minutes) about sales and so on. He eventually managed to get me into a room which also contained Terry Carr, who told me what the going rate from Ace was at the time, who to submit things to, and what

First Quarter, 1976

the chances of a beginning writer were. This left me with nothing but the relatively minor problem of writing a brilliant novel. I told Mallardi all that I had found out. "I could have told you all that," he said.

Later, or maybe earlier, I had that unique experience so coveted by beginning writers. Someone (I simply can't remember who) said in a loud voice from all the way across the room, "Si Stricklen! I've always wanted to meet you!" and came over and met me. Vaster, I say, than empires. Ninety seconds later, whoever it was said, "Well, it's been good to meet you." Smaller than a mote.

Another room, which Mallardi got me into, contained andrew j offutt and his wife Jodie. At that time I had seen his name in print a few times and figured, probably incorrectly, that he had just broken into print and would be all full of good advice for a newcomer. He was busy just then, so I cozened Jodie into reading an article I had in D:B 21. As it turned out, andrew had some business to attend to, but he did let himself be disturbed long enough to help a newcomer with advice on writing. "Write," he said, "write." I turned back to Jodie. Her eyes had glazed over and the magazine had slipped from her cold, uncaring fingers. As I stumbled from the room, andrew looked up at me with a fairly friendly eye. "Write." he said.

over and the magazine had simpled from the room, andrew looked up at me with a fairly friendly eye. "Write," he said.

I spent much of my time looking for R. A. Lafferty because I liked some of his stories so well; I thought maybe if I could talk to him he might be interesting, and also maybe I could find out how he did it. One time I was sitting in a room next to a nice man and his nice wife. They weren't talking to anyone, so I asked him if he knew where Lafferty was. He said Lafferty was probably at such and such a place, and why did I want to know? I said that I thought he was a good writer and might could tell me something about writing. I then excused myself and went to look for Lafferty. As I left, the nice man's name kept scratching my mind. I knew I had heard it somewhere before. Silverberg. Sure sounded familiar.

Another time I managed to meet L. Sprague de Camp. An old army buddy of mine was a friend of one of his sons. He was quite friendly at first, but shortly grew to be rather cool. On later reflection, I concluded that this was probably because I persisted in calling him Fletcher Pratt.

The whole convention experience had kindled my writing desires to white heat. Unfortunately, I was called away to supervise the security arrangements for George Wallace's presidential campaign, and I also had a minor job designing a rustic bridge from Chappaquiddick Island to the mainland.

In the meantime, D:B folded and Bowers won me in a crap game, or something like that. He started up ON and kept on sending me copies. I eventually sent in a story which he said he liked better after reading it a second time. The story drew no comments from readers. Smaller than the smallest mote.

After that minor rekindling of the lust, I got a big contract with the Soviet Union to establish a training program for the Syrian Army. Whilst I was engaged on this important business. Bowers grew tired of sending OW off into the void. Time passed.

Then Bowers sent me a flyer which said that Terry Carr had picked up my first story of all in his FANTHOLOGY '64. Vaster than empires.

I immediately set to work writing again. This time I was determined to do a good job. I sent in a story and asked Bowers about the writers market these days, and where would there be a market for what I wrote. He didn't know, but was encouraging. I really polished up a story and showed it to whichever of my wives or mistresses I was with at the time. Tears glistened in her eyes. "That's fantastic," she said. I really thought that I ought to try to sell it, but Bowers had been good to me, why not send it to him? I packed it up with some other stuff and sent it off to him. He sent it back by return mail. "It's not that I don't like it, but -- it \*fa\* a bit much." Mote.

I wrote another story. Very nice card from Bowers. Vast.
I kept meaning to write more, but every time I was supposed
to be writing, I was either on a secret mission as an underground spy or with the wife of a close friend, except for the
time I went of to Nova Scotia to see the total eclipse of the
sup.

Eventually I finished up my consultant work with the McGovern campaign. Hey! One of my stories got picked up from OW and I got a tiny sum for letting them reprint it! Vast, oh, vast, vast. Then I got a rejection slip from Fantasy & Science Fiction. Mote. mote, mote.

Now I have to go back to work again, this time helping the qovernment with its anti-inflation program.

But I just finished this article. Vast.

With all these nasty letters in OW lately, I better make it perfectly clear that all the above is a fictional story designed for the amusement of the readers. Anything dredged by my feeble and inaccurate memory couldn't possibly resemble a living person—much less a dead one. No indeedy. In the ridiculous event that anyone thinks otherwise, he should write directly to:

S. A. Stricklen, Senior Partner Stricklen, Stricklen, Stricklen, Stricklen, & Stricklen Attornies at Law Penthouse, The Stricklen Building 6969 Stricklen Boulevard Stricklen Heights Atlanta, Georgia 30030

Lawyers, nitwits, and the insanely stubborn can write to:

Judge S. A. Stricklen III U.S. Court of Libel and Slander Stricklen Courthouse 3 Stricklen Plaza Washington, D.C. 0H0H0

--- S. A. STRICKLEN, JR.





INTRODUCTION,

J. KAGARLITSKY

TO

A VISIT TO

FANTASY

LAND

(an anthology of SF & F, almost entirely by mainstream writers)

Translated from the Latvian edition (Riga: Zinatne, 1971)

#### by DAINIS BISENIEKS

A LOOK AT THE TABLE OF CONTENTS of this book will show you such names as Jack London, E. M. Forster, O. Henry, Andre Maurois, Primo Levi, and Truman Capote. Rarely will you find all these writers in one place, but this is an exception: they have met in the land of fantasy.

Where is this land? Some brave explorers have reached it,

Where is this land? Some brave explorers have reached it, but they found it hard to determine its boundaries and to give a complete description. One region differed from another, the climate was not uniform, and the natives had their peculiarities. To the traveler's inquiries about the inhabitants of the next village they would answer, giving the stranger a queer look, that no other village existed: beyond the hedges of their fields began the reaches of space. Yet, hard as it was to give an account of this land, there was no doubt that it existed. After all, many people had visited it and made themselves remembered, while others felt quite at home there.

This is not hard to explain. The wide variety of climate and scenery characteristic of this land enables almost anyone to pick out a region to his liking. Those whom we meet in this collection are little like each other as fantasists or otherwise as authors. Of course, each appears here in an unusual guise, but we should easily remember that we've met the man before, only in different dress. Sometimes a mirror image is before us, but even then it's not hard to understand just who is in front of the mirror. Even in the realm of magic it's difficult to turn into another being. And maybe some aren't trying to change. They enter the land of fantasy not to be freed from themselves but with another purpose. In this land they try to discover themselves more fully, to uncover yet another stratum of their talent.

In the past decade the attraction of this land has grown so

much that we may suspect yet another reason common to them all. Indeed there is one: it's called the 20th century. All the great revolutions in man's history have been accompanied by fantasy. The Renaissance was permeated by it; the rational age of Enlightenment paid it homage. Every one of these had its own conception of the fantastic, but none are imaginable without the fantastic tales they left us -- GARGANTUA AND PANTAGRUEL, GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, MICROMEGAS.

Fantasy has always had an active role in changing the real

Fantasy has always had an active role in changing the real world, and of course in explaining it. To Swift's contemporaries, the voyage to Lilliput shed light on the essence of court intrigue, the mechanisms of government and party quarrels. The voyage to Laputa helped them understand whom the achievements of science would serve if they were exploited by the privileged classes; the flying island is used to intimidate people and extract taxes from them ... and as for the "upper classes" (in a literal sense) though they are foolish, they are not foolish enough to neglect their advantages.

But here is a wonder: though there was fantasy, there were no fantasy writers. Neither Rabelais nor Swift nor Voltaire could be called such. If the term applied to them, it is only to stress how much they contributed to the development of fantasy. All literature was their province. If they wrote fantasy, it was because the conditions of literature at the time required it. Fantasy had not yet developed into a separate branch of literature which could flourish or wither: it was there all along, whether society had any great need for it or not.

The tendency of fantasy to live within its own boundaries developed only in the 19th century. The work of Jules Verne accelerated this trend. Since then fantasy has had its own writers, its own readers, its own favorite themes. It has become a separate movement in literature. But isn't there a certain danger in this? Couldn't fantasy become isolated from the main stream of literature?

It could, of course, and did so more than once. But then, whenever the world's artistic trends had need of it, fantasy could respond to the call, bringing its own methods and its un-

interrupted tradition. It became especially rich in these periods of development, having to respond to a challenge. During those same periods, authors who did not write fantasy turned all the more against it. The 20th century was such a period, and the net result was favorable for fantasy.

The reasons are difficult to express in a few words. There are really several lines of development, intertwining and ramifying, leading on occasion to the rise or again the decline of fantasy. But apparently several factors are at work in our century which under certain circumstances can give a powerful stimu-

lus to the development of fantasy.

The progress of science and technology stands out among them. The future seems to be rushing at us. For making the decisions of the present moment, it is ever more needful, and ever more difficult, to foresee the trends of the future. Our time calls for an intensity and scope of thought never before known. Never has the world been perceived as so vast or so mutable. An attempt to explore even the most limited province of the future comes up against a myriad determining factors. We live in the century of intelligence, but its demands on intelligence are different than formerly. The 20th century is far removed from the rationalism of yore. Instead of classifying, it tries to search out processes; instead of inventorying a fixed world, it tries to comprehend the complications of the real world in which phenomena flow into one another, nothing exists in isolation and nothing can satisfy the mind of a man accustomed to stability, finality, and order. Moreover, our era is not simply one of but of shocking change. A structure of ideas is rarely dismantled brick by brick--more often it collapses all at once. What's more, it may suffer this fate even before the roof goes on. One can hardly imagine a time more fit for destroying stereotyped ideas, casting aside prejudices, and making human think-ing speculative instead of dogmatic. Isn't this rich soil for contemporary fantasy?

Few have realized this truth as completely or as early as H. G. Wells. Now the chronology of the 20th century is paradoxical: its beginning was delayed. Only World War I and the Great October Revolution ended the previous one and set the 20th going. But the 20th century of science fiction began in 1895, when Wells' TIME MACHINE was published. Over a span of years it was followed by a group of novels which determined not only the kinds of problems that SF of our century would deal with, but also a great number of techniques, topics, and story personnel. These include THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU, THE INVISIBLE MAN, THE WAR OF THE WORLDS, WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES, THE FIRST MEN IN THE

MOON, and THE FOOD OF THE GODS.

