

S O N O F T H E W S F A J O U R N A L

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CHANGES TO WSFA ROSTER III (Roster & changes in SOTWJ's 23 and 28) --

New Regular Members:

Bischoff, Dave 5114 Ludlow Dr., Camp Springs, Md., 20031. (301-423-41142)
Riley, Mike 9009 Taylor Lane, Oxon Hill, Md., 20022. (CH8-4975)
Sizemore, Mick L. .. 1916 R St., N.W., Apt.106, Wash., D.C., 20009. (332-8134)

New Corresponding Member:

Trotter, Kate Box 1392, RC Station, Radford, Va., 24111. (- -)

Change-of-Address:

Pauls, Ted 821 E. 33rd St., Baltimore, Md., 21218. (235-7572)

In Brief (misc. notes & comments) --

This is another in the series designed to use up the remaining old material (1970 & earlier) in the TWJ files (altho there is some new material here, as well). One (possibly two) more issues to come before all old material, incl. reviews, is exhausted. From there, we shall catch up with the 1971 material, after which all material received will be used, in either SOTWJ or TWJ, within two issues of TWJ after receipt. No more backlog (so we'll be counting on our contributors to keep a steady flow coming in....)!

Note new first-class subscription rates. Sub rates for TWJ and SOTWJ should now remain constant (at least until next major postage raise....).

SOTWJ is approx. bi-monthly. Subs (via 1st-class mail): 20¢ ea., 6/\$1.10, 12/\$2; via 3rd-class mail (sent two-at-a-time, or with TWJ, at discretion of ed.): 12/\$1.50 (12/65p U.K.). THE WSFA JOURNAL is 50¢ ea., 4/\$1.75, 8/\$3.25 (UK: 20 p ea., 6/100p, 9/150p), and is bi-monthly. For names & addresses of Overseas Agents (new U.K. Agent needed) & Air-mail rates, write the Ed., or see TWJ. No room for full Address Code key this time (see #23), but note that K, Something of yours is reviewed/mentioned herein; N, You are mentioned herein. SOTWJ accoos trades, is free to contributors (who get one ish added to sub per issue in which their material appears if already subbers). Indexed in TWJ; reviews also indexed in SFBRI.

-- DLM

THE WSFA JOURNAL (Supplement)

% D. Miller
12315 Judson Road
Wheaton, Maryland
U.S.A. 20906

TO:

Siclaht (W-34)

FIRST CLASS MAIL

FIRST CLASS MAIL

In Memoriam:

JOHN W. CAMPBELL

1910-1971

We had just returned to the office after mailing the first-class issues of SOTWJ #28 (on Wed., July 14), and picked up THE WASHINGTON POST newspaper to read while eating lunch. Absent-mindedly, we glanced at the obituary section, where just a week earlier we had been surprised by a brief notice on the passing of August Derleth. The numbness which set in after the initial shock destroyed our effectiveness as a worker for the remainder of the day. Derleth was bad enough, but Campbell, too? A one-two punch so devastating that science fiction may never be quite the same again!

We were not personally acquainted with JWC. We had sat across the table from him at Tricon, when he was in animated discussion with several fans (as he almost always was whenever we saw him at other cons), and listened with interest to the viewpoints under consideration. We had been an avid reader of ASTOUNDING, and afterwards ANALOG, from the time we picked up our first issue (May, 1948--perhaps the finest issue of ASTOUNDING/ANALOG ever published--but then, we are just a little bit prejudiced), until publication of THE WSFA JOURNAL and other 'zines took up so much of our time that we had to salt current issues away for future consumption. ASTOUNDING was the only magazine which we consistently read from cover to cover, from the always-interesting and usually controversial but timely and thought-provoking Campbell editorials, to the invaluable "Reference Library" of P. Schuyler Miller (the reviews in which provided the base from which our s-f book collection was developed).

