

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW

37



APRIL — 1970

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P.O. BOX 3116 ANNEX: GEORGE SENDA ordained me as a minister in the Universal Life Church...if I "want to be one."

Well...hmm. "Reverent Geis..." Sounds good. I think—

"Geis, you're a devout coward and atheist!"

True. Sorry, George. It wouldn't be right.

STEVE NELSON wrote and satirically wondered why Delap likes Slaughterhouse-Five and nominated it for a Hugo since the publisher and, presumably Vonnegut, don't consider the book to be sf... He'd rather see Macroscope win.

RAY NELSON said hooray for Poul Anderson for defending "Us PIGS." in SFR 36.

NEAL GOLDFARB writes in part: "I wonder what poor J.J. feels about hearing SaM telling everyone Pierce was 'unleashed' because Mr. Moskowitz was tired of being insulted...?"

PATRICK MCGUIRE commented: "I thought Emphyrio was somewhat more different from Vance's usual than did Piers Anthony. It has an urban setting, and considerably less wandering than usual. It seems to be more serious, or at least sober in tone, than any other Vance story I can remember offhand. It plays more stylistic tricks: that come-on at the beginning for one. For another, the protagonist disappears about ten pages from the end and the next mention of "Emphyrio" is of the skeleton in the glass case. Probably the original Emphyrio transported from the satellite. But it just could be the protagonist, done in an identical manner. This ambiguity is not common in Vance."

M.B. TEPPER wrote and mentioned, after discussing Rottensteiner, Panshin and Stranger, that "(Sidelight: Harlan sold a story to Campbell.)"

Can this be?

SANDY MOSS notes that I claim to be The Ultimate Secret Master of Science Fiction and Fandom...and wonders, in view of SFR's \$2200 deficit last year, if I can continue to afford the honor.

Gooooo question!

HAROLD JAMES has a house knee deep in sf, subs only to SFR and ANALOG, once tried to write sf (has rejection notices to prove it)...but somehow something sidetracked me into research and technical material. (Money, I believe.) Research writers tend to think that a Plot is something 3 by 6 by 7, and editors bury them in it."

LETTERS FROM PHIL FARMER AND ROBERT BLOCH will be carried over to next issue.

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"Geis, you have a savage glint in your eye. You have a book in your hand. Your typing fingers are twitching. Does this mean...?"

"Yes! I am going to rend and tear, decapitate and disembowel, slash and mash."

"Ha, a merry old time. Let me see the title...*gasp!* You are going to assault The Dark Symphony by Dean R. Kootz?"

"You bet your banana."

"But he's one of the Good Guys! You can't—"

"Can. I merely wish to point out some deficiencies in the novel, which, alas, seem endemic in his long-lengths."

"You'll give him a trauma. He'll never write again!"

"He is tough. He is resilient, his hide is thick, he needs the money."

"Go on, then. I'll mop up the blood."

"Fine. Fit work for an alter-ego. Now, briefly, the plot of The Dark Symphony is a familiar one—a long-plotted revolution comes to fruition in a gory battle. Dean rings in some anti-hero numbers and presents us with a cop-out ending."

"The characters are...?"

"In a minute. Background. Destroyed, semi-barbaric Earth after war. A group of colonists called Musicians return to Earth after hundreds of years and take over, keeping surviving Earth people in ruins near their new, towering cities. These Musicians are cruel, sensual, intolerant; they amuse themselves by altering genes in the survivors and creating weird, livable freaks: manbats, faceless men, cyclop-men, scale-skinned men... all kinds of distortions of the human form that nevertheless are able to breed and produce more mutated monster-men."

"Sounds kind of interesting, Geis."

"Let me finish. Strong, a bull-like man, fathers a perfectly normal child. He sends his brother to steal a Musician infant and a switch is made. He kills the Musician child. HIS child has an implanted message in its brain which will be triggered after 17 years, I believe. After the boy has reached adult status in the Musician society."

"Still sounds interesting."

"Yes, yes, but Dean insists on bogging down frequently with interior monologs concerning Man and Society and Morals and Idealism and Revolution...in the mind of the anti-hero, Guil, the ringer, as he is drawn into the long-planned revolution of the Populists who are led by his father, Strong."

"Other writers have—"

"But Dean writes in semi-lectures, he doesn't simply show the reader, he tells the reader, and it gets boring, irritating and finally angering."

"Well, if that's all that's wrong with the book—"

"That is a minor fault. There are two major faults: he is simply a lazy writer...and lazy in critical ways. His Musician society is unbelievable in whole and in part; he fills an entire auditorium with Musician citizens when it suits him, but the rest of the book is almost empty of them. Guil lives and moves in a virtual social vacuum. It's difficult to describe...you don't "see" others in the halls, streets, rooms, shops, etc. They don't seem to exist until needed as stage props, to die on cue, to function as action pivots, suspense gimmicks. You get the impression that it is all a facade, a backdrop."

"He is lazy because he didn't make his world real?"

"The mutant Populists are more solid; their lives in the ruins are credible, probably because you aren't asked to believe they live in towers made of sound."

"Eh? SOUND?"

"Dean's description is 'sound configurations!'—somehow the Musicians are able to make sound take on thickness, solidity, color, weight...so that they can "construct" towers in which thousands of people live and work. Focused sound. Each tower is kept in existence by a generator and all the generators (nine) are in one basement, unguarded, and with no backup generators on standby."

"Incredible!"

"Guil plants a small timebomb in each generator and is responsible for thousands of deaths as the towers 'melt' when the generators are blown up. But that's okay, those people didn't exist in your mind, or in his, I guess. Dean excels in describing their gory deaths, though. He is good at action, especially bloody struggle and violent death."

"You put him down for that?"

"Yes, I think I do. Blood and gore seem to be the last refuge of the incompetent writer. Dean sets up characters and scenes and situations which deserve far better than he seems to be willing to give in the way of depth and skill, and development."

"You are harsh...before you go on, let me wipe up this spot here. Okay, thrust home."

"I have to come back to the term 'comic book sf' which

I used to describe his style when reviewing his first book. He has ideas, good ones, and he is serious in intent in constructing his novels, but he short-changes everyone, including himself, by using slap-dash techniques...by not being careful enough...by not thinking things through."

"He is trying to meld intellectual material with pulp-comic book format and technique?"

"Something like that. He ends up botching both because he, again, isn't willing or able to make it all credible. Wish-science is maybe okay for those who will uncritically read anything in print that is labeled sf, but it is still bad sf."

"But, Geis, in a letter recently received Dean calls the book 'Science -fantasy' and disclaims it is sf."

"I say it is fantasy science and to hell with it!"

"You sound like...like a fundamentalist!"

"I only ask for a story to have inner integrity! I could have swallowed the sound towers, I suppose, if Dean had taken the trouble to make it minimally credible. He didn't. If those sound generators had been guarded and if there had been standbys...if the young hero hadn't found it so easy to walk undetected to and from the ruins where the Populists lived...if it had been explained where Guill acquired those time bombs and learned to use them..."

"In his letter Dean says the book is an analogue of the Goethe poem in the beginning, line for line.. and that the book is structured exactly like a 19th century symphony—complete with tempo changes exactly where they would appear in a symphony, complete with cadenzas for lead characters who are personality analogues of symphonic instruments...and if you miss this you miss the message regarding harmony and existentialism."

"That's fine...and pretentious and arty and experimental and it might have worked if he had written it with more care and thought."

"He'll hate you."

"I'm sorry. But calling bad writing science-fantasy and invoking a symphonic structure doesn't excuse it or ease the reading winces. It is what is on paper that counts. Ahh...I have ranted enough. Dean is a convenient target. His intellectual eyes are bigger than his writing stomach. He has good intentions and bad execution. He is a lazy writer, he takes the easy way out in science and in plotting."

"Geis, will you give me a hand digging his grave?"

"He isn't dead. He's got a long career ahead of him. He'll learn and improve and someday he'll thank me."

"Don't be so patronizing."

"Right."



"I see you've been reading Slaughterhouse-Five by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr."

"Yuh. Halfway through. Got a three word review so far."

"What?"

"So it goes."

"Oh."



"Hey, alter-ego!"

"I'm here. Where's to go?"

"I don't want you bugging me this issue over how many pages we have. I'm including three ballots as a public service and so this is an atypical situation."

"You've always got good excuses, Geis. By the time you get the Hugo ballot into the hands of the readers the May 1 deadline will have passed. Why don't you scrap that one?"

"Because, the Heicon committee had a goof-up and lost a mailing of Progress Reports and Hugo ballots. They were subsequently remailed at the end of March and that left an unrealistic one month for other fans to duplicate and distribute the ballots to most fans. I don't think the Committee will refuse to honor a nominating ballot if it arrives a week or so late, say until June 1st. In any case joining Heicon as a non-attending member entitles one to all the publications and a vote in the critical Hugo final ballot."

"Uh-huh. And of course the IAFF ballot..."

"Is there so fans can vote for Bill Rotsler! We have no choice. Vote for Rotsler or hop down to the nearest pond and croak. See the mailing page."

"And the Egoboo Poll?"

"John Berry would never forgive me if I didn't send his circular out, too. Besides, I'm lusting for another kudo for SFR."

"This will backfire, Geis. Mark me well. Your shameless pursuit of glory will do you in. You'll get your comeupance."

"Why, alter! I'm only trying to do good!"

"One nit-pick. How are the readers supposed to separate the ballots—just rip them off the back of this issue?"

"Exactly!"

"What if some completist wants to keep his SFR totally complete?"

"He can send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will send him another set of ballots, but I don't consider the attached ballots to be really a bona fide part of the issue."

"Rip away, folk."



"Why are you chortling and rubbing your hands over that pile of manuscripts, Geis?"

"These are what's going to appear in SFR next issue, #38."

"Oh, yeah? Lemme see..."

"Don't smudge the pages! Go wash your hands first!"

"Come on— Hey, a Ted White column...and a "Comment" by him on the Jerry Kidd article and graphs showing sf prozine circulation trends for the past ten years. Ohh...this is going to cause Controversy, Geis. And his column...the SFWA will drum you out of the corps."

"Do not forget the John Brunner column!"

"And other fleshly delights."

Story At Bay — Perry A. Chapdelaine

Few beginning writers have had the opportunity to collect story criticism from pro writers as early in the game as I have had. BE-ABOHEMA, Oct. 28, 1969 issue has already commented on certain aspects of these story criticisms. After some reflection, I felt my experiences would be of interest to the fanzine reader; perhaps they will even be helpful.

"Someday You'll Be Rich!" is one of my stories which, if not truly hounded across the valleys and up the hills, was certainly persistently yapped at. But let me first brief you on the story's background, which must necessarily include my own.

My first published story was "To Serve the Masters," IF, Sept. 1967. It was also the first story I had written of any kind during the prior forty-two years.

At the time this article begins, I had written a total of twenty-eight stories of which ten had sold. One of these, "We Fused Ones," IF, July 1968, was reprinted in Panther paperback, Mind at Bay anthology published in England, Dec. 1969. Another sold as an original to a second anthology to be published soon, and is the subject of this article. Finally, believe it or not, my second story sold to ANALOG—"Initial Contact", May 1969. I was disappointed in not selling those eighteen other stories until the pros explained the facts of a beginner's life!

Judy-Lynn Benjamin had talked me into coming to the New York Nebula Award dinner of the SFWA (1969). Anne McCaffrey, SFWA Secretary-Treasurer, treated me with every kindness and courtesy, introducing me to many of the pros, all of whom answered my questions with patience, leaving my dignity intact. Among those especially courteous were Gordon Dickson, Keith Laumer and Anne McCaffrey.

Anne suggested that I inveigle an invite to Damon Knight's and Kate Wilhelm's annual Milford Science Fiction Writers' Conference. Damon and his wife proved to be immune to flattery, so I tried other approaches, including persistence. I was and still am honored to have received the invitation to join this professional writers' group in Madiera, Florida.

While attending the Nebula Awards banquet, I also met a well-known science fiction literary agent. She asked me if I had ever

tried to write in the second person, commenting favorably on some of Ted Sturgeon's work. My IF first had been in the first person, because at the time I had thought first person the easiest. Once she had patiently explained to me what second person meant, my thoughts were captivated by the idea of trying a story in that mode. Later the agent sent me one of Sturgeon's stories which used the second person.

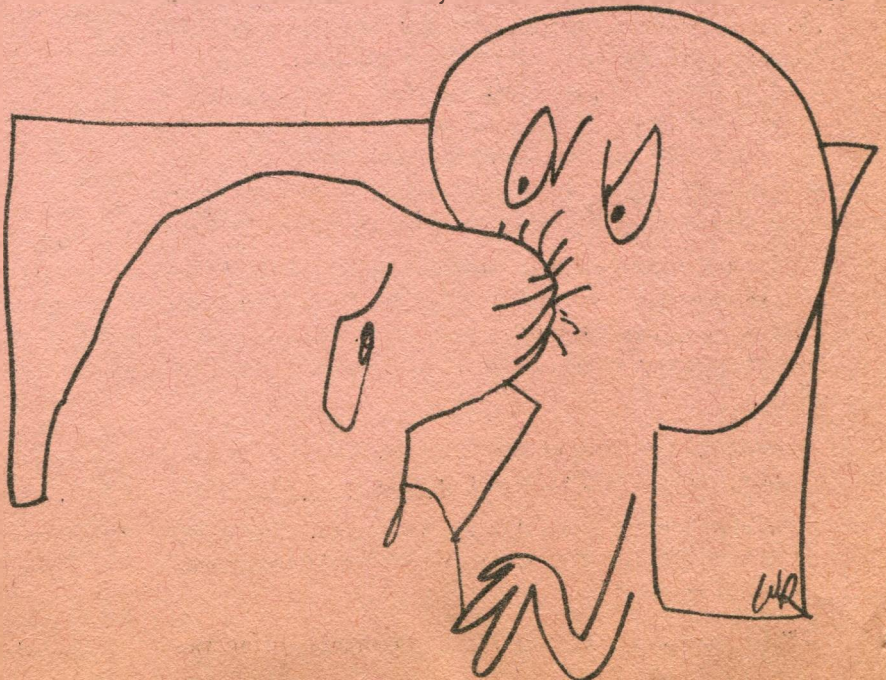
The writer who attends the Milford Writers' Conference is expected to submit a story for criticism. I wanted to learn to write for ANALOG. Some thirty-one years of continuous reading of John Campbell's editorials, and his idea of what constitutes good science fiction had imbued me with a sense of fanaticism which remains undiminished to this day, and may go far to explain a lot of what's wrong with me. Nonetheless, I now had two goals which I attempted to satisfy by writing "Someday You'll Be Rich!" for the up-coming conference: (1) Use second person in the story telling, (2) Write an ANALOG type, loading the story with possible or probable science. To the latter end, I corresponded some with certain members of the National Physical Laboratory in England and Bell Telephone Laboratories in America.

Thus was eventually created "Someday You'll Be Rich!" seven thousand, eight hundred words, and the subject of this article.

"Someday You'll Be Rich!" tells of a poor bloke who was born about twenty years from now—the hardest kind to write. He lives in a society where PhD's are popped out of college doors like exploding popcorn from the pan. Society has become so automated that Mack Reynolds' basics—food, clothing, shelter, education—serve all except those who are capable of riding the swift crest of advancing knowledge, and those get extras.

Plastic walks and picket fences, cheap products indeed, demonstrate conditions of peverty shared by all except the bright and hard working. At best, an advanced education will provide the lucky with a mediocre assembly-line position, though certainly a skilled one.

The main character of the story has been dunned to loss of individ-





uality by a harping mother who constantly asserts that "Someday you'll be rich!" and he strives to make it true. He studies hard, makes his little PhD discovery using an Experiments Simulation Computer, and finds he is still unemployable except at drudging tasks.

But "Someday you'll be rich!" throbs through his mind, and he conceives a scheme—using a technology already so burdened that new discoveries are lost as soon as found—to produce every story that has ever been written or ever will be written, and to copyright all the new stories in the modern computerized copyright office. He copyrights about $1 \times 10^{8,000,000}$ stories which includes every possible story containing 120,000 words or less. He has formed these stories by use of the Simulated Fiction Writers' of America (SFWA) brain-like computer components, permuting and combining in every possible way the 57 typewriter keyboard characters.

This is a prodigious task, especially when it is realized that within the range of the 200 inch telescope at Mt. Palomar, there are at least 10^9 other galaxies, giving 2×10^{77} elementary particles; and that, even being generous with the amount of interstellar and intergalactic matter, and for the possibility of undiscovered galaxies out to a distance of 12 billion light years, we find the number of elementary particles is not more than about 10^{100} .

Our hero is caught when the pros' rejection slips come in from editors everywhere, and they are fined heavily for their own presumed attempts to plagiarize. Retroactive laws are necessarily passed; he is stripped of his sudden wealth.

However, a new scheme occurs to him, and he is optimistic again, knowing full well that someday he'll be rich!

So much for the story line and background. Now we can get on with its wild flight over hill and dale and through the verbal thickets!

"Criticism — Who Needs It?", a round-robin letter sym-

posium stemming from a group discussion at the 1966 Milford Science Fiction Writers' Conference, (published and available from SFWA) contains some thought-provoking articles by Gordon Dickson, Doris Buck, Alexei Panshin, Harlan Ellison, and Ben Bova. I had already read these articles and was struck by the differences of opinions which prevailed. I was especially impressed by Alexei Panshin's and Harlan Ellison's comments, which I won't quote here, but which led me to realize that I needed an evaluation yard-stick for the critics themselves if I were to apply criticism for the purpose of improving my own skills. For example, if my goal was (1) to write ANALOG type science fiction, and (2) to make money, then I certainly hadn't ought to worry too much, say, over certain kinds of new wave critics. On the other hand, some of the new wavers were excellent writers. Were my dual goals too limited? Was I restricting myself too much?

I won't belabor the point further. As a beginning writer, I was blind to accepted forms of narration, style, motivation, word-usage, and so on. I was equally blind to appropriate forms of constructive criticism. I needed comparative data, and I proceeded to collect it.

Since the science fiction literary agent had suggested that I try the second person story, I sent "Someday You'll Be Rich!" to her, along with two other stories. All brought forth interesting comments, but only those comments relating to "Someday You'll Be Rich" are pertinent here:

Science Fiction Literary Agent: "By now, you should be thirsting for my blood. But I'm going to say worse. I don't think you have quite grasped the feel of the second-person story. Its strength lies in its immediacy. The flashbacks vitiate it, and—instead of the storyteller convincing the reader that he, the reader, is experiencing the events of the story—the method dwindles to a case of a man talking to himself. It doesn't work. It could have been done better in first person or third. And (oh, cruelest word of all) it could have been done better at one-third the length. It is basically a Patent and Paradox story, and as such has only one market: Campbell, who, if he bought it at all, would not sit still for all the depressing detail concerning the educational process and the barrenness of living then (great stuff, but so flatly rendered that a little goes a long way). As a Character story, it exists only to be disliked and turned off by. At any rate, I had no sympathy with your protagonist; I thought he was pretty limited, and in some ways loathsome. I certainly had no sympathy for his being stuck (with his mother) in an echo chamber!"

"Would I could be kinder, but I don't think kindness would serve you well. You wanted comment, and I am not even interested in coddling bad writing or encouraging the continuation of bad writing by pretending it's passable.

"I remain convinced that you have the stuff of which writers are made. ...obviously the ideas, and the reservoir of information that makes for good s-f ideas, are there. The craft is not. I think, judging from these three stories, that you have still to complete serving your apprenticeship. You violate rule after rule, and the way you break the rules is not interesting. Rules exist to be broken, but only to be broken well.

"And I iterate: I think you will be stomped and savaged by the the writers in conclave assembled if you send...the stories

to Madiera..."

Since the story was intended for ANALOG, John Campbell deserved to be heard from:

John Campbell: "'Rich' is another tour de force effort—it also, I suspect, stems from the Milford attitude. Man, it's hard enough to tell an effective story in any way, without seeing how many improbable tricks you can force into it! The best story is the one with the least interference between you and the reader—and this one's built around a proposition that's 100% guaranteed to raise hackles of resistance. It's that always irritating, angry-making word 'you.' 'Now you listen to me!' 'You're going to pick up your room before you do another thing!' 'You're just no good; you're always causing trouble.' Everytime someone accuses you or tries to make you do something, that word gets an added load of annoyance at a subliminal level. So stop trying to tell me what I am, and what I'm going to do, and...

"My friend, there are reasons why stories are told the way they are—and those reasons are largely the result of some 30,000 years experience of trying to make a living being an entertaining story-teller—whether you're called a skald, a bard, or an author.

"The plot isn't too bad—but it isn't too good, either.

"I suggest one that's a modification of this, ..."

When in doubt, a new writer should always go to his friends. Right?

Wrong!

I didn't choose the kind that always comments favorably. Contrariwise, this free-lance writer friend, mainstream, daughter of two journalists, wife of another, had not approved a single story I had written. Her comments follows:

Free-lance writer: "This is a wonderful story. Permit me to to send it on to either magazine .. or ..; I know the editor of both and I think they will love it. You have done a beautiful job of bringing your reader into the story and you keep him there all of the way. It's written to interest everyone, not just the science fiction buff...I don't follow the detailed science, but that isn't necessary to appreciate the story."

By now I was frightfully confused, but stubborn, too. So I mailed the story, along with two others, to Damon Knight in preparation for the Milford Science Fiction Writers' Conference held in April, 1969, at Madeira Beach, Florida. Comments from pros—assembled follows, as remembered by my notebook, or as modified by the pro-writer him(or her)self after reviewing the first draft of "Story At Bay."

One more digression, please!

Having already collected two paranoias, one hypocrite, one transparency, and a whole lot of overly sweet advice, and some pages of cuss words, from various pro-writers during the past year, I have become appalled at the thinness of many. Coming from the critical backgrounds, both military and academic, which stand tallest over most forms of human criticism, I've almost concluded that many pro-writers and

fans can really dish it out, but can't take it, in turn.

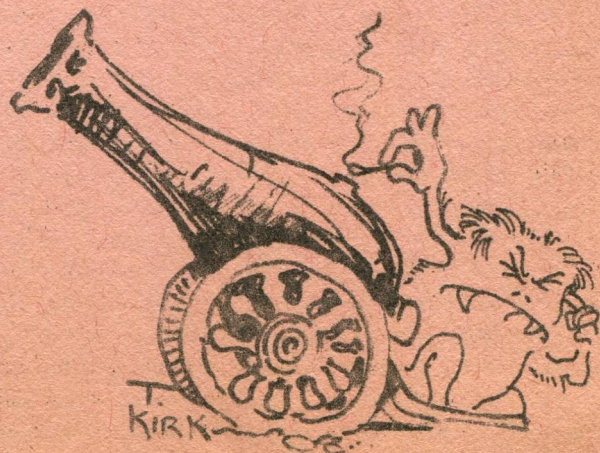
The Milford Conference I attended had some of those personalities in attendance, in my opinion. But overall—for the most part—everything said to one another was without rancor, based solely on professional judgement. The copy which follows, based on my notes or authors' letters, were comments made to me about my story without rancor, and were accepted by me in that manner.

The second most appalling thing about the world of the writer, and the fan world, to date, is the obvious "expectation" which everyone seems to feel about the newcomer's reaction to criticism. In most cases, I believe, the pros bent a long ways down, or around, to criticize fairly, openly, honestly, but often they intermixed their attitudes and feelings with an expectation that I, as a beginner, would have a high likelihood of reacting wrongly.

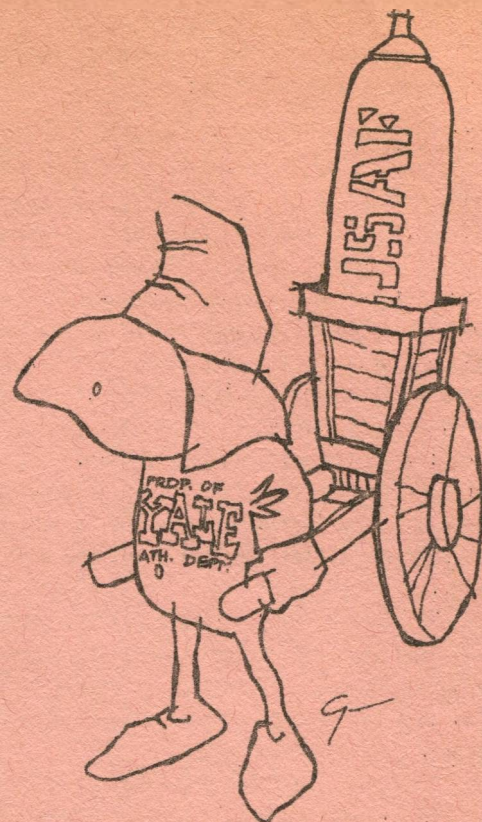
Friends—and for the last time I hope—try working on a large military project for three full colonels at the same time, each one sharing both the responsibility and authority for over-lapping work areas, and you the chief project leader! Sensitivity training? Who needs it!

Conversely, I did, and still do, greatly appreciate time, thought and effort donated to me by the following personalities. Had I the wherewithal, and the invitation, I'd gladly go to the Milford Writers' conference again, even though Damon Knight does not appreciate the same kind of humor that I do!

Harlan Ellison: "To be kind, this is not a very good story. Second person is the wrong voice in which to tell it: form should follow function. And there is no function served by using second person, which is the most awkward of all the choices available. There is a good reason why more stories are not written in second: it has limited benefits, and they accrue only when they are handled masterfully. I can't remember three really top-flight second person stories I've ever read...by anyone. So you start out with an enormous deficit. Further, the story is slight and it takes too many words to tell; it telegraphs its ending somewhere in the middle; the words are drummed in as though the author felt his audience was incredibly dense, the repetitions are initially annoying, progressively frustrating and infuriating, and finally simply



boring; it is told as if in a high-pitched voice, strident and wholly unsuited to the subject matter. Grammatically, it is a battlefield. Mixed metaphors that utilize simply incorrect grammar. The syntax is crippled, broken-backed, tortured, prolix. The unintentional anachronisms speak to an improperly- or muddily-conceived background: picket fences and moving walkways; people necking in the back seats of cars (nobody even necks in the backseats of cars today); you've ignored history by pasting an old, outdated morality—even for today—on a new era, and it rings totally false. Your phrasing grows quickly tiresome. At some points the story goes literally crazy: he gets \$1.85 at puberty, and he's necking in the back of the car? C'mon now! "Someday you'll be rich!" is beat on again and again, so overdone, it reminds me of one of those Sgt. Rock of Easy Company comics, in which the plot is merely a device to get to some simplistic pseudo-ironic homily, like "there are no atheists in foxholes," or "you can't keep a good man down," or "someday you'll be rich." All through the comic story, no matter what happens, good or bad, related to the main thrust of the story or not, someone always intones the catch-phrase. That's comic plotting and an adolescent device...and it abounds in your story. The surfeit of cliches is simply impossible! "Dollars versus doughnuts," for God's sake! Imprecise word structures and choices indicate a lack of thought or preparation—"funeral hit," terrible—"room" and "dining room," inept choices. No conception, apparently, of the differences between that and which, or how they should be used. If one is attempting to be a professional, selling writer, there is no excuse for not knowing how to use the most basic tool of the craft... the language. As for characterization, it is so slight as to be non-existent. Your lead character is truly ughhh, and in chronicling his history you bore me, insult me, direct me with the second person form and demonstrate a complete and total violation of the fundamentals of story-telling, which I'd accept if you were breaking the rules to some purpose ...but this is strictly a sophomoric regression, not to mention the story indicates simply no ear for dialogue. People just don't talk like that. Using SFWA as an abbreviation for Simulated Fiction Writers of America is a fannish trick, the kind of nonsense every writer in SFWA should have learned from my lawsuit troubles is insanity to indulge in. Tacit acceptance of hoary verbal cliches of bad pulp writing ..nobody "rolls on the floor with laughter." It is purely crazy to stick in all these typewriter characters in a futile attempt to make it an "authentic ANAL G story." And you cheat the reader by manipulating reality to serve the inconsistencies of your plot: "Fortunately copyright laws have been changed." What you mean is it's goddam fortunate for the sake of your story. I can't believe the overuse of Said-Bookism (see Blish as Atheling on this schoolgirl grammar): "he ground out inexorably." I'm by no means a scientist, but there seems to me a potload of pseudo-scientific hokum here, which isn't necessarily bad if it serves to convey verisimilitude, but in this story it merely confuses, gets in the way of the minimal plot, bores, and stands out as bullshit. How I see this is as an incredibly badly-written story with an idiot plot festooned with im-probably illogical pseudo-science."



Ben Bova: "Agree with Harlan except for story plot; story begins three-fourths of the way through; motivation wrong; society does not ring true; typewriter symbols shouldn't be there; narrator is dull guy; Extended Dirkstein effect is public knowledge."

Gene Wolfe: (My notes show two words, "complex", "Hal". I've lost their meaning, sorry!)