The debt of modern SF to Wells is often quite conspicious. Not long after World War II, Paramount made a film of WAR OF THE NORLDS which was shown in many countries. Its events were shown as taking place in the 1950's, and of course the technology, including that of the Martians, was considerably modernized. threelegged machines of the Martians were replaced by something like flying saucers, gliding along at low altitude -- no doubt with the aid of anti-gravity. Projecting from them were metal snakes with flat heads. These served both as sensors and as projectors for disintegrating rays which replaced the heat ray generators of Wells. The weapons of the Earthmen can do nothing to the "saucers", which are even less vulnerable than the tripods of Wells, being protected by force fields. In other words, the features of modern science fiction derive from the inventions of Wells

Whatever the debt of today's SF to the achievements of the past, it tries to stay up to date, and many who come to it for the first time gladly make use of its characteristic themes and techniques. Examples can be readily found in this collection, too. The short play by the Italian writer Carlo Levi, The Versemaker, is an original combination of several old themes. Stories about machines that have taken over some human job are among the most common in today's SF. And isn't Evan Hunter's Would You Risk It For a Million? evidence that space travel in SF has become downright commplace?

What's more, the difference between SF writers of the 1940's and 50's and those of the turn of the century is apparent at a glance. Reading Jack London's story a Thousand Deaths, we have to think ourselves back to a different time. A contemporary SF writer would do almost everything differently. The mechanical dancer of Jerome K. Jerome (The Dancing Partner) is more like the androids of the 18th century, later a favorite theme of the German Romantics, than those of Karel Capek and Henry Kuttner.

But is that the most important thing? 20th century SF is by no means as attached to technology as that of Verne's century, the 19th. It does not ignore technology, but prefers to allude to its products instead of describing them. After all, by now we know that time does not bring only the perfection of the mechanical devices we know. The very principles by which they are made

- A FEW WORDS ON TRANSLATION-

I've done a whole batch of these translations now Some appeared in Proper Boshonian, others in the WSFA Journal. The object is to convey information: what the writer originally said. I think I've been doing a passable, though imperfect, job here. Quite often I rejoice in finding the right idiom ... but there are times when I don't hit it. In original writing, I try to give stylistic form to paragraphs and larger units; here it's as much as I can do to get each sentence right. Of course the unit of meaning is not the word but the idiom of phrase. The first thing one learns is that a word need not always be translated with the same English word. The next discovery is that the placement of a phrase -- a direct object or a modifier -- for emphasis does not yield the same result when reproduced. So I learned to turn sentences inside out when necessary. Maybe next time I'll learn to balance paragraphs.

Still, it is an alien idiom: there's a limit to making it seem like our native tongue. The object is to persuade, with the aid of flights of metaphor and other rhetorical tricks. It is not criticism, it is agitprop. So of course the words and phrases I dislike are all there: how else? But there is one rhetorical trick

undergo change. The miracle of today is the commonplace of to-morrow. Therefore the most expert of SF writers, those who specialize in the field, will sometimes give their stories a foundation in science; but they are just as fond of using a "logic of the marvelous". A story full of devices that are no longer in use will seem old-fashioned; a story with marvels is up to date. How interesting: technology becomes obsolete, but magic does not

Yes, technology no longer pretends to primacy. It offers its aid to bring about a philosophically or sociologically interesting conflict. It steps docilely to one side when it's

better to do without it.

With every decade science fiction takes more interest in man. It is taking a leading role in the drama of life. Vaqueness of characterization, formerly typical of wide areas of SF, is becoming a thing of the past. After all, does it make sense, in trying to discover man's place in a world of machines (one of the main themes of today's SF), to forget about man himself?

Of course, SF has its own ways of exploring man, just as it has its own ways of exploring the world. It takes people into an unaccustomed world which is sometimes gloomy, sometimes frenetically gay. We could glance at O. Henry's tale, in which there is a mechanical cork leg and the Twomatwitch, a creature that is somewhere between a rabbit, a rat, and a squirrel... This world is sometimes rich in old myth and tradition, sometimes unimaginably modern, slick, shorn of all vestiges of the past. But always this world is unusual. Then it must also reveal an unusual side of man.

This must be one of the main reasons why mainstream writers nowadays so often turn to fantasy. To depict modern man without his masks, one must place him in a truly extraordinary situation, since he has developed customary responses to all possible everyday situations. And what else but fantasy creates unprecedented situations and brings people into unexpected relationships?

But there is something even more to be marveled at. We could imagine a fantasy writer setting a trap for his hero and surprising him into revealing his carefully hidden and unsuspected evil deeds and evil nature. But no fantasy is often concerned with making men reveal the best that is in them. people could respond to each other and know that the slightest movement of the human spirit finds its answer seems so incredible to the contemporary western European or American writer that he must turn to fantasy to make such things believable.

This, too, has its roots in the work of Wells. In one of his stories (The Door in the Wall) the protagonist as a boy came into a marvelous garden, where great panthers rub themselves against people and which is full of beautiful meadows, buildings, statues, and people with kind and beautiful faces. He passes that door many more times -- as a schoolboy, as a student, as a political worker, but he no longer has time. The restless life of his era seems to him the only real one; the world beyond the wall, tempting as it may be, is a daydream, a dim memory of childhood. At the end the author asks: maybe this world of true human values is the real world--and not that wearying, leveling everyday existence.

1046 OUTWORLDS #27

that I found so detestable that I suppressed it: the practice of propounding a question, or of answering one, in a snappy one-sentence paragraph. Where I could reasonably fuse short paragraphs, I did so. I thought this trick would only add unnecessary foreign flavor to the text. Similiarly, the dash (singlely or in pairs) is often used rhetorically, and I changed that as I saw fit.

Some features of style simply do not have counterparts in other languages, and to keep them would be absurd. Germans, for instance, use exclamation marks more than we do, giving their books what we'd consider a Tom Swift flavor. In all such matters, I would keep to our norms. A perfectly convincing example will be names in discursive prose. We would think it absurd to write "I. Newton" or "I. Asimov" or again "Herbert Wells". I have not done so in these translations: I used the last name or the customary full name as I saw fit.

A final note: Fantastika in Latvian (and Russian) means fantasy fiction, or with the adjective "scientific" explicitly or implicitly added, science fiction. I used whichever of these (or the less emphatic "SF") the context required. But the same word underlies all.

- Dainis Bisenicks-

J. B. Priestly, whose story Beyond is in this collection, has the same view of the world. Nobody need be surprised at his use of fantasy. He has often approached it in his works and repeatedly crossed the borderline. The heroes of his very first novel, THE GOOD COMPANIONS, found in him a friend and a wellwisher. They had it hard at first: it was as though they had been transported into a magical world where wishes are fulfilled. Critics took note of the "unreality" of some of the novel's events. Later Priestly tried to avoid unreal situations, pre-ferring fantastic ones instead. It must be admitted that his purpose was not always to find the best in man. He has taken the role of satirist more than once. This was true of the play He Has Come, which was somewhere on the border of reality. True likewise of another play, Time and the Conways, where a shift in time occurred in the middle of the action, his characters traveled many years ahead, looked at their sad futures, and returned with the deep-seated feeling that not all was as it should be. In Beyond, Priestly, as it were, revisits the world of his first novel. But this time it is one of fantasy. One must One must pass through the magic door to see people as they should be -- and as they might become. His hero recognized beyond the magic wall the same people who walk the streets here. Some of them he has met. others he can expect to meet. But they have become themselves, revealed themselves fully only where nothing made them erect any defenses. In the enchanted realm they are, if you will, more real than in the actual world.

Andre Maurois also turned to fantasy in order to solve a problem in psychology. (A portion of his unfinished fantasy novel THE THOUGHT-READING MACHINE appears here.) The problem here is the complexity of human personality and the fact that man creates his individuality at every moment, choosing and rejecting from a continual stream of desires, thoughts, and associations flowing within his brain. In essence, man chooses his individuality from among several possible ones, but is responsible for his choice.

There is no need really to make use of marvelous gadgets. Nor is there any need to tell of strange transformations or fantastic beings. It is sometimes much simpler to create an unusual atmosphere, in which the unexpected side of man is revealed-one has only to nudge the story in the direction of fantasy. Even more —- the fantastic element can be merely imagined, existing only in the mind of the hero. This is true of the delicate stories of the contemporary American writer Truman Capote. The terrible buyer of dreams in his story The Evil Spirit, included here, is rather an ordinary psychologist who has chosen such an original way to gather material for his researches. But, to the rejects of society who sell him accounts of their dreams, he is a creature of terror. After all, he is taking away the last thing that was left to them, their dreams. A dream, once told, will never return to you. No money will ever buy it back...

Truman Capote's story Jug of Silver is even closer to reality. It can be read as a parable about the power of human wishes and may be interpreted in many ways—as fantasy or as actuality. But the narrator and the inhabitants of the town described here would never be satisfied with an explanation in everyday terms.



The event has after all become a local legend. And it is retold so that people may know: if a man wishes to help another with all his heart, he can achieve the impossible. To say that the boy simply counted the money poured into the jug is to nullify the whole legend.

The fantasists of our day are more and more fascinated by man. We can see that mainstream writers who have turned to fantasy, look for new possibilities for revealing human character,

new approaches to man as a social being.

But does that mean that the question of the fate of humanity does not interest those writers who turn only now and then to fantasy? Can it really be that the chief problems of our time have remained outside the purview of literature and have become the exclusive possession of fantasists? Of course not. All really modern literature today is trying to approach, from one side or another, the cardinal questions of our time. But sometimes it is precisely fantasy that first takes a bold, firm, and insightful grasp of the questions and puts forward with some possible answers. The most important of them is the question of progress.

How complex was the fate of the idea of progress? It was a long time in coming to birth, first of all. That took place only in the Age of Enlightenment, the 18th century. But in the 19th century the opinion was voiced that material progress in bourgeois society could not only be faster than spiritual progress but could interfere with it, bring about a spiritual decline and

the downfall of humanity.

This idea wasn't quite new. Its roots go back to the 18th century, when Jean-Jacques Rouseau expatiated against a civilization that had not brought man any happiness but rather had been the cause of many evils. The next two centuries of the development of bourgeois civilization did not serve to demolish that idea, but brought it many new supporters. The machine began to be considered an enemy of man. The masses in England considered it as such, having experienced the evil times and the great suffering that the First Industrial Revolution brought, and it played the role of villain in many literary works. They did not always portray directly a world devastated by machines. Rather, the theme was how beautiful the world would be without machines, and the machine was portrayed as an enemy -- terrible, but recognized and eliminated in time.