Campbell became editor of ASTOUNDING STORIES in 1937. Soon afterwards he changed the title to ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, which it remained until it was changed to ANALOG, in the early '60's. He edited the now-legendary UNKNOWN from its inception, in 1939, 'til it became a casualty of WW-II, in 1943. Always loaded with ideas, which he passed on to his writers, and ever ready to give constructive advice, he was responsible for the development of some of the most important authors to grace the science fiction scene: among them Robert A. Heinlein, A. E. Van Vogt, L. Sprague de Camp, Theodore Sturgeon, Isaac Asimov, and others. ASTOUNDING/ANALOG epitomized science fiction, and numbered among its steady readership a high proportion of professionals: scientists, engineers, etc. UNKNOWN was a perfect complement; it published some of the most memorable fantasy ever seen, and remains to this day by far the finest fantasy magazine ever published. As an editor, Campbell was without peer; without him, science fiction could not have come as far as it has today; and without him, the road ahead will be just that much more difficult. He was one of a kind! (And he was so recognized by fans, with ASTOUNDING/ANALOG receiving the Hugo for Best Professional Magazine nine times in the brief history of the award, while Campbell himself was Guest-of-Honor at three World S. F. Conventions (1947, 1954, 1957).)

Campbell the writer is nowadays overshadowed by Campbell the editor. But he was a leading writer during the '30's; and many of his stories played a most important role in the development of science fiction. We remember his The Mightiest Machine and the various Arcot, Morley & Wade novels as among the most enjoyable space-operas we have read; and his short stories written under the "Don Stuart" pseudonym (such as "Twilight", "Night", "Who Goes There?" (basis for movie, The Thing), and "Forgetfulness") are among the most memorable ever written.

Born in Newark, New Jersey on June 8, 1910, he was a brawny, seemingly-ageless man. But on Sunday, July 11, 1971, the unthinkable happened--he succumbed to a heart ailment at his home, in Mountainside, New Jersey. Although we never met in person, he was as a member of the family, and, through ASTOUNDING/ANALOG, an almost-constant companion. The man is dead--but his works remain--the finest tribute one could ask!

-- DLM

FROM PULP POET TO PLAYWRIGHT: The Maturation of Ray Bradbury
by Gary Hypes

In the past decade and a half, critics widely hailed Ray Bradbury as a novelist and short story writer. TIME magazine called him the "poet of the Pulp" and "a talent that includes passion, irony, and...wisdom". Poet and novelist Christopher Isherwood said (of Bradbury) he was "a very great and unusual talent". Bradbury's book The October Country drew this comment, also from TIME: "Ray Bradbury is...the arrived monstermonger, fit replacement for August Derleth, eldritch of well-informed witchlovers." In short, Ray Bradbury was a pulp writer whose creative ability was recognized to reach far beyond the limitations imposed by writing within and for the science fiction genre.

Until about three years ago, Mr. Bradbury was known chiefly as a science fiction writer. In all fairness, he wrote in three different forms. As he said in an interview with the NEW YORK TIMES, "one is small-town life, one is fantasy and one is straight science fiction." He was, by mid-1950's, successful, and was considered by most critics to be a mature writer. However, I am of the impression that he did not mature until he underwent a transformation in his writing; and that transformation was his transition from a short story writer and novelist to a playwright.

Becoming a writer was no accident for Bradbury. From his early childhood he planned to become a writer. His life had begun in Waukegan, Illinois, in 1920. His real parents played no vital part in his decision to become a writer. Ray says: "Jules Verne was my father, H.G. Wells was my wise uncle. Edgar Allan Poe was the batwinged cousin we kept high in the back attic room. Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers were my brothers and friends. There you have my ancestry.

"Adding, of course, the fact in all probability, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley was my mother.

"With a family like that, how else could I turn out other than I did."