Joanna Russ: "Story should be about one paragraph long; the 57 characters of the (English) typewriter keyboard should be skipped. Is this a first draft?"

Anne McCaffrey: "Not an ANALOG story: inappropriately worded."

Andre Norton: "It's like a first draft, needs pruning."

Bert Filer: "storyize your idea more; too much on the implications of stealing authors' stories."

Kate Wilhelm. "Gimmic story; four or five pages too long; set SF back 30 years; sentences are plain unreadable; refuse to read science in science fiction; system he is defeating does not come to light; long words in middle of sentence." (Aside from this specific comment, I don't always agree with Kate Wilhelm. But I found her to be most helpful, most patient with me of any of the other pros assembled. Her private, personal comments have helped me far more than she probably realizes.)

Damon Knight: "Six hundred to one thousand words is all the idea is worth; quit using passive for active, 'entire field of study had to be absorbed,' inversions, 'as had you', 'then did your.'"

Carol Emshwiller: "asks for job then too long quiet, nothing happens; 'you don't' poor phrasing."

Jack Williamson: "Harlan's advice is correct."

Joe Green: "About three thousand words too long; not true science. This is an ANALOG type story if better written."

Larry Niven: "Patent office could not handle all the records."

Richard Hill: (Lost notes on Mr. Hill.)

Gordon Dickson: (Not present this day.)

Keith Laumer: (Not present this day.)

D. C. Fontana: (Not present this day.)

Sure! It was a load of criticism for a beginner. But that's what I had come for.

I withdrew all copies from editorial offices, having agreed that the idea should be re-worked; certainly I had sufficient comments to do so.

Too late! I had overlooked a xerox copy sent to Mr. George Hay, anthologist, critic, and writer in England.

George Hay: "Flash! Have you sold 'Someday You'll Be Rich' ... yet? ... I can use your MSS...the rate will be £5 per 1,000 words, plus 7% royalties, and then possible further payments dependent on whether the whole book is sold overseas...Not exactly a fortune, but I hope you would agree; I'd like to have your work in this book."

My answer to George Hay was this.

Perry A. Chapdelaine: "I withdrew it from the market, planning a re-write... Yes! You may have it for your anthology at the price indicated. Do you want the story re-written? If so, in what respects? First person? Third person? Cut out? Add in? And so forth?...Whatever you think best, I'll do."

George Hay: "Thank you for permission to use 'Someday You'll Be Rich!' I would like to use it just as it stands with one change, the last paragraph to be deleted and the sentence before slightly changed, so that it—and the story—ends 'Someday you will be rich.'"

My response to the suggestion was:

Perry A. Chapdelaine. "Make the little change if you want. I think the whole story needs to be re-structured, but you're the buyer and the buyer, to me, is always right."

Perhaps you can understand how perplexing this all was. I was, at best, an intuitive writer trying to become aware of faults. Yet wasn't making money one of my chief goals? Then, too, if my goal was to sell to ANALOG, John Campbell hadn't been quite as hard on the story line as others! How does one evaluate the value of criticism? Puzzled, I asked both Anne McCaffrey and Daniel Galouye that question. Their stimulating answers follow:

Anne McCaffrey: "How in hell are you to discriminate between good and bad criticism?"

"Wal, it takes time, frankly...a lot of input, at least for me, as I am not fundamentally a critic of anything or anyone, and every time I make a 'definitive' statement, I invariably have to retract it within three months.

"The criteria we all aim at is selling to some editor, right? Okay, you presented the story at Milford-Madiera to see how to change it to make it saleable. You were told a variety of faults obvious to professionals. You were also told that the basic story-line had merit.

"Now, some styles drive me up the wall and I will not read them. These same styles appeal to an entirely different group of people. Some people write 'naturally' for a certain market. Perhaps your story...which did not suit us...did fit the Englishman, who also saw through any faults to the real line. And he bought it! 'Nuff said. Maybe another time you can rework that idea to suit yourself as well as others. Bad criticism, therefore, is criticism which did not help you sell the story if you'd reworked it according to that criteria. Good criticism is that which makes a bad story better and sells it.

"One man's meat is another's poison.

"You were however told some basic flaws in your writing which you should write and paste on your typewriter. I have such a list ..it is gradually getting shorter as I learn, unconsciously, to avoid those problems."

Daniel Galouye: "Your letter...opens the door on a serious line of thought: the value of criticism as related to its source. I'm convinced that (certain) criticism is not only worthless, but can very well serve to snatch the rug of self-confidence out from under one's feet.

"Either the critics are presenting meaningless, mechanical utterances because they feel they have to say something, or they're seizing upon the opportunity to impress others present with their own knowledgeability and craftsmanship. If either of these is the case, then they're grinding personal axes, venting frustrations or loosing inhibitions. I know the latter may seem to be more in the metier of psychiatry; but let's face it: Most writers are self-sated, emotional, unstable sobs ...I know very few others who are down-to-earth, honest, unaffected persons who suffer no delusions of grandeur.

"It's good to tell young writers who are plying the trade not to seek the help, advice or criticism of anyone who has rung up a few sales—except in a very general sense. Such persons are not going to buy their stories and therefore cannot bring the proper criteria to bear. Go d gosh—it's bad enough that the sale of an otherwise acceptable MS to a mag or book publisher has to depend upon (1) size of current inventory, (2) market conditions, (3) whether the editor has recently published or will soon publish a similar story, (4) how receptive he may feel or (5) whether his digestive processes are up to snuff at the time of reading. There's no sense in soliciting from colleagues encouragement (which may be given out of a sense of charity) or discouragement (which may result from impatience, resentment over having been asked to read a ms, or beans souring in an unruly stomach).

"You entered the field much the same way I did, Perry. After having read the stuff for some time and becoming interested in it, we decided to try our own hands ..But we both realize that writing is something one has to sweat out in complete isolation. And the sole criticism anyone needs (or



science—it's hard, detailed, integrated, and internally consistent thinking. No fuzzy-headed generalities, with soft-focus pictures of a slapped-together social or physical world-picture.

"ANALOG seems to be hard-science, simply because most people who have learned to think hard, clear, internally consistent, and defined thoughts learned to think this way while studying science. In the Arts courses, they hold that any opinion is as good as any other; in the science courses they hold that the opinion that makes the experiment work is the better.

"It just seems as though science was what I was after, because the authors who learned to think like that usually enjoy science, and use it in their stories."

Richard Hill: "...I think we should take criticism seriously, not to sell our work, but to become better writers. When it becomes apparent that a particular criticism will hurt rather than help my writing, I reject it, as I did some at Milford. You're right that we must consider the source of criticism. Obviously, the average dishwasher has his preferences too, but I'm not his kind of writer, nor is he my audience. I think we all have audiences in mind for whom we write—in your case, say ANALOG readers; for Carol Emshwiller, a more avante-garde bunch; for me still a different image. So you write for your audience, but you don't write sloppy sentences, with bad grammar, and you don't write unclearly for anybody. The criticisms directed at those basic flaws should be taken very seriously indeed until you've written your way out of them."

Anne McCaffrey: "Dan Galouye's advice was very sound. I will amend mine by adding that the criticism you do listen to is from those who have similar standards, literary aims, and for whom you want to write."

Andre Norton: "...it was a good idea to give the general reader the difficulties behind a piece of writing.

"Have you ever read Novel in the Making by O'Hara? This covers a struggle of years to get a particular story on paper and the many changes it went through. I have read this through twice being fascinated to see how many changes from the original idea can occur—and your tale is only a shorter version of the same type of thing. This kind of explanation is of value to other writers and I am glad you were moved to set it out on paper."

Larry Niven: "It's a good, informative, stimulating article. Run it.

"I remember 'Someday You'll Be Rich', and agree with most of the commentary.

"(1) It's too bloody long.

"(2) There's a fun story buried in there. Nothing to win awards, but a good story. Maybe 5,000 words long. Ideas come in lengths, you know.

"(3) Don't use second person unless you've got a reason.

"(4) If someone wants to buy it, sell it! I too have sold stories I wasn't completely satisfied with. I'd have liked to do another draft of "The Jigsaw Man." I've never been satisfied with the time sequence of "The Adults"; I plan to rewrite that whole thing, then add a 30,000 word sequel to finish the

should want) is that which comes only from the prospective buyers of our merchandise. They're not only the ones who're going to put money in our pockets, but they also know better than anyone else which popular trends have to be satisfied.

"Even book reviewers don't count. (I'm saying this even despite the fact that I've had many kind reviews.) They are simply doing a job because they're going to get paid for it—ergo, they've got to say something...and they're going to make certain that the first point they get across is a brilliant demonstration of their own erudition and perspicacity.

"...when you talk about a writer's inability to discriminate between his good and bad stories, you're poking a stick at basic factors in the subjective nature of being a writer. Even the esteemed Bob Heinlein tells me he doesn't know when he's written a good, mediocre or stinking yarn. The first report from his agent still doesn't convince him. When advances against royalties start pouring in, the quality of the story is no longer relevant. And he promptly puts the moot uncertainty out of his mind, without ever having decided 'good' or 'bad', and goes on to the next task ahead.

"Case in point: I finished a book early this year and my U.S. publisher eagerly snapped it up, intimating they thought it the best I'd ever done...Gollancz, in London... said it was the worst I'd ever done. They sent along page upon page of utterly devastating critiques...they managed to convince me that I ought to crawl back under whichever rock I'd emerged from.

"So there you are: If you can get such diverse critiques from officials of two leading and respected publishing houses, how can you possibly put any stock in what another writer has to say about your prepublished work?"

"Story At Bay" was xeroxed and mailed to every person quoted above. I had ended "Story At Bay" here. But among those who answered my request for permission to quote were letters proved most interesting, and I've reproduced pertinent portions as follows:

John Campbell: "The essence of ANALOG stories is not heavy

saga of the Brennan monster

"(5) Don't learn to write for ANALOG. ANALOG hasn't commissioned you! Write for yourself. When the story entertains you, then sell it where you can."

Among those who answered my query on the draft copy of "Story At Bay" were two who felt that I was using this means as a vendetta against the Milford Conference, or that I was paranoid or an ingrate, or that I was even saying that "... because you sold the story meant the pros' analysis was wrong." You, the reader, can best judge my intent by reading the interesting comments, and how I've quoted each.

I think it only fair, however, to give the anthologist who purchased "Someday You'll Be Rich!" an opportunity for rebuttal last. I offered to keep "Story At Bay" out of the fanzines, if he wished. Hear his answer:

George Hay. "I find your article interesting indeed, and mildly horrifying. Don't fancy submitting any story of mine to all those gimlet eyes! Anyway, I think Galouye put his finger of the weak point when he says that the critic is placed in a position where he has to say something, this is a weak position from which to pontificate. Whatever the man says, he'll annoy somebody. A while back I was shown what I thought was a very promising first story by a youngster, and I suggested he send it to Ted Carnell. Ted agreed it was good, but couldn't use it due to some story weakness. Later, I learned that the kid was displeased. What he didn't realize was that Ted was going out of his way—time being short—just to set down his criticism! and was in fact being unusually helpful.

... ..

"I hope a lot of people—fans—read 'Story At Bay'; they should draw some useful lessons, I hope. My feeling, right or wrong, is that in the U.S. there is too much attention on the technology of writing, how to please editors, etc., and not enough of the writer to say what he wants, and the hell with them. There's a parallel to this in sport, where it is being noticed that the old-fashioned kind of sportsman, who played mainly for pleasure, fun, is being driven out by the well-oiled technician. Now, as you'll have noticed, I'm very given to criticising the British fear of professionalism, because I feel we over here need a lot more drive and precision—but I certainly don't want the baby thrown out with the bathwater.

"...I wanted to print 'Someday You'll Be Rich!' just because it did have a lot of hard-line science extrapolations in it. The characterisation suffered somewhat in comparison, I felt, but the point was that I wanted to show what an alert science-trained mind could do, just working on the basis of present-day science. We have a lot of young men and women around in schools and colleges today who have this kind of knowledge, and reading buckets of New Wave stuff is not going to encourage them to work what they know into stories they might perhaps have thought of writing themselves. To encourage someone, show him that what he vaguely dreams of can actually be done."

Good Richard Geis permitting, I'd be interested in read-

ing your comments on "Story At Bay" in SFR. Aside from the fact that I am paranoid, transparent, hypocritical, and on a vendetta, I also wish publicly to thank all of those who have taken the time both to criticize my story and to help form "Story At Bay!"

Oh yes! My second ANALOG story just sold. "Culture Shock" ought to be out sometime around August 1970. Watch for it!

EDITOR'S NOTE: My curiosity piqued, I asked Perry if I could print the first 1,000 words of his story, to see if it was actually that bad...and to allow you, the readers, to decide. He agreed, got permission from the publisher, and here is the opening of....

SOMEDAY YOU'LL BE RICH!

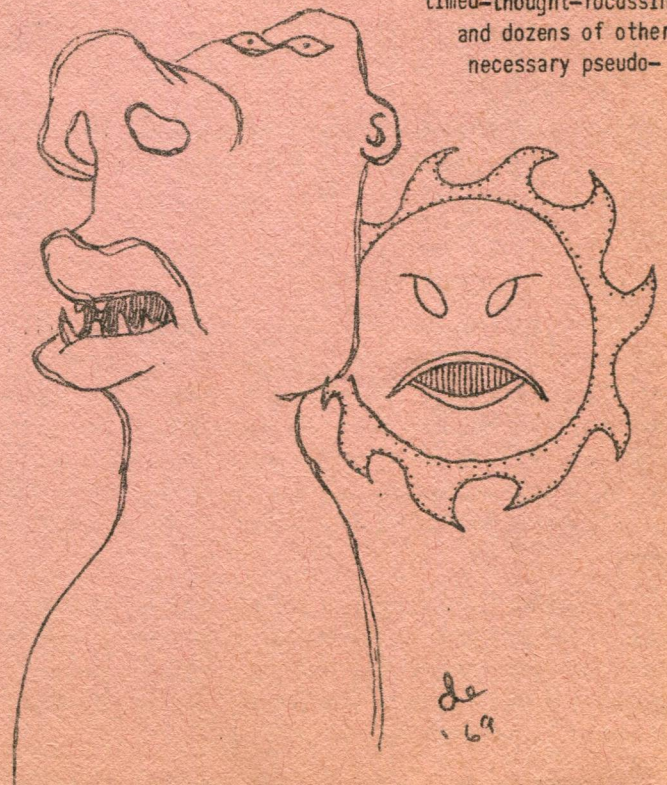
by

Perry A. Chapdelaine

There you were — PhD, Research Cyberneuronist, over forty, unmarried — working diligently and mechanically on the Superb Manikin assembly line. Each brain that popped in to your cubicle regularly every thirty minutes, as the one lying before you now had done, required your utmost skill and only a momentary fraction of your knowledge.

Swisssh! went the door, popping the brain into your high-vacuum work area. Then the 5426 Angstrom light, precise to the two-hundredth decimal place, turned on, bathing your field of vision in a sickly yellow-greenish glow. It was then you activated your console by your skillful fingers, bringing together combinations of tests which

measured thought-fusion,
timed-thought-focussing
and dozens of other
necessary pseudo-



thinking functions.

Little by little you forced the standardized Superb Mannikin brain into stresses, playing your natural human responses back against the artificial behavior of the pseudo-brain. Your brain, having a higher adaptability index and being more capable of changing response to varying stimuli coming from the pseudo-brain, always pushed the brain to its greatest design capacity.

Whenever such stresses reached maximal positions, the yellow-greenish light was shifted in wave length in certain regions, even as now, so that slight reddish or violet hues bordered those special volumes within the imitation tissues; and such locations were automatically recorded and stored for eventual tagging on the appropriate Superb Mannikin physical characteristic identification plate.

Swoosh! the out-going door would say, then the cycle would begin again, saying Swisssh! as another in-coming brain entered the high-vacuum work space.

One after another, the brains pass your space while you, as if in humble, peasant compliance, test and measure hour after hour.

Your fingers fly in accordance with your signed contract with Superb Mannikin. They could have your fingers and that slight, tiny, almost invisible, insignificant portion of your trained mental processes which were required to help in the manufacture of pseudo-brains; they couldn't have your thoughts, nor could they guide them in any way during the long manufacturing hours!

Well! Only six months longer and this second contract would terminate! You smile. You think. Your fingers fly; you smile and you think.

Someday you'll be rich!

Sure you will!

Your thought reaches through your own neural tissue, always probing the past, stirring it in great chunks and long stripes of personal history, but always around a central theme.

Someday you will be rich!

Time after time, day after day, year in and year out, your mother drummed the words into your ears. "Someday you'll get rich, Tony!" she said in her high-pitched voice. "You won't be like your father, living on federal basics and his simple wood carvings. You'll amount to something. You'll be a famous person. Now eat your food—what there is of it—and don't worry none tonight. It's tomorrow that counts."

Or another time, right in front of visitors, like Buxton Thomas, the neighborhood allstar and some of the gang, "Tony don't have much clothes like the rest of you but you just watch. Tony's going to be rich — real rich. He's going to amount to something when he grows up."

Remember how embarrassed you got? Remember how you hur-

ried the gang out the door or out of the yard or from wherever your mother started her soliloquy? Down the plasti-walk covering the more natural puddles and mudholes whenever it rained, kicking at loose shards along the way, you would push elbows and backs and make with smart cracks all the way out to the sagging white plasti-picket fence-gate. "Don't mind her, fellows. I'll buy you all a soda when I get that rich!" you'd say. That usually got a chuckle or two, didn't it? Nobody in their right mind would buy seven or eight fellows sodas, would they? One soda, each, to seven neighborhood guys is seven sodas for one guy. Who would blame you for buying yourself the seven, even if you did strike it rich like your mother had always said?

Well, maybe your mother's voice was merely the oracle of your life, the forecaster of what was to be, the objective report of things to come. Now you believe it too, don't you? "Someday you'll be rich!" you tell yourself time after time, just like when your mother was living.

When was it you first began to pick up the message?—the first time when you really got hooked on it, knew it was for you and nobody else? Sometime around latter part of high school, wasn't it?

There was that Georgia Anderson girl. She was the one that liked to neck in the back seat of her old man's brand new steam-electric after the date. Only trouble was the before part. Georgia was expensive!

The first time opened a whole new world to you. Remember? First there was Buxton Thomas and the characters around the neighborhood — ballgames, let air out of old man Hackens' tires when he wasn't looking, fix bicycles or wreck them, whichever the mood of the moment. Then suddenly, there was Georgia Anderson!

Three malts and one Super-Circleround Hollywood production later and you found yourself in Georgia's old man's car — in the back seat.

You were scared. Then, before long, there wasn't much at all that Georgia could teach you. Only trouble was that your birthday money, your christmas money and Uncle Randolph's out-right gift of \$1.85 were completely gone.

You cooled down on the way home and it was then that you could hear your mother's voice cycling back and forth through your head, "Someday you'll be rich! Someday you'll be rich! Someday you'll be rich!" it said again and again.

Even now you can feel the pure frustration of it. Money would get Georgia, or at least her equivalent. Now you were broke and, dollars against doughnuts, Georgia would pick up with Sam or Joker or one of the other guys who could pay the tab tomorrow night. Suddenly all of their jokes and strange in-group comments began to make sense. In other words, you were growing up and you were scared, bitter, angry, and just plain frustrated in more ways than one.

END OF EXCERPT FROM "SOMEDAY YOU'LL BE RICH" _____

"Someday You'll Be Rich" will appear in The Vanishing Future, to be published by Panther in June.

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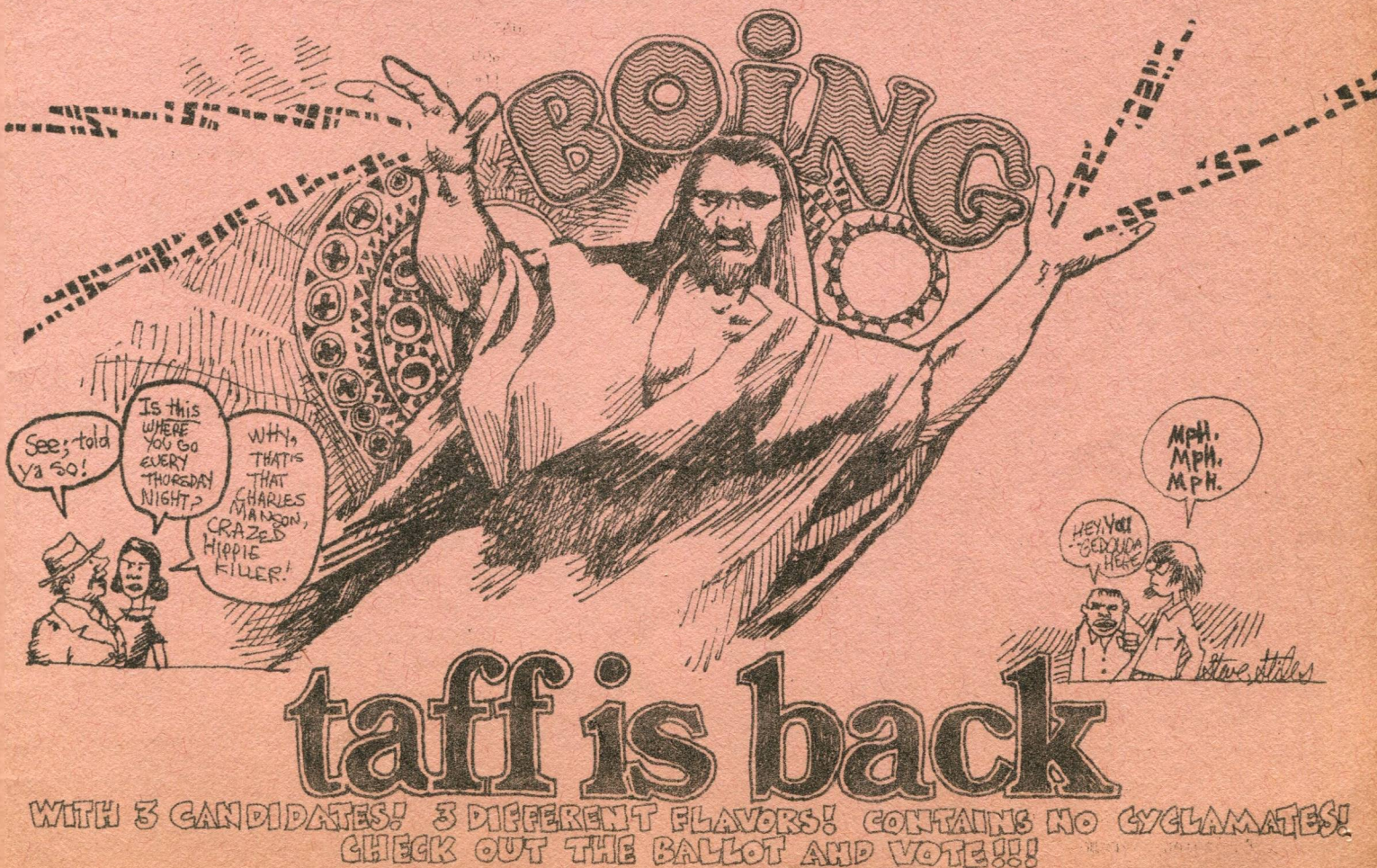
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OFF THE DEEP END



My road to pornography was paved with good intentions. I was doing satisfactorily as a science fiction writer, earning about \$10,000 a year thereby, and laboring mightily to make an ass of myself in fanzines such as this one. (Other writers manage to make asses of themselves without effort; I have to work at it.) Then I had a bit of trouble in the New York publishing scene, and it seemed best to diversify somewhat. Thus I became interested in California. This may be jumping out of the smoke and into the smog, but you know what they say about eggs, basketwise.

If New York is the cerebrum of the publishing industry, California must be the genital region. But don't misunderstand; for all my debating on the care & use of the Four Letter Word, I have little inherent objection to pornography. An erection in the right place is, to me, a healthy object. A pillar of strength, even. I might go so far as to say that our species would not be the same without it. Were I a censor, I would amputate the pointless sadism in our fiction rather than the pointed phallus. In fact, I subscribe to the heresy that claims it is more blessed to contemplate the generation of life than the extinction of it. Within reasonable limits, of course; I am concerned about the extinction currently threatened by generation—i.e., the population problem. Color me neutral, then; I have written some of the most violent science fiction to (dis)grace our fair field, and am amenable to redeeming myself with some of the sexiest. (I would prefer to produce some of the most meaningful, but who would publish, who would buy it?)

Thus I addressed myself to a four letter word. G E I S "I am hot for it," I spoke in eight-letterisms. "fix me up fast." He replied, after contemplating his navel (well, that region, anyway), "SEX." Only he stuttered (I fear I had interrupted an absorbing activity), so that it came out "S-SEX," printed as ESSEX. Shortly arrived a package from same, courtesy Brian Kirby. I took the package, spread her out on the bed, ran my finger inside her fastenings, and laid open to view handsome breasts and buttocks with books attached. Each book was attractively bound, priced at \$1.95, and decorated with tasteful new-wave cover art. I was impressed; I discerned nothing cheap about these productions.

I arranged them in a rational order—shortest to longest—and commenced reading. I shifted the order about before I was through, because my periods of rationality are limited, but I did go through them all. Having assimilated that burgeoning mass of data, I waited for my condition to subside and set about drafting my own genre novel. All perfectly straightforward. But as is inevitably the case in such narrations, Something Happened.

Twenty thousand lascivious words later I received word from the author of one of the novels that ESSEX had perished. (In the ingroup vernacular: it had fucked itself out of exist-

ence.) There I was, caught red handed with pants down, so to speak. My market had been pulled screaming from under me at the climactic moment. This is a very frustrating occurrence.

What could I do? That very day I embraced a more conventional piece: a novel in which the hero never does bed the heroine. Instead he avenges her loss by brutally slaying perhaps fifty men, hacking off their heads, and mounting these individually on poles. The sort of thing our society deems suitable reading for children. Watch for Neq the Sword, third in the Sos the Rope adventure series. And before I finished that I commenced a true "juvenile," containing neither sex nor killing. So I landed on my face in excellent hack style. Sigh. I really had been enjoying that sex novel. Make no mistake, it was stuff to curl the short hairs and cook the gonad. I made the statement in Fanzine X when commenting on a Geis novel that I figured on showing authors like Sturgeon and Farmer how it was done, and—hm. Maybe I'm well off. There are degrees and degrees of assedness, after all.

Such are my qualifications as a commentator on the genre. Now let's take a look at the novels, in the order I read them, dispensing with the labored humor of my introduction.

Lovely, by David Meltzer. This slim volume figures out at 45,000 words or less, but is an excellent demonstration that mass is not required for quality. I never heard of the author before (perhaps he's a pseudonym for someone I have heard of?) but there is nothing wrong with his technical ability. Lovely is what I would term bew-wave, stream-of-consciousness science fiction, and it could have been an ACE Special, editorial proprieties permitting. (I should permit Terry Carr to speak here. He tells me: "Meltzer's books strike me as well written but so sadistically offputting that I haven't any interest in reading them.") Maybe this is another way of saying I don't understand it. I found some portions thoughtful, some hilarious,

a column

By PIERS ANTHONY

some irritating, some confusing—but throughout I was satisfied that the author knew what he was doing and was doing it skillfully. In fact, one of the irritants was my feeling that whole segments were pitched over my head. I mean, look: it is one thing for me to sneer condescendingly at stupid readers who miss the nuances of my novels, particularly when those readers are reviewers. It is quite another to be a stupid reader!

Spot notes: you have to read half a dozen pages before deciding that Lovely is a sex novel—and much farther before being all-the-way certain. If ever. This must be one of the things that set ESSEX apart from garden-variety pornography outfits. Take note; I'll comment again.

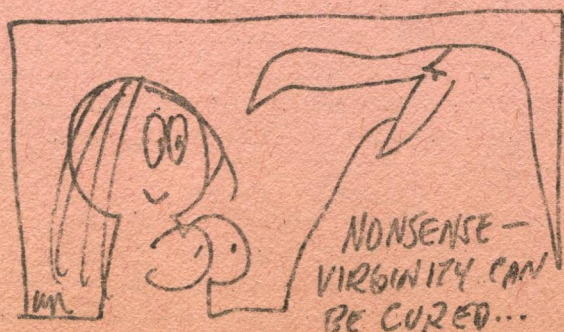
In the novel, an executive propositions his proper secretary in gutter language while she attempts to put through an important contact. "Mr. Slade is on the line for you, Mr. Wolf" ... "I'm horny for you. Wanna fuck?" ... "I'm sorry, Mr. Wolf" .. "I wanna kiss your tits." Etc. I loved it.

Chuck Armstrong makes love to Berny Hardfart, with her fuck-perfect legs and tough-muscled ass. My question: what point, a name like "Hardfart" for a sexually desirable woman? The imagery does not appear conducive.