The hero of EREWION (1872), a novel by the English writer Samuel Butler, comes to a foreign land where the people are all happy and well disposed toward one another. But it turns out that there is a sad exception to this rule: though from his point of view he has done nothing, the hero is arrested. It turns out that he has transgressed the laws of the land. In Erewhon, all machines are strictly forbidden, but he had a watch on him. Later, he learns why such a law was passed. Some centuries before his arrival, the scientists of that land had proved that machines enslave men if they are not destroyed in time, and the people of Erewhon had heeded their warning.

EREWHON was not the only work of this kind. Eighteen years later there appeared the utopian novel NEWS FROM NOWHERE by another English writer, William Morris. His characters lived in a happy world in which the crafts flourished, but machines were

looked down on.

In our collection this tendency is represented by The Ma-Chine Stops. It is one of the earliest stories of its author, and maybe it made his reputation. It was written in 1911, when Forster was 22 years old. Less than ten years passed, and it turned out that Forster had been the founder of a whole new trend in modern fantastic literature.

Of course those who start something new in literature are themselves followers, and this is true also of Forster. It can be readily seen that his story was written following an old tradition, and Forster himself later spoke of his debt to Butler's EREWHON. He rated Butler's work higher than GUILIVER'S TRAVELS. But Forster's story marks an important turning point in the development of this tradition.

The happy world without machines which other writers of anti-machine utopias so loved to portray remains on the periph-



ery of Forster's story. We learn quite casually that somewhere on the Earth's surface there live men who breathe ordinary air, subsist without the services of the ubiquitous machine, and are capable of interest in and sympathy for their fellow men — they can even come to the other's aid. The author concentrates wholly on those who are in the machine's power. He portrays the realm of the machine with masterly insight, and no few writers of the next several decades have followed his lead. A few sentences here, some lightly sketched scenes there, or a passing gesture will remind us of the works of Huxley, Bradbury, and Vonnequt which were to come: they wrote of the contradictions of bourgeois progress, which in certain circumstances could turn its forces against humanity.

Forster keeps emphasizing that men who have become dependent on the machine have degenerated not only physically but also spiritually. They have become homogenized-one like the next. If something still distinguishes one from another, don't worry, soon these differences will disappear, and there will come "a generation which will know how to free itself entirely from facts, from personal impressions, a generation that will have no faces of its own, a generation divinely free from the burden of individual traits." Nothing worries them, and likewise nothing leaves any impression on them. Since people no longer need anything, they have lost a common goal. They all live under identical circumstances and are themselves identical. But this uniformity does not bring about the unification of mankind. On the contrary, it leads to its complete disintegration.

Everyone lives for himself here. One can live for years without meeting anyone and without feeling any need for contact, If anything unites these people in any formal sense, it is not the remnants of human feeling still flickering within them, but rather the Machine, a force external to them which determines the conditions of their existence.

Not only has society disintegrated, but also any integral conception of the world. Nobody can get an overview of the world any more. Even the Machine, the only part of the world accessible to people, already seems to be something mythical. It is too complicated for their indolent minds. It cannot be grasped as a whole. Faith has replaced science: people pray to parts of the machine for protection against the whole.

Forster's story is not only a warning against what is threatening us, it is a satire against the egoistic, fragmented and yet spiritually unified bourgeois milieu which the writer himself has experienced. His subsequent works of this sort also unite warning and satire. In this respect Forster showed himself as a prophet who got into a blind alley: he could not free himself from the society which he portrayed.

Whatever the case, Forster and his followers help give us a perspective on unacceptable variants of the future. Now that is important: important to learn today how to hear what the future is saying. Are there dangers in it of the sort which Forster shows? One must learn to hear all the voices of the future. But one must not let oneself be lulled by the gentle voices or frightened by the harsh ones. One must listen and learn the truth

No, today we don't visit Fantasyland just to pass the time. It is little suited for that. It isn't easy to find there a corner where real life might be forgotten. The shadows which gather around you may be dark and strange, but the objects that cast them are perfectly real. If the shadows are dense, this is largely because the light is intense. Under the fiery skies of this land hot disputes are ignited about man, society, and the world. This world, after all, is illuminated by Understanding.

There is no chance to forget reality here, for here it is made clear.

...I should think the primary interest of this piece is that it's a Soviet Russian's view of SF&F. I have also read (and translated) a preface by Kagarlitsky to a book of Kuttner's stories; he stresses that Kuttner is fond of plain folk: witness how unpretentious the Hoodens are.

You'd think from some of the things he says that our critic lived in a free country, where such things as WE or 1984 or ANIMAL FARM could be freely published. But all in all I find this piece, and most of the others, detestable. It stinks of agitprop. K. is trying hard to get across a point of view, and he uses various tricks of rhetoric to this end. Like the flights of metaphor. They all get my back up; they are condescending...

DAINIS BISENIEKS, November 26, 1974

# Jodie Offutt

# **ONLY WOMEN BLEED**



UNTIL RECENTLY my experience as a hospital patient was limited to trips to the maternity ward, and those several years ago. All that's changed now. I even watched MEDICAL CENTER one night and said things like, "It's not really like that, you know..." All-knowing and full of disdain.

#### . MY BATTERED BODY

I WENT TO THE HOSPITAL because my Pap smears hadn't been normal for awhile. My doctors decided a more thorough inspection was in order. And that, in medical terminology, involves a surgical procedure.

For the curious and the concerned, let me interject that no, I don't have cancer; my womanhood is still intact. A little the worse for wear, perhaps, but in working order. "The trauma of childbirth" is one of the phrases the doctor used when referring to my cervix.

It occurs to me that I'd never read about any of the inherent risks involved in having babies, while pamphlets and magazine articles have kept us constantly informed over the years of the dangers of all methods of birth control. It's odd that the more militant feminists haven't picked up on that.

#### REFLECTIONS ON THE FEMININE CONDITION

ANOTHER ODD THING—as I think about it after some time has passed—was my attitude and reactions to the situation. The possibility of cancer wasn't nearly as much of a threat that had to be coped with as the fact that I might have a hysterectomy. It seems that the AMA and the Cancer Research people have done a very thorough selling job on the cancer detection test. So good, in fact that cervical cancer implies no fear whatsoever. I thought at the time—and still do—that my attitude bordered on the nonchalant, a bit frivolous.

At the same time, the prospect of the removal of an organ I was definitely through with, had no intention of ever using again -- in fact, I'd been taking a drug for a number of years to prevent its functioning!-- caused me quite a bit of anxiety. As illogical as it was, I had some notion that my femininity was threatened.

I suppose I suffered a female version of the castration complex.

My dentist tells me that his women patients in general seem to go through more trauma at loosing teeth than do men. And most females who suicide do not go about it in such a way as to cause disfigurement. Perhaps it is more psychologically important for women to remain...intact.

While I have always felt that men are as vain as women, it could be that this is the basis for the popular female vanity that is supposedly inherent in all women.

#### SIGN IN, PLEASE

THE DOCTOR had suggested I go to the hospital ahead of time to pre-register myself and give them a blood sample. They were interested in getting my Blue Cross number than my blood, but they took both and were very nice about it. I think hospitals have been concentrating more on PR for the past few years in an effort to improve their image.

It was a good thing I'd pre-registered, too, otherwise I might have had to wait! Longer than the hour and a half I did sit around, that is. Then there was the lab (more blood and urine in a bottle) and the X-Ray (two views: one up-against-thewall stance that Dolly Parton could never have done and one with my arms draped over my head in sort of a cheesecake pose).

I was finally presented with my plastic bracelet, escorted to my floor, weighed in and shown to my room. At this point I had been in the building nearly three hours. Since there was no good reason for his presence, and since he's not particularly noted for his patience with institutions, andy had long since gone

When I was finally left alone, I felt somewhat uncomfort-

able myself. I unpacked my bag, talked to my roomie a bit, messed with my bed and sort of felt like "Now what?" It seemed kind of silly to put on a gown in the middle of the afternoon. On the other hand, it seemed dumb to be sitting on a hospital bed in my regular clothes. I settled on my robe.

Somebody came along to tell me what they intended to do later that night and what to expect the next morning. More PR. Much appreciated, since I'd have assumed I was near death had I discovered in a state of semi-awareness the IV dripping fluid into my body via the back of my hand.

into my body via the back of my hand.

Besides the TB patch test, they came for another dose of blood and urine. Those people know more about my body than most of us think there is to know!

"What," I asked, "are you doing with all this stuff?"

"What," I asked, "are you doing with all this stuff?"
This latest sample was for a pregnancy test, I was informed And you know what? For some strange reason, I felt vaguely flattered about that. I could even feel the corners of my mouth trying to curl up. It's an even stranger reaction when you understand that I was well aware of the fact that I was in a Catholic hospital and the good sisters were taking no chances than an inadvertant abortion be done right under their holier-than-thou noses. (I was to have a D & C the next morning.)

The flattery was swiftly negated by my next visitor: a girl with an EKG machine and the word that EKGs were routine for all patients forty or over.

KLUNK!

I asked a nurse if I could wander around. Sure I could, as long as I didn't get too far "out of pocket". As it turned out I was downstairs in the lobby conversing with my daughters by phone when they were ready to begin the cleansing rites.

One of the aides, if her cute little grin was any indication, seemed to enjoy her work. She was the one who gave me the "deuce"--that's what she called it. (I might add that she was about the size of a VW bug.) Actually, she gave me a pair of deuces--and that was just for openers. You wouldn't believe how un-septic I was by the time they finished. I felt practically virginal and very pubescent.

#### TURN THE OTHER CHEEK

EARLY NEXT MORNING after two shots of Demarol, I was wheeled to the operating room, all shiny chrome and wrinkly blue, given a saddle block, then poked with a pin ("Can you feel anything when I do this?"), had a piece of me cut out to be sent to the pathologist (my scattered body), sewn up and wheeled hazily back to my room, intervenous bag drip-dripping into my arm. Andy was waiting with the mail.

That was that.

I had two books: ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN and Silverberg's SON OF MAN. I started both of them, and stuck with Watergate, probably because I was familiar with the plot, and I couldn't muster the attention that SOM deserved.

The two books I decided not to take were Marc Stevens' 10 1/2 (It made me wince--it was just the wrong time.) and Norman's latest Gor tale. (I was in no mood to read about submissive women; I was being submissive enough.)