Young Bradbury's eyesight became poor, and he was forced to wear glasses from the tender and sensitive age of ten. "I had to write", he jokes, "because I couldn't do much else." From the time he was twelve he was writing constantly. He had decided he was going to become a writer, and a famous one, "like Steinbeck, Faulkner, or Cather". The writings of these authors and others such as Thomas Wolfe and Ernest Hemingway were to influence him throughout his youth. He was introduced to the realm of science fiction when, at the age of six, he had the stories of Poe read to him at night by his grandmother, Neva Bradbury. Soon to follow were Edgar Rice Burroughs' Tarzan books, Grimm's Fairy Tales, the Oz series, Alice in Wonderland and many others. His sense of the fantastic became stimulated, Bradbury says of this period, "I stopped reading fantasy when I began writing because I wanted to bring back to science fiction something fresh and new. It needed revivifying..." His sense of awareness began to grow. His memories of those days were reflected in a later work of his entitled Dandelion Wine. Of this book it was written, "No other writer since Mark Twain has caught the vitality and innocence of small-town American youth with as fine and mature perception as Ray Bradbury."

Ray was uprooted from his hometown Waukegan at the age of fourteen when his whole family moved to Los Angeles. Immediately he began sending his written manuscripts to various magazines to be published. In the years that followed, his enormous collection of rejection slips continually grew. He attended Los Angeles High School, during which he published a fanzine by the name of FUTURIA FANTASIA. It lasted four issues. He flunked his English classes, but managed nonetheless to graduate in 1938. He continued to live with his parents, earning \$10 a week selling newspapers on a street corner. He was determined that if he had not sold anything by the time he was twenty-one he would quit. He relates:

"My friends would walk by my corner and laugh at me and say, 'Bradbury, why don't you get a job with Standard Oil?' I'd say to myself, 'Oh, you SOB's, someday

*Tobert Bowen, "Summer of Innocence", SRL XL 7/9/57 p.18.

I'm going to have power and come back and spit on you.' Now they still have their jobs with Standard Oil and when I see them I never tell them anything about myself, I'm too lucky and too sorry for them."

Finally, a story of his was published. It was entitled, "It's Not the Heat, It's the Hu", and was sold to SCRIPT magazine on August 22, 1940, Ray's twenty-first birthday.

From that point on, Mr. Bradbury began to receive recognition. In 1946 a short story of his, "The Big Black and White Game", originally printed in 1945, was selected for The Best American Short Stories of 1946. In the same year his short story "Homecoming" was published, which later appeared in the O. Henry Prize Stories. The Best One Act Plays of 1947-48 included a work by him. The editors of O. Henry Prize Stories gave their third prize to his "Powerhouse" in 1948.

Ray rose immediately to national fame in 1950 when a collection of certain of his short stories was printed under the title, The Martian Chronicles. Soon to follow, in 1951, was his story, "The Fireman", a shorter version of his later novel, Fahrenheit 451. In 1953 his anthology The Golden Apples of the Sun was printed. He was in public demand. Ray Bradbury was a success.

Yet, Ray Bradbury had not fully matured as a writer. Even the critics seemed to sense this. It was suggested when one critic (TIME: "Poet", p.114) wrote, after reviewing The Golden Apples of the Sun, "Bradbury could . . . (and) might get some notable work out of his more human qualities." Another (TIME: "Djinn and Bitters: The October Country", p.121) wrote, "Bradbury could do very well. . . ." An eveny soon happened which satisfied Ray, at least personally, that he was coming of age as a writer.

Ray Bradbury had acted on the amateur stage and on radio as a boy, and had written plays as a young man...But they (the plays) did not satisfy their creator. Those plays, writes Bradbury, "were so bad I promised myself never to write again for the stage. . ." He also gave up acting "because of the competitive politics involved." The short story and novel beckoned, and he answered. Years went by. He says, "I went to see hundreds of plays and loved them and read hundreds of plays and loved them, but I . . . held off from writing Act 1, Scene 1 again."

One day, early in 1955, Bradbury was sitting quietly, peacefully, and happily by the fireplace in his home in Los Angeles. The phone rang, and he answered it. It was producer John Houston, who asked Ray to come over to his hotel suite for a couple of drinks. When Bradbury arrived, Houston invited him in. Over those "couple of drinks" Houston asked him if he would like to spend the next year in Ireland writing the screenplay for a movie version of Herman Melville's Moby Dick. Suddenly, with his wife and two daughters, he found himself off to Ireland.