Negro police officer makes out with captive white girl: "Lt. Karako waits to feel her sperm-coated tongue dig into his anus before breaking wind." As an expression of color contempt, this would seem to approach the ultimate, with its ramifying prejudices. I dare say many readers are furious with such a concept: excellently done.

And there is a postscript by Frank M. Robinson, analyzing the more serious aspects of the novel. But in an otherwise excellent commentary he says: "...this small blue globe and the thin scum of life that coats it is all there is, there isn't anymore (despite the wishful thinking of a hundred science fiction writers)." OK, I'll gnash my teeth: bullshit, Robinson! Horseshit, chickenshit, slugshit....

Blown by Philip Jose Farmer. This is listed as the sequel to The Image of the Beast, a novel I have not seen. The subtitle is Sketches Among the Ruins of My Mind—and I presume that is Farmer's original title, certainly a far more evocative concept. My rule of thumb is that only the editors with the worst taste in titling insist on changing the author's title, with the result you see here.



((Editor's Note: Brian Kirby, editor of Essex House, told me Blown was Farmer's own title for the book. I do not believe Brian changed any of Phil's titles.))

Farmer's style here, to my surprise, is quite unlike that of Lovely or of his own novelette "Riders of the Purple Wage." The prose of Blown is lucid, simple, linear—in fact, pedestrian. Since I know how Farmer can sparkle when he chooses, I am amazed to discover such a determinedly dull finish here. It is as though he wants nothing to detract from his story—yet the story, apart from certain remarkable exceptions, is routine science fiction.

Let's skip the routine and concentrate on those exceptions. There is of course the sexual element. The book works carefully into a thoroughly compelling sexual episode. It begins voyeuristically: Herald Childe (others have remarked on the obvious literary symbolism of the name) watches the beautiful Vivienne anesthetize a Mark and insert his penis into her anus. Her vagina then opens and a tiny human head emerges, mounted on a snakelike torso. This head glides down and enters the mark's anus. Etc. I don't believe I need to point out the diverse elements of this concept; few if any beside Farmer seem able to achieve such effects. Some critics condemn him, some praise him; I doubt that many are indifferent.

Ted White has remarked on the confusion of those who fail to differentiate good and bad from type, and condemn a good story because it is of a type the critic doesn't happen to like. I suspect many critics have done this with Farmer's sexual concepts, including White himself: revolted by the aberrated eroticism, they believe the writing is bad. I suggest the opposite: this is good writing, for it moves the reader, and plants an image in his mind he can not expunge. Good writing is not at all the same as nice writing.

Another element is Forrest J. Ackerman. No, this is no coincidence of names. I don't know Forry, but I'm prepared to believe this is the Forry. Yet he is so determinedly mundane it's a crime. He resides in the 800 block of Sherbourne Drive. He has left a party to get out a comic magazine. He has found a rare picture to be missing from his home, and now he is standing in the rain outside the house of Heepish, who has stolen the item, and he's mad. Good God, the contrast with the preceding episode is so sharp it's shocking; it's as though pages from another book have been spliced in. Yet Forry amounts to a co-protagonist with Herald. The two finally interact and consummate the story.

I don't know what Farmer is doing here, but I certainly can't ignore it. I'm certain he is broadening the field in ways not purely sexual, and that must be good. More on that, too, anon.

Evil Companions, by Michael Perkins. This one is ugly. I have a warped imagination, but Perkins disgusts me a little, and I did not much enjoy the book. And I'm a bit jealous to discover a writer who is more morbid than I am. The title is no misnomer, particularly if you regard sexual perversion as evil. These companions corrupt. But it isn't just that. The people here don't seem to get much pleasure in life and they play with each other while urinating, run fingers into rectums,

pat-a-cake with fresh feces, have sexual intercourse with a dead man, indulge in drugs, sadism and general perversity. "My fist hit him in the soft white vegetable of his genitals..." "I began to shove some dirt with my thumb between his buttocks...I must have packed a good pound of topsoil up his little hole." "They were pissing, and their target was Paulette...down on the floor in a pool of urine." "...a seven-year-old girl...She started screaming, but by that time I had it in..."

The whole thing is like that. It is sickening but not cheap. The Postscript this time is by Farmer, who points out that the entire novel amounts to a treatise on shit. This is not a condemnation; life is shit, in one sense or another. "Let us eat shit so that someday we can become better than shit."

I fault it for none of this. There is a lot of interest here, shitty as it may be. I did feel that the novel lacked concluding point or force—yet as Farmer points out, that may be the point of it. "They have become solid citizens; they are fucked up in the way demanded by the old order."

As I said: ugly. I envy the author his talent in ugliness, for it is a very real and rare talent.

A Feast Unknown, by Philip Jose Farmer. This is a breath of fresh air, after Evil Companions. But it has its own intrigues. The story has similarities to Farmer's DOUBLEDAY item, Lord Tyger, and both, by no coincidence, resemble Tarzan. Lord Tyger might be a Tarzan juvenile—except that children are never permitted to be portrayed as they are, in their natural insensitivity and sexuality, lest this corrupt adult notions. Funny world we struggle in, no? Strangely, there is no scene in the ESSEX book that quite matches one in the DOUBLEDAY, in which the heroine gets raped by half of a beating crocodile heart. You just never can tell.

A Feast Unknown is a substantial fantasy/SF story, with the jungle-man protagonist reacting to assorted crises somewhat more realistically than the original Tarzan might. But he does have a sexual hangup: it is violence that makes him ejaculate, not pulchritude. "As the knife sank into the flesh, I spurted over his belly and the knife."

This is a pretty good story, that picked up a Nebula nomination or two and deserved them. But for me there was one major drawback. In the latter portion we are treated to an extended automobile chase/battle. I'm sure it was well done, but somehow it turned me off, and I suspect it offered scant pickings for the hard-core sex reader. Maybe it's that a chase is one way to get from point A to B, and too much chase dilutes the content.

The Postscript this time is by Theodore Sturgeon. "Farmer," he says, "...makes it clear that unlimited violence coupled with unlimited sex is an unlimited absurdity." And I won't argue there. It is violence which makes our society ejaculate, while genuine pleasures are suppressed.

Raw Meat, by Richard E. Geis. Another irrelevant title,

a blemish on the book. ((Author's note: my title was The Perverts. I was not unhappy with Raw Meat, which, in the context of the story, is apt, and I think a more commercial title. —R.E. Geis))

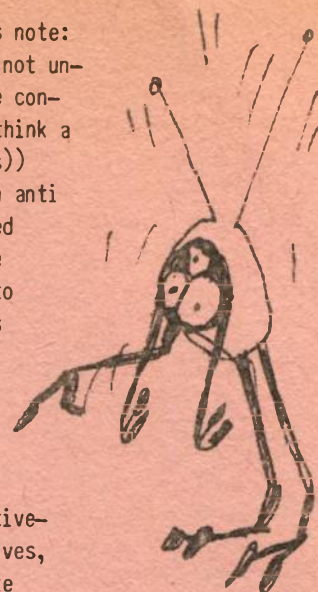
This is a standard science fiction anti utopia adventure nicely frameworked for regular and detailed sex. One thing about Geis: you never have to wait long for next erection. This novel should be reasonably satisfying to both the SF addict and the erotica addict. Though I fall in the former category, I got my main charge from the latter, for those scenes are imaginatively done—and many are, in themselves, science fiction. Try this for size (with a six-inch minimum): Delia spreads out nakedly with a living pink sucking creature attached to each nip and a third in her mouth and a fourth on her clit, all working avidly. The host's big peen simultaneously enters her vagina as each of her hands grasps other hot young rigid peens and a vibro-finger probes her rectum deeply.

As lagniappe we have eight or more science fiction personalities incorporated unobtrusively. Rotsler lasers, Anthony House, Senator Pierce of Cuba(!), Ellison & Delap Kalm Capsule (!), Osa Azimof (uh, Geis—let me advise you that the Kindly Doctor is sensitive about the spelling of his moniker...), Ted Pauls founder of The Kipple Shop, the Koontzco helmet, and ghod knows what I overlooked. Oh, sure, this is cheap stuff—but I enjoyed it muchly in passing. Next time I have occasion to write about a spurting geiser....

This may be the least of the five novels, but I believe I enjoyed it the most. Maybe it is because this was the only one where sex was really fun.

So what am I to make of this erotic package? I asked for a selection of the type of material ESSEX was interested in seeing more of, and I received a more diverse and intriguing collection than I anticipated. Well, I fear I must join what is evidently the majority opinion: this is one helluva line of books, and Brian Kirby must be one heluvan editor. I have seen listings of Terry Carr, George Ffnsberger and Brian Kirby as the three remarkable SF editors of the day, and I am hard put to it to disagree. I don't rank any of these ESSEX efforts as award-contending science fiction—but SF is only a portion of their content. And, despite my several allusions to pornography herein, I don't consider them that, either. A lot more effort has gone into these novels than that required for simple obscene pandering.

In fact, I believe we have here a significant movement in the field. For here the limits are off; I observe no taboos, not even the "bad policeman" taboo Geis claims exists (witness Lovely), and the literary level is not low. Here is complete freedom for the writer—and in a climate like that, both the



WHAT
YOU
SAID!

best and the worst will emerge. Editorial judgement can abate the worst; that is what editors are for, if they care to remember. I suspect that some completely nonsexual novels might even have fitted here, for sex is hardly the only taboo that requires violating. If this ESSEX line had been allowed to perpetuate naturally, I believe we would in due course have seen award material. This is the climate in which imaginative writers can really explore and invent new horizons. At first there will be awkwardnesses and mistakes, for a new form does not emerge from the cranium with instant splendor; it has to spread out, discover the artistic boundaries (as opposed to the social ones) and master the larger esthetic format. It must pass from the repressions of childhood through the excesses of adolescence and come at last into the balance of maturity; only then can it be judged.

But ESSEX is dead. It tried to carry too heavy a price-load, too narrow a distribution, and so economics reacted against the violation of its taboos and brought it down. Those books were not worth two bucks apiece. Enemies will claim that it was content that extinguished the series, but I don't believe this. An overpriced book that you can't find on sale anywhere is likely to fail regardless of its content.

Think what we might have seen. Theodore Sturgeon was becoming involved and had delivered a manuscript; who is there today who questions his ability? Tomorrow would we have seen novels by Asimov, Heinlein, Clarke, or hitherto unremarkable names? This represented an open invitation to the field: Do your best, with absolutely no restrictions!

It could have been spectacular.



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MONOLOG CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Berkley SF cont. — May, 1970

Purple Aces (G-8 #2), Robert J. Hogan, X1746, 60¢; plp rpt. The Long Twilight, Keith Laumer, S1810, 75¢; reprint. SF: Author's Choice/2, ed. Harry Harrison, N1837, 95¢; original anthology.

June—Ace of the White Death (G-8 #3), Robert J. Hogan, X1764, 60¢; pulp reprint.

Damnation Alley, Roger Zelazny, S1846, 75¢; reprint.

Dune Messiah, Frank Herbert, N1847, 95¢; reprint.

Orbit 6, Damon Knight, ed., S1848, 75¢; reprint anthology.

July—(Numbers not yet set; prices mostly 75¢)

Prime Number, Harry Harrison; original story collection.

The Laughter Outside at Night (title to be changed), Gene Wolfe; original.

Thongor Fights the Pirates of Tarakus, Lin Carter; original fantasy.

Shield, Poul Anderson; reissue of original novel.

August—(tentative)

The Third Pan Book of Horror Stories, ed. Herbert van Thal; original.

The Singing Citadel, Michael Moorcock; original collection.

Time Trap, Keith Laumer, reprint.

+ Fritz Leiber has moved to San Francisco. His address is not at the moment available.

+ When, Harlan, when?

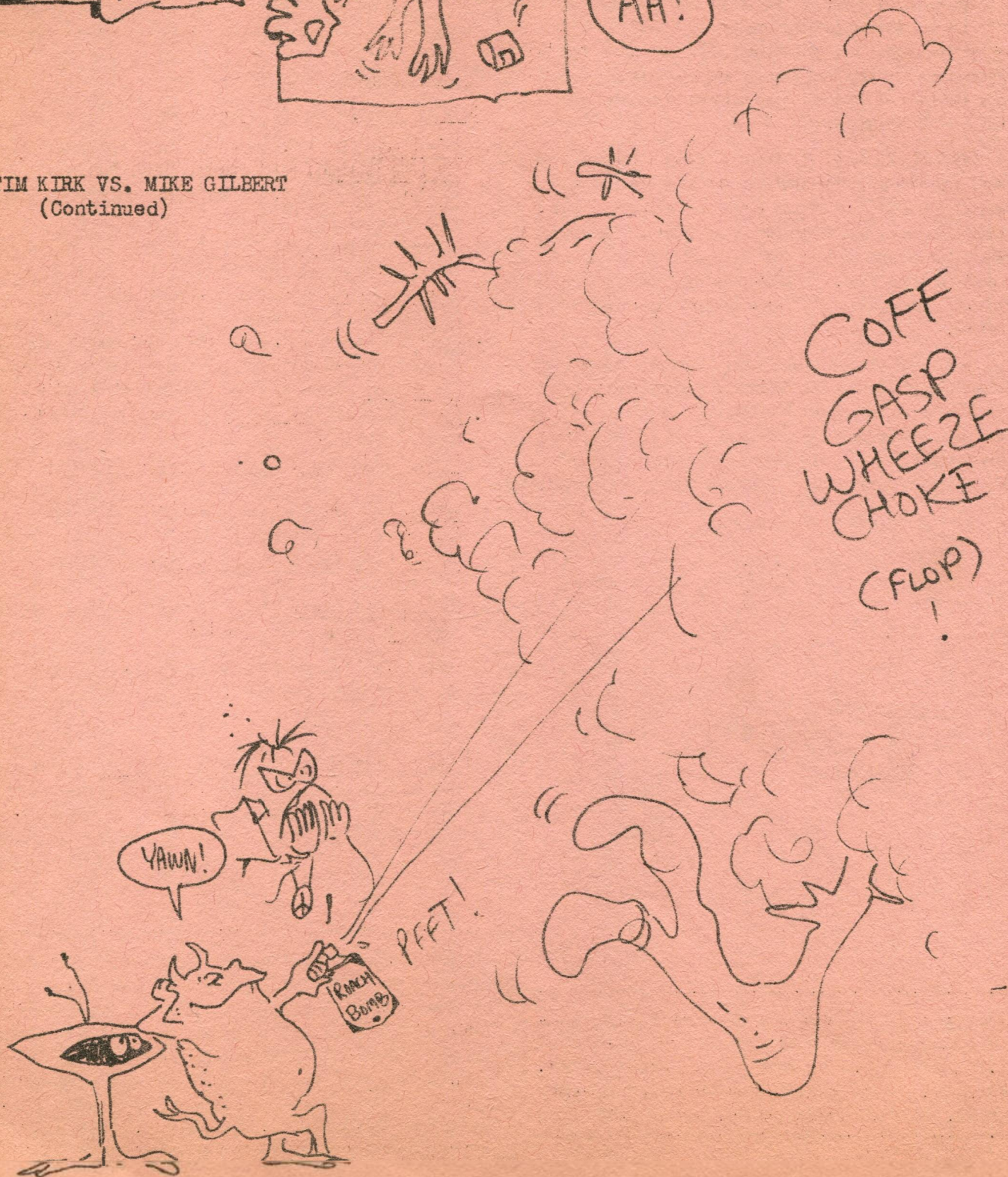
+ The Shattered Ring: Scenario for the Future by Lois and Stephen Rose (John Knox Press), examines sf approaches to revolution, man, nature, history and a new mythology. Writing by Wells, Heinlein, Zelazny, and others is evaluated.

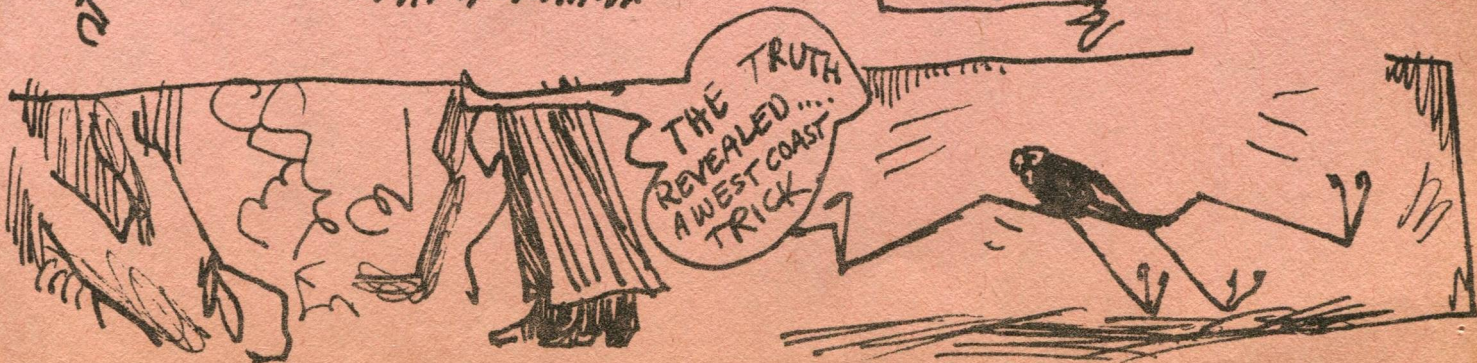
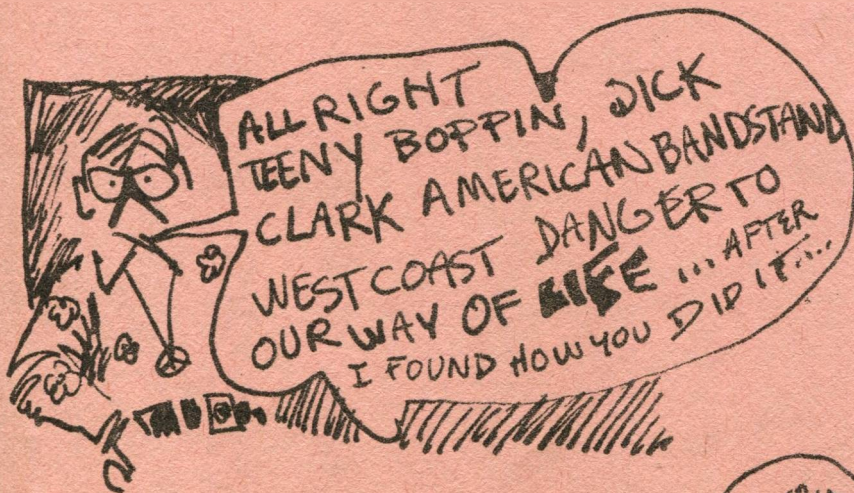
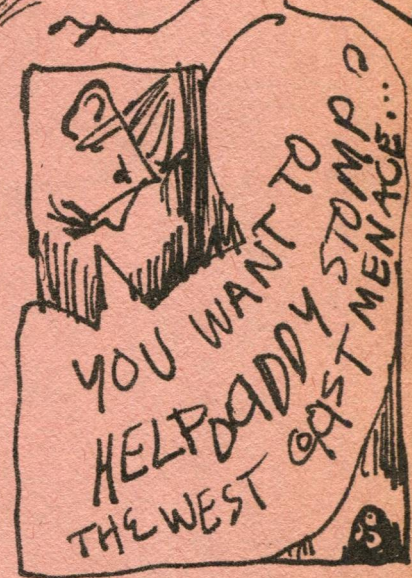
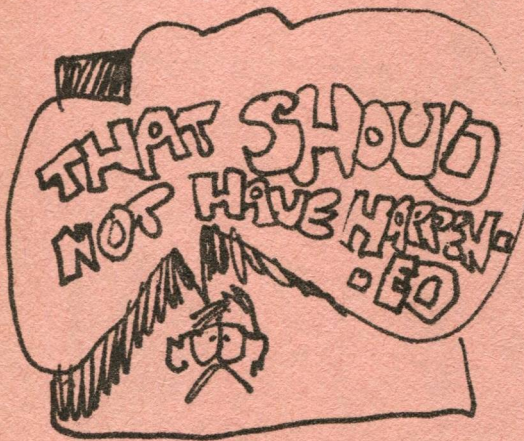
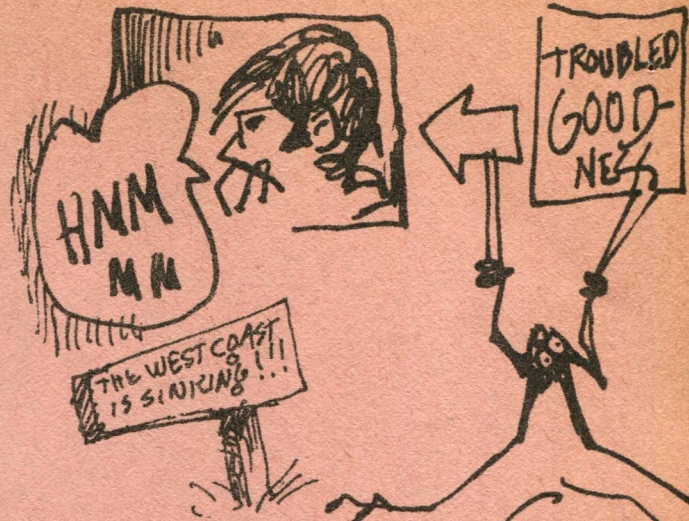
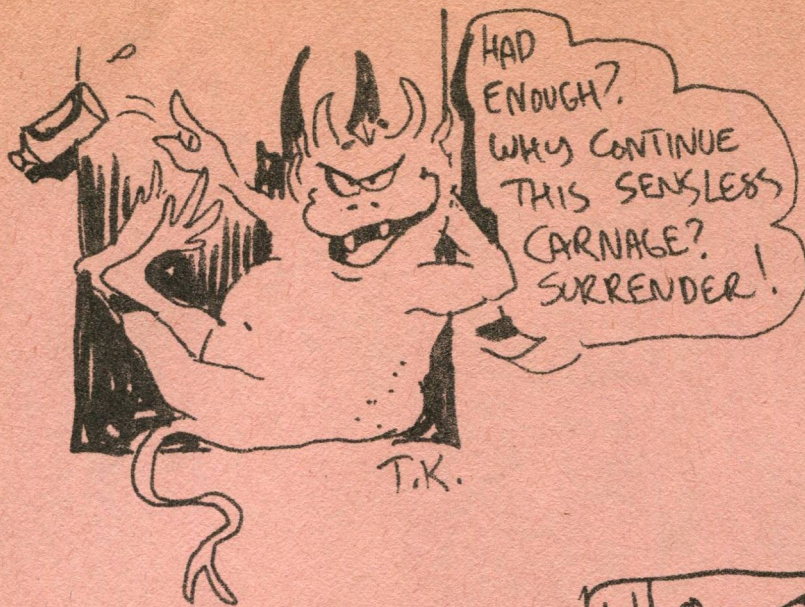
—PUBLISHERS WEEKLY (Fred Patten)