#### LONG-HAIRED HIPPIE TYPES AND THINGS THAT GO IN THE NIGHT

SINCE THE HOSPITAL is across the street from the high school, the boys visited daily. Jeff celebrated his birthday that week. I told him I felt pretty much like I had 14 years before -- sort of touchy through the middle, as though something had been taken from me. A couple of Chris's buddies paid their respects; I suspect they were more interested in having a legitimate reason for skipping classes than in the state of my health.

I had two roommates while I was there. One was a young woman who'd had a complete hysterectomy, plus the removal of a

"growth" that I assume was a tumor. The day before she went home her doctor removed the last strip of tape covering her incision. Five minutes later the poor girl sneezed and her whole body went rigid and stayed that way for it seemed another five minutes. I sucked in my breath and gritted my teeth for her, not that it helped much! Whew!

My next roomie was an elderly woman from the next county.

Mrs. Elliott. Perhaps she had an obstruction, I don't know, but anyway the reason she came to the hospital, according to her family (a daughter and a daughter-in-law) was because she hadn't had a bowel movement for two weeks. The first thing they did, of course, was give her an enema and she spent the rest of the day

and most of the night going from bed to pot and back again.

Her family asked if they could stay with her because she had never been in a hospital before and was frightened. They were allowed to stay providing only one at a time was in the room; the other was to sit in the visitor's waiting room.

Everything went OK till about 11 PM when the place was

pretty quiet. Mrs. Elliott was apparently asleep and the daughters decided to go downstairs for coffee. Just as I was dozing off Mrs. E had a call of nature. (Or thought she did -- I think she just had a lot of gas.) She climbed out of bed and began wandering around the semi-dark room, thoroughly confused. Nobody had bothered to show her how to use the call-button--no need to, with her family with her.

I took her to the bathroom, then went out to the nurses'

station

"That poor old lady is terribly confused," I said, "she's not sure where she is, and she thinks I'm her daughter-in-law, who is down in the cafeteria with her daughter visiting and having coffee. I feel responsible for Mrs. Elliott because nobody else is around, and I resent that."

"Mrs. Offutt, would you like a sleeping pill?"

"Jesus!"

They went after one of them, who took up vigil in a vinyl chair that squeaked with every movement and who started talking every time she saw me move as though she were visiting and felt she had to make conversation. I finally stuck my radio earphones in my ears (they look something like a stethoscope), tuned in to an all-night country music station and went to sleep flat on my back.

I think those two women were embarrassed. Their mother's age and the nature of her illness embarrassed them and they were uncomfortable in the hospital -- therefore not much comfort to their mother. They really didn't know what to do. But they had to stay, because to have left her by herself would have been even more embarrassing. "What would people think!"

What other people think carries more weight as a motivator

and deterrent than anything else in the country.

#### HOW DO I GET OUT OF THIS OUTFIT?

I WAS TOOLING AROUND in a wheel chair trying to do a wheelie while waiting to get in the shower when a friend of ours, a pediatrician, came along. "What the hell are you doing, Jodie?" Jack asked?

"Trying to create a diversion." I told him. "I figure if

"Trying to create a diversion," I told him. "I figure if I



make a nuisance of myself they might grant me a dismissal."

"You've already been dismissed -- two days ago. I saw your chart. I've read andy's story in that book, too. He's just going to leave you here." (Jack was referring to For Value Received in

A,DV.)
"You mean...the rest of my life...from here, the gyn floor to...the geriatric floor."

"This is it, kid. It's a small hospital. Everything's right

here on this floor." Well, I knew better than that. Andy might leave one of the

children, but he wouldn't leave me!

After hearing of my erratic behavior, my doctor did indeed give me my walking papers. I went to the office and checked myself out, called andy to ask him to pick me up after lunch, packed up, ate, and went home.

As luxurious as it is to lounge around--or pehaps as luxurious as the thought of doing so is -- in actuality, it quickly becomes boring. As a result I was quite excited at getting dressed

in street clothes for the ride home.

We were all happy for me to be home again, and that night I supervised the dinner preparations. (The girls told me that they felt sure the meal for which they were responsible was the most successful one of the week--meat loaf, mashed potatoes, and gravy. Their brothers each told me separately that they were sure their dinner consisting of hamburgers, french fries and onion rings was the best received. As long as everybody was happy.)

After supper, I retired to the living room couch, stretched out and prepared to hold court, relating some of the more interesting aspects of my confinement to the family. I thought I'd start off with the bruisiest of bruises, the one on the back of my hand, and relate the feeling of whoozie TV-drama one feels at finding oneself being wheeled down a hospital corridor with an IV bottle gently swinging on a stick above one's head. The vague feeling of sleepy power at the knowledge that your cart is taking priority over all other passengers, who must wait for the next elevator as they step back wearing properly respectful and temporary concerned looks. And all that TV cliched stuff. I thought I'd taper off with the enema. After all, I hadn't heard Missy say "Gross!" for nearly a week, what's the hurry?

#### BUT FIRST ..

THERE WAS SOME FAMILY BUSINESS to attend to first, before I got the attention the convelescent deserves. We needed some groceries. A list would be made and Scotty and andy would go to the grocery store tomorrow.

"You know, Dad." Missy said, with no notion of what drama she was setting in motion, "I really can't imagine you in a

gracery store, pushing a cast around."

"Well, I can tell you this: I won't fool around like your mother does!" And he proceeded to push an imaginary IGA cart enthusiastically across the living room, make a two wheel turn, back around the love seat and between his chair and the fireplace. Where he slipped on a log, hit his head on the corner of the mantelpiece, and sprawled across a footstool, stunned. Andy put his hand to his head and said, "Hey, I'm bleeding!"

There went my audience.

#### A WOMAN'S WORK ...

I RELINQUISHED MY SPOT on the couch, stretched andy out, sent one offuttspring for a sponge to wipe up the rug, another for a clean towel to wipe up her father and the third to fill up my brand-new non-autoclavible wash basin with warm water. After the excitement died down, we discovered that it was a pretty deep cut (although we didn't know it at the time, an artery had been cut) and required more attention than we could give.

My lying-in period brought to an abrupt end, we got ready and went back to the hospital. This time I drove -- wondering if it would pop any stitches--and we went to the Emergency Room. was still wearing my plastic bracelet! (I even went upstairs to the second floor to see who was sleeping in my bed.) I filled out the papers and gave them the Blue Cross number. Ho-hum... this was getting to be old hat.

A surgeon was called, and after they shaved a spot and stopped the bleeding--again--he took several stitches in andy's scalp, and we went home -- again. This time, Chris, who met us at the hospital, drove.

Before we left, I said to the doctor, "Jim, you know, I just left this place today."

"Yeah, I know. I saw your chart." (I'm telling you, it's a very small hospital.)

"What I want to know is this: How soon can andy have intercourse?"

--- JODIF OFFUTT



#### WITCH'S BREW THE Gerard Houarner

(with a little help from William S.)

Being an article on the construction of an artificially oramic and symbionic reproduction machine designed for use by male and, with certain alterations, female editors currently involved in producing irregular periodicals that pass the rigid obscenity inspections of the Post Office disguised as pormography.

FIRST YOU GET A CAULDRON. Any cauldron will do, although you'd best get a good solid metal one, since cauldrons made of marshmallow, though very tasty, tend to ruin any mixture you might be trying to cook in them. You might also try a charmed pot, though you must be very careful not to confuse a charmed pot with a charmed pothead, or even worse, a charming pothead like Mike Glicksohn. Not only will it ruin your efforts, but it will quite probably put you in ill favor with certain government officials who are currently gathering evidence against charming potheads in order to send them very far away for a very, very long time. After you've acquired your cauldron or charmed pot, as the case may be, you put it up on your stove and light your fire. Or rather, light the stove's fire. Anyway, somehow get a fire started underneath the cauldron. Once you've done that, you are ready to begin the brew.

Poisoned entrails are, of course, a must. They will ensure your machine has the proper "intestinal fortitude" to survive the most nauseating garbage you might ever choose to print. Follow this with a toad, which will give your publication an edge over normally printed fanzines in that they will be able to hop to their destination instead of risking life and staple in the dungeons of the Post Office. A word to the wise: do not confuse toads with frogs, since the latter will only sit around drinking wine and eating bread and cheese all day long, occasionally mumbling things like "vous coulez" and "merde".

Stir gently and let boil, toil and trouble for five minutes. Then you can add the fillet of a fenny snake. No one knows what this ingredient adds to the entire process, but it has been shown that brews without fillet of a fenny snake show a marked tendency to vomit at the first application of cor-flu, and some have even slithered down drain pipes rather than reproduce a William Rotsler cartoon. Obviously this can be a severe handicap

in publishing a fanzine, so be sure you add this ingredient.

Wool of bat and tongue of dog will keep readers warm in the
winter and allow zine reviewers of a particularly shallow nature to call your effort "Man's best friend, sort of". Be prepared for nasty letters from vampires and the ASPCA, though, as some members of these two groups might question your method of acquisition.

In order to capture the essence of any insulting retort you might make to a letter of comment, or to add spice to a deni-grating book review, you will need adder's fork and blindworm's sting. Of course, a blindworm's sting might prove insufficient to carry the full strength of your words, and so you can either substitute with or add the more modern and far rarer wit of Spiro T. Agnew. One lizard's leg and a howlet's wing will allow your

machine to walk, talk and crawl on its belly like a reptile. This will save you needless movers' bills when you are thrown out of your apartment by the landlady, who will no doubt have strenuous objections to your cooking habits after you've finish-

Allow to simmer, bake and bubble.

The scale of dragon will render you impervious to any snide remarks other editors will make when they find out your method of reproduction, and the tooth of a wolf is always a good idea if you're planning any kind of a review section. All fanzines need some sercon contributions, so the addition of a witch's mummy will not only provide the correct atmosphere for the discussion of academic affairs, but it will also fill the head of the editor with arcane and useless information that, though it will have no bearing on anything under consideration, will con-fuse the academicians and render their arguments ridiculous.

The maw and gulf of a ravined salt-sea shark is a extremely important part of the mixture since it will give you the proper attitude towards any contributions that might cross your path. Unfortunately, there are several problems in acquiring this particular ingredient, not the least of which involves the loss of one or more limbs. But you, the editor, must remember that publishing requires sacrifices above and beyond the call of ordinary human endeavors. So ignore any losses you may incur in the search for a shark and remember the famous phrase of a bit actor in JAWS who, upon performance of his role, was heard to

Now go into your neighbor's garden sometime tonight and dig up the root of a hemlock. Do not ask what your neighbor is doing with hemlock growing in his garden, just be thankful that as soon as you finish cooking your landlady will throw you out and you will never have to see that neighbor again. Throw the root into the cauldron, making sure to stand clear and avoid any bubbles that might rise out of your pot and explode, releasing noxious fumes. Then you may proceed.