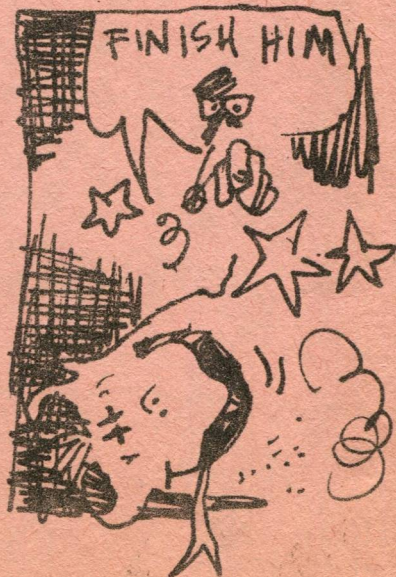
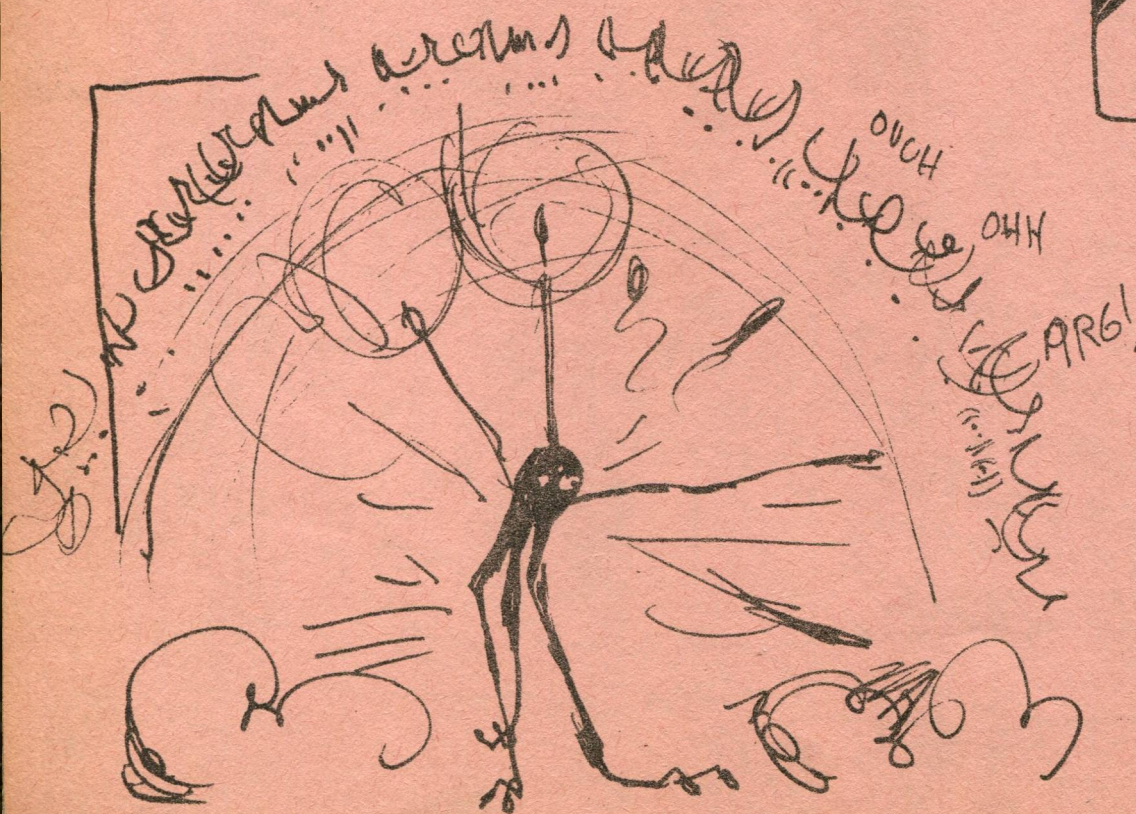
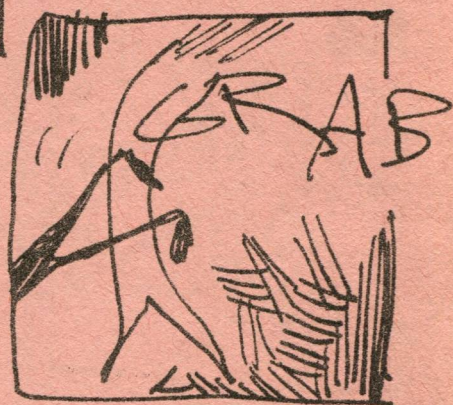
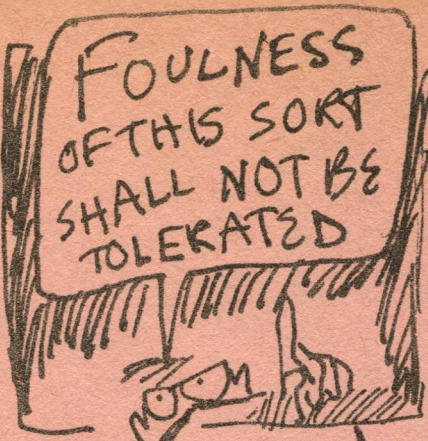
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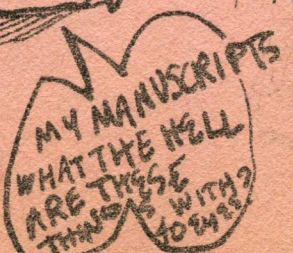
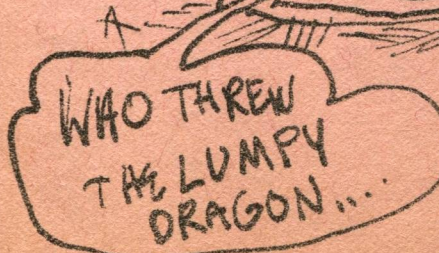
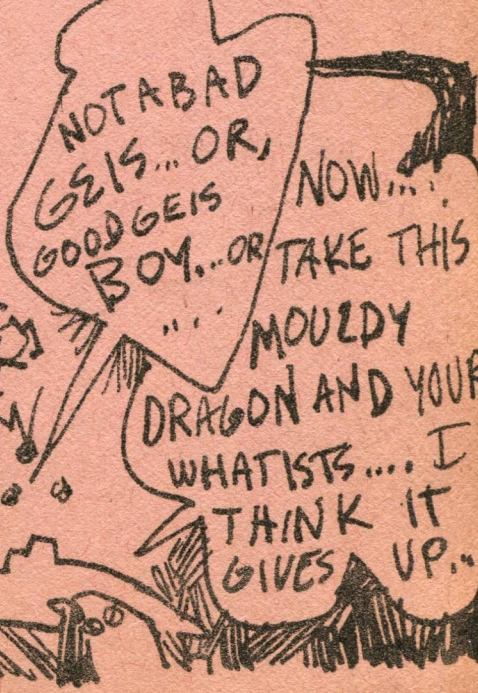
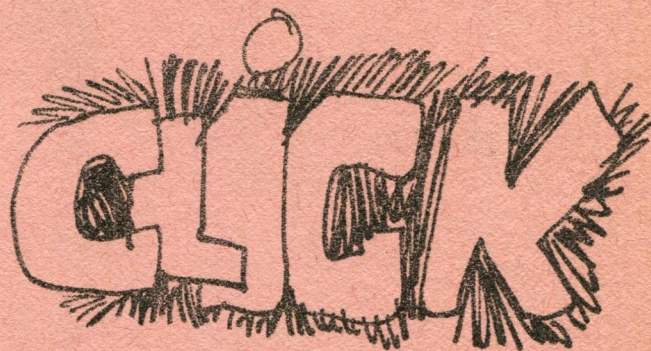
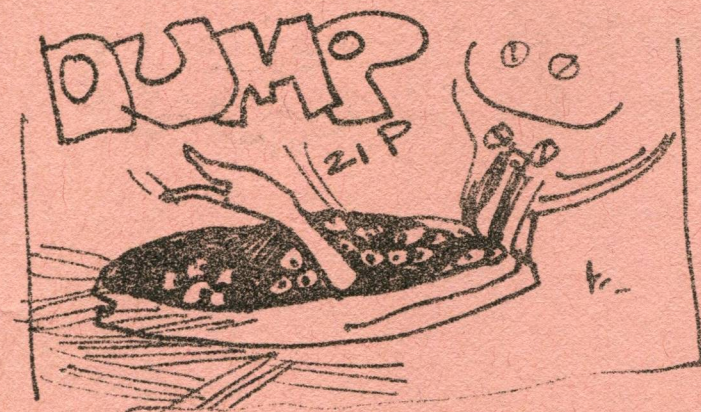
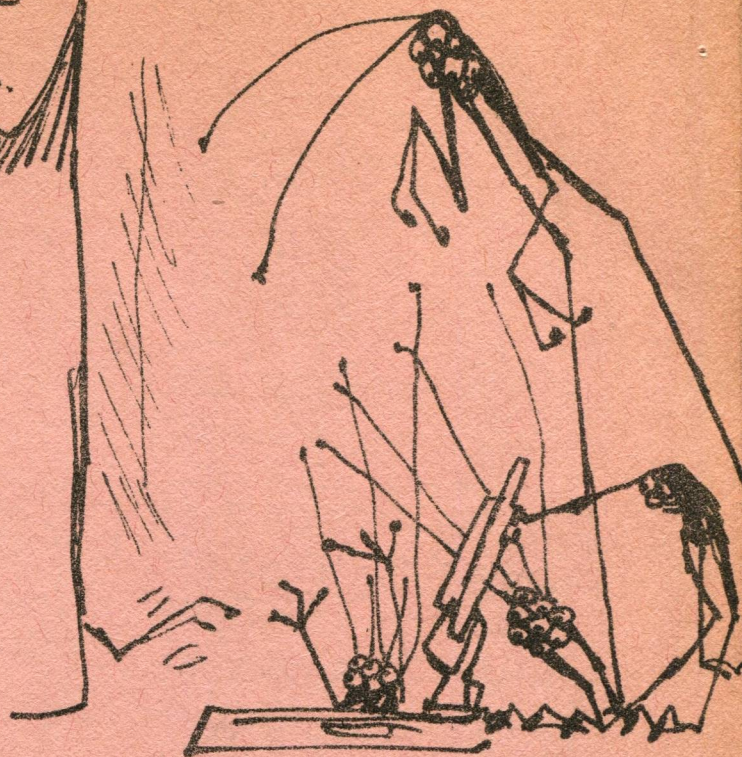
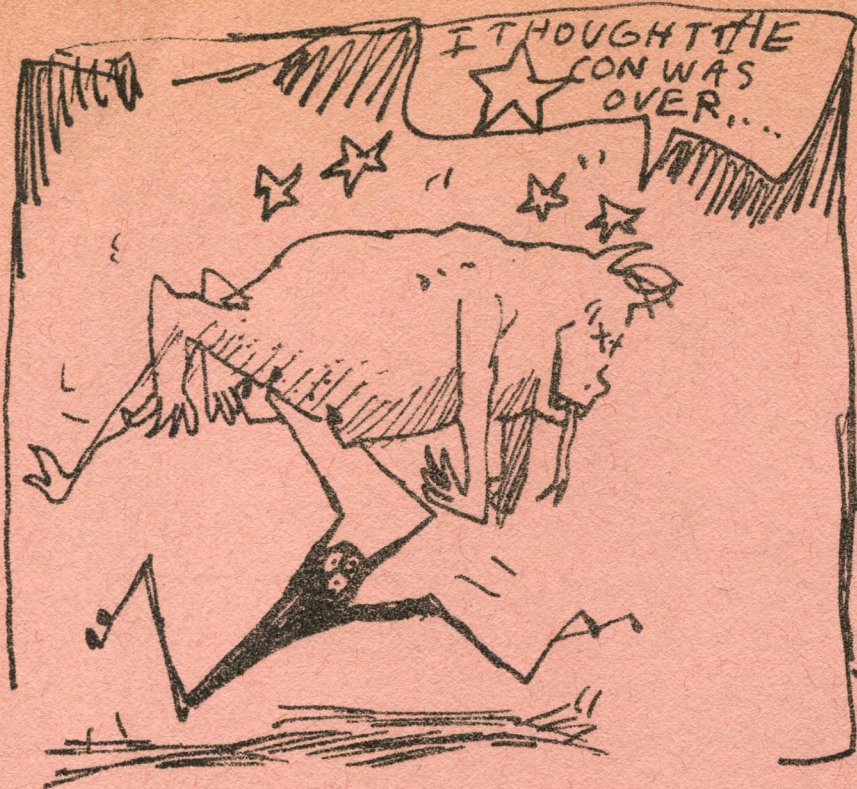
TIM KIRK VS. MIKE GILBERT
(Continued)







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••BOOK REVIEWS••

On the Reviewers of Science-Fiction

First as a writer, then when he grew bored,
As Playboy's Fiction Editor, he warred
Against the vicious Modern mania
That had laid waste to Art and Lithuania.
Now, once or twice a year, when he can do it,
He'll take a book and make himself go through it,
Reading each word, and trying hard to think
Whatever had been meant by so much ink.
A single novel makes him sick for days:
Oh, if writers knew the price of praise!

Then lo! surviving their obituaries,
Behold the host of supernumeraries!
It is weird, amazing, and fantastic:
All without teeth—and many of them spastic!
Yet see how each of them is able still,
With just his gums, to gobble down the swill:
Endless the stream that pours into the trough,
Endless their appetite to lick it off.
No matter that they don't know what they've tasted—
If they can eat it, then it isn't wasted.

—Tom Disch

NIGHTFALL AND OTHER STORIES by Isaac Asimov—Doubleday,
\$5.95

Reviewed by Ted Pauls

Coming to grips with Isaac Asimov is a commanding task for any book reviewer. Here is a living, breathing legend, creator of the Foundation series, the positronic robot stories, one of a very small group of writers whose names meant science fiction—and vice versa—for two decades. It is as difficult to conceive of the development of science fiction without Isaac Asimov as without Robert A. Heinlein or John W. Campbell.

At the same time, however, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that time has passed Asimov by. At a time when much of the writing in the field was of such

quality as to barely meet the minimum requirements of literacy, Asimov became a giant by putting across good, solid SF concepts in the competent but unexceptional prose of a born storyteller. The consistency of his competence is positively breathtaking in and of itself. He never, so far as I know, turned in a piece of really poor writing; he also never improved. There is no significant difference in prose quality between the stories he was writing at the beginning of his career in the very late 1930's and those he writes today. Asimov remained a giant in the field—as a result of his talent, not merely as an honorarium due an elder statesman—as long as the field remained what it had been for so long, but in the course of that fantastically rich decade of the 1960's the field grew and changed. And of all the old-line hard science fiction writers and storytellers, Asimov appears to have been most diminished by the soaring standards.

Today, some of the most exciting things in literature are taking place in the field of speculative fiction. In the past couple of years, there have been literally dozens of novels and stories published in this genre which, by nearly anyone's standard of literature, are equal or superior to the top-flight mainstream novels and stories of the same period. When concepts are exploding out of books like roman candles and people are doing magic things with words, the dull, mechanical prose of an Isaac Asimov has little to offer the reader. His skill on the level on which he operates is unquestionable, but far too many writers have gone beyond to higher levels, more exciting levels. There is never in Asimov's writing any genuine beauty or power or depth or sensitivity, so that even with the very finest of his stories the reader finds himself constantly imagining how much more other authors could have done with the theme. The competence which once made Asimov outstanding is today inadequate; the SF field has, quite suddenly, after a protracted adolescence, grown far beyond him.

There is a good chance, I believe, that Dr. Asimov has realized this himself. Such a realization might account for his endorsement of the Second Foundation's efforts. It might also account for the condescending arrogance he displays in Nightfall and Other Stories toward writing as an art as opposed to writing as a mechanical skill. For instance, in his



introduction to the initial selection of the volume, Asimov seeks to make a virtue of his creative limitations:

"As far as writing is concerned I am a complete and utter primitive. I have no formal training at all and to this very day I don't know How To Write. I just write any old way it comes into my mind and just as fast as it comes into my mind."

You would have to look far and wide for a better example of self-depreciation so ostentatious and phony that it becomes conceit.

In the introduction to another of this volume's selections, the author provides, perhaps unconsciously, another perspective on his approach to writing and his inherent shallowness and limitations as a creator of fiction:

"Believe me, there can be nothing duller than tomorrow's headlines in science fiction. As an example, consider Nevil Shute's On the Beach. Surely to the science fiction fan—as opposed to the general public—this must seem very milk-and-watery. So there's a nuclear war to start the story with—and what else is new?"

This is rather like a prolific staff writer for HUNTING AND FISHING MONTHLY dismissing Herman Melville's Moby Dick by saying, "So there's this big whale hunt—and what else is new?" Now, I am the first to admit that On the Beach had weaknesses, but despite these it was a valid and important novel exploring human emotions and relationships in a dying world. The nuclear war which had already occurred when the story began was central not as an event in itself but as a causative agent. Is it conceivable that Asimov, a professional writer for more than 30 years, can really not understand that there are—should be—things dealt with by a story or novel other than the incident or gimmick which forms its premise?

Well, yes, it is conceivable; and a perusal of Nightfall and Other Stories, chosen by the author as among his best, suggests that it is in fact true. Were it not true, he could hardly offer as milestones of a long career stories so devoid of substance, stories which, while by no means bad, have nothing to commend them beyond competence of execution and a minimal cleverness of concept. The title story, "Nightfall", is a particularly egregious example. Since it is one of Asimov's early efforts, it would be unfair to hold it up as an example of his work, save for the extraordinary and demonstrable fact that he hasn't improved in all of the intervening years (he himself refers in the introduction to the fact that "Nightfall" is widely considered his best story). It postulates a world of six suns, inhabited by a race of beings who have never known darkness save for brief eclipses every 2050 years. I am perfectly willing to believe in such a world and such a race, but I am not convinced by this story, not on any level. What should be profound drama becomes a travesty instead. There is no feeling, no depth. The characters are "aliens" because Asimov says they are; nothing about the way they think or speak suggests that they are other than

human characters, and poorly-done characters in a second-rate Hollywood melodrama at that (a journalist named Theremon speaking: "You think I'm scared stiff, don't you? Well, get this, mister, I'm a newspaperman and I've been assigned to cover a story. I intend covering it.") The ramifications—social, psychological, moral, political, linguistic, etc.—of civilized life on such a world are so broad and fascinating that a really fine novel could have been written on the premise of "Nightfall", but Asimov barely scratches the surface of a few of the possibilities—and he does that minimal task with no great skill.

Most of the other selections are likewise superficial scratchings on the surface of a premise, and this makes the stories, however competently put together, essentially piffle. Piffle can be fun, to be sure, but it's rarely worth wasting time on if you have anything more substantial to read, and it tends to become boring in great quantity. The quality of the Asimov piffle in Nightfall and Other Stories runs the gamut from the extremely clever "What Is This Thing Called Love?" and "Insert Knob A in Hole B" to nauseatingly "cute" pieces of tripe like "Nobody Here But—" and "My Son, The Physicist" (the latter is fully as bad as the title suggests it might be). More than half of the twenty selections are in this category. A few others are standard serious SF stories, including the very well done "Green Patches", and a couple of novelette-length stories ("Hostess", "Breeds There a Man...?" and "C-Chute").

Two stories only, two out of twenty, approach being something more than simply strings of words fashioned together in a commercially pleasing manner. "In a Good Cause—" deals with the realpolitiks of interstellar federation and war with an alien race in a way reminiscent of Robert Heinlein or Poul Anderson, and despite sketchy characterization and a kind of flat tone, it comes as close as anything Asimov has written to being a story of substance. The best piece of fiction in the collection, however, is "Unto the Fourth Generation", a seven-page story that, as the author observes in his introduction, is the only "Jewish story" he has ever written. It has the tightest writing in this volume, and approaches sensitivity closer than anything I've ever read by Asimov.

Nightfall and Other Stories is a book that you might buy for a neighbor's teenage son who has just discovered science fiction via his father's collection of 1940-60 prozines. It isn't one I would recommend to anyone whose time is sufficiently limited that he or she has difficulty keeping up with new novel releases. There simply isn't enough meat in 340 pages to make it worthwhile.



Reviewed by Piers Anthony

Rejoice! The strayed lamb has returned to the fold.
We have here a genre novel by Wilson (Bob) Tucker.

This is obviously not a new wave effort, so we'll treat it as though it were and discuss it on three levels.

PLOT: Brian Chaney, the instrument of a controversial translation, is tapped by Kathryn (Katrina) van Hise and a government project for the task of riding into the future and making a report to the present, 1978. There are interminable briefings, test hops of one hour and two years, and finally the full jump of over twenty years. There are little niceties of plot, but this is essentially the vehicle for an expose of our near future, and the novel stands or falls on the validity of that future.

THEME: There are those who choose to belittle the most serious problems of our day. Pollution? Ridiculous—our technology can handle such a simple item as waste disposal. Overpopulation? Nonsense—all mankind could live in and feed off the Amazon basin alone, for centuries to come. War? No danger there, just so long as we stay ahead of the Commies and step on a couple of little troublemakers. Race relations? Forget it—by 1980 all that overrated unpleasantness will solve itself, and meanwhile let's not exaggerate the negative by publicising it.

Damned simpletons!
The abyss is near; these problems will not depart if ignored. Earth may be essentially extinct by the year 2000. This is the warning of this novel, and if it is similar in that respect to many other warnings in the field, it is still a telling one.

SYMBOLISM: There is, within the body of the novel, a four page semi-story, an example of midrash: a kind of Biblical-period fiction. It turns out that one of the pieces of midrash that Chaney translated is similar to a portion of the Bible itself, but predates it by about a century. This suggests that the Bible itself is at least in part deliberate fiction. A beautiful notion, and no wonder some would like to crucify Chaney! But the item quoted here is noncontroversial, telling of a man who was two men who swept the skies clean of debris. One day a stone struck him and put him out of commission for some centuries; mere anarchy was loosed and the sun was not quiet. But finally he rose up again, cleared away the dragons, freed mankind, and made the sun quiet again.

In the novel proper, Chaney visits the future to anticipate the coming problems, but is unable to halt the fall of civilization. At the end he does come back, in his fash-

ion, and the implication is that now the sun will be quiet again.

All this is not perfectly done. We have seen enough of critics who fail to comprehend the author's purpose, then blame the author for having none, so let's go cautiously here. The novel begins slowly and the writing is unsure. Characterization is standard or below. But once the author remembers the feel of the medium the substance emerges nicely, and the whole is pretty well integrated. In 1980 a weak President is more interested in re-election than in the welfare of his country (that's familiar!); the military attempts a coup (remember: they said assassination couldn't happen here, either); race warfare breaks out; American and world civilization disintegrates. I question whether race warfare could end it, not because of any confidence in morality or good intentions but because the whites are so much greater than the blacks in number and power in America. Internecine slaughter, yes; mutual annihilation, no. I suspect that what the author is trying to show is the visible manifestation of a far more massive complex of problems. It is well shown.

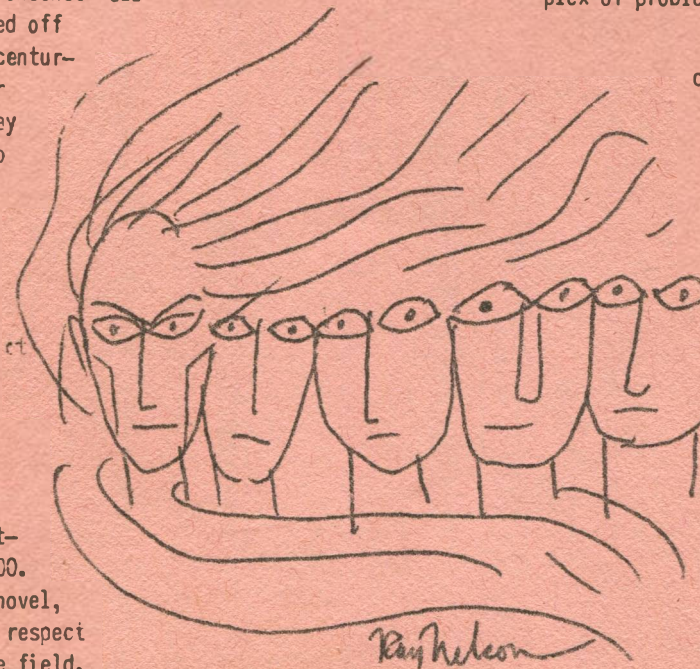
But there is one terrific incongruity. I'll give away the secret because I believe its handling damages the novel. Chaney is black. But the reader isn't informed of this until the end of the story. Considering the relevance his color has to his project—after all, he is calmly walking around town in 1980 when the race warfare is at full intensity—and his interest in Katrina (white), this is a pointless cheat on story and reader. Remember his color as you read the novel; that way you'll pick up the scattered little hints, making it more meaningful, together with the incongruities, making it meaningless. The man who was two men: one a scholar, the other black. Why was it wasted?

Summary: yes, Tucker can still write science fiction.



Editor's note: I read the set of galleys before sending them on to Piers. My reaction to the book is more to the style which I found to be of a high quality, on a par with so-called "mainstream". Tucker writes very well, his style reflects maturity, skill, talent. The ending of the book is told beautifully and affectingly. I quibble, too, with Piers, about the wisdom of keeping Chaney's blackness a "secret"; the impact at the end perhaps justifies it, but I feel the device is slightly dishonest.

But a fine book, slightly flawed. By all means read it.



Sf/Sex Compendium:

FRUIT OF THE LOINS by John Cleve—Bee-Line 617K, \$1.75

CAMILLE 2000 by Sebastian Grant—Award A457S, 75¢

THE KINGDOM OF FUKKIAN by A. Philo Mann—Belmont B12-1037, \$1.25

A FEAST UNKNOWN by Philip Jose Farmer—Essex House 0121, \$1.95

BLOWN by Philip Jose Farmer—Essex House 0139, \$1.95

RAW MEAT by Richard E. Geis—Essex House 0136, \$1.95

Reviewed by Richard Delap

Well, we've come a long way from St. Louis, to mention one recent convention, and Farmer's once hotly discussed and deservedly praised combination of sex and science fiction, The Lovers, seems destined for that quaint class of historical curios which includes all those books once considered daring. The world has been enlightened and subliminal symbolism is no longer needed to craftily convey a picture of engorged, engaged loins. The once pornographic eye is now a clinical one — the writer uses it to describe the sex organs (both of them) and the sex act (all of them) with the detachment and detail of a good Kodak, and the reader is expected to maintain his cool and ignore any "stimulation" that may appear as a secondary complication.

But sooner or later the question is bound to arise: is it literature — even bad literature? Silverberg had a recent throw at bawdy (but still respectable) humor in Up the Line, a well-received but not very good novel. Spinrad emptied bushels of four-letter words in Bug Jack Barron but only proved he knows how to plot on the idiot level and possibly that the surface of his brain is smooth. On the other hand, D.G. Compton used sex intelligently and necessarily in Synthajoy (another "respectable" usage) and Hank Stine turned on the strong stuff full-force in his searing, shocking and very fine perversion of the perversion theme, Season of the Witch.

As you can see, I've already made my own choices of what is my idea of literature and, though you may not agree with me, if any of the foregoing novels have been accepted by you, then you also must be willing to admit that sf-sex stories can be capable of merit. (Even John J. Pierce must have some sort of sex life, no matter how unspectacularly normal it might be.)

Now comes the sad part. Sex doesn't have to be literature (or even literate) to sell, and sell, and SELL! — so the field has spawned an illegitimate birth, the science-fiction-porno-sex novel, the publisher-mother of which prostitutes the papercovered bastard at prices that seem a little steep considering that the result is technically auto-eroticism. Blanket condemnations aside, however, some recent

streetcorner...er, bookstore contenders include the following:

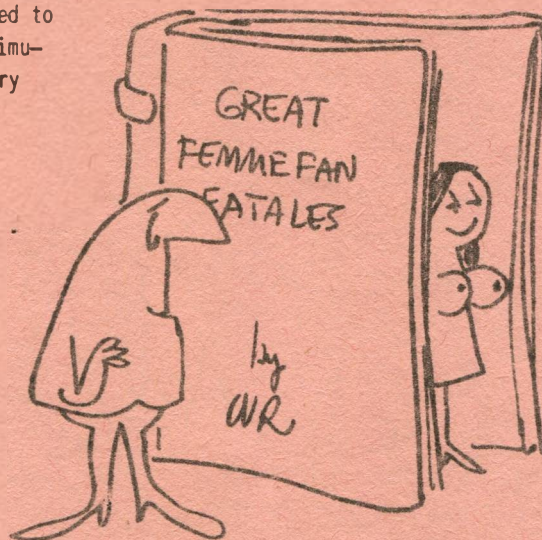
Fruit of the Loins (misprinted 'Loin' on the cover) by "John Cleve," an ill-concealed pseudonym of Andy Offutt, tells of one Myron Hough who returns to Earth after a 200 year absence in a computer-controlled spaceship stolen circa 1987 (well, so much for the realism in that story!). Myron is, if nothing else, honest, and speaks of the Earth he remembers: "The pendulum swung way over, way over, but a lot of people took advantage of it and published awful junk, by poor writers." —grammar and punctuation courtesy of, obviously. But Myron is an enigma to the 22nd century as all the men have died from an "Atomic Virus" and the Earth is populated only with women, all of whom are off-limits sex-wise since his spermatozoa are too precious to be wasted in one womb at a time. Hence, Myron Hough is forced by the evil and Lesbian Dr. Myrina to become Myron Portnoy and contribute his own donations to the sperm bank.

In case you were wondering, the rest of the book is as revoltingly stupid as the preceding and, if not totally emotionless depravity, is at least a solidly stomach-churning imitation. The sex is offensively dull and the emphasis on anal-eroticism — whether the author's or publisher's preference, I can't say — makes it a boring staple rather than a diversity. For \$1.75 you can buy quite a few comic books...and the quality of writing will certainly surpass anything in this book.

Camille 2,000 is the beautiful Marguerite Gautier, a whore, a "speed freak," a resident of the "transitory world" of the idle rich in an undated but future Rome. Sebastian Grant's novelization of the recent sexploiter film version of Dumas' La Dame aux Camelias is pervaded with impending doom but persistently fails when trying to say

something about the tragedy of it all. The melancholic recollections of the saddened hero, the naive plot (which was old-fashioned even when Dumas wrote it) and the clumsy updating — all the supporting characters are whores or homos, liberally sprinkled as if they were really exciting or different, which they aren't — all of these combine to squash any interest generated by the author's sometimes evocative descriptions. The closest the book comes to realizing its sf potential is in the line "the search for pleasure for its own sake has replaced the quest for the Grail." (p. 73)...and that (sigh) is as far as the extrapolation goes. It all comes to a sad end (overdose of drugs, you know) which is fitting for such a sad excuse for a book.

The Kingdom of Fukkian — pronounced foo kee yun, not the way you're tempted to say it — by A. Philo Mann is not merely bad, it is a nightmare. A sex researcher receives coded messages from "inner space" on an (are you ready?) X-ray spectrometer (I knew you weren't ready!), all of which convey the belief of



a people called the Fukkians: S-E-X, Sex Ends Xenophobia. The college dean, Claudette Wilhelmina, does a lot of closet masturbating, the sex researcher's children are fellating monsters, the orgies are high-flying (literally), and the previous Fukkian emissary to Earth was named Jesus Christ. The book is garbage of the worst sort — smelly.

Philip Jose Farmer's A Feast Unknown has a postscript by Theodore Sturgeon which is a craftily worded excuse for a worthless book; if Sturgeon would write so convincingly for a cause, heavens, no telling what the result! Lord Grandrith and Doc Caliban are Farmer's slanderous couterparts to Tarzan and Doc Savage in this spoof that aborts itself with every juvenile analogy, meaningless simile, and tired pun. Farmer does manage to turn sex and violence topsy-turvy, but he screws his values around so much that nothing ends up making any sense and the absurdity becomes so intense as to be, long before the much delayed ending, painful. The book is overstuffed with violence and horror and, like a child overfed with candy mints, the result can be (and in this instance, is) awfully messy. There's a satirical subplot involving the mysterious, world-dominating Nine, as well as various diversionary forays into scatology, bestiality and other less appealing sidelines. The book becomes an unhappy glut of any- and everything, finally becoming so exceedingly messy that even Farmer runs out of steam and sperm and just drops it all with loose ends dangling like spaghetti ends. I won't deny Farmer the right to write such drivel because he's proven to me many times that he can write well; I only find it very disappointing that he would willingly claim it under his own byline.

In Blown, Philip Jose Farmer isn't really writing a sex novel at all. I've finally realized that the book's sub-heading — Sketches Among the Ruins of My Mind (An Exorcism: Ritual 2) — really does indicate a self-purge, and since the proceedings involve sex the publisher is only doing the obvious. The novel is a follow-up to last year's The Image of the Beast, an awful book of adventures involving private-eye Harold Childe in a series of sex- and horror-oriented shenanigans. Woolston Heepish, a satire on Forrest J. Ackerman, has been replaced in the present book by Forry himself (who, in reality has to be a very good friend of Farmer's, else we'd soon hear of a libel case). There are two alien races, the Tocs and the Ogs (miscegenation between which has produced Childe himself), a search for the Grail (a theme being done to death these days in SF), page after page of sexual bladerdash too stupid to be funny, and consistent idiocy (par example — hearing a yell through a roomful of cascading water) that would make the kackest of hack writers hang his head in shame. The book seems only

to emphasize the loathing Farmer holds for humanity, self, and any imaginary beings that either may dream up, and the title simply indicates what you've done with your money if you waste it on such trash as this.

Richard Geis, an old pro at this game of sexed-up sf, at least manages to keep his environment consistent from page to page, and though Raw Meat is incredibly silly under any applied standards, it at least has occasional cleverness in execution and enough name-dropping to make it an "in" fandom item. The time is post World War III and the hairless "clean" people have their pleasures mapped out by the all-seeing Great Mother Computer. Actual bodily contact and (shudder) childbirth are horrors of the distant past, and sex is now enjoyed with the use of Total Sensory sextape wherein all bodily secretions are flavored and the only off-limits portion of the body is the navel. The poor hero, Jim 5, is soon involved in the underground of perverts who seek to reintroduce "raw" sex. The book tackles its societal woes in a loose, piecemeal manner that never introduces enough complications to detract from the parade of sexual gymnastics, and the suicide-climax tidies everything up by sweeping the loose dirt under the rug. The eroticism crowd will probably dig it, but the sf group will only sigh, shake its collective head and be glad that Geis finds good use for the profits from such inanity.

In spite of the unsatisfactory results of the six books listed here, I very much regret the recent demise of Essex House. Sex novels, good and (mostly) bad, are here to stay, so the loss of a house that can turn up even one quality item among the reams of crud is a disappointment. All I want to know is: who's going to publish Hank Stine's next book?