In order to avoid any unpleasant religious altercations, you will have to add the liver of a blasphemous yak. The gall of a goat and the slips of yew are a great help in facing any typos and lay-out errors with disdain and arrogance comparable only to Bill Bowers. For good, clean, entertaining fun, there is nothing like the nose of a Turk and Tartar's lips. Remember, half the fun involved in those last two objects is obtaining them without any undue loss of vital bodily parts that the shark might have missed. Finally, the finger of a birth-strangled babe ditch delivered by a drab will round out the zine with a fine and noble sense of humor

Add a chaldron of tigers to thicken the mixture and cook for forty days and forty nights. Cool with baboon's blood. For added effect, dance and sing around the cauldron like an elf or fairy.

Note on use: This method of reproduction depends a great deal on the symbiotic relationship between man and artifically organic machine. The zine editor must either imbibe or otherwise force his construction/mixture into an easily accessible orifice a week before running off the first issue, after which the machine will be sufficiently in tune with the editor, and vice versa, so that the resultant product will be an instant nominee for the Hugo award. Just goes to show you what a Hugo is worth these days.



First Quarter, 1976

### ON THE ORIGIN OF FANZINE SPECIES

QUENTIN WILSON'S **QUARTER REVOLT** QUARTERLY REVIEW OF SCIENCE & LITERATURE

25€

Volume I. No. I

Spring, 1873

#### Robin Michelle Clifton

I HAVE BEEN SITTING HERE playing with my hair, the long brown hair others play with at peril of karate chops, contemplating Outworlds #24 and some statements by Bob Tucker in his column Beard Mumblings. Tucker contemplates fanzines, the progney, he states, of Pay Palmer. I am one of his seed, he says, interesting news to me -- "and if you don't know who Palmer is you're a fake fan." I plead guilty. I have never read science fiction, nor much of science itself for that matter. Nor had I ever seen a fanzine until quite recently, when my work as Samisdat resident critic and Small Press Review chronologer (with my brother, Merritt) abruptly opened the whole world to me.

Yet I dare dispute that "Palmer edited and launched The  $\mathit{Come} t$  in May 1930, the world's first fanzine as we know the crittur today." Oh, I certainly don't argue that Palmer didn't found The Comet when he did. But as it happens my archival research recently uncovered Quentin Milson's Quarter Revolt Quarterly Review of Science & Literature at San Jose State Universi-A damaged copy of Volume I, #1 bears the date Spring, 1873. I had long sought the Quarter Revolt Quarterly, as it was known to me, aware that Quentin Wilson had published one of the earliest literary journals on the west coast. Printed originally on the same hand-operated letterpress as Wilson's crusading weekly newspaper, The California Watch, it appeared from Berkeley a good eight years before the University of California's Occident. U.C.'s famed Bancroft Room, however, bore not a trace of either it, The Watch, or Wilson himself -- no surprise to me, since the Bancroft Room is the most overrated collection of alleged rare books and magazines I have ever undergone personal scrutiny to enter. But this did mean a difficult search of newspaper files, library records, and book store back rooms before the fragmented set turned up here, under my very nose, so to speak, the whole

A definition of 'fanzine', I understand, is in some dispute, but if the essential elements are that the magazine be published as a hobby, not pay for contributions, and in some manner concern science writings for edification of non-professionals, the

Quarter Revolt Quarterly qualifies on every count. Or at least the first few issues did; by the magazine's second decade, Wilson focussed primarily on the social sciences, which had yet to be distinguished from so-called 'hard-science', printing mainly extracts from Karl Marx, Edward Bellamy, and Herbert Spencer, with critical rejoinders from himself, Contributing Editor Ambrose Bierce, and his distinguished international readership. Later he became almost exclusively literary, boosting the young Jack London, and after going mimeo in 1932 Wilson concerned himprimarily with his own memories of a 104-year lifespan.

Never, however, did Wilson break even on a Quarter Revolt Quarterly issue, owing to his insistance on selling for just 25¢ per copy, \$1/year. Never did he pay any contributor more than complimentary copies and a shot of whiskey, even when Queen Victoria sent what is now called a 'loc' protesting his spicy language and cancelling her free subscription. Not that Victoria required any payment ordinarily -- but that letter was her only published piece of writing within her lifetime, according to legend. Her love-letters to Prince Albert appeared later. The Victoria issue is unfortunately missing, but an Ambrose Bierce column responding to it in *The Wasp*, 1885, survives in the rare

unabridged edition of his collected works.

Essentially the Quarter Revolt Quarterly was a spare-time outlet for the varied interests of one of the most fertile minds in the entire west, Quent himself. Born of gold-rushing parents in Ocean View, later Berkeley, September 18, 1849, he lived until the same date, 1953, his last words "Ernest Hemingway will die shooting his mouth off", as documented in The Berkeley Daily Gazette. He fought at Gettysburg, a 14-year-old drummer boy, on the side of the Union, attracting notice of artillery engineer R. C. McAuley with his invigorating speeches to despairing older troops as the battle dragged on into the second and third day. McAuley made Wilson his personal aide in a massive fraud scheme, whereby he sold Scots-built steam vessels to both North and South, then scuttled them in the Atlantic, collecting insurance from Lloyd's of London. Showing ample gratitude, Wilson accepted a large bribe, then turned McAuley in for a still greater reward from President Lincoln, and finally arranged McAuley's escape from prison two years later. Only 16 then, but already independently wealthy, Wilson wisely concealed his wealth, journeying back west to become a printer's devil for the Virginia City Territorial Enterprise under legendary editor Dan DeQuille, who was actually William Wright. Reporters at that time included Mark Twain, Wells Drury, Rollin Daggett, and Lying Jim Townsend, from whom Twain stole The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County. Eventually ridden from town on a rail for a hoax performed with Twain, who barely escaped lynching for his part, Wilson shot his way to safety from tar and feathers with a concealed revolver, accepted a bag of mixed type from the sympathetic DeQuille, and arrived in Berkeley to found The Watch in 1869. He was not yet 20, yet without having actually killed anyone, arrived already famed as a lethal gunman. This secured him election as chairman of the Berkeley Vigilante Committee and nearly got him lynched again when he horsewhipped the schoolboard for clam rustlers. Meanwhile, The Watch was underway, not to cease its barrage of satire, slander, and investigative reporting until his death.

Later Quent masterminded two more mammoth McAuley swindles, married an untold number of former white slaves into Berkeley socrety as his alleged sisters and cousins, was shot twice, sued over two hundred times, visited Hiroshima in 1945 just after the Second World War ended, and admitted to Joe McCarthy that yes, he had downed a whiskey once with Karl Marx and what of it? If fame escaped him it certainly was not his own fault.

Leaving biography, however, let us examine contents of the Quarter Revolt Quarterly of Science & Literature to establish for once and for all its historical claim. The cover, featuring heavy black ink on originally wedding-gown light cardboard, provides some consolation to modern fanzine editors having reproduction troubles: Wilson's hand-carved spacing blocks apparently rode high on the left side, leaving faint lines next to the 'S' in 'Science' and 'L' in 'Literature'. Other faint lines are more evident on my intensely illuminated Xerox copy than on the original. High blocks were to letterpress what cutlines are to offset processes today, eliminated only after precision-cut metal blocks became available toward the end of the last century.

Inside the front cover we find perhaps the first science fiction illustration, an anonymous steel engraving of exceptionally good quality, especially for a west coast publication from that era, when good illustrators mostly headed east. Depicting Verne short story and an R. C. McAuley study on the feasibility of same. McAuley himself had the technical expertise to cut it; whether he did or not is only conjecture.

The table of contents, however, provides our real treasure-house. Lead piece is a ten-page excerpt from Charles Darwin's on the Origin of Species, which had been published in London in 1867 but had reached California only in a few privately owned editions, one of them Quent's. There can be little doubt that he pirated the excerpt, as he did most of his other items until Congress toughened the copyright laws much later.

Following Darwin come two masterpieces by the same author, Ambrose Bierce, whose invective may never be matched on the printed page. Bierce, another Wilson friend from Civil War days, authored the first under his pseudonym 'Dod Grile'. Entitled On the Origin of Feces, it parodied attacks on Darwin from the Anglican pulpit. The second, On the Origin of Speciosity, treated such attacks to serious rebuttal, not on scientific grounds, but on philosophical. Bierce quoted Voltaire: "I disagree with what you say, Sir, but defend to the death your right to say it." He also admitted some doubts on his part as to whether Darwin could be entirely correct, but on the whole his articles must be taken as favorable to evolutionary theory.

We note that Bierce, as aforementioned a Contributing Editor, lists San Francisco as his residence. Then in Dover, where Dod Grile is, he may have mentioned ideas of coming to San Francisco to Wilson, who in his quest for urbanity tempered by the local touch, probably let imagination do the rest. Bierce did, however, make most of his reputation in San Francisco just a few years later.

Fiction leads with another piece of piracy, the classic DeOuille hoax, The Traveling Stones of Pahranagat Valley, which Wilson set in type when it originally appeared in the Territorial Enterprise. By this time it had both appeared all over the world as sober gospel truth, and been exploded to gales of laughter--only when learned theologians finished heated debate on it in the halls of Heidelburgh. Thus Wilson felt no qualms about finally labeling it the fiction it was. No doubt many of his readers had already seen it somewhere. Whether it is science fiction may be open to discussion--yet how else can one classify a tale of stones that walk? Fantasy, perhaps, but the style is too subdued to be fantastic. Connoiseurs of frontier humor perhaps can find it somewhere, though it likely is long out of print.

The second fiction piece is mostly missing. Pirated from Jules Verne's LES VOYAGES EXTRAORDINAIRES, a short story collection published in Paris circa 1866, it appears to deal with interplanetary warfare. No translation of the Verne book contains passages similar to the fragments here, but no translation is complete to my knowledge. I have located complete French editions, but do not read French, do cannot tell readers the title Wilson omitted from his contents page.