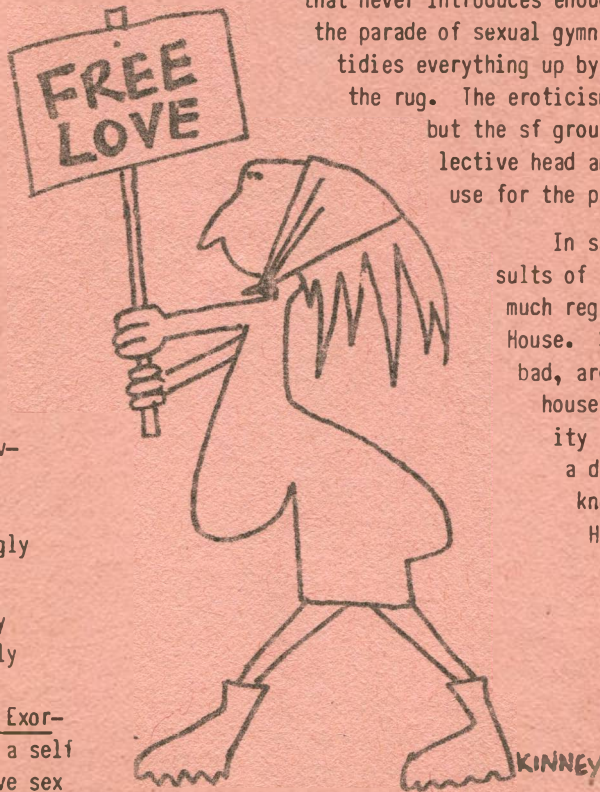


Editor's Note: the reader may feel I am publishing all these reviews of Raw Meat (Stine's in #35, Anthony's and Delap's in this issue) out of ego-tism. Not so. I asked De-

lap for permission to cut his SF/Sex Compendium and he said all or nothing. Piers Anthony writes what he wants when he wishes in his column; I have no control. Everyone wants to comment on the sex-sf sub-genre.

Me, too. I said before I didn't think the sex novel and the science fiction novel could wed successfully. I'm sure of it now. A writer cannot serve the master of sex in a porno book for a porno house, for porno readers while being true to a science fiction theme or idea or formula for sf readers.

The sex novel is a legitimate, honorable genre, but its dynamics demand the subservience of other elements—so that in Raw Meat the concern was with sex primarily, and sf was used to enhance the erotic elements...to provide a vehicle for outrea-



erotic activity. I tried to weave in some genuine sf content, but the experience proved that while the sf could and did help the effectiveness of the book as a porno effort, it made the book a disappointment as a well-balanced sf novel...as an integrated piece of fiction.

The moment the sexual elements slide into porno—sex for erotic impact—then any book becomes mal-proportioned and a bad book to that extent...because eroticism for eroticism's sake necessarily distorts any kind of novel, except of course the pure sex novel.

There are elements of porno in the Essex House Farmer books. So, too, in Hank Stine's Season of the Witch. I understand he is rewriting it for possible hardcover printing. And I'll bet he is cutting the porno wordage, as he should, as an act of proper editing and rewrite.

So if you read Raw Meat, read it as a sex novel, and judge it on that basis.



SCIENCE FICTION TERROR TALES

Edited by Groff Conklin—
Pocketbooks 75413, 75¢, 2nd printing.

THE FARTHEST REACHES Edited
by Joseph Elder—Pocketbooks
75456, 75¢

Reviewed by Paul Walker

It has been my experience that the quality of an anthology is not determined by the number of quality stories but by the perspective of the editor. An editor like Joseph Elder or Fredrik Pohl or Harlan Ellison can make an overall success of a collection with a minority of good stories; while a lesser editor, like Groff Conklin, using a majority of good material, will produce something quite forgettable. I suppose this is because composing an anthology of diverse and often disharmonious elements is harder than writing a novel and few editors seem to think so.

Successful anthologies, like Dangerous Visions or Pohl's early Star series, are successful because they are personalized compositions. It is Pohl's urbanity and Ellison's fever that make them work; and probably account for the failure of individual stories by contrast to their talent. Every anthology, like every novel, has a point to make and, if the editor has not defined his point clearly in his own mind (if not always in the Introduction), the anthology will be as irritating eventually as a pointless novel which wanders unevenly to nowhere.

Joseph Elder's The Farthest Reaches indeed expresses his individual view. SF is the literature of "wonder, beauty, romance, novelty — and, above all, adventure," as

he quotes Clarke in his introduction. It is an invitational anthology, neither new wave nor old, but a literature of ideas, prophetic, academic, human. But it is literature, as genuine as anything reviewed in the TIMES. It is this spirit that carries all the way through the anthology and makes it a satisfying volume.

Aldiss begins it all with a story that to me was too much of a good thing; but I am sure it will be someone's favorite. Poul Anderson's "Kyrie" is the best short story I have read by him and the same is true of J.G. Ballard, who amazes me every time: how can a man with such sensitivity and skill be such a pessimist? Robert Silverberg again confounds skeptics, who refuse to believe the prolific are capable of quality, in an amusing gem called "To the Dark Star."

Conklin is another matter. He must be the granddaddy of SF anthologists and I am sure his influence on SF has been great, but I have never been able to read one of his anthologies straight through and, even in pieces, they never click.

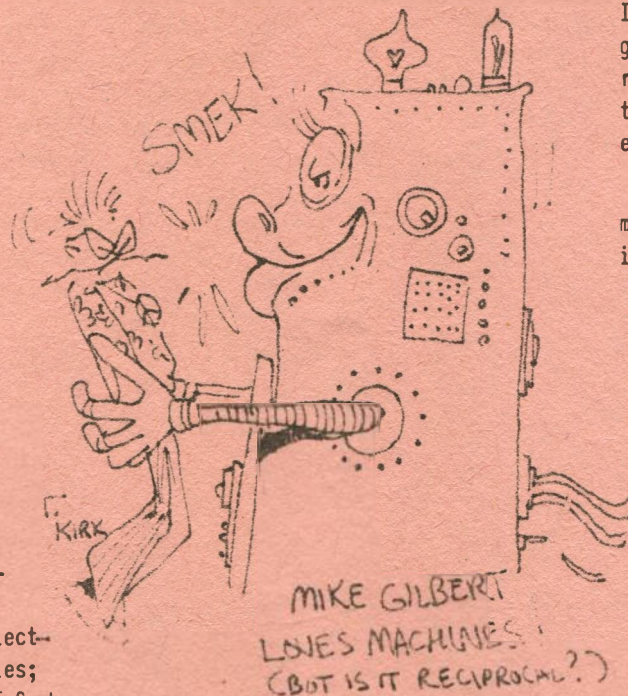
He begins with Bradbury's "Punishment without crime," a sequel to "Marionettes, Inc.," which is a fine story, then follows it with Fredric Brown's "Arena," which is a straight SF old-timer about a battle between Earthmen and aliens. Brown's story is good, but following Bradbury's beauty, it looks very shabby.

This is as unfair to Brown as it is to the reader.

Conklin does it time and again, so that the anthology dilutes itself with every step. Compounding this, Conklin's attitude as an editor seems to be less coldly professional and more enthusiastically fannish. He seems to love it all and want to include everything, completely ignoring his theme (Terror Tales). Consequently, these are neither "terror tales" nor "horror stories" but a motley collection of suspense fiction.

Nevertheless, there are some fine pieces which make it worth buying. Robert Sheckley's "The Leech" is a masterpiece of "oops" fiction; and Richard Matheson's "Through the Channels" which is undoubtedly his worst-written story ever, has an idea so deliciously gruesome as to be unforgettable. There are also fine performances by Dick, Heinlein, and Margret St. Clair, but to me, the stars of this anthology are Alan E. Nourse, who must be the most underrated SF writer of all (his "Nightmare Brother" is a beautifully conceived and written piece) and Chad Oliver, who I have not read anything by since "Shadows in the Sun" years ago.

There are things worth getting from anthologies. Invitational anthologies, like Elder's, seem to be the healthiest



thing that has happened to SF since Theodore Sturgeon learned to write. Reprints, like Conklin's, also provide useful refresher courses, nostalgia, and the discovery of such mislaid treasures as Nourse and Oliver. I would recommend Elder's book to everyone, and Conklin's especially to anyone who is just beginning to read SF. It provides a good introduction.



THE AGE OF THE PUSSYFOOT by Fredrick Pohl—Ballantine 01732, 75¢

Reviewed by Paul Walker

Recently, in the Abbott Laboratories, major supplier of the sweetener calcium cyclamate, mice were given 500 times the maximum dosage of the chemical to test the long-term effects. In Fred Pohl's 2527 A.D. Charles Forrester, former science writer and volunteer fireman, is given 500 times the maximum dosage of the "Technological Age" and this novel is a study of the effects.

Cryogenically preserved, Forrester revives to an age of multi-million dollar a year salaries, joymakers, Forgotten Men, Crawling Therapy, death-reversal copters, licensed, murdering Martians, and a war with the mysterious Sirians.

Pohl is slick, but congenial, good-humored but witty, compassionate but unsentimental. He is a calm seer. A mature, academic observer. He disdains radicalism and lacks a self-conscious or pretentious bone in his literary body. Primarily, he is a professional—disciplined, maintaining a nice balance between the gadgetry and humanity, well-paced, carefully but untidiously detailed, and champion of clarity. If uninspired, he is thoroughly enjoyable.

The plot, which seems to be Forrester's individuality challenged by technology, becomes a conventional US vs. THEM in the last few chapters. Unfortunately, Forrester is so interesting the aliens dilute the climax. If Pohl had stuck to his humans, he would have produced the book he promised in the foreward (for people who don't read SF).

Pohl's technology is benign. His most civilized characters are his robots. His mankind's dilemma seems the oldest there is: What does it mean to be human? Does it mean we are the ultimate authorities on life? Or would we do better to trust higher authorities, computers and experts. If we do trust ourselves, are we arrogant children? If we do not, are we abridging our humanity? No philosopher, Pohl still seems to take a more rational view than most contemporaries. Man is better off not being religiously intent on insecurity and dealing with the present the best he can, which means being well-informed, unimpetuous, and not imposing his individual Weltanschauung on the Zeitgeist.

This book will never win a Hugo, but it is one of the very best of 1969 and should be read and reprinted for some time. It is a fine example of the best in SF.



AGENT OF ENTROPY by Martin Siegel—Lancer 74-573, 75¢

Reviewed by Paul Walker

Friend, is your problem ennui? Are you alienated by a capitalist materialism that is corrupting the fibre of your spiritual life? Are you convinced Richard Nixon is a tool of profiteering warmongers? Does it ever occur to you that the "American Dream" may be nothing more than a fascist front for oppressing the Third World? If you are, friend, stop reading this review right now and rush out to your favorite candy store, smash the plate glass window, and swipe this book. But do not—I repeat!—not—forget to heave a malotov cocktail when you escape.

Well, now that we're alone, I ought to say first that Martin Siegel, who the cover of this book calls

a "new writer destined for greatness", is not as bad as you might think. He is very neat and orderly for a first novelist. His interest in characterization is commendable. He spares no effort to demonstrate how miserable and rotten everyone is, and he does it believably. His descriptions are his weakest point. He has a tendency to describe things like: "She was the most beautiful woman in the world," and "The landscape was spectacular" without providing many details. His plotting is another matter. There is hardly anyone to identify with, least of all the protagonist, and the most likeable characters are apparently the most evil.

The story starts off about one thing and seems to end up about something else, but that is merely an illusion. Mr. Siegel is saying, "Tear this building down" and he says it in every sentence.

All in all, it is not a bad first novel.

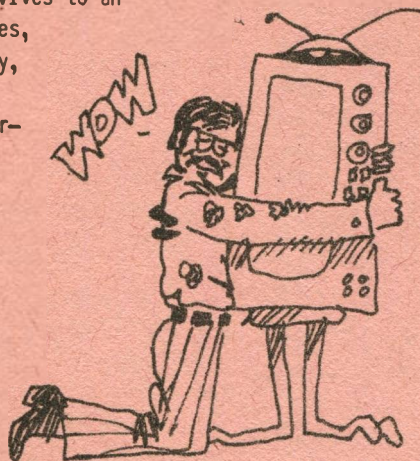


WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1969, Edited by Donald A. Wollheim and Terry Carr—Ace 91352, 95¢

Reviewed by Richard Delap

Not only have these annual Ace anthologies proven to be the best of the yearly competition, but this latest volume is by far the best of the best. At least half these stories would prove to be the year's choicest by any standards, and nearly all the rest are good enough to inspire heated arguments over their worth, a sure sign that the editors have made intelligent choices.

Of special interest are three stories which mark their first



U.S. publication in this volume:

First-rank satire pours from Fritz Leiber like rain from a stormcloud, and, as the editors point out, he is oddly-enough seldom noted for it. "The Square Root of Brain," a delightful listing of human foibles, is the story of a typical Hollywood party where misinformation and personal biases here lead to far more relevant conclusions than most of the attendees suspect. "To err is human..." — Leiber milks that idea for all it's worth and gives the reader the cream; we should thank him.

Stylistically insane—including brackets within parenthetical asides—and dramatically likewise—ranging from a Guernsey dairy farm to an ice cream palace on Triton—Samuel R. Delany's "Time Considered As a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones" follows the career of a chameleon, planet-hopping con-man, with an ambiguous verve that is pleasurable if too confusing for simple reading. Still, it's fun to read and to hell with what it means.

Colin Kapp's "The Cloudbuilders" tells of a future where men travel in balloon-ships and stand on the threshold of public emergence of the long-hidden knowledge in advanced technology. I found the story the least of the inclusions, overlong and a bit wearying. Though the balloons may be a new twist, the story of the knowledge-keeping Guild, the group of worthy but backward peasants, and the thieving raiders who hope to find and use the secret technology is a relatively ordinary sf plot that just isn't original enough to hold much interest.

Among the best of the American stories:

Sydney Van Scyoc's "A Visit to Cleveland General" gives us a picture of the perfect hospital of the future...and the terrifying result of discovering its flaws; Brian W. Aldiss' "Total Environment," in which a sociological experiment, created to determine how man can survive his dreadfully overcrowded world, pictures an environment that is much less

than pleasant, Lawrence Yep's "The Selchey Kids" is another man/dolphin story, but one that stands far above most of its type and marks the impressive debut of a new writer; R.A. Lafferty's "This Grand Carcass" tells the rather startling tale of a parasite that gallops along its merry way while its host, Man, doesn't stand a chance; Terry Carr's "The Dance of the Changer and the Three" is a delightfully inventive myth-tale of some very unusual aliens; Damon Knight's "Masks" projects a questionable triumph for future medicine that is so horribly logical it will make your blood turn to ice; and, Katherine MacLean's "Fear Hound" is a tight, smooth sf/detective story which involves telepathy.

And topping them off is "Welcome to the Monkey House" by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Overpopulation has become a concern of the world in recent years, but sf writers have been using it much longer. Vonnegut sparkles it here in a story culminating in the rape of a 63 year-old virgin, proving again that a sharp writer can be relevant without being repetitious. As usual with this author, it's superb!

Oh, but that's not all...they're nine more stories by such writers as Sheckley, Anderson, Silverberg, Saberhagen, Aldiss, and...but what are you standing there for, you silly thing? Go order it!



DIMENSION THIRTEEN by Robert Silverberg—Ballantine 01601, 75¢
Reviewed by Ted Pauls

Much of the improvement in the science fiction field during the mid- and late-1960's was attributable to writers whose careers began in that decade, to all intents and purposes, and who comparatively rapidly became leading names. A development in many ways even more interesting, however, was the flowering of talents who had been there for some time without really impressing anybody. John Brunner and Kate Wilhelm are good examples. Robert Silverberg is an even better one. Silverberg was at least a borderline hack for a considerable period, turning out essentially mediocre stories in great quantity for a wide range of markets. Only in the past couple of years has he suddenly—or it seems suddenly—emerged as an author of stories, frequently of depth and sensitivity, which are contenders for awards even in rich years.

Dimension Thirteen, a collection containing a baker's dozen stories published between 1957 and 1967, is a decidedly mixed bag. It includes three top-flight stories, all published in GALAXY in 1966 and 1967, an equal number of utter flops, and a numerical majority of average pieces. There is something to be said for this collection as a living guide to Silverberg's development, and of course the presence of the other material causes one to appreciate the gems more. For example, there is a particular tendency to savor the superb "The King of the Golden River" because it follows immediately after "En Route to Earth", a piece of overdone piffle that was hardly worth reading even in 1957. (It concerns the tribulations of a neophyte stewardess on an interstellar flight. All of the humor in the



theme of Terrans coping with an assemblage of perversely heterogeneous aliens was exhausted by L. Sprague de Camp's "A Thing of Custom" which appeared in the same year as the Silverberg story.)

Along with "The King of the Golden River", the stories that make this paperback worth purchasing are "By the Seawall", which in a little under 13 pages manages to paint a discomforting picture of the Earth of the future and characterize an android as an individual, and "Halfway House", an excellent and sensitive story on the man-put-in-the-position-of-playing-God theme. As if to demonstrate that every rule requires an exception, "Bride Ninety-one", the only other story of the thirteen published later than 1960, is one of the unsuccessful ones. It is a silly little tale into which the author chucks a shovel full of alien creatures and unexplained things like "radon cocktails", "proton wells", etc., and then does nothing with them.

The other selections range downward from the predictable, albeit adequate, "World of a Thousand Colors". "Solitary" is overdone, "Journey's End" is well enough written but has an ending which is obvious from the fifth paragraph, "Eve and the Twenty-Three Adams" is morally out of date, "Dark Companion" is simply badly done, the others are clever but minor.

Dimension Thirteen is recommended to those who have never read the three first-rate stories. They're worth 25¢ apiece.



FJA PRESENTS: THE FRANKENSOURCE MONSTER Edited by Forrest J. Ackerman—Ace 25130, 95¢

Reviewed by Paul Walker

I liked this book for one reason, and resented it for two more. Last things first: The cover says, "Everything you could possibly wish to know about the late, great Boris Karloff" and that is not true. The most revealing article in this anthology of everything Mr. Ackerman could lay his hands on is by Jonah Maurice Ruddy ("The Dulwich Monster") and it only succeeds because Karloff does all the talking. The rest of the book, with a few interesting exceptions, is a wasteland. Mr. Ackerman says in his introduction he has no intention of exposing any negative facts about Karloff (he does not even believe they exist), but the least he could have done was to have collected the few revealing anecdotes and tributes, thrown in a lot more pictures, and produced a perhaps smaller but far more satisfying trifle than this.

My second resentment is the price. 95¢ is not only ludicrously exorbitant for this trifle, it is downright dishonest!

What did I like about it? The same thing I liked about every lousy Boris Karloff movie ever made—Boris Karloff.

As a kid, it was the general notion in my

neighborhood crowd that Karloff and Lugosi were drug-fiends and probably worse to do what they did. I could never understand how anyone arrived at that conclusion but, since have gone by, I find everything written about these two desperately trying to disprove the rumor. It is a waste of time. If Karloff seemed a better actor than Lugosi, I think it was because Lugosi never made a successful transition from stage to screen. He "acted" too much and seemed to be hamming it up: while Karloff was not only at ease in the movies, he was a modern actor.

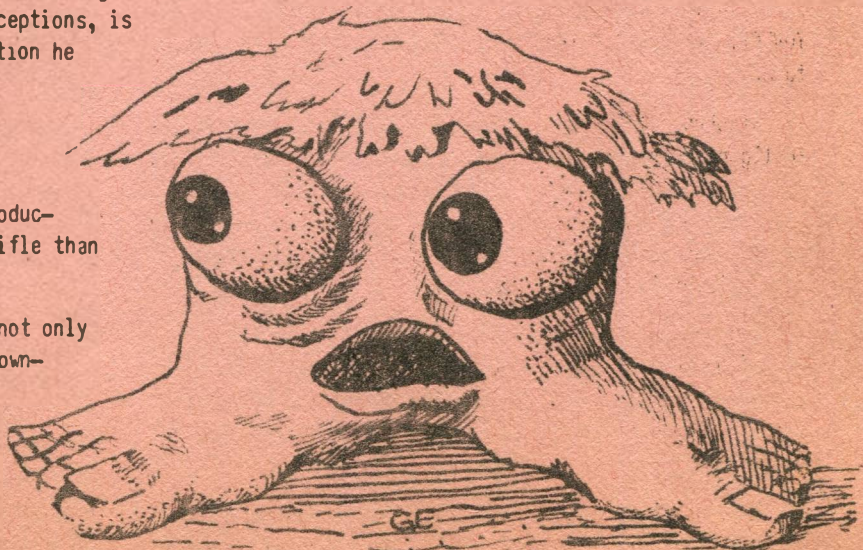
This is evident in FRANKENSTEIN whose real star is Colin Clive. He has the best lines and everything going for him, but it must have been evident even then that his acting style was dated. One of the reasons Karloff stole that picture, which no one has mentioned (and I do not believe it is just my imagination) is that he was an actor ahead of his time, employing all the sensitivity and artistry that would later be noted in Marlon Brando. Unlike his fellow players, Karloff disdained broad stage gestures and mechanical expressions, communicating instead by more subtle use of his face and voice, especially his eyes, which were like crystal balls revealing emotional depths. In the masterful scene, when the monster first sees sunlight, Karloff accomplished a piece of acting I do not believe had ever been done before on the screen and was not done again for many years. He did it many times, transcending bomb after bomb, communicating his awareness of human weakness and cruelty. He never portrayed a villain without some suggestion of why he was a villain: the child-like cruelty of the monster, the embittered geniuses who were driven to revenge; the victims of lost love in whom loneliness created obsessions. Karloff was a genius incarnate and he deserves better than FJA has given him.



THE ELEVENTH GALAXY READER Edited by Frederik Pohl—Doubleday, \$4.95

Reviewed by Fred Patten

This is the 'best' volume that was actually edited by polling a selected sample of GALAXY's subscribers as to their fav-



orita stories in the magazine during 1968. In his introduction, Fred Pohl speaks well of the experiment and the results, though he says they aren't all necessarily the same stories he'd've chosen.

The readers generally did a good job, though. The selection, ranging from two six-page short stories to a 61-page short novel, are for the most part better than average in quality and quite varied in content.

Definitions of 'New Wave' tend to vary, but there are at least three New Wave stories here by anyone's terms: The Silverberg is very good, the Rocklynne is mediocre, and the Leiber is poor. (I ought since New Wave stories are such subjective experiences, you may enjoy them in the opposite order.)

There are two refugees from ANALOG: Anvil's is a typical Campbellian editorial about practical scientific technicians vs. esthetic administrators, in which dry humor succeeds in making the Message palatable; and Reynolds' is another Ultra-Welfare State polemic even more didactic and less logical than usual (Manhattan is in ruins with the destroyed shops and museums full of valuables but nobody can be bothered to salvage them, yet police are posted around the outskirts to prevent looting), but which may be of interest to anyone who cares about Reynolds' Welfare State story frame because it's set earlier than the others, showing part of the transition between our present society and the UWS.

Poul Anderson has a biosociological mystery involving the necessity of cannibalism to an isolated and mutated lost colony, which happens to be the first of his stories I've seen in his 'Future History' set later than the Dominic Flandry tales, after the Long Night has fallen, in fact.

Burt Filer tells of an exhausted stellar society time-mining 30 billion years into the future for its needed resources; the premise is more memorable than the plot or characters.

Brian Aldiss has a horror story about overpopulation and famine in India in the near future; well-written but is it s-f? It could fit equally well in PLAYBOY, THE NEW YORKER, or ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE, it seems to me.

Stephen Goldin has a poignant little tale about an intelligent computer programmed to think it's a little girl, for purposes of adjusting it to relate to human thought patterns, and what happens when the need to use the computer for standard data processing becomes more important than maintaining the personality.

And Joseph Green tells of the Generation Gap between normal humanity and a new generation with scientifically increased intelligence, drawing the comforting moral that mutual tolerance will still work best because each can learn from the other (so nu?).

They aren't all winners, but if the average prozine had this overall balance of quality the state of magazine

s-f would be very well off indeed.



THE SEVERAL MINDS by Dan Morgan—Avon V2302, 75¢

Reviewed by Paul Walker

Dear Mr. Geis; This is to inform you that I have spent two days trying to think of some way to say "this book is awful" in at least 100 words. I do not think I can do it. It defies description.

You remember those early SF stories? The ones where the heroes sat around and talked about advanced ideas like telepathy and teleportation for pages and pages? Well, they do it in this book, too. In the first chapter they talk and talk and talk. The publisher says it's an original 1969, but you would never know it.

The second chapter is more talk. Only this time with the mind that occupies the hero's brain; the poor fellow died and the hero gave him house room. They quarel and quarrel and quarrel.

But the most interesting part of it all is the author's attitude toward life and morals. I am not equipped to describe that and to reprint any portion of it would offend your whole readership. It is straight out of some Victorian dust bin. With a little profanity and updated naughtiness.

By the third chapter, I was so astounded by the book's lousiness I had to skip ahead to the last couple of chapters. It seems the guy talking to the hero in the first chapter was the villain. How Morgan made a story out of the hundred and fifty odd pages in between puzzles me to this day.

I cannot find a single good word to say about this book, so you must understand why it would not be possible for me to write at least a hundred words on it.



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ESSEX HOUSE & BRANDON HOUSE books available from REGENT HOUSE, Box 9506, North Hollywood, Cal. 91609. No fee.

DELL Publishing Co., 750 Third Av., New York, NY 10017. 10¢ fee.

And Then I Read....

by.....the.....editor

Bob Silverberg is one of the better sf writers. Best sf writers. He isn't content to write the same book over and over again with minor variations in plot and characters. He chooses different forms, themes, techniques, plots. The Masks of Time, Thorns, To Live Again, etc., and now Up the Line.

He seems to be a restless, highly intelligent man who constantly seeks new challenges in his writing.

He took on time travel and wrote, in Up the Line, the reducto ad absurdum of the species; he has ruined the theme for everyone now; it is impossible to write seriously of time travel with this book lurking in your memory as a writer, and he has made it impossible to keep a straight suspension of disbelief as a reader with the appalling multi-leveled time paradoxes which he has exposed, wrestled with, shrugged and walked away from as insoluble.

Bob mentions the Benchley Effect as that which permits time travel. He doesn't mention Benchley's first name, but I suspect, with terrible certainty, that it was Robert.

Up the Line is fun, it's bawdy, it's satirical in a gentle tongue-in-cheek way, and it is (whisper) educational as you are exposed to history...Byzantine history...during repeated trips up the time line with the hero, Jud Elliott, III. He becomes a Time Courier whose job is to herd time tourists on specialized tours. YOU go along and become a tourist with the others.

There is one beautiful line that had me gasping with laughter and admiration: "My gonads plunged with despair."

And one precious incident, when Justinian enters his new cathedral, the Hagia Sophia and according to history is overcome with awe and reverence; the time couriers have planted an ear beside the altar to hear his first words. The time tourists wait outside with tiny speakers.

The footsteps halted abruptly. Justinian's words came to us—his first exclamation upon entering the architectural masterpiece of the ages.

Thick-voiced with rage, the emperor bellowed, "Look up there, you sodomitic simpleton! Find me the mother-humper who left that scaffold hanging in the dome! I want his balls in an alabaster vase before mass begins!" Then he sneezed in imperial wrath.

I said to my six tourists, "The development of time-travel has made it necessary for us to revise many of our most inspiring anecdotes in the light of new evidence."

The helter-skelter final section of Up the Line, with its two Jud Elliotts trying desperately to correct a serious time-crime involving a tourist who gimmicks his timer and shunts up and down the line...the inevitable paradoxes multiplying like fecund spaghetti...the ultimate trouble caused by Jud's lustful gonads...is too much for me to try to explain in this review. Read it. (Ballantine 01680, 75¢)

+++

Yes, truly, there are such things as bad good books. And there are good bad books. Richard C. Meredith's We All Died at Breakaway Station (what a lovely title!) is a good pulp space adventure with pretensions of "quality" which don't come off. The novel is too long as a result of overwriting; there are scenes, subplots, characters, paragraphs, lines, that should have been cut but weren't.

Oh, I know what Meredith was trying to do—write a panoramic novel of an interstellar war between mankind and an alien race. But his skill was not up to his intent and what resulted is pointless asides, repetitiousness, and boring reading between the gripping space battle scenes. The book has a raw power that comes through and keep you reading in spite of everything. A good bad book. (Ballantine 01764, 75¢)

+++

I imagine that next year, if not sooner, science fiction will begin to reflect the present flurry of ecological disaster warnings.

Most sf to date ignores a future in which almost all of Earth's natural resources are gone—used up. And seven billion people populations are common...because few sf writers realized that even four billion may be more people than we can permanently cope with. The current population in this country may be too large to maintain, soon.

There is a monumental lot of lip-service being given to "saving the environment" now; sage noddings of heads..."Amen, brother." And damned little realization of what is coming in the way of either ecological disaster or the changes that must be if the disasters are to be avoided.

For instance—bigtime corporate capitalism will have to end; mass production of short-lived junk will have to end; cars will be strictly rationed; gas rationed; babies rationed; perhaps there are revolutions coming; a definite reduction in our "high" standard of living. What will happen in the cultural areas is going to be mind-boggling. The screams of anguish from the Establishments of all kinds will be piercing.

The Environmental Handbook edited by Garrett De Bell for the First National Environmental Teach-in on April 22, 1970,

makes all this obvious...and yet the motives behind the furor are tainted, I suspect, by a desire to beat authority figures over the head and be deliciously virtuous at the same time: "Now here's another fine mess you've gotten us into!" Ahh, the joys of the intellectual as he tears into the rapacious businessman, the expedient politician, the Babbitts—"Now it's MY turn!"

Prediction: a few relatively painless, superficial things will be done—more sewers, more efficient smog control, more abortions, but true population control will be left to mother nature, as will the ending of the industrial revolution be left to the time when iron, lead, copper, coal, alluminum, etc. are no longer in easy supply anywhere.

NOW, and the next few years, is likely the last of the golden age. After us, the deluge.

+++

The house of science fiction is getting stretched marvelously. Hear those joints creaking, and those nails squealing?

The small-scale, utterly human tragedy set in the near-future is usually ruled out-of-bounds and consigned to the "mainstream" by publishers when possible and by sf fans, too, because the everyday human relationships under pressure in this type of book just don't seem science-fictiony enough.

But D.G. Compton in The Steel Crocodile is forcing us to recognize the form as true sf, and Terry Carr, by publishing the book as an Ace Science Fiction Special, is ratifying the imposition.

We have yapped long and loud about wanting characterization, real human beings in real future environments, and in this novel we have what we've been asking for.

The temptations of Godhood are too much to resist for Mathew Oliver. Maybe associate godhood is more accurate; an assistant acolyte serving the true god—an associative computer of superhuman complexity—with the mission of subtly ruling the world through its use, by extrapolation of scientific work, by encouraging this area, this researcher, and discouraging that line of experiment, this other field... All for the ultimate good of mankind.

Without much of a battle Mathew sours his marriage, loses the love of his wife and sells his soul. It doesn't much matter that he is killed and his wife is sent to a mental hospital for adjustment she doesn't need by a civilized government because she knows too much.

It's a very good book in a way we are not used to. (Ace 78575, 75¢)

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Phoenix by "Richard Cowper" (but copyrighted by Colin Murray) (Ballantine 01856-7, 75¢) surprised me by its quality. It was first published in England in 1968.

Murray has a keen eye for the distinctive, individual action and a sharp ear for the personal phrase by which we all characterize ourselves. He is able to paint character

and personality deftly and surely as he unfolds his story, and it is an engrossing story...in spite of its being so very familiar.

From a "Golden Age" future the central character, Bard, is by a cosmic accident allowed to remain in cold sleep until 1600 years later when mankind is only beginning to recover from the plague that wiped out the Old Ones and sent the pitifully few survivors into a long Dark Age...

Bard had intended to "sleep" only three years and thus avoid some inconvenient 24th Century social and financial problems. The plague struck...

He awakens into a world of superstition, a new, repressive religion, and....

And the plot is both predictable and surprising. What keeps you reading is the sheer skill of Murray's prose.

Ballantine is now listing their cover artists on the copyright page. I commend Paul Lehr for a beautiful, impressionistic painting showing Bard in cold-sleep.

+++

If you don't read a lot of magazine sf, the annual collections are a sure way of reading the cream. Pocket Books has just issued three volumes of Nebula Award Stories: one volume each for the 1965, 1966, and 1967 winners plus "distinguished runners-up" chosen by each year's editor.

The first collection (Pocket Books 75275, 75¢) was edited by Damon Knight and features:

"The Saliva Tree" by Brian Aldiss

"He Who Shapes" by Roger Zelazny

"Repent, Harlequin!" Said the Ticktockman" by Harlan Ellison.

With runners-up "The Drowned Giant" by J. G. Ballard;

"Computers Don't Argue" by Gordon R. Dickson; "Becalm-ed in Hell" by Larry Niven; and "Balanced Ecology" by James H. Schmitz.

The second collection (75114, 75¢) was edited by Brian Aldiss and Harry Harrison and features:

"The Secret Place" by Richard McKenna

"The Last Castle" by Jack Vance

"Call Him Lord" by Gordon R. Dickson

With runners-up "Light of Other Days" by Bob Shaw; "Who Needs Insurance?" by Robin S. Scott; "Among the Hairy Earthmen" by R. A. Lafferty; "Day Million" by Frederik Pohl; "We Can Remember It For You Wholesale" by Philip K. Dick; "When I Was Miss Dow" by Sonya Dorman; "In the Imagicon" by George Henry Smith; and "Man in His Time" by Brian W. Aldiss.

The third collection (75420, 75¢) was edited by Roger Zelazny and features:

"Aye, and Gomorrah" by Samuel R. Delany

"Gonna Roll the Bones" by Fritz Leiber

"Behold the Man" by Michael Moorcock

With runners-up "The Cloud-Sculptors of Coral D" by J.G. Ballard; "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes" by Harlan Ellison; "Mirror of Ice" by Gary Wright; and "Weyr Search" by Anne McCaffrey.

+++

This column isn't limited to sf book reviewing. I do read the magazines when I have a chance. I had a chance last night when the TV guide came up reruns and I didn't feel like going out.

I picked up the March, 1970 GALAXY and began Harlan Ellison's "The Region Between." The story was helped, mostly, by a McLuhanesque splurge of Gaughan artwork and typographical experiments. (An unsympathetic reviewer would use the word "gimmicks".) The story itself is fine when it deals with concrete action, but falters and dies in the swamp of Metaphysics.

The story begins when Bailey is put to death in a voluntary suicide center. His soul is appropriated by an alien who deals in fine, reuseable souls. There are other aliens, Thieves, who for reasons unknown snatch souls from living beings in galaxies near and far, and who cannot be stopped. Some of these stolen souls are those of important creatures, and replacements must be found. The Succubus deals in this replacement traffic.

But Bailey's soul rebels and when inserted in the bodies of important alien creatures leads those creatures to rebel in turn.

The Succubus is presented as a very important person with much status and wealth who has the most select clientele and who procures the most unsolidified, unstained, unimprinted souls.

Why does he bother to re-use Bailey's rebellious soul, again and again and again? Why did he take Bailey's soul in the first place? Harlan slides over these difficult, inevitable questions.

At the end of the story Bailey's soul is transformed or "emerges" into gothhood and sucks all life and matter in the universe into itself and then by an act of will—ends. Full circle. God created the universe and now ends it, using Bailey's soul as a vehicle or tool.

The transformation is described or explained or somethinged in a page-size spiral of small type that requires turning the magazine in circles in order to read it...a frustrating, irritating business, because I, at least, continually lost my place in the turning and eventually gave up and skipped to where the last line of spiral curls into the next page.

Harlan's aliens are fine creations; with economy and skill he makes them different, whole, viable in their culture. His opening scene, when Bailey is put to death by a casually selfish technician is joltingly real. There are small gems of incident and scene all through the story.

But the God business and Succubus's inexplicable use and re-use of Bailey's unsatisfactory soul strain and finally ruin the story's rationale.

It remains an interesting, readable failure.

+++

I'll have a few more words about Slaughterhouse-five, if you don't mind. I may be the only fan living who doesn't think it is a fine book and superlatively written. I became quickly tired of the constant use of 'So it goes.' after every mention of death. And while most reviewers feel the book is anti-war, I think the message is strongly Stoic and Fatalistic. The concept of events as fixed and unchangeable through time, as experienced by Billy Pilgrim as he time-travels up and down his life-line, is clearly the message; and Billy Pilgrim is throughout a passive and accepting creature. It strikes me that Vonnegut is saying that war is inevitable in human existence, has always been horrible and always will be. So it goes.

+++

I am more and more impressed with Mike Moorcock, even though The Ice Schooner (Berkley X1749, 60¢) has one of those niggling flaws, small and avoidable, which nibble at the mind for years and cast a sour taste over the whole reading experience and memory of the book.

In a far future on Earth ice has covered everything and mankind is apparently reduced to living in deep crevasse cities—eight of them—on a high South American plateau. Trade is by sailing ships set on ice-runners. New York is a legend.

Konrad Arflame is an unemployed ice-ship captain who isn't sure if he wants to go on living. He is a traditionalist and is against the talk and belief that is spreading to the effect that the ice is melting and the sun warming. He is a devout believer in the Ice Mother religion—the natural way is toward cold and death; heat is unnatural.

Arflame saves the head of an important city family from death on the ice and is involved in that family's affairs, to the point of leading an expedition to the fabled New York to prove or disprove the power of the Ice Mother, and falling in love with the wife of one of the family's most powerful men.

It is an exciting story, well-told, with very good characterizations and some thoughtful comments and insights about change and some men's inability and/or unwillingness to accept it.

But what bugged me was the almost constant convenience of following winds; those ships never had to tack!

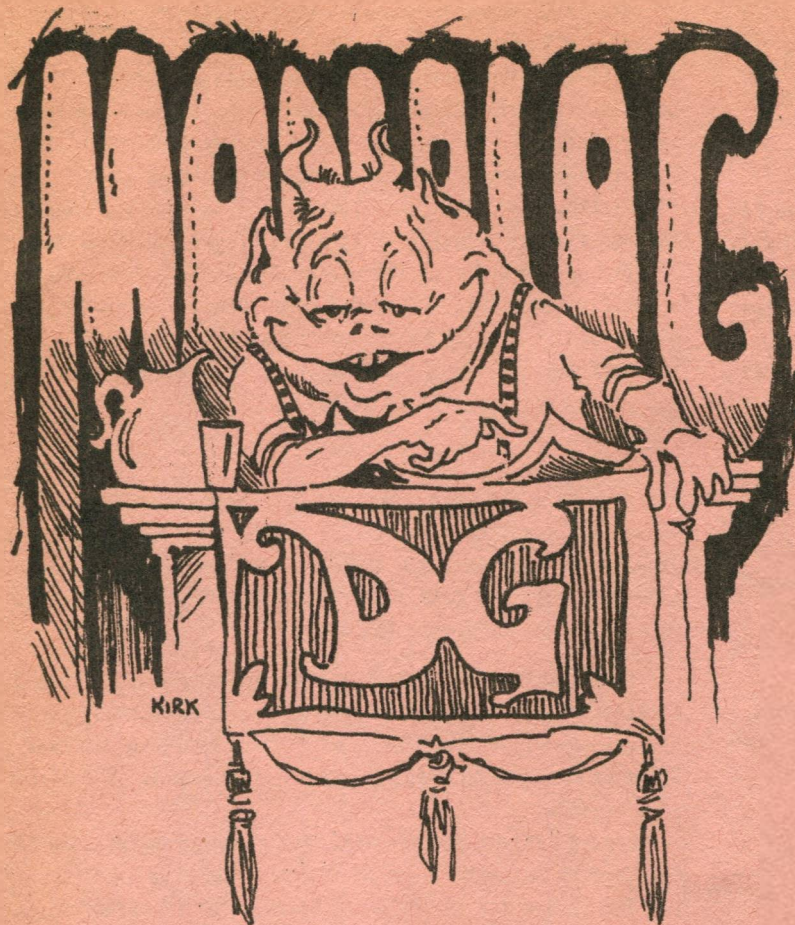
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Harry Harrison's story of a master criminal turned cop (The Stainless Steel Rat, Walker—\$4.95) kept me reading and enjoying the gimmicks and techniques of crime in the future. Well-paced, commercial, satisfying. It would make a fine action-adventure sf movie.

+++

I have read Nebula Award Stories Four (Doubleday, \$5.95) but a review will have to wait till next issue.





+ EVERYBODY is conducting a poll! Bob Sabella, 32 Cortright Rd., Whippany, NJ 07981, writes: "I am conducting a science fiction poll to determine the favorite stories and writers of the past decade, and am hoping to get participation of SFR readers. Rules are simple: 1. Any participant must write on a postcard or letter their three favorite novels, shorter works and writers of the past decade. 2. Any story that saw its original publication between January, 1960 and December, 1969 is eligible. Serials will be eligible depending on when their last installment was published. Series that became novels will also be eligible depending on when their last installment was published. 3. All entries must be received by me no later than June 30."

+ DARRELL SCHWEITZER writes: "I got a letter from Roger Zelazny saying that besides Nine Princes in Amber (to be published by Doubleday in May), he has just finished a fantasy novel called Jack of Shadows, is collaborating with Phil Dick on Deus Irae and will have a collection of 17 or 18 stories out from Doubleday at some unspecified date..."

+ AND in a very recent (April 13) letter, Darrell writes: "Heinlein's new book, I Will Fear No Evil, will be serialized in GALAXY in at least five parts starting in August." "...I'm told GALAXY is having troubles with St. RAH's latest sermon. They bought it on sight and are now reading it only to discover that it is awfully dirty. Ahem. I'm also told that it will be 700 pages long in hardcover and the GALAXY version will be somewhat condensed." ... "Roger Zelazny's Jack of Shadows will be pubbed by Signet."

+ SCIENCE FICTION BOOK CLUB selections for Sept.'70 are World's Best Science Fiction: 1970 edited by Don Wollheim and Terry Carr, and a novel, Rockets in Urso Major by Fred Hoyle and Geoffrey Hoyle. The club price for the anthology will be \$1.98, for the novel, \$1.49.

+ BELMONT releases for July will be: Analog 7 edited by John W. Campbell (B95-2032, 95¢); and The Animal People (orig. title: Crimson Capsule) by Stanton Coblenz (B75-2038, 75¢).

+ WALKER and CO. recently appointed Hans Stefan Santesson to be General Editor of their Science Fiction Series. He is a former editor of THE SAINT magazine, also edited FANTASTIC UNIVERSE and a number of mystery and science-fiction anthologies. He also, according to LOCUS, had a heart attack and is now in the hospital.

+ LOCUS also reports that Putnam will publish the new Heinlein book, I Will Fear No Evil sometime in late 1970.

+ A TV PRODUCER from San Francisco has taken an option on the movie rights to Norman Spinrad's Bug Jack Barron. Norman will do the screenplay if the deal goes through.

+ FORRY ACKERMAN described on the phone a series of half-hour films being done by the University of Kansas on science fiction featuring himself, Robert A. Heinlein, Damon Knight, Poul Anderson, John W. Campbell and some others. They are to be a lecture group dealing with sf history, the writers' work, etc.

+ THE PRESTIGIOUS Portal Gallery had an exhibition of science fiction paintings in London during the recent SCI-CON 70. Eddie Jones was among those shown.

+ THE TOLKIEN CONFERENCE III and MYTHCON I will be held Sept. 4-7, 1970 at Harvey Mudd College in Claremont, Calif. C.S. Kilby is to be guest of honor. For further information contact Glen GoodKnight, 6117 Woodward Av., Maywood, Cal. 90270. Ph. 773-3808.

+ BACK ISSUES OF SFR AVAILABLE: #s 28-29-30-34-35-36. #s 31-32-33 are sold out. #34 is down to 22 copies. #35 is down to 34 copies.

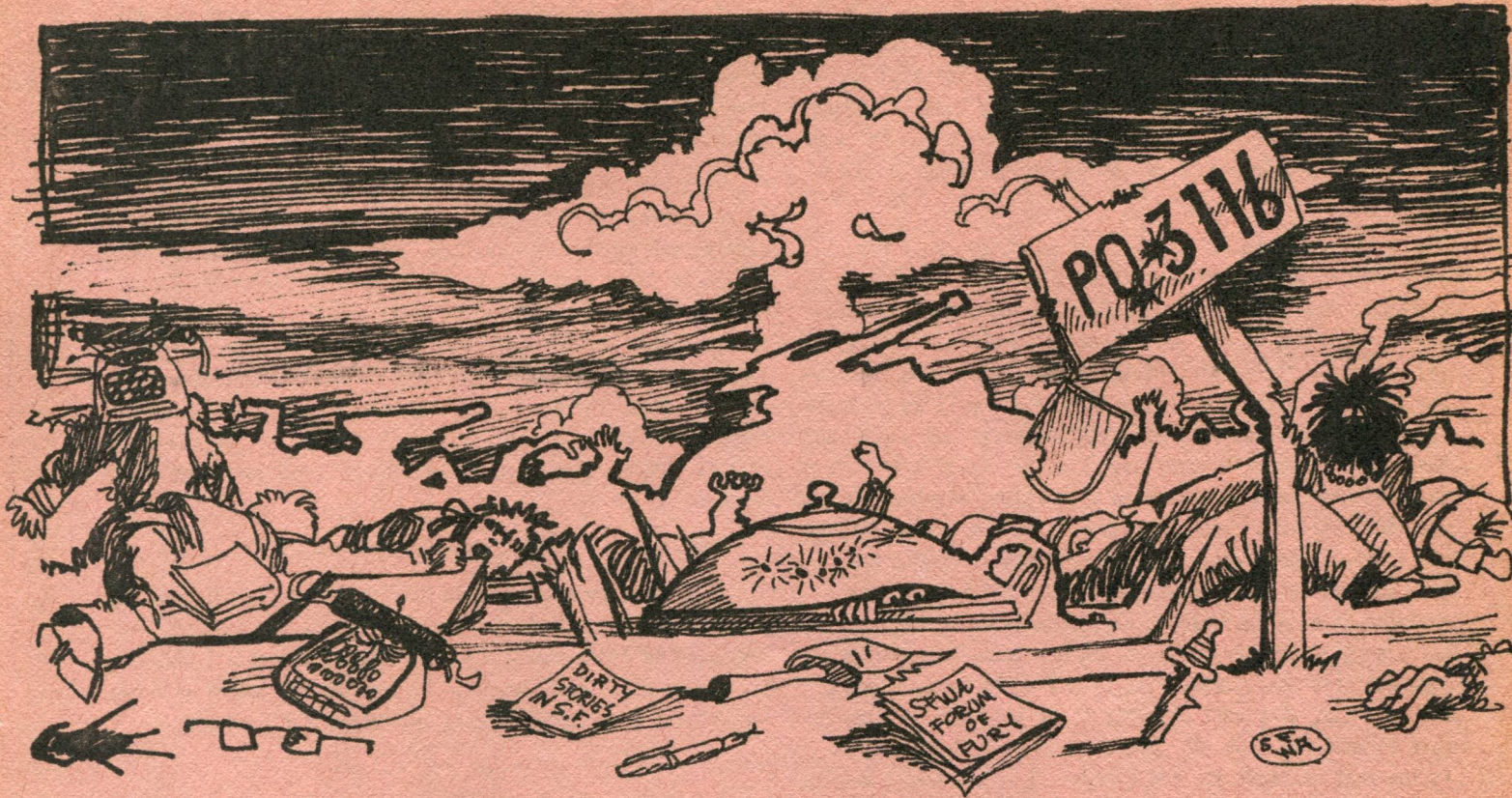
+ BERKLEY SCIENCE FICTION, APRIL-AUGUST 1970 Apr.:
The Bat Staffel (G-8 #1), Robert G. Hogan, X1734, 60¢; pulp reprint.
The Vampires of Finistere (Guardians #4), Peter Saxon, X1808, 60¢; fantasy original.
The Twilight Man, Michael Moorcock, S1820, 75¢; orig. Retief: Ambassador to Space, Keith Laumer, S1829, 75¢; reprint.

A Touch of Strange, Theodore Sturgeon, N1830, 95¢, reprint collection (complete text of hardcover edition; previous Berkley editions were cut).

Colossus, D.F. Jones, S1840, 75¢; reprint (re-released to tie in with movie, THE FORBIN PROJECT).

MONOLOG CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

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What I admire so greatly in American fans in general, and Alexei Panshin in particular, is that they, unlike us people from the continent of Europe who are given to a bad temper, always manage to remain coolly objective, never descending to personalities, mud-slinging or letting fly with whatever names come first to hand. Of course, Mr. Panshin has also other qualities of character as well as of mind, most notably his wit which especially manifests itself in his opening and closing lines, ((See "Comment" by Alexei in SFR #35)) and the ease with which he spells difficult words such as "monomaniacal".

I'm a bit astonished, though, that Mr. Panshin seems to be concerned with the "present perfected morality" of me, who am an average Austrian, especially in view of his revealing the shocking truth that literature isn't life, which I would never have suspected but for him. But may I nevertheless point out to him that there often exist considerable differences between what thoughts a man develops in a fiction, a philosophic system, even a critical article or body of criticism, and what he actually does or says in his private life? Schopenhauer, for instance, who so much stressed the quality of compassion,

was in actual life a quite vicious man, who never forgave a real or imagined insult, as can be seen from his vitriolic diatribes against Hegel. And would Panshin believe me if I tell him that Nietzsche was just the opposite of an "overman", true, an intellectual giant, but rather shy and helpless in life? Whereas Schopenhauer was a shrewd businessman?

I cannot remember that I ever said or implied anything, either positively or negatively, about my own morality or "our present perfected morality" (whatever that may be). The reader may believe about me personally what he will; I don't care one way or the other: I'm just trying to establish a rather abstract, and certainly negative point of view. But it is not my wish to maintain that I consider myself to be morally better than other individuals. I advocate a system, not myself. And I never claimed to be in possession of the Truth, if it exists. I only claim to know in some cases what is wrong and stupid, and simplified. I've never seen a difficulty in appreciating a wide variety of moral systems, provided they are not so primitive as those to be found in Heinlein's books or Rite of Passage (and that the one is a stupid criticism of another stupid morality, is hardly a reason for thinking it more sophisticated, although we must acknowledge Panshin's good intentions). Perhaps Mr. Panshin won't believe it, but mankind has developed something better in the way of moral systems, although their realization leaves some-

thing to be desired. And also I don't recall that I ever set up any one of them as an example to be followed; on the other hand, Mr. Heinlein, in his novels, has invented a number of them, all having in common a certain primitivity, and all are set forth with the same sense of conviction, different as they may be otherwise. I find it a bit amusing that so many sf authors object to being judged by moral criteria, although their aims are clearly moralistic. If they wrote like Robbe-Grillet, nobody would think of applying moral standards to them. But moralists must be judged by their understanding of morality, just as one would judge a writer of psychological novels by his knowledge of human beings.

What Heinlein is in the real world, is, as I have said, of no interest to me; a writer may be a saint or a criminal: what has this got to do with the quality of his works? And what he may say expressis verbis has little relevance for the meaning of his novels which form autonomous systems. Outside of his novels he may well be no fascist; what do I care for that? What Heinlein may say or not say, can't interest anybody save his most fanatical readers. He counts for nothing either in scientific, intellectual or political America. What influence he has he exerts through his fiction, and largely upon young minds or people who have managed to avoid growing up. Perhaps his fictions contain patterns that are totally suppressed in his life, perhaps they are there also in another form; perhaps the same patterns appear more clearly. I don't know; I don't know the man, will most probably never know him, and don't care to know him. Should anybody wish to tell me that he is the most considerate and kindest of individuals, a marvel of a husband and what else, I'd gladly accept it. All my opinions were formed from a knowledge of his written word - they may be right or wrong or something between, and they are about the fiction and personality that appears in it.

Glad to learn that there is a difference between literature and life. But of what nature is this difference? Is there no relationship at all between literature and life, so that it is impossible to find structural similarities (not identities of content) between statements of real persons and statements of characters in a fiction? But how would one be able to assess characterization if it weren't allowed to compare fictional characters with real people? And - which comparisons can be made, and which not?

I apologize to Mr. Panshin for assuming that his statement about characters with freedom of action and society had some relationship with reality. I really didn't suspect it was referring only to limitless fantasy (and he may forgive my bias of thinking such fantasy immature), just as if he had made a statement about freedom of action and transcendence: a character with freedom of action can either embrace God, reject God, or run God to suit himself. So far so good; but Mr. Heinlein is also a propagandist we learn (should we say a fascist propagandist?). But if he admitted that he is just a latter-day author of fairy-tales, wishful fantasies, nobody would particularly believe him. For his propaganda to be effective, he has to pretend to be

writing about the only world we know, the real world; and indeed, many of his admirers believe that he tells them something about "the laws of the universe". I also perceive little sense in discussing characters that belong to Snow White & Co. in terms of "competence", when this "competence" is just a play in a vacuum, about as significant as discussions about how many angels can sit on a needle. And surely, if it's only wishing, there are still other possibilities: I see as little difficulty in wishing away a society and substituting another in its place, than in "running it arbitrarily": for wishful thinking, it's the same effort.

That way, Heinlein comes off even worse as a thinker. For in real life, the full implications of a system of thought are hardly ever completely realized, since human beings function not quite logically. One could say that not even the Nazis realized the full potential of their ideology. But in fiction, we can assess the quality of an author by the logical consequences of his postulates and premises. Serious literature is aware of them, reflects upon them, laughs about them when it recognises them as absurd. Heinlein shuts his eyes and escapes into wishful thinking. But primitive daydreams aren't literature.

((Why not, if they're written well enough?))

Please convey my thanks to Mr. Panshin for amusing me for some minutes: hope he keeps his fine way of argumenting. Always glad to learn something from nice young men. I only hope Mr. Pierce will feel uneasy at seeing himself lumped with me; for without doubt he considers Heinlein a GREAT AUTHOR.



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Panshin's right when he says Rottensteiner makes occasional sharp observations; he's also right when he says they are lost in the rat's nest of obscuring digressions and pronouncements. Rottensteiner uses all the tricks of the amateur trying to give weight to his words, from superfluous quotes from "the Oriental poet Rumi" (has this great authority read Heinlein?) to triumphantly revealing a single error in Panshin's bibliography (which, it turns out, did not exist), as if such an error had any bearing on the validity of Panshin's analysis or conclusions.

Panshin's conclusion that Heinlein is an "elitist" but not an "authoritarian" seems reasonable to me. The feeling I get from the tenor of Heinlein's works is that his characters rise to leadership because of their intrinsic capacities, not because they decide that they are best fit for leadership. Others may follow them or not, as they choose, but if they do not follow and are left out of the rewards of victory, that is the penalty they pay for their decision. This concept is distinct from a self-proclaimed leadership that compels all to follow, though I'm sure there are obtuse individuals who either fail or refuse to recognize the distinction.

I see that Campbell is also in for a couple of digs this issue. I can't help quietly chuckling in my beard each time I come across another of the endless series of disparagements

that lesser fans and pros keep aiming at Heinlein and Campbell. Heinlein just sits back and pounds out the Hugo winners that no one likes and rakes in the royalties as each novel or collection goes into its 27th printing. Campbell goes on decade after decade putting out a magazine that no one can stomach, but which somehow manages to have the largest circulation, highest budget and pay rates, and best physical package in the field. Neither one seems to feel under any obligation to mount crusades defending their views or blasting those who disagree with them. Whatever their failings, I've got to tip my hat to these two gentlemen. For all the boos and catcalls from the galleries, and bad reviews from the uptown critics, somebody out there is buying a lot of tickets.



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I was happy to read again the Franz Rottensteiner article, which serves as a fine example of how to say things plainly enough to stir other people into speaking just as vigorously. I

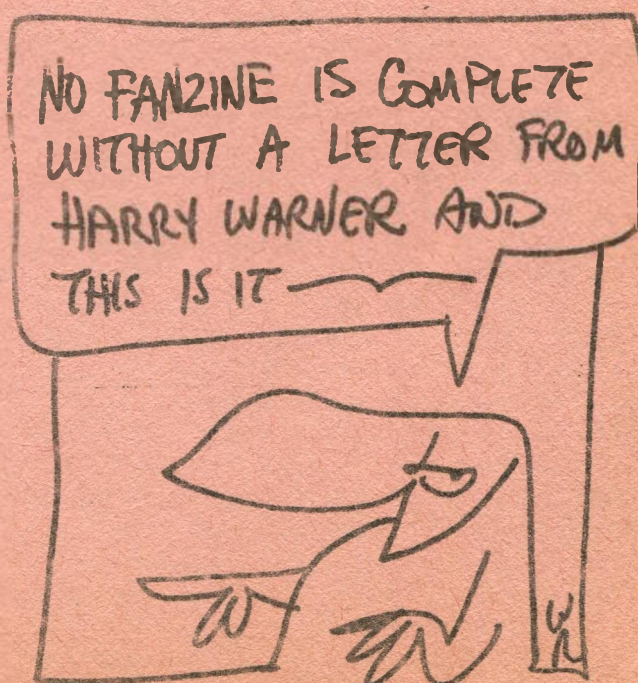
don't feel like dredging up any more comments on Heinlein's writing and personality but I'm sure that Franz's evaluations sound less threatening and severe than some criticism of myself that has just arrived. The 44th issue of SCIENCE FICTION FORUM has just arrived, with a four-page review of All Our Yesterdays, by John-Henri Holmberg. It can't be too harsh a review, since none of my Swedish contacts has warned me about a spanking, but Swedish statements somehow become awfully menacing and insulting when encountered in connection with your own name. "Harry Warner är en utmärkt prosaist", for instance. I feel as if someone had compared me with Soames Forsyte, solely on the basis of the appearance of the words on paper, however lulling they might sound if I heard them pronounced, and whatever they may mean. In another place, I read that "Harry Warner föddes 1922." It can't possibly refer to improper behavior, as that six-letter word seems to imply, because I was part of this world as an independent being only the last dozen days of that year and there is nothing in the Hagerstown newspapers from late 1922 to indicate any kind of scandal or disorder at my instigation. I don't feel too worried over a reference to HORIZONS as "regelbundet i trettio år" since I've been awfully careless with my FAPA publishing as a deliberate, intentional form of behavior for many years, but I worked hard on All Our Yesterdays and somehow I don't think it should be described as a "lättöverskådlig bok" a little further on. The final reference to me seems to be the worst and maybe most accurate of all if it means what I think it does: "Harry Warner, en av de människor som gör fandom till något mera än en samling egendomliga neurotiker". So you're going to have to find even plainer-spoken critics than Franz, if you expect SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW to keep pace with the bluntness of your Stockholm competitor.