Perhaps of most interest to modern science fiction fans

would be Quentin Wilson's own essay, of the Science-Novel. To briefly distill, Wilson calls for future novels to combine science--including the social sciences--with the romantic formats of past novels. He argues that the first novel, DON QUIXOTE by Miguel de Cervantes, did embody the latest scientific precepts of its age, something subsequent efforts mostly do not. Thackeray is blistered, Jane Austen is damned with faint praise. Jonathan Swift is lauded for his imagination in GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, but Wilson demands scientific explanations Swift only hints at. Significantly, when such novels did appear in profusion later in his lifetime, Wilson assidiously did not read them. Rather he read short stories smuggled from the U.S.S.R., histories, which he uniformly attacked, and contemporary literary journals, which he mostly snickered at.

Concluding Volume I, #1, is R. C. McAuley's Artillery v.s. Asteroid, an extremely technical discussion of how many barrels of gunpowder and how long a cannon it would take to blow up Mars, the Moon, and possible hostile asteroids. Mars he finally places out of reach, but the Moon might be hit in an absence of swinds. Neither could be destroyed outright. Asteroids, however, could be. An armor-piercing shell of sufficient weight, he proclaims, could pierce the thin crust of such a planet, causing volcanic eruptions that would blast it into the next universe, by which he means either heaven or hell. The illo earlier discussed shows just an event

Dy which he means either heaven of her.

Cussed shows just an event.

McAuley lists my San Jose as his home, and this copy bears his autograph to Edwin Charles Markham, then a student at San Jose State Normal School for Teachers. I hazard that the SJSU collection of Quentin Wilson's Quarter Revolt Quarterly of Science & Literature came with bequest of his papers to the school archives in 1940. Markham, a frequent Quarter Revolt contributor, is famed for his socially crusading poems, particularly The Man With the Hoe (1899).

And now, Mr. Tucker, am I pardoned for being a fake fan? Turn up the *Quarter Revolt Quarterly*, Volume I, #2, or the Victoria issue for me and you may call me a fake anything. Or, for that matter, any of the other 200-odd issues missing from the full set of 319, plus the page of unpublished Bierce letters run posthumously in the *Berkeley Daily Gazette*, which would have led off #320. Quent deserves rediscovery.

After all, he was my great, great great grandfather.
--- ROBIN MICHELLE CLIFTON

BOR TUCKER: Thank you kindly for letting me see On the Origin of Fanzine Species. I was fascinated by it. It is a splendid account of Quentin Wilson and his publication, and I hope you plan to publish the article in the near future.

But Ms. Clifton has no real dispute with me, nor do I have one with her, for we aren't discussing the same thing. If she



The planet was destroyed!

#### CONTENTS

On The Origin Of Species .		. Pg. 3
by Charles Darwin. [excerpt]		London
On The Origin Of Feces by Dod Grile, a rebuttal.	•	. Pg. 13 Dover
On The Origin Of Speciosity by Ambrose Bierce.		. Pg. 17 Francisco

#### FICTION

The Traveling Stones Of Pahranagat Valley by Dan DeQuille.	Pg. 23 Virginia City		
Les Voyages Extraordinaires	Pg. 29		
by Jules Verne. [excerpt & translation]	Paris		
ECCAVC			

#### **ESSAYS**

Pg. 37
Pg. 45
San Jose

California Watch Press - Berkeley

were a science fiction fan she would have realized that I was talking about science fiction fan magazines, not mundane amateur journals or literary quarterlies. In the science fiction world, the best historical evidence indicates that Ray Palmer and his friends did publish the first fanzinc in 1930, but no one makes the claim that he published the first amateur journal or invented the crittur.

I really don't know who invented amateur journalism, who published the very first such paper or magazine and inspired us all. Certainly it wasn't Quentin Wilson, and I wouldn't be surprised to learn that the world's first "famzine" was born before

Christ.

Harry Warner, Jr. in ALL OUR YESTERDAYS states that Levis Carroll was publishing a very anateurish journal in 1845, when he was thirteen years old, and he must have gotten the idea from some one or somewhere. While still in his teens, Carroll published other titles like The Comet, The Rosebud, The Stan, and so forth. Howard Scott was publishing his journal in the 1870s, and the ayign habit was well established by then because Scott and a number of other anateur publishers met in Chicago in 1878, in what would be considered a convention today. Namer points out that people such as H.G. Wells, H.P. Lovacraft, and W. Paul Cook published amateur journals, but none of them led directly to the science fiction famzine, although those men were known to our readers.

The operative phrase in my column was "...the world's first fancine as we know the crittur today." That statement still stands. If the mondane ayjay worlds adopt the term "fanzine" as their own, then the science fiction fan editors will have to look about for a more restrictive but accurate term of identification. 12/11/75

ROBIN MICHELLE CLIFTON: ...if you do print Tucker's letter, I wish you would add that I deeply and

personally resent his use of the word 'madame', and the term 'amateur journalism'. The Quantur Revolt Quanturly was certainly not mondame, no matter what else critics termed it. Nor was it 'amateur journalism' in any sense of the word. Quent was a professional's professional as a writer, editor, critic, and printer, and supported hinself through literary endeavours for over 80 years. Granted, he did not pay QRQ contributors, leaving it technically an amateur magazine, but need I really defend the califier of Ambrose Bierce, Jules Verne, Dam DeQuille, Jack London, Karl Marx, Queen Victoria, Charles Darwin, Ernest Hemingway, Ezra Pound, et al, every one save the Queen a well reputed author at the time of his contribution?

Furthermore, the literary small press has nothing whatsoever to do with 'amateur journalism' to begin with. Among literary magazines, the amateur/professional distinction is irrelevant: quality is sole object, and a magazine such as our Samisdat will often include full-time professional writers...alongside many

others who have never previously been published.

About the origins of magazines, briefly: they first appeared from Paris around 1470, only 20 years after Gutenberg, roughly speaking. For about three hundred years, all were amateur, all were amateur, just as we all start out virgins. Professional publications were the innovation, not the reverse. 12/20/75

WHAT WE HAVE HERE, is a failure to communicate...or at least, a problem in semantics. I cut quite a bit of Robin Michelle's region to Tucker...both because of space available and, I'm learning, because I don't need another feud! Briefly, she seemed to read Bob's letter as a putdown, rather than a response. Now I don't pretend to speak for Tucker, but perhaps I can clear up a few

things for you, Robin Michelle:

To begin with the words that bother you: 'mundane', to us, is anything that is not science fiction, or SF-related. It's not a judgement of quality or lack thereof; it's merely a descriptive term used to identify things outside "our" genre. "mateur journalism", again, is not a quality label; to me, it indicates that work that is done/published not for money, but for some other consideration--what we call 'egoboo', to communicate, whatever... The opposite of professionalism in one way (just because you do something not-for-money doesn't mean you don't bring the best you can to it--that's one brand of 'professionalism'); just that you don't (whether you intend to or not) happen to make a living off of it. You're applying your reactions to words you find slighting --when there is no indication that Bob meant them to be such.

I must admit that I find curious the list you cite to prove Quention Wilson's professionalism: after all, you specifically mentioned that the Darwin & Verne pieces were ripped off. Which leads me to wonder about whether several of the remainder "contributed" willingly to QRQ, or not. But then, ripping off is one of the things that gives professionalism (in one version) its name—and why I'd rather be called amateur...most of the time.

Professionals write for sf fanzines, also; in fact, with no

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COMPLAINT DEPT.: I just received a note from a fanzine editor saying that he had received OW #26...and asking for the address on seven artists. The fact that the addresses of six of the seven were listed on page 1012--which just happens to be in that same OW26--makes me wonder if this section is worth it... It's taken me about an hour to do that little bit above this, and I'd really rather not be doing it time and again for the next four months. Honestly folks, between the listings in OW 24, 25, 26 & the above, you have the addresses of all "my" artists, and most of the other contributors who haven't requested that their address be withheld. So, please, check those issues first; then, if you still can't find who you're looking for, and you think I might know...write & enclose a postcard or s.s.a.e.. O.k.?

I should warn potential new contributors that, yes, your address is subject to being published, unless you specifically request otherwise. Enough people have expressed appreciation for my doing this that, yes, I will continue. (I should, belatedly, thank Bill Breiding for inspiring me to do the listing. As far as I remember right at the moment, only he, Don D'Ammassa, and I are the only ones doing it regularly each issue. Perhaps other faneds might pick it up? It gives the contributors a chance to get some direct egoboo...and it might save a lot of postage, all the way around.) End of Sermon.

modesty at all, I might point out that 7 of my 10 columnists are professional writers &/or editors, and well-respected even if their names may not be known to you. In fact, you may be interested in knowing that Wilson "Bob" Tucker is, himself, one of the most respected writers of SF & mystery novels around. You might look up a copy of THE LONG LOUD SILENCE, read it, and then look at the copyright date to see why...

The preceeding isn't, believe me, meant as a putdown: it is simply that we seem to have two different terminologies, and the only way we'll get together is by asking...not by reacting....

THIS ISN'T, I realize, what most of you expected by my saying that Gnafanedica was returning, but I hope you enjoyed it. Next time: hopefully Juanita Coulson's article on hand-stencilling; Definitely DAVE LOCKE's Fan Writer's Symposium, with: Arthurs, Atkins, Ayres, Benford, Brazier, Cagle, Calkins, Coulson, Cox, D'Ammassa, Edmonds, Foyster, Franke, Gilliland, Grady, Grennell, Hulan, McGregor, Mayer, Miesel, J. Offutt, Shoemaker, S. Smith, Stevens, Tackett, Tucker, Walker, Warner, Wood...is that enough?



# **NWORLDS**

IEWS & MISCELLANEOUS \* REVIEWS & MISCELLANEOUS \* REVIEWS & MISCELLANEOUS \* REVIEWS & MIS

A GOREY CELEBRATION? Yes, yes, & it's surely long overdue. At any rate, though I only discovered him a few years ago, I cannot understand why he isn't a great cult figure. He deserves to be. To be known by far more than the small group of devotees who must congregate about his work. Edward Gorey has published over 40 books, all small. All of them have illustrations; most of them also contain words. Both the words & the pictures come from Gorey's mind, & there are some, perhaps, who would argue they should have stayed there. Not me, but I've always loved purity in madness. A number of the books are supposedly for children, as for example the "Three Volumes of Moral Instruction" which make up THE VINEGAR WORKS. They are about as far from Little Golden Books as you can get & still be in the same space/ time continuum (actually, I'll have something to say about this later, but the books exist in this world anyway). Most of Gorey's voluminous output has first appeared in small press editions (as, for example, his marvelous THE SOPPING THURSDAY, available from the Capricorn Press in Santa Barbara) This past summer, however, Berkeley Publishing Corp. -- blessed be their name! -- published a huge & beautiful paperback collection of the first fifteen Gorey books under the title of AMPHICOREY; & it's only \$4.95. Such a bargin I haven't seen since I don't know when.