Paul Crawford's article ("Archive"—SFR35) is absolutely tantalizing. It probably has already inspired someone to write another full-length study on Heinlein with the help

of these documents, complementing Panshin rather than duplicating or contradicting him by revealing all the secrets about editorial changes and the stories which aren't generally known. Surely the time is right for someone with skill in such matters to approach Heinlein for permission to write such a book of authorized biography plus documentation.

It's incredible, how sharply reactions diverge these days in reviews. Bored of the Ring and The Palace of Eternity seem to be getting particularly contradictory reactions in fanzines. There was a time when there was general agreement in fanzines on what was good and what was bad, and disagreement concerned mostly just how good the good stuff was, and whether the bad stuff was bad enough to be unreadable. Maybe the change symbolizes the way people are taking up sides and joining the people who read sword & sorcery or space opera or new wave fiction and feel semi-scorn for other types of fantasy.

I haven't seen many explanations of why Harlan got into so much trouble at St. Louiscon over his proposal for disposing of the movie screen fund surplus. But I have a sneaking suspicion that the anti-establishment sentiment among young people in general caused the violence of the reaction. The notion of turning money over to a college, even if it would be used for science fictional purposes, must have impressed a lot of ids in just the same manner as a proposal to use the extra cash to buy an extra supply of mace for the St. Louis police force, a transaction that might have furthered the cause of scientific research by increasing the income of a chemical manufacturer who employs skilled laboratory people. I still feel that worldcons should try to build a fund for emergency purposes of just this sort by setting aside a hundred bucks or so each year. This emergency came up during a worldcon where it was easy to pass the hat, but what happens the first time a worldcon committee finds an urgent need for an attorney three months after it has finished distributing the leftover money from the event it sponsored?



The Heicon people aren't really making it hard to join the convention. All that's needed is a trip to a post office to buy an international money order, which costs only a few cents and automatically provides payment to the committee in German currency. But I admit to some concern over international money orders, which may have fallen victim to the general slowdown policy of the nation's postal system. After I'd paid for mine and left the post office I realized that the clerk had asked me something about whether I wanted it sent airmail. I hadn't answered him, feeling that I'd misunderstood. International money orders have always been forwarded by airmail. Now I've begun to suspect that they're going by surface transportation unless the purchaser pays an extra fee or something, and this could be serious, because the most recent thing to arrive from across the Atlantic, an issue of SCOTTISHE, took eleven weeks to make the trip.

The front cover ((by Steve Fabian—SFR35)) is magnificent. All these beautifully conceived and flawlessly reproduced fanzine covers on colored paper could form the basis for a really eye-shattering short film using extremely tight cuts, lots of rapid zooming, the most violent possible contrasts between successive scenes, some camera or picture movement for extreme closeups that show only part of a drawing, maybe some additional tinkering with colors by means of filters. I keep intending to copy a lot of this fan art on 35 mm color film, just for the sake of being able to project them to big dimensions. Almost all fanzine art except some of Bergeron's seems to be reproduced too small.

((Such a film would be a feature of any convention.))



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Panshin makes me smile with "What the full import of Rottensteiner's polemic is intended to be, I confess I am not sure." I do not consider myself particularly intelligent, but the main

lines of Rottensteiner's arguments seem to me beautifully limpid. What Rottensteiner says, surely, is that the writing of Heinlein is not what Heinlein claimed for it, either directly or indirectly, and it is certainly not what the fans have always taken it to be. Where Heinlein seems to think most clearly, he actually prevents clear thought. Where Heinlein seems to most involve his reader, is the place where he presents the least moving emotional conflicts. With the "death" of the computer in The Moon is a Harsh Mistress, I felt some loss. What happened to the other "characters" was not really important at all. (And the computer was the father figure in IMIAHM.) Rottensteiner is least clear when he ascribes "blame" for Heinlein's popularity. He does call Heinlein names, I must admit, and I don't think it is justifiable because what Rottensteiner actually does is to present a brilliant profile of the kind of person who gets a thrill out of Heinlein's work (me, at the age of 17, for instance). Transfer all of Franz's most pertinent comments from the shoulders of Heinlein to those of his

readers, and you will see why "Chewing Gum for the Vulgar" will make such a stir. I claim disinterest as usual. I read Stranger two years ago — it was one of the most arduous chores of my life. But two years before that I loved The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress: I don't think I grew up much in the intervening time, but evidently enough. More importantly, Heinlein is not one of my influences: I must fall within a group of fans who were drawn into sf by the writers who grew up with Heinlein. A complete second generation removed from Heinlein? Not surprisingly, the first sf magazine I read contained a serial by Phil Dick, not Heinlein; the first U.S. prozine I read excited me with a story by Cordwainer Smith, not one by E.E. Smith. So Heinlein has never meant much to me. But some writers attracted me in the same way that Heinlein attracted his readers, but they don't interest me at all now. I wonder why? In short, Franz attributes rather Satanic characteristics to both Heinlein and his readers, whereas he set out merely to show their triviality. Perhaps he protested too much, despite all the elaborate manoeuvres used to prevent himself from falling into that danger.



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I was particularly interested to see Alexei Panshin's comments on Franz's article. Deep down in there, underneath the insults, it seems to me that there are some points for Franz to think about. Of course, I'd rather have seen his comments (as editor of JOE (circulation 30)) earlier, rather than at this late and almost secondhand date (in SFR (circulation 800?, 900?)). ((850 for SFR #35, of which I have about 50 left.))

I wouldn't worry about Charles Platt's non-comments on my review of The Best of New Worlds 2 but for one thing which I shall mention later.

For a start, this confusion between a story and an author possessing intestinal fortitude is Mr. Platt's alone. I don't think they are the same thing, but he is entitled to that view — I presume he can put up a decent case, but he doesn't. My review is next claimed to be "uninformative" in that I mention the authors of works but not the titles of the stories concerned — a practice which, alas, is all too common amongst reviewers of science fiction collections and anthologies. Take, for example, the review of The Best from Fantasy & Science Fiction (18th series) which appeared in NEW WORLDS 195, "Designed by R. Glyn Jones, assisted by Charles Platt." (the latest copy I have to hand). There are 14 stories in the anthology (according to the review) and 4 have their titles given in the review. We also find the following phrase: "and offerings from lesser talents like Redd, Biggle and Nunch." Is this last a misprint for "Bunch", I wonder? And note too the "lesser talents" in view of Mr. Platt's horror of my "value judgements."

Next suggestion from Mr. Platt is that I am "unperceptive." Mr. Platt can only refer to his own story, and asserts that I did not see that it was meant to be 'generally funny.' Indeed, as I find all of Mr. Platt's writing to be without exception hilarious, I must disagree, and as for not perceiving that it

was 'self-satirical,' I must plead guilty to not mentioning the fact, but fail to see what this has to do with what I did say. I remarked that the story indicated to me that "1940s science fiction is just about his speed." Had Mr. Platt suggested in his letter that he was being satirical I should have had a case to answer, but he claims to have been satirising himself. My point, obviously, stands (disclaimer!). Mr. Platt catalogues some more of my sins — "personal asides, nitpicking and curt dismissals." I was unable to locate any of the first, carefully labelled the second, and plead guilty to the third.

I have no doubt that the review was "hard to take," but that is no fault of mine. But as I said earlier, I should not have bothered about this foolishness except for one thing — Mr. Platt's suggestion that I "should not be given the job of reviewing any book anywhere." I note that although Mr. Platt has seen several of my reviews before he has not, to my knowledge, publicly noted my incompetence. Perhaps it is a matter of which book is reviewed. The point is, of course, that Mr. Platt knows quite well that I write reviews for VISION OF TOMORROW, NEW WORLDS' friendly competitor, and his remark is a reflection upon the editor of that magazine: Phil Harbottle. As I said, I find everything Mr. Platt writes hilarious — but Phil may not feel the same way.



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As you can see, I am now magically in New York. Things went bad in England; I broke up with my girl, dramatically, and decided a big change was needed. I am going to live over here for at least six months, have had to get rid of NEW WORLDS (with some unwillingness and regret) and leave most of my things behind. I arrived here with just myself and 44 lbs of baggage. To stay.

In the summer I confidently expect to come over to the West Coast to see you and Brian Kirby and Harlan and Norman; meantime, I have to complete Planet of the Voles, which has been bought by Berkley on the basis of seeing the first half of the typescript. On completion of the ms I will have enough money to spend some time in LA.

NEW WORLDS, incidentally, is continuing. The next issue, #200, was edited by me and is being produced by Langdon Jones. Under my editorship, incidentally, the magazine finally stopped losing money, for the first time in 5 years. I would be very gratified indeed if that news was spread around just a little bit — I am a little proud of it.

I am grateful to you for your little footnote to Piers Anthony's letter in the latest SFR. It is indeed true that none of the people who express a feeling that there should be more science fiction in NEW WORLDS have sent us any science fiction. While I was editor of the magazine I tried to put more straightforward material in it, but a magazine's reputation changes slowly, and in any case the non-science fiction material that was sent in continually outclassed

the science fiction in every way.

I was interested by Bob Shaw's article. I like his style and enjoy his nostalgia; and yet I feel that in some ways he's in the position of the mental hospital inmate, writing for the hospital's patients' magazine, and trying to work out why it is that some people grow up without becoming insane. I am not suggesting that science fiction fans are directly comparable to the mentally ill — well, not all of them, anyway — but they do have two things in common: fans and mental patients are both minority groups, and both indulging in a way of life which is sometimes an escape from, and sometimes a buffer against, reality. Speaking personally, I know that in times past I turned to reading science fiction and producing fanzines far more when threatened by the everyday world than when I felt secure; speaking as an observer, I have known many people who were unable to relate to others satisfactorily in 'normal' life, but found that under the easier and more artificial rules of fan society, they discovered security and happiness and a sense of identity.

Putting it this way, I don't see that there is much of a mystery about the fact that only a minority of people become science fiction fans. Only a minority find that they need to. I would, incidentally, be interested to see a comparison between the increase in attendance of science fiction conventions, and the increase in numbers of patients in mental hospitals. I am sure that both are growing far faster than the size of the country's population, and that both reflect a general inability to cope with society as it stands. Certainly that's how I felt, when I was active in the fan microcosm.

((I wonder if other hobbyist groups and enthusiasts are regularly accused of "indulging" in a way of life and escaping "reality"? Stamp collectors, for instance: every kid has a stamp collection, but few continue it into adult life. Are Philatelists secretly mentally ill? Are they, too, guilty of indulging in the sin of escaping that dreaded state of reality?

((And what is this thing called reality? The bad news of the world; the fact of ultimate personal death; our own imperfections; disagreeable associates or relatives; having to work for a living? I thought reality was things-as-they-are; but if that is the case, then science fiction fandom is part of the real world, as is philately...and so on with any sub-culture and hobby and avocation. I always thought adult play was a good thing and that if adults didn't play then the mental hospitals would really be full and overflowing, and further, that it is the adults who can't play or refuse to play who are in trouble mentally.

((I am very weary of being put-down for being a fan, Charles, and the inference that a fan is one step from the nuthouse or at least is automatically an inadequate personality type.

((Good luck with your book. I'll look forward to reading it. I suppose it would be needlessly cruel to ask Foyster to review it. I'm not that vindictive, you lousy anti-fan, you!))



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It is high time somebody tied the can to Franz Rittensteiner's abusive pretentiousness, and Alexei has done the job with admirable brevity. I suspect that part of the problem, unsuspected by R, is that R does not read the English language nearly as well as he thinks he does. This would account for what Alexei calls his carelessness, which frequently takes the form of misconstruing a proposition which is put beyond the (quite moderate) level of grammatical complexity which R can follow. Example. "I think it of little profit to examine the explicit statements made in his works, in order to try to find out his actual beliefs by a statistical exercise, as James Blish suggests." What is the object of the verb "suggests" here? In German, an inflected language, there would be no ambiguity, but in the translated sentence the reader will probably take it that the object of "suggests" is the statistical exercise proposal; whereas R may mean it to express agreement with what I actually said, which was: "Under these circumstances, trying to ascribe a viewpoint to this author becomes largely a statistical exercise, and like most such, not a very rewarding one."

(Incidentally, I now regard that sentence of mine as a prime example of how absurd a posture bending over backwards can be. The overt lecturing in Heinlein's later novels, plus his public, non-fictional statements, have now accumulated to the point where one can be in no doubt about what he actually thinks, and alas it is just what we all suspected it was all along.)

But fellow lovers of English, we shall have our revenge. At Heidelberg I am going to inflict my barbarous German on the Germans.

The James Branch Cabell Society is organising a seminar at the forthcoming Secondary Universe Conference that Virginia Carew is running. Being a little remote from the action these days, I don't yet know who the panelists will be, but we would like an audience of everybody. (The U.S. action, that is. Over here, I have just succeeded in getting three Cabell books sold to an English paperback house, Tandem Books.)

A footnote, sort of, to the minor argument over Brian Aldiss' stand: Sure, Piers Anthony and John Brunner are demonstrably vain. But — I know too little of Anthony's work to comment one way or the other, but surely John Brunner has something to be vain about? Consider also that his vanity does not take the common form of disdainful withdrawal from the rest of us. He's the most sociable and outgoing writer I have ever met; I sometimes suspect he'd be happier writing in a PX. Like Brian, I myself prefer to be standoffish, but I don't regard it as a merit — only a preference.

Everybody seems to be accepting Ted White's word that "Leroy Tanner" was Harry Harrison. Ted has no way of knowing this even in his present position, for the entire operation was conducted from Imperial Beach and to this day on-

ly Harry knows for sure who all the participants were. I know of at least two — and I may add that neither of them was I. I viewed the entire experiment with disfavor, and told Harry in advance that it would backfire; and during my happily brief tenure as AMAZING's book department editor, cancelled it out of hand.

While I agree with Barry Malzberg's views, I think a sentence like "we're all paying the price for our own easy victories" shows exactly the parochialism he is decrying. There are quite a few people in our field who also do work outside it, of which the poetry of John Brunner is an apposite example, but there are many many more. Who was it who said "Any sentence containing the word 'all' is a damn lie, including this one"? And careful with that word "easy," too. Virginia Kidd now has an agency with wholly improbable number of Hugo and Nebula winners in it, operated from the absolutely inaccessible town of Milford; has had one s-f story published, which was sweated out sentence by sentence over a period of at least fifteen years; and all unbeknownst to almost everybody in our parish, is a widely published poet. If any of this is easy, I hope I never have to do anything the hard way. And did Sprague de Camp pay the price of easy victories, and discover it all too late? The hell he did; He's now one of the best living historical novelists, and as far as I can see quite uncrippled by once having been one of the best s-f novelists living. It isn't what you do that counts, but who you are, Barry...and I do not mean by that any deference toward publicity saints or positions of power; I mean who you actually are, not what you have persuaded other people to think you are. If you would but look around, you would discover that many people you respect — and possibly most — are in fact living more than one life; you are not the kind of man who is attracted to vegetables.

((For the information of a lot of new SFR readers, the "Leroy Tanner" mentioned above was a book reviewer for AMAZING during Harry Harrison's editorship two years ago. Ted White objected strenuously to several of "Tanner's" reviews and he and Harrison and Brian Aldiss had sharp words in the letter-column of this magazine, which was then named PSYCHOTIC. No, there are no copies of PSYCHOTIC available. It is the consensus that Ted won the battle.))



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Many years of mystery writing (and of reading reviews) have taught me to avoid the deadly peril of answering or arguing with critics and reviewers. I've seen a large number of hapless writers make that mistake.

So I will content myself with pointing out a chronological error in Anthony's review of The Year of the Quiet Sun that may mislead a reader. In the second paragraph of his page two, he said in part: "...after all, he is calmly walking around town in 1980 when the race warfare is at full intensity..."

Not so. He is walking around Joliet where nothing has happened. The full-scale race warfare does not break out until nineteen years later.



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Migod, so THAT's what happened to ole
Hank Davis. The SP/4 people got him!

Anyhow, I read what Poul had to say in
SFR about my terming him 'authoritarian',
and I wrote him that I was sorry, pointing out that since
that was the only negative thing I had to say about him, he
must be perfect. But now I've got 'im: I bought Satan's
World. The jacket shows Poul playing with an animal resemb-
ling a Siamese cat.

Any man who likes cats can't be all good.

I can't imagine, Dick, how you keep making good writers
and nice guys like Harrison and Aldiss mad at you. Those of
us who are your pros would NEVER get mad, or say anything
wicked or mean or 'obscene' or treacherous in SFR! And
congratulations, Mistofer Editor, on running a negative re-
view of your own book. (Listen, Geis, you're NUTS! Why
don't you stop taking your damned magazine?)

Grennell: Skim through the lead novelet in a recent
ANALOG, by a man named Kapp. The story is fascinating,
about a machine(?)-person. The storytelling—reads like
one of my first drafts back in the days when I did 8 or 9
drafts. And that brings me to a question I'd like to ask.

What's an editor's job? What's 'editing'? ('I read all
the dam' stories that come in and buy some and order out
checks. I change some, too.') What about such things as
grammar? Construction; say a run of 3 or 4 or more ident-
ically-constructed sentences, or one word or phrase used
again and again and again, within a few paragraphs? Rela-
tively-little but un-pro things such as 'he lay' rather
than 'he laid a hand on...' and so on? Sure, they're
simple, basic matters. Noting and discussing such errata
might be construed as taking us out of the area of profes-
sional writers—but we ain't all perfect in the langwidge
and spelling. Pros or not, when they submit to pro journals
and are bought and published—should they be edited? Is
it the editor's responsibility to correct the English, the
usage, the construction?—rather than show the readers
that neither the writer nor he is competent and profession-
al?

OK. I imagine a quick poll of readers and writers would
come up with 'Yeah, he oughtta correct things like that.
Kapp (purely for instance) wrote a good story; shame to l
leave in all his goofs and make him look bad.'

I think this is something worth discussing. I'd like
to hear editors and 'editors' and writers and 'writers' and
typists and readers on the subject. I have trouble with
who/whom. If an editor buys my story and corrects my mis-
use of one of those—may he be blessed! On the other hand
.. I once said (1959) that a man's eyes (or maybe I said
gaze) 'pierced like a 50-mile-an-hour gale,' and the editor

changed that to 'like diamond drills' and I was offpissed. (As
of now I think neither is worth a damn. But that was long ago,
and also I was writing that way deliberately, exaggeratedly,
about a character who was sort of Maverick, Robin Hood, Fu Man-
chu, Julius Caesar and Rosie Greer, all in one bigger-than-
life package.) Just the same: if an editor does the one—and
I do feel he should—then what's to stop the poor guy from do-
ing the other tampering with a creator's phrasing, metaphors,
similes?

More recently, Dell returned pieces of my novel with the
contract, requesting some changes—and listen, you'd better
believe there are some sharp people up there! They caught a
reference to something I'd taken out and then overlooked in the
final run, and even told me precisely what I'd done. One sug-
gestion was that my in-novel reference to Poul Anderson (a
nice reference, honest), might be a little too Inside. Another
wasn't even mentioned, but there was a line and question mark
by the word 'quair' in the ms. Meaning the editor doesn't know
British and Kentucky slang, I reasoned...and if he doesn't, many
others don't either, and my job is to be readable, smoothly
readable. So I changed it to 'queer.' As to the name—I fink-
ed out. I couldn't take it out. But Poul isn't paying me or
anything, and I'm not adamant except about the bigthings, and
so I said I couldn't, didn't have the heart to, but that I'd
hold my breath and extend permission to Dell delete 'if you
consider it necessary—darnit.'

The whole experience so far makes me want to do my best for
them, even though it holds up the second half of the advance.
Editorial competence and integrity. (And might another editor,
somewhere, feel compelled to make a complete sentence out of
that, say, by adding the gratuitous word 'that?') I'll bet if
I'd made some dumbass grammatical or spelling boobos, they'da
been caught and summarily changed; 3 typos were. But—on
anything those Dell people ask me to do, or suggest, I'll con-
sider a good while before saying them nay.

Essex House made some 'little changes' in some of the 6
offutt books they bought last year...and totally wrecked some
sentences, even to the point of ludicrousness and agrammatical-
ity (who said that?) more than once. I have outlined a prob-
lem, a topic for discussion.

Should editors fix—and what does 'fix' mean?

Who should answer? Well, editors and writers and fans;
they 'have to' read the sort of slop I've mentioned earlier
(including diamond drills and 50-mile-an-hour gales!). The
subject was RAISED, in St. Louis, and Lester del Rey fearlessly
answered. Whereupon there were hurricanes, tidal waves, ban-
shee shrieks, 50-mile-an-hour gales, and all-around verbal may-
hem. Justified. And yet...horribly, ashamedly, frowningly...
I could see Lester's point. —While agreeing thoroughly with
his most vociferous dissenter, Alex Panshin. Hell, Lester said
he'd add a scene, for godsake, if need be. (And pay the writer
for the extra wordage. Whee.) Alex advised, "Not to MV work,
Lester!" and it began, and Alex was right. And yet ..what about
a word, Alex? (or Perry, or Poul, or Harlan, or anybody; and
Lester, and Harry, and John W., and Damon?) Or what if he
dropped—deleted—a word? Or changed 'he fell on his ass'

which might have great stylistic value to 'he collapsed,'? (I can't imagine 'he collapsed' being changed to 'he fell on his ass/pratt/etc.)

((As for myself, I try to correct misspellings, obvious grammatical and structural lapses when they are not obviously intended, and sometimes, in letters, I edit strong, insulting words (and sometimes I leave them in...and I am often wrong...) Sometimes, when I'm feeling vicious, I leave in things which a kind editor would correct, to embarrass the writer. Heh. But mostly I simply impose a basic SFR style: caps for magazines and movies and dramas; underlining for books; quotation marks for novellas, novelettes and short stories. And sometimes even in that I make exceptions. Generally I go along with the writer on eccentric word-structure-grammar-typing in his work. Whatthehell.))

Just one thing else. Thanks, Dick and Tim, for the R.I.P. Essex House drawing ((In SFR #35)). Somebody forgot the dagger, though. The hilt should have been showing protruding from the bottom of the coffin.

((Brian Kirby, by the way, is the proud father of a new baby boy...and was recently fired from his job at the "factory"...deplorable timing. The sex magazine/book business isn't a sure-fire way to get rich; there were other firings in the corporate complex, and large, perhaps permanent layoffs.))



WENDELL W. SIMONS
2904 El Rancho Dr.
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Re: Paul C. Crawford's article in
the February 1970 issue of SCIENCE
FICTION REVIEW—

Crawford seems to take a gratuitous slap at the helpful librarian who offered to show him the manuscript of Heinlein's Stranger in a Strange Land when he says, "Noting the length of my hair, the librarian probably assumed my only purpose was paying homage to the sacred hippie document." After seeing the manuscript his only remark about it is this — "the first draft contained some sex scenes which were somewhat softened for the book, even though they are quite tame by today's standards."

I think the librarian was right.

((I think you may be that librarian.))



PHILIP JOSE FARMER
824 S. Burnside Av.
Los Angeles, Ca. 90036

I enjoyed Bill Glass's comments about Image and Blown until I came to his speculations on the identity of the parasitic couple living in 4e's house. I was not only flabbergasted, I was distressed.

When writing Blown, I made sure, or tried to make sure, that the Dummocks would in no way be connected with the Warrens. I mentioned that the Dummocks had moved in after

the Warrens left. This comment is on the bottom of page 46 of Blown. Unfortunately, somewhere along the production line, Warren came out as Ward. When I saw this in the published book, it didn't bother me much because I figured that anybody concerned would know that Ward stood for Warren. And also the Dummocks could not possibly be mistaken for the Warrens. Especially since the Dummocks are archetypes, not based on any particular individuals, although a few traits may be borrowed from a certain parasitical couple. At least, some people have claimed they recognized them, but this I stoutly deny. They were invented for semicomical purposes and also to illustrate 4e's long-suffering and perhaps overly Christian attitude towards certain fans. (I hope 4e forgives my use of the Christian.)

As Bill Glass points out, the Warrens have nothing in common with the Dummocks. I would have had no motive to depict the Warrens, since my few contacts with them have been congenial, I like them, and even if I didn't like them, I wouldn't depict them in a book without their permission.

What Bill Glass should have done, before he wrote comments that he should have known would distress the Warrens, was contact me and ask me if I had them in mind. His puzzlement would have been dissipated, nothing would have been printed, and the Warrens and I wouldn't be upset.

I know that there was nothing malicious in Glass's surmise or in your printing it, but I hope that, in the future, more thought will be taken on such matters and possible repercussions considered.

((("Take heed, Geis!" — "Same to you, alter-ego!"))

I am sorry that the mistake was made, and I regret any distress was caused the Warrens. This letter should clear matters up.

((Apologies to all. One goof per issue is my average, it seems...))



WILLIAM F. NOLAN
1337½ S. Roxbury Dr.
Los Angeles, Cal. 90035

As the co-author (with George Clayton Johnson) of Logan's Run, a member of SFPA, a longtime sci-fi enthusiast and pro (with a short

story collection and five anthologies to my credit in the sf field — and with a sixth anthology underway), I feel the need to comment on several aspects of science fiction authorship as it relates to book reviewers. Your current issue (no. 36) carries a review of Logan's Run by Hank Davis. Let's begin with this.

Davis says Logan is "a real drag" because "in a richly colored world, he is colorless." This was intentional. We worked like hell to bring off precisely this effect: of a man deadened by too much of everything, a man burned out and ready for death at 21, a man who says only what he must say, feels only what he allows himself to feel, a robot of the system who becomes, in the end, a man. And of course he acts like today's

citizen of 35; that's the point we were making — that tomorrow's 21-year-old would age to double his actual years in the kind of world Logan inhabits. I appreciate the kind words Mr. Davis has for the book (and he has quite a few), but I cannot appreciate his fuzzy thinking in relation to style and character. Just what is wrong with a novel polished "to within an inch of its life" when the whole idea of quality writing involves exactly that?

Hemingway worked years to achieve it; so did Fitzgerald and Faulkner. But then maybe Mr. Davis has never read Hemingway and just doesn't get the idea. Try the final page of A Farewell to Arms, Mr. Davis. Hemingway did over 30 drafts of that page, polishing it, I'm safe in saying, to "within an inch of its life."

But enough of Mr. Davis. I'm glad to see Logan's Run reviewed within the "hard core" of sci-fi readership, since it is rapidly becoming something of a legend. In paying us 100,000 dollars for the screen rights, MGM helped create the legend. No other book to my knowledge, within the sci-fi field, ever earned this much bulk screen money. (And you can add another 10 thousand from a second producer, who optioned it ahead of MGM; then there's the double advance Dial Press paid us and the 20 thousand from Dell, and several overseas editions, including a special Science Fiction Book Club edition in London, plus, plus, plus...) Old, colorless Logan has done all right for himself, and the money is still coming in.

It seems that if a book (such as Logan) comes out from a publisher not ordinarily associated with science fiction, gets top review space in THE NEW YORK TIMES and other premier publications, sells to Hollywood and is highly praised outside the sci-fi field — then when it finally reaches the field itself, for review, it is regarded as "too successful" and the sci-fi reviewer finds himself resenting the book's success. Aside from a long rave by Ackerman in FANTASTIC, Logan was treated with a general "coldness" by other sci-fi reviewers. Judith Merrill put it down in F&SF; it was ignored by GALAXY; and ANALOG accused us (the authors) of having "connections" in Establishment circles, remarking in confused awe, that "the NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW greeted this book with nearly half a page of praise." Finally, the book was never even in the running for a Hugo, which it should have won. (Sorry about that, fans, but truth is truth and Logan rated a Hugo if any sci-fi novel ever did.) In England, the reception was much better (with sci-fier Tom Boardman, in BOOKS AND BOOKMAN, giving it a near-rave). Edmund Cooper, in THE SUNDAY TIMES, dubbed it "a series of literary explosions. At times, the style seems to mix the baroque splendours of Alfred Bester with the sharp imagery of Ray Bradbury." He ends his review by saying that "for suspense, ingenuity, surprise, conviction and literary effrontery, this novel is hard to beat." Another reviewer called it "a brilliant fantasy ... written in neon lights." Back in the U.S. (outside the sf field) the book was deluged with praise: "frightening and vivid...disturbing and far out...a deadly dose of strong medicine...alive and compelling...a rousing fantasy of the 21st century..."

daring and different...sears the mind...a classic...a great piece of chase literature..." A critic on THE SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER ended by saying: "It had been my opinion that Anthony Burgess had said just about all that could be said about the terrors of the future in A Clockwork Orange and The Wanting Seed, but Nolan and Johnson have opened the floodgates of imagination and produced a book which should have wide readership."

Enough. I feel I am justified in quoting these outside critics in order to demonstrate my point about the "cold" attitude success seems to engender within the sf field. Winning a Hugo in sci-fi these days seems more a game of playing politics than of writing a superb novel. Thus, my semi-bitterness about Logan's within-field treatment. Perhaps, someday, a writer will earn \$150,000 from a science fiction novel and win a Hugo within his own field, but I don't see that day dawning on the visible horizon.

Right now, with all this finally stated, I shall return to the job of editing my latest sci-fi anthology. If I have accomplished nothing more than offsetting the murky review by Hank Davis this letter will have been worthwhile. I hope sf readers will buy Logan's Run. Really, gang, it is a plenty OK novel!

((I have a few comments. Granting for the moment that Logan's Run is a fine novel, its winning a Hugo is dependent also, and critically, on its being read by those hard-core fans who vote in the worldcon Hugo balloting. How did Dial Press try to influence them? How many copies of the hardcover edition went to the leading fanzines for review? How many to SFWA members for a try at a Nebula win?

((You are right that there is a tendency to reserve the Hugo awards, especially the Best Novel award, for those writers who are more or less full-time sf writers...regulars. "Outsiders" are felt not to deserve the honor, somehow.

((It was only by accident that Logan's Run was reviewed in SFR. Hank Davis, out of the blue, sent it in along with several others, and since I did not have a review of it, I used it, since it seemed competent and I knew he had done some professional writing. DELL, until recently had not a policy of sending out review copies to fanzines, I believe. I have been assured that SFR will begin to receive copies soon.

((I don't believe Hank Davis was aware of the "outside" acclaim for your book...or that it had brought such a handsome return in motion picture sales, since I believe he is stationed in Vietnam at the moment.

((And, finally, a nit-pick: for future reference, Mr. Nolan; please don't use the term "sci-fi" to mean science fiction. I cringe when I type it! It is something from the 30's and 40's and TV GUIDE and PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY. We don't use it anymore. Even "stf" is out now. Simply "sf" or "s-f" or "SF" is fine. We have a new-found dignity. Using "sci-fi" for science fiction is like pronouncing Oregon "Oregawn"—only ignorant furriners do it.))



TED WHITE
P.O. Box 73
Brooklyn, NY
11232

I like what you're doing with SFR. The new cover is a smart idea (but you wasted it by leaving most of the inside blank; don't do that. You can start "Dialog" there.), and so is the backpage mailing wrapper. ((I intend only to use that space on the inside front cover opposite the contents—leaving the cover illo without show-thru—(I know, I goofed in #36.))) Reminds me of when we were doing VOID. Space was an important consideration, and it wasn't hard to shrink the contents page down to a quarter or third of the page, nor to run the wrapper as part of the backcover. I thought they lent a compact, meaty feeling to the zine—as does your changes in SFR. (Hey, you remember when I was publishing ZIP? Quarter-size, and with the contents listed on the cover? Times have changed, eh? Mighod, that was seventeen years ago! Sheesh.) ((You don't have to remind me. As it is I spend a half an hour in front of the mirror every morning plucking out grey hairs, half grey hairs, and those that look suspicious.... Just call me Baldy.))

I won't comment on the supreme lack of taste you and your reviewers showed in omitting any and all mention of my stories and magazines from your Hugo preferences, but—seriously—I am a bit surprised that you like Harlan's "Shattered Like a Glass Goblin." I just read the story the other day, after Dick Lupoff sent me the latest Ova Hamlet story, "Battered Like a Brass Bippy." I thought that Harlan's story was fundamentally dishonest, and largely a reflection of and pandering to the square attitude towards drugs, and towards "hippies". Harlan professes to loathe both, and this comes through rather well. But the story exists only to make this point, and does so about as fraudulently as Heinlein postulated the Salvation of Humanity in Stranger: via magic. Smith, in Stranger, relies on "Martian" qualities which boil down to magic. The people in "Shattered, etc." are rendered into forms expressing their true loathsomeness by magic. There is not one shred of valid characterization in Harlan's story—it's one of the thinnest tracts I've read in years. It subscribes to every square cliché about "them long-haired freaks," and betrays neither insight nor awareness of the reality. There are a lot of things wrong with that particular substrata of humanity, but Harlan neither sees nor shows them. Instead, he writes a popular cop-out. I suspect that if the story had appeared, without comment, under the by-line of John Schmeck, it would have been ignored. Had it appeared in ANALOG, it would have been reviled, as another ass-kiss to Campbell's editorials. Etc. But Harlan puts his name on it, and it is a runner-up for Nebula and very likely a Hugo nominee. Is it time to suggest that Harlan's clothes are sometimes conspicuous by their absence?

(See, Harlan, I told you you wouldn't want me to review the book.)

((I think you misread Harlan's intent in "Goblin", and isn't the kind of things the people in the story turn into a valid shred of characterization?))

Does Bob Shaw's excellent piece boil down to the simple

notion that kids lose their sense of wonder as they grow up? I suspect this is at the heart of it. Our society conditions against it, and most kids haven't the combination of luck and talent to withstand the stultifying pressures exerted upon them. Those of us who did are outside the norm, certainly. A fascinating piece.

Poul Anderson brings up a common complaint—and one I voiced myself for an upcoming SFWA Forum. But I suspect he is basing his remarks upon a rather less than perfect awareness of the publishing industry, plus a few remarks one editor foolishly made at the St. Louiscon (which I didn't hear myself—had I been there I would have joined the rebuttal).

My own problem was that a copyeditor at Signet did a hat-check-job on my novel, By Furies Possessed. Fortunately, the editor, Jim Irupin, caught it in time and shipped the edited ms. to me for straightening out, thus giving me final say on all changes. (This wasn't in my contract; it was just common sense and more than common courtesy on Jim's part.) I am not exaggerating in stating that the copyeditor made an average of two or three changes I didn't like on every page. The most common were changes of punctuation. He/she/it deleted 90% of my dashes—those things. The substitution of periods, commas, semi-colons and colons often substantially changed the weight, and sometimes the actual meaning, of what I'd said. More important were changes of style involving dialogue (idioms changed to basic English; and, in one case, when a character said "Don't get tight with me," it was changed to "Don't get uptight..." a piece of current idiom which I very much doubt will survive several centuries), and changes of fact. The copyeditor seemed to feel that I required a collaborator. I felt literally ill: the changes so angered and irritated me that I could only "de-copyedit" a few pages each night. However, I did do it, and I was grateful I had the opportunity to do it. Recently I read the galleys, and was quite pleased with the way the book looks in print. (It will be published in June, at 95¢. It runs 192 pages of closely leaded small type; over 75,000 words.)

When we talk about editorial revision, though, we must distinguish between magazine material and book material—something Poul doesn't really do. There are two different sets of standards, and while each company has its own policies, basically they boil down to these: Most magazine stories are copyedited by the actual editor. Most book mss. are copyedited by someone else. In neither case is the copyediting done with an eye towards widowed lines or the like, this being a factor visible only after the piece is set in type. Editorial changes, therefore, are made for entirely different reasons. I have not had any personal experience with cuts or changes demanded by problems with the type. No such situation obtains with either AMAZING or FANTASTIC in any case.

A "clean" copyeditor edits only for spelling and obvious errors of grammar. (Dialogue is allowed to be agrammatical, or should be.) This is, in most cases, all I do. I regard it as an arrogance to do more. But I have done more. At f&SF I did considerable work on a Norman Kagan story. I did it because Kagan (no professional) could not. On the other hand, I copyedited The Left Hand of Darkness for Ace, and I doubt I

This business about editing to size—which came out at the St. Louiscon—is arrogant bullshit. Any editor worth his salt does not need to make cuts or write additions to the stories in his magazine. If he cannot put together a balanced issue in terms of lengths, he is incompetent and can't add simple numbers in the bargain.

On the other hand, I wonder if Brunner deliberately wrote his "Noise Level" column this time in the style of the ultra-literate, obfuscatory critics whose pedantry of style is betrayed by lines like "Not possessing the vitality due to the direct impact of contemporary events, the material was not strong enough to impede the growth of those aforementioned divagations excrescent from the progress of the work." There must be a better way to express that thought. Communication—in literary criticism as elsewhere—is achieved through clarity.

Must you waste space on yet more of this stuff?

Banks Mebane says little I'd care to disagree with, but I was boggled by the inclusion in the list of "the generation of fans-turned-pro who are /my/ friends and contemporaries," of Ray Russell.

Despite what Banks says about my "formula" for fiction,

Perry A. Chapdelaine's letter betrays an interesting mental framework: the translation of red-hunting into sf-baddy-hunting. But did it work originally? I doubt it.

I also note that at SFWA Nebula Awards banquets, speakers in New York have included Ed Ferman, Fred Pohl, and Judy-Lynn Benjamin at three of the five banquets. John Campbell and the various editors (during the period) of AMAZING/FANTASTIC have been ignored, as also people like Doc Lowndes. It seems to be a case of picking the editors who are buttering your bread, and of coddling them thereafter. I might add that Judy-Lynn's speech was unpleasantly smarmy and about what the officers (who fell asleep) deserved.

Does Paul Walker really think P. Schuyler Miller is the best sf reviewer around? *sigh* I note he also thinks "Only a blind-deaf-and dumb person could ignore the strong stench of repression emanating from the American Left these days. Liberals are scared." The Liberals I know are scared of the "strong stench of repression emanating from" the Silent Majority on the Right, these days. I know I am. But since I subscribe to no party lines at all, perhaps I don't count.

((I'm impelled to ask what "smarmy" means...and to agree with both you and Paul re repression, but you especially, because the Silent Majority on the Right has control of the police, the FBI, the White House, the Justice Department...and the Secret Master of them all, of course, is Mrs. John Mitchell. Or so she claims. She called me at 4 AM the other night and demanded I behead—



With reference to Mr. Anthony's letter - pp 46/48 ((in SFR 35)) - I was touched by his concern for my wellbeing. I hasten to assure him that I am alive and well and living in the Rio Verde

Australia.

Apart from occasional articles and book reviews I write very little these days; the reasons for this are twofold.

- a) In a two typewriter household the Olovetti is hogged for most of the time by A. Bertram Chandler, and the Braucourt for all of the time by his everloving secretary.
- b) Chandler has not yet forgiven me for what happened in ASTOUNDING (as it was then) some years ago. My novelet won second place in the AnLab, while his was among the also rans.

((Peggy Swenson says to tell you she knows exactly what you mean.))



ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS
PO Box 611
Valley Center, Cal f.
92082

"It you" simply awed me. What mad genius brought this forth? Whoever did it, I'm glad that needle wasn't aimed at me. I'd druther be called an old hack any

day - though now the word has gone out that my stories are to be referred to as "abysmal depths." This is lots lower than "old hack."

Also, now that I have resigned from the SFWA, I no longer get that wonderful Bulletin and that wonderful wonderful (ad infinitum ad nauseum) Forum - and I must depend on Geis for news and comment. I wouldn't say right out loud that the SFR is better than the Bulletin and the Forum combined but I would be glad to whisper in your ear that this is my private opinion. And I already know I can't trust Geis, so I am that much ahead with the SFR. Also, Geis is cheaper, he doesn't charge dues, he doesn't scallions of beautiful books in an effort to brain-wash me into reading something, and while I suspect he is biased in favor of the publishers, I have never caught him in censorship (not cold, that is).

So Geis is the winner. Hurrah for Geis.

Why did I resign from SFWA? Because it is a beautiful organization of beautiful beautiful beautiful people - and I can't stand them!



WYLIE TOM GILLESPIE
705 N. Laurent
Victoria, Texas 77901

Reviewer Dave Burton did not catch Peter Beagle writing with his pants down. Burton caught himself—reading with his eyes shut. (See review of A Fine and Private Place by Peter S. Beagle, on page 31 of SFR 36.)

The so-called flaw in plotting does not exist, as a quick rereading of pages 101 and 120 would have revealed.

Leave us not allow Beagle to be bummed for a mistake he did not make. Compared to certain others', his output is

small. But the care he has put into his novels shows up quickly—to those who read them carefully.



AND NOW for excerpts and unfair quotes from the also-received letters! J. GREGORY said (almost undecipherably) "Enjoyed Rottensteiner's slam-banging and the Panshin Riposte ..Surprises me every time I read "Dialog" when at the end I've not felt you going cutesy. Like the idea of a classified section. I'm just about to quit FANTASY COLLECTOR anyway, since Cazedessus has juxtaposed ERBdom with it. For an interesting "opposite" review of Z's Creatures of Light and Darkness read Blish's comments in April F&SF!"

DAVID WM. HULVEY conceded, "So let the pros have the run of your zine, it's theirs. They made it possible for fandom to exist by first gambling to write sf."

GLEN COOK conspiratorially whispered: "Sincerely admired Poul Anderson's defense of us poor, downtrodden PIGS. He's right, you know. We're the victims of a cosmic plot. I'm writing this from the safety of the bathroom, where I have locked myself until the paranoids stop besieging my house."

MITCHELL L. G. MARKOVITZ, writing from Mount Olympus, is sneeringly contemptuous of all us "secret masters" who can't keep our masterhood a secret...as he has!

ED CAGLE suggested: "I asked that Dean Grennell be seen regularly in SFR and you replied that he is busy. Too bad. Dean began to say a few badly needed words of comment on the prozines where all others seem fearsome. What I'd like to see on this topic, in SFR, is a discussion of the new writers seen there occasionally. Now, now...not a reviewer taking them apart piece by bloody piece....but a gentle series of thoughts with only the most helpful of motives driving the typing fingers."

MARK MUMPER, 1227 Laurel St., Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060, is willing to pay for a copy of the May AMAZING; he missed it on the stands. He also asked if the reduced rate on NEW WORLDS subscriptions advertized in SFR #36 is still good.

I'm sure it is, Mark.

PHILIP M. COHEN grumped (with two other subbers): "SFR received and enjoyed. Strongly object to the missing envelopes; SFR is my favorite fanzine and I heartily dislike staple-holes, not to mention the cancellations & stamps & addressings...I'd gladly pay 10¢ extra for envelope—and a few extra pages..."

All those who want envelopes and first class mailing may subscribe at the rate of 75¢ per copy.

JEFF COCHRAN, budding artist and indefatigable letter-of-comment typer, wrote, to begin one of them: "Hail Richard of Santa Monica, Keeper of the Holy Gestetner, Emperor of the thousand thousand suns, ingester of the heaven on high health food, and present purveyor of this paper. May your Alter-ego never reveal All, may you type dirty books into being for as long as you may live, may you win another Hugo to balance the interior decorating effect of the first...."

"There you go, hinting with a quote, again, eh, Geis?"
OUT, alter! THIS IS THE END OF THE LETTER SECTION!

TAFF VOTING BALLOT

The Candidates:

CHARLIE BROWN
ELLIOT SHORTER
BILL ROTSLER
"HOLD OVER FUNDS"

Voting: TAFF uses the Australian Ballot, a vote counting system with a built-in run-off count. On the 1st "ballot", only 1st place votes are counted; then, if of 100 votes four candidates get 40-30-20-10, the last one is dropped and the 2nd choices of his 10 supporters become 1st place votes distributed between the remaining three candidates. This process is repeated until the leading candidate has over 50% of the vote, thus assuring a majority winner.

When voting, be sure to rank the candidates in the exact order in which you prefer them.

"Hold Over Funds": This choice, similar to a "No Award" vote in Hugo balloting, gives the voter an opportunity to vote for no TAFF trip in the event that either the candidates don't appeal to him, or he feels that TAFF should slow down its program of trips. If Hold Over prevails, funds will be held over for the next year.

Continuing Voting Rules: Under no circumstances may a fan vote more than once, or enter one candidate's name more than once on a ballot. Details of voting will be kept secret. Write-ins are permitted. No proxy votes are allowed; each voter must sign his own ballot.

Each candidate has promised that barring acts of God he will travel to the 28th World Science Fiction Convention in Heidelberg, Germany if elected. In addition, they have posted bond and provided signed nominations. Their platforms are on the reverse side of this sheet, along with the voting blanks.

Votes must reach TAFF administrators on or before July 31, 1970. Election results will be announced as soon after this date as possible.

To be eligible to vote you must contribute a minimum of five shillings (5/-d), or one dollar (\$1.00) to the fund, and have been active in science fiction fandom prior to September, 1968. Contributions in excess of \$1. will be cheerfully accepted.

Money orders or checks should be payable to the Administrator receiving your vote—not, please, to TAFF.

AMERICAN ADMINISTRATOR: STEVE STILES
427 57th Street
Brooklyn, New York
11220

EUROPEAN ADMINISTRATOR: EDDIE JONES
72 Antonio Street
Bootle 20,
Lancashire
ENGLAND

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT. Due to an idea of Eddie Jones, we've decided to hold a lottery after the election. Each voter will be assigned a number and a drawing will be held. There will be two drawings for both sides of the Atlantic; Eddie has donated one of his paintings for his lottery, and Jack Gaughan has kindly donated a painting of his for the U.S. drawing.

VOTE ON OTHER SIDE

VOTE ON OTHER SIDE

TAFF CANDIDATE'S PLATFORM

CHARLIE BROWN:

A fan well known in both America and Europe and active in many different aspects of fandom. Science Fiction? He's a long time reader and collector who can talk learnedly on books, magazines, authors and stories. Fanzines? He publishes LOCUS —one of the leading fanzines, and has produced over 50 issues on a regular basis. Conventions? He has attended 13 Worldcons, also regionals too numerous to list. He has served on convention committees, and chaired several conventions. Clubs? He's been active in many fan clubs. A real all around fan who speaks well in front of large audiences, writes well in reporter, serious and humorous styles, and handles a camera or tape recorder with excellent results. An ideal candidate, TAFF report writer and administrator. What more can you ask for?

Nominated by: Richard Bergeron, Joyce Fisher, Barbara Silverberg, Hans-Werner Heinrichs, and Pete Weston.

BILL ROTSLER:

ROTSLER FOR TAFF? Why didn't we think of it sooner? The man is a natural to send overseas to the Heicon. He speaks well, is well-loved by all and sundry, is amiable, charming, sophisticated, and has a beard, mustache, long hair... so he'll not be considered an "Ugly American" over there; he'll be able to pass.

But, seriously, Bill Rotsler is a fine candidate and I nominate him without any hesitation. He will represent American fandom in Germany in excellent fashion. I understand he holds his liquor very well.

Bill has been a fan for more years than I can remember. He has contributed his artwork to more fanzines than anyone can count. Fans have only to ask and he responds with a batch of drawings and cartoons of marvelous humor and quality.

And the bonus to fandom for sending Bill Rotsler to the Heicon is obvious: a mind-boggling TAFF report combining his talents as a writer and cartoonist. It will be a fannish landmark.

Nominated by: F.M. Busby, Terry Carr, Richard Geis, Arthur Thomson, and Walt Willis.

ELLIOT SHORTER:

Elliot Shorter certainly isn't... he stands taller. Always visible at a convention or fan gatherings due to his height and girth, with or without a guitar slung on his back. But the important thing about Elliot is that he is fun! Fun to talk with, sing with, get drunk with, turn a mimeo crank with. Elliot has been a great addition to fandom since he first started attending cons (most worldcons and east coast regionals since 1962, a number of midwescons and Westercon22). He has been Sergeant at Arms at Lunacons and at NYCon III, auctioneer at Lunacons, panelist at Boskones, art show judge at Westercon 22 and St. Louiscon. He has been chosen Parliamentarian for the 1971 Worldcon —Noreascon.

Elliot is an active member of many clubs. He was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the Eve. Sess. of City College of CUNY for 5 years. He is a member of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Tolkien Society of America, Hyborean Legion, ESFA, Lunarians, Fanoclasts and NESFA. He has also participated in the publishing of ENGRAM, the HEICON FLYER, LOCUS and NIEKAS.

Elliot promises that, if elected, he will begin writing his TAFF REPORT on the day he is notified of the election.

Nominated by: Ginger Buchanan, Jack Gaughan, Bruce Pelz, John-Henri Holmberg and Waldemar Kumming.

I VOTE FOR

SIGNED:

(1st place) _____

(2nd place) _____

Address: _____

(3rd place) _____

If you think your name may not be known to the administrators (in order to qualify for voting), please give the name and address of a fan or fan group to whom you are known; _____

I ENCLOSE THE SUM OF _____ AS A CONTRIBUTION TO TAFF.

HUGO NOMINATION BALLOT

BEST NOVEL.....

BEST NOVELLA.....

BEST SHORT STORY.....

BEST DRAMATIC.....

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST.....

BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE.....

BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE.....

BEST FAN WRITER.....

BEST FAN ARTIST.....

For definition of the categories see the Heicon 70 Hugo rules on the reverse side of this ballot.

Only members of the 27th World Science Fiction Convention (St. Louiscon) or the 28th World Science Fiction Convention (Heicon 70) may nominate. If you do not feel qualified to nominate in any particular category for any reason, please DO nominate in the other categories available.

St. Louiscon Membership No: Heicon 70 Membership No:

Please enroll me as a member of Heicon 70. I am enclosing

DM 20,- attending fee DM 14,- supporting fee

Membership is DM 14,- for supporting and DM 20,- for attending. If you wish to join Heicon 70 in order to nominate and vote on the final ballot, but are not sure you can attend, you can pay DM 14,- now and another DM 6,- at the convention. Please inquire the exchange rate at your bank! Make all checks payable to Mrs. Thea Auler.

When completed, mail this ballot to: Heicon 70
6272 Niedernhausen
Feldbergstr. 26a
W. Germany

DEADLINE FOR RECEIPT OF BALLOTS IS MAY 1ST 1970

Name:.....

Address:.....

City, State & Zip:.....

Country:.....

ANNUAL SCIENCE FICTION ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS (HUGOS)
RULES OF ELIGIBILITY

NOMINATIONS AND VOTING: Nominating is limited to members of either St. Louiscon or Heicon 70. Only one item may be nominated in each category. Either St. Louiscon or Heicon 70 membership number **MUST** appear on each ballot. A person must be a member of Heicon 70 to vote on the final ballot.

BEST NOVEL: A science fiction or fantasy story of 40,000 words or more which has appeared for the **FIRST** time in 1969. Appearance in a year prior to 1969 disqualifies a story - a story thus may be eligible only once. Publication date, or cover date in the case of magazines, takes precedence over copyright date. The date of the last installment of a magazine serial determines its year of eligibility. Series under one cover are not eligible for Best Novel award, but individual stories in the series may qualify as short stories or novellas. The committee may move a story into a more appropriate category if it is deemed necessary, provided the story is within 5,000 words of the category limit.

BEST NOVELLA: Same rules, with lengths between 17,500 and 40,000 words.

BEST SHORT STORY: Same rules, with length less than 17,500 words.

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: Any production directly related to the field of science fiction or fantasy in the media of radio, TV, stage or screen, and publicly presented for the first time in its present form during 1969. Series (STAR TREK, THE PRISONER, etc.) are not eligible, but individual episodes in the series are eligible and must be identified by title.

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: A professional artist whose work was presented in some form in the science fiction or fantasy field in 1969.

BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE: Any magazine devoted primarily to science fiction or fantasy which has published four or more issues, at least one of which appeared in 1969.

BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE: Any generally available non-professional magazine devoted to science fiction, fantasy, or fancifully related subjects, which has published four or more issues, one of which appeared in 1969.

BEST FAN WRITER: A writer whose works appeared in fanzines in 1969.

BEST FAN ARTIST: An artist or cartoonist whose works appeared in fanzines in 1969.

ALL AWARDS will be the HUGOS, designated Science Fiction Achievement Award, and will be presented at the awards banquet, at Heicon 70.

-The Heicon 70 Committee-

THE EGOBOO POLL

This is a Poll, produced for the hell of it, by the editors of EGOBOO (John D. Berry and Ted White), mainly because a lot has happened in fandom in the last couple of years that has not been properly chronicled, and there hasn't been a good poll conducted in fandom for years. Everybody who gets a copy of this ballot is asked to vote and return it, unless he considers himself too unfamiliar with the field to vote intelligently. The deadline for returning ballots is June 1, 1970, although if I'm delayed in writing up the results I'll probably count any ballots returned later. The results will be tallied and written up with more or less extensive commentary in EGOBOO. The purpose of this poll is to get an idea of what today's fans think of today's fandom—which fanzines they read, which fanwriters and fanartists they most enjoy, etc.—and to attempt to construct a cohesive picture of Fandom: 1970. Fan editors are encouraged to reproduce this ballot (but accurately!) —JOHN D. BERRY

BEST CURRENT FANZINE: 1.

- | | |
|-----------|----------|
| 2. _____ | 3. _____ |
| 4. _____ | 5. _____ |
| 6. _____ | 7. _____ |
| 8. _____ | 9. _____ |
| 10. _____ | |

BEST CURRENT FANWRITER: 1.

- | | |
|-----------|----------|
| 2. _____ | 3. _____ |
| 4. _____ | 5. _____ |
| 6. _____ | 7. _____ |
| 8. _____ | 9. _____ |
| 10. _____ | |

BEST CURRENT FANARTIST: 1.

- | |
|----------|
| 2. _____ |
| 3. _____ |
| 4. _____ |
| 5. _____ |

BEST CURRENT FAN CARTOONIST: 1.

- | |
|----------|
| 2. _____ |
| 3. _____ |
| 4. _____ |
| 5. _____ |

BEST CURRENT COLUMN: 1.

- | |
|----------|
| 2. _____ |
| 3. _____ |
| 4. _____ |
| 5. _____ |

BEST CURRENT CRITIC/REVIEWER: 1.

- | |
|----------|
| 2. _____ |
| 3. _____ |
| 4. _____ |
| 5. _____ |

BEST CURRENT HUMORIST: 1.

- | |
|----------|
| 2. _____ |
| 3. _____ |
| 4. _____ |
| 5. _____ |

BEST SINGLE PUBLICATION OF 1969:

(This category is for fanzines or fan-oriented publications, not for professional science fiction.)

MOST IMPORTANT FANNISH EVENT OF 1969:

(In an age of proliferating conventions, the following category seems in order.)

BEST CON OF 1969:

MOST PRETENTIOUS CURRENT FAN: 1.

- | |
|----------|
| 2. _____ |
|----------|

MOST PRETENTIOUS CURRENT FANZINE: 1.

- | |
|----------|
| 2. _____ |
|----------|

NUMBER ONE FAN FACE:

THE FANZINE YOU WOULD MOST LIKE TO SEE REVIVED NEXT:

- | |
|----------|
| 1. _____ |
| 2. _____ |
| 3. _____ |

BEST NEW FAN OF 1969:

There will be some kind of point-system devised to tabulate the votes, perhaps giving points in reverse order, but that will be determined later. Any suggestions received will be sealed in concrete and dropped off the Golden Gate Bridge in a touching torch-light ceremony.

Please sign your name legibly:

SEND TO: JOHN D. BERRY

MAYFIELD HOUSE

STANFORD, CALIF.

94305

Use this space for writing DNU letters of comment to a prozine:

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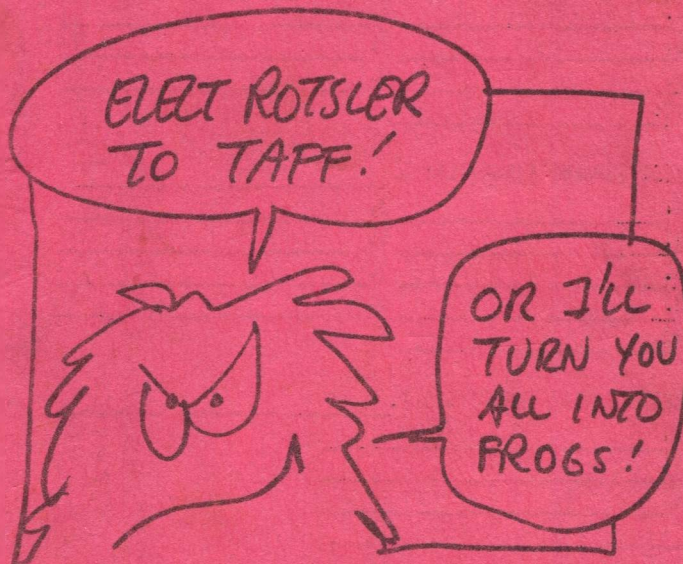
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