Look, all I really want to say is, Get this book! You'll be sorry if you don't, but I suppose that's no skin off my teeth. Nevertheless, I'm going to go ahead & celebrate Gorey things. They're like the mushrooms in ALICE IN MONDERLAND. To quote Grace Slick, They feed your head. If they don't, you're

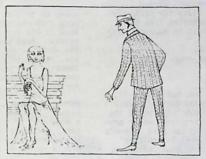
somewhere else already, & good luck to you.

It's my firm belief that Edward Gorey is a visitor from an alternate universe, who decided to settle here & produce realistic drawings & tales from his past else/where & /when. In the universe Gorey comes from Edward the Sixth ruled for a long, long time, there were no world wars, & London. indeed all of England, remained essentially Edwardian--both in the upper crust estates & the slums (there's still a white slave trade in young girls & boys)--till the present day. H.G. Wells' Time Traveller, had he gone sideways as well as forwards, would have felt at home here. Except, perhaps, for one thing: it's a very queer, dark, evilly fromy place Definitely Gorey events occur there. Gorey's essential landscape is English-weird.

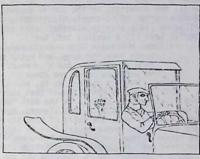
Actually, the stories & pictures aren't always examples of black comedy; sometimes they're just comedy. Gorey's first book is entitled THE UNSTRUNG HARP, OR MR. EARBRASS WRITES A NOVEL. All you writers out there should read this one. You'll revel in its grimly funny glimpses of the ultimate truth of writing, such as this:

The first draft of TUH is more than half finished, and for some weeks

### a Gorey Celebration DOUGLAS BARBOUR



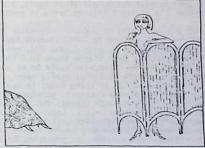
Alice was eating grapes in the park when Herbert, an extremely well endowed young man, introduced himself to her.



He invited her to go for a ride in a taxi-cab, on the floor of which they did something Alice had never done



After they had done it several times in different ways, Merbert suggested that Alice tidy up at the home of his aunt, Isady Celia, who welcomed them with great cordiality.



Isady Celia led Alice to her boudoir, where she requested the girl to perform a rather surprising service.

Copyright (c) 1972 by Edward Gorey; reprinted by permission of G.P. Putnam's Sons.

First Quarter, 1976

its characters have been assuming a fitful and cloudy reality. Now a minor one named Glassglue has materialized at the head of the stairs as his creator is about to go down to dinner. Mr. Earbrass was aware of the peculiarly unpleasant nubs on his greatcoat, but not the blue-tinted spectacles. Glassglue is about to mutter something in a tone too low to be caught and, stepping

sideways, vanish.
Or take poor Mr. Earbrass's state when he makes the mistake of re-reading some earlier part of his novel while he's still work-

ing on the first draft:

Mr. Earbrass has been rashly skimming through the early chapter, which he has not looked at for months, and now sees TUH for what it is. Dreadful, dreadful, DREADFUL. He must be mad to go on enduring the unexquisite agony of writing when it all turns out drivel. Mad. Why didn't he become a spy? How does one become one? He will burn the MS. Why is there no fire? Why aren't there the makings of one? How did he get in the unused room on the third floor?

THE UNSTRUMG HARP contains more words than any other Gorey work I know of. I love Gorey's drawings, & indeed they always enhance whatever writing may accompany them. Some of the totally silent books are incredible. Yet he is such a wonderfully parodic writer I can't help wishing he'd write more. The tone of these passages is so very late Victorian or Edwardian as to undermine any usual response to them as such; & this truly subversive effect is something Gorey always manages, either via the words, the drawings, or the two in tandem. Take THE FATAL LOZ-ENCE, a series of strangely disquietning quatrains like the following (it's also an alphabet book: give it to your children, they'll love it, & learn a lot, too!):

The Fetishist gets out the hassock, Turns down the lamp, and bolts the door; Then in galoshes and a cassock, He worships it on the floor.

Jesus! What is the man up to, anyway?

Well, I really can't answer that question, but I love it, I
love it all. Gorey appeals to the dark laughing devil inside all
of us, & he does so with such slyness, such subtlety, we're the
ones who break down the walls of morality & propriety which protect our puritan consciences, just by laughing too hard. Here's
the letter K from one of those "Volumes of Moral Instruction"
mentioned earlier, another nice little alphabet book called THE
CASHLYCHUM TINIES: "K is for KATE who was struck with an axe."
This one needs its illustration, of poor little Kate stretched
out in a snowy wood, an axe larger than she stuck in her small
body, a trail of blood fading back into the forest. Do you begin
to see my point?

Then there's THE LISTING ATTIC, a collection of merry little

limericks like this:

From Number Nine, penwiper Mews, There is really abominable news; They've discovered a head In the box for the bread, But nobody seems to know whose. I wish I could quote the drawings, too. Ah well, it should wet your appetite for them, anyway. Meanwhile, the subversive element should be apparent. Gorey leads you gently on, in both his words & his drawings, until you're suddenly suspended over nothing; & as you realize the fact you fall. Laughing all the way down, however, because no matter where you land it's an exhilerating, wild trip.

I'm not qualified to discuss Gorey's drawings, but what the hell: I think they're brilliant. He's a fine draughtsman, knows how to handle shadow well, has a caricaturist's eye for fine details & a genuinely grotesque vision. What else do you want? I suspect most fan artists will be jealous as hell; & will also

study his work with care.

I think he utilizes the same techniques in his drawing as in his writing: an exquisite sense of the odd, awry & absurd, matched by a marvelously inventive parodic knowledge of the genres he works in. Every one of the little books in AMPHIGOREY is worth pouring over many times, but I'll finally rest my case on THE CHIROUS SOFA. a porpagablic work bu Oddred Wearu.

on THE CURTOUS SOFA, a pornographic work by Ogdred Weary.

How does one write a short, beautifully drawn "pornographic work"? Let Ogdred Weary show you how: it's (of course) deliciously wicked (especially in the way it excites your...sense of the ridiculous). Once again, Gorey's language is exquisitely perverse, genuinely subversive precisely because it short-

circuits all the usual responses.

The first four tableaux are reproduced on the preceeding

Believe me, it builds from there. Never has so much been suggested by so little, & every phrase, every illustration, takes us further in to this distinctly odd adventure & further away from whatever we might have expected. Gorey's special trick here is his use of adjectives & adverbs of suggestive impropriety. Read the prose again: see how beautifully he sets up the whole raison d'être of pornography for a pratfall through his "ingeniously constructed" & "exceptionally well-made" sentences. The "story", if such we may call it, moves to a highly comic terrifying ending, but I'll let you discover what that is for yourselves.

Gallows-humor is Gorey's metaphysic: his is black homour with a vengeance, for morality is ever-present in his fey universe. Take the strangely quiet understatements (in both words & drawings) of THE WILLOWDALE HANDCAR, where nothing really happens, yet Gorey maintains a brilliant undercurrent of sheer terror before an utterly meaningless universe just beneath the placid veneer of his almost non-existent narrative. The whole problem is, the man is so goddamn funny! Get AMPHICGREY: it's a beautiful, totally ambiguous book. You'll love it even as you shiver, laughing of course--just a bit nervously, perhaps. I can't thank Berkeley enough for giving us this cornucopia of

Gorey tales.

--- DOUGLAS BARBOUR

AMPHICOREY: Fifteen Books by Edward Gorey; A Berkeley Windhover Book, June 1975. 8" x 11"; unnumbered pages. \$4.95

I seem to have cut myself short again, but there are a couple of things I'd at least like to bring to your attention...

With due apologies to a Certain Canadian who produced a limited run one-shot earlier in 1975...impressive it was, too...I must say that JEFF SMITH, with Khathu 364, has produced what I'll be pushing for the Best Single Issue 1975 FAAn Award. To say that it is physically impressive would be an understatement: 156 mimeo pages plus covers. But what really makes this double issue is the fact that about 120 of those pages is devoted to Jeff's symposium on "Women in Science Fiction", perhaps the most impressive example of the form since (ahem!) THE DOUBLE-BILL SYMPOSIUM. The participants include Delany, LeGuin, Russ, Tiptree, & Wilhelm, among others. Jeff mentions that should you be interested only in the symposium with the Big Names, rather than the usual mixture of criticism/reviews/etc. he publishes in Khathu, he'd prefer you waited for the Mirage Press edition which will be out later this year. However, if you can't wait, or would simply like to get an excellent "sercon" fanzine, Khathu is available for 4/\$4.00 (this double issue is \$2.50 by itself) from: JEFFREY D. SMITH, 1339 Weldon Ave., Baltimore, MO 21271.

Those of you who haven't gone blind from my micro-type habits will recall that in OW 23 I published an excerpt from a book on John Brunner. Well, THE HAPPENING WORLDS OF JOHN BRUNNER, edited by Joe De Bolt [ISBN 0-8046-9124-X; 216 pp; \$12.95; Kennikat

Press, 90 South Bayles Ave., Port Washington, NY 11050] has just been published...so recently, in fact, that I haven't had a chance than to do more than skim it. But several of you were interested in knowing when it was available. Contents include Joe's introduction/biography (of which you saw about a third); preface by James Blish (one of the last things he wrote); and seven essays on various aspects of Brunner's work; plus a Brunner "response" to the preceeding, and a lengthy bibliography. The price will probably discourage all but the diehard Brunner fans, but you should at least persuade your local library to get it. (Perhaps we can persuade Kennikat to cover other SF authors, also!) [This must be his month, Dept.: DAW has also just put out TIJE BOOK OF JOHN BRUNNER...but since I had to buy that one...]

Andy Porter/ALGOL PRESS has his second chapbook out: DREAMS MUST EXPLAIN THEMSELVES: URSULA K. LeGUIN [36pp. + covers; \$3.00]. Most of the material appeared fairly recently in Algol, but if you don't have those issues, see the advertisement over there+++

DARRELL SCHWEITZER's interview with James Gunn from OW 26, along with many others, will be published under the title of SCIENCE FICTION VOICES by T-K Graphics later this year.

NEXT TIME: My look at the multitude of SF "Art" books (which didn't make it this time, obviously). Send Items for Review to: BILL BOWERS: P.O. Box 2521: North Canton: Ohio: 44720

# More... Than Just A Pretty

Face:

Richard Geis says that ALGOL: The Magazine About Science Fiction is

"professionally magnificent;" Bill Bowers says, "fantastic Gaughan cover," referring to the present issue. Of course ALGOL has a full color cover by Jack Gaughan on ultra slick Chromecote paper; typeset interiors on slick paper, with imaginative layouts and use of artwork. But more than that, ALGOL has Robert Silverberg's 15,000 word autobiography; an interview with Gardner Dozois; Ted White's overview of the SF world in "My Column;" fascinating and controversial reviews by Richard Lupoff in his "Lupoff's Book Week;" solidly fascinating letters, ads for dozens of books and bookstores, a convention calendar, and much more. Last issue ALGOL featured a full color Mike Hinge cover, interview with Ursula K. Le Guin, articles by Jack Williamson and Brian Stableford; next issue ALGOL welcomes Vincent Di Fate and Susan Wood as contributing editors. And then, of course, there's ALGOL PRESS... If you're not subscribing to ALGOL, you're missing a lot. Try one copy for \$1.50, or a six issue (3 year) subscription for \$6.00. Use the coupon below to order ALGOL and ALGOL PRESS titles.



EXPLORING CORDWAINER SMITH. 36 pp. \$2.50. ISBN 0-916186-00-8. 400 copies of a pressrun of 1,000 remain. Introduction by John Bangsund; material by John Foyster, Lee Harding, Arthur Burns, Sandra Miesel, J.J. Pierce. "Everything available on Smith has been brought together here"—MOEBIUS TRIP. "Ideal for a college or high school SF course"—YANDRO.

DREAMS MUST EXPLAIN THEMSELVES by Ursula K. Le Guin. Illustrated by Tim Kirk. 40 pp. \$3.00. ISBN 0-916186-01-6. 1,000 numbered copies only, not to be reprinted. Essay, map and fiction taking place in the Earthsea universe; National Book Award acceptance speech; interview by Jonathan Ward.

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#### FROM WILLIAM'S PEN, from Page 1021

Having expended so much space on a neo-contributor. I must of necessity be brief in the remainder of my comments:

Jeff Hudson, in between writing \*the novel\*, has made one pro sale--Haif mixed publisher's Delight, by Jeffrey S. Hudson and Isaac Asimov--which appeared in the late, lamented I6. He is and Isaac Asimov--which appeared in the right olace: "I and isade Asimov--which appeared in the late, lamented 16. He is also totally crazy, but his heart is in the right place: "I really don't mind that you don't pay anything (not that I couldn't use the money) but let's face it, print is print and Outworlds, from all the informations I can gather, is a rather prestigious fanzine." Harry Bell's illustrations will help it stay that way!

My biggest "editorial decision" this time was finding some-

thing with which to follow Doc Lowndes' impressive column/essay; I didn't want something light, and I didn't want an ad...and didn't have a suitable full page illo. But I wanted to use Bill's poem this time, particularly since it was "bumped" last time... and it seemed to "fit" right about there...

Darrell sent me his piece, offering the N.A. rights, but I said I would use it only if I could also arrange to print Doug's piece it responded to--presenting both sides, don't you know? have so arranged, but only by inadvertantly stepping on the toes of another U.S. faned whom Doug had offered the N.A. rights to on his piece! \*sigh\* My apologies to all concerned...
I've had that center-spread illo of Connie's for about four

years...I have patience if my artists permit...waiting for just the right piece(s) to use it with. I think I found them.

Tom Rose is a young professional artist who works for the Stopas. Joni is trying to get him into doing fan art, and I think you will see why. (This particular illo [p. 1043] will also be a postcard published by Imagination Unlimited.)

I told Jodie, when she sent in this "column", that, had she outlined the subject matter in advance, I would have automatically said, "No way...!" Just goes to show you how wrong I could have

been.

Robin Michelle Clifton is, as she says, not a sf fan, but I really enjoyed getting this article out of the clear blue sky... However, if Robin Michelle is upset with Tucker's response. I'm not eager to see how she'll react to Ro's version: You see, he swears up and down that it is a hoax article. (The fact that he was unable to find any reference to QRQ, Wilson, or William Wright through the reference desk at the local library doesn't help.) I don't think it's a hoax, and see no reason why it should be...but my contention is that it doesn't really matter if it to: I enjoyed it and I enjoy thinking that someone such as Quentin Wilson did exist. (But then I'm a self-confessed plebeian: I even watch and enjoy SPACE: 1999...it has pretty colors.)

And, in case some of you think that you're seeing double on the page opposite this, yes, that is a repeat of Grant's cover from OW19: this time, as promised, presented without my overlay-ing screen, for your listening enjoyment.

It's a good issue. Enjoy.

In case you haven't heard, the TAFF race is all over and --surprise! -- it ended in a tie. Which means that both Roy Tackett

surprise! -- it ended in a tie. Which means that both Roy Tackett and I will be going to Mancon over Easter. ...at last I'll be able to meet Terry Jeeves--who I've known for fifteen years--and many, many others who are more than "names" on paper to me. I'm looking forward to it...and only hope I can carry off my end of the deal! Actually, I'm rather pleased that things worked out the way they did; I've known Roy almost as long (we stopped at his home on the way back from Pacificon II in '64) and in some ways wasn't too happy at having to run "against" him. (I'd thought there would be at least one other in the 'race', but...) This means that we will be joint American administrators for the next TAFF race...one to bring an European fan over to an American convention. You will. bring an European fan over to an American convention. You will,

of course, be kept informed through this medium...

In the meantime, there is a DUFF race underway at the moment, to bring an Aussiefan to Midamericon this year. The candidates are John Alderson, Shayne McCormack, Christine McGowan, and Paul Stevens. The deadline for voting is March 31 (this year), and if you don't get a ballot by other means, I'm sure a s.s.a.e. sent to the American Administrator (Rusty Hevelin, 3023 Old Troy Pike, Dayton, OH 45404) will get you one. As with TAFF, it is not required that you be eligible to vote in order to contribute; do so!

A lot of people wrote after the ad in SFR 15 appeared wanting to know where their issues were. (I even got one phone call from Callfornia, before I received the SFR!) I really appreciate your concern people, but sometimes it is possible/desirable to your concern people, but sometimes it is possible to advertise an issue before it's actually out. So, rather than responding to every letter/note, I kept working and got CW25/OW26 out as soon as possible. If you still haven't gotten them, let me know...but usually the only reason you don't get it with everyone else is that you move, and don't let me know... Stay put!

One thing I've been meaning to mention for a long time is this: I get a lot of mail addressed to one "Mr. Bowers"; that happens to be my father. The "William L." you see occasionally on the contents page is simply for posterity; my name is Bill. So Be It Known to One & All, that only the following three individuals are required to address me as "Mr. Bowers" (with an optional but respectful "Sir" afterwards): Michael Glicksohn, Jerry Kaufman, Larry Downes. (I told you I'd make you famous, Larry...)

This leaves me less than a column for the "good stuff": Those with a perceptive eye and an interest in trivia will have caught a change in the "press" name. I'm not sure who dub-bed me with the "Bilbo" handle (I would suspect Bentcliffe or Jeeves) -- in fact, I'm not all that certain I even like the name! But I needed a new label for my own activities, and it'll serve as at least a temporary version of same.

As to why I needed to change the press name, and by way explaining that little comment in the first paragraph on p.1021:

I've said, for a long time, that eventually I wanted to get into publishing on a serious basis, to eventually do it fulltime and that I considered ON my self-teaching training ground as an editor/designer. Up until now that's all I've done--say it. I've

never permitted myself to graduate.

I first met Ro Nagey at Discon II...it was in the KC suite when Randy Bathurst was trying to form "Big Fandom" (criteria: over 200 lbs., or over 6 foot in height...sorry, Mike), if fading memory serves me right. Then at Windycon he told the Handing memory serves me right. Then at windycon he told the Hand-grip story, and I said to myself, This kid has possibilities. At Marcon he asked me to be fan GoH at Confusion, and I knew he was wise beyond his tender years. Midwestcon, the long drive to and from Byobcon with he, Lin, and Sandi, his visit down here, Pghlange, yet another Windycon.

We started talking about what we wanted to do, really wanted to do with our lives...he to write, me to design/edit.

Double: Bill was "born" while Mallardi and I drove back from Chicon III. ...and it was during the ride back from Pghlange

that Ro and I said, what the hell...let's go after the dream...
Ever since then, being basically a coward, I've been trying to find a graceful way of finking out...but I haven't been able

to find a gracerul way of finking out...but I haven't been able to find one. Besides, deep down, it is what I want to do...and if I don't go with it now, I probably never will...

What "it" is, is this: Ro and I are in the process of incorporating under the title of "Outworlds Productions". What we intend to do is to establish a working, viable, self-supporting

publishing house over the next several years. That's the dream, that's the path ..

We have plans, some big, some small, some definite, some tentative... And we have faith in our own abilities.

He is the business end; I am the creative/editorial half. Together we decide what projects to tackle. And that's basicly what I've needed all along: someone I can trust, yet someone who can give me a budget and say that's it, you do it with that much money, and not a penny more. Someone to take the worry of raising the capital off me, so that I can concentrate on doing my thing.

Right now things are in a bit of a flux until Ro & Lin get married (there'll be a change of name...for both), and get moved to where Lin will spend the next four years of internship/residency. At least we now know where that will be. But we hope to have our first book out by Midamericon, or shortly thereafter. And the one definite commitment we have to each other is to get the first issue of our magazine out by Suncon.

A real, honest-to-goodness science fiction magazine no less -- and yes, I'm quite aware of everything I said to Mike Gorra in OW25; answering others is one way I employ in answering my own

doubts about certain things ..

We have a name for the corporation; we needed a name for the magazine, a good, solid science fictional name. We examined the possibilities, but always came back to one certain title...

Outworlds #30 will be the last one in this fanzine/eclectic

format. I wanted this last year for several reasons: to match D:B's longevity (the seven year itch), it'll give me twice as many issues as NERG(!)...but mainly I want to wrap it going up, one last shot at giving it the very best I've got. You've now seen one fourth of that final volume.

The new magazine will, of course, be titled Outworlds.

But, being what I am, I will still be publishing a fanzine; in essence, actually, this fanzine, but under a different, and a not necessarily stfnal tile. The major difference is that it will not even pretend to a regular schedule, and will probably be considerably smaller...but just as varied, and hopefully will have the same columnists/contributors...if they are willing.

(Yes, we're selling shares...at a three-figure price; we'd rather be fan-owned than bank-financed. Contact Ro...not me.. There you have it. Give it your best shot ... and take care.