Ray hated Ireland with a passion. "I thought I saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing of Ireland. I fled Ireland, positive I had learned nothing save how to dread storms, fogs, and the penny-beggars in the streets of Dublin and Kilcock." He had accomplished one thing, however, whether he had realized it or not. His screenplay for Moby Dick was a masterpiece. As the critics reviewed the movie, they commented this much about the script: "Ray Bradbury's script holds . . . hypnotic quality . . . and his lines create images . . . vivid for the ear."* Ray Bradbury had not wanted to trouble his buried conscience by thinking of writing plays again, but "suddenly here was Mike, my taxi-driver, rummaging my soul . . .".@ He fled Ireland, as he said, and tried to bake the cold and fog out in sunny Italy before returning to the United States.

He built a mental fortress against thinking about writing plays. Soon after he got back in the United States, his fortress was besieged "by mobs of letter-writing strangers". Over the next several years, many of his works were dramatized in one form or another on the amateur stage. People would write and tell him about how they produced a three-act play out of Fahrenheit 451 for their high

*"Moby Dick", TIME, July 9, 1955, p. 78.

@Bradbury, "Secret", p. 15.

school, or had recited a short story of his before a literary group, and so forth. "Then, one rainy afternoon, Mike, the taxi-driver, came to sit just out of sight of my mind. He nudged me gently and dared to remind me of our journeys together across the bogs, along the Liffey, and him talking and wheeling his old iron car slowly through the mist night after night, driving me home to the Royal Hibernian Hotel . . . 'Tell the truth about me,' Mike said, 'Just put it down the way it was.'"

It was then that Ray Bradbury began writing plays once more. "It was then a reverse of an old tale. Instead of crying out that the emperor was naked, these people were saying, unmistakably, that an English flunk-out from Los Angeles High School was fully clothed and too thick to see it."

The Ray Bradbury of today is writing only occasional short stories. He now spends the better part of his time as a playwright. He wrote the screenplay for his own novel for the movie Fahrenheit 451, as well as (1964) for Martian Chronicles. . . . There is presently an off-broadway play being performed, by the title of "The World of Ray Bradbury". It consists of three one-act plays adapted from three of his short stories. He is also working on many others, trying to make up for a twenty-some odd year deficit.

Ray had thought he could "sit out" his problems with playwrighting. He now has a different attitude.

"We never sit anything out.

"We are cups, constantly being filled.

"The trick is, knowing how to tip ourselves and let the beautiful stuff flow out."

Ray Bradbury has come of age.

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 "Ray Bradbury", CURRENT BIOGRAPHY, 1953, pp. 87-89.
 "Tradewinds", SATURDAY REVIEW, XL (October 12, 1957), p. 8

((The above was originally printed (1967?) in Fred Hypes' fanzine, MAELSTROM, and was given to TWJ by Fred for reprinting. Unfortunately, we were so overwhelmed by material at the time that we weren't using reprints, and so put this aside for awhile. In cleaning out our files of old material, we just ran across it, and feel that it deserves reprinting. #### Extracts of editorial comments by Fred, appended to the original article, follow. --ed.))

"We hide so many of our 'candles' under 'bushels' and bury so many 'talents' into the ground. We cannot expect the bushel to kindle a larger flame, nor watch the buried talent sprout into a beautiful flower. If only we could learn how to tip our cups. #### "Nor can we, like Bradbury mentions, sit things out. Usually, when you return to the candle days later you find it extinguished. Recover the coin and you see that it has gathered mold. The things that were are the things that could have been. . . . #### "So the next time it rains, tip your head back, open your mouth and taste the rain, Montag. Drink the Dandelion Rain and smell the scent of sarsaparilla in the air."

S. F. PARADE: Book Reviews

orbit five
 damon knight editor
 ep putnams sons
 book club edition

twelve stories
 some good
 some bad
 most indifferent
 a few are even
 science fiction
 kate wilhelm
 tells us of dreams
 avram davidson
 tells us
 of horror
 on the highway
 with motorcycles
 carol carr
 tells us of a nice girl
 who married a goy
 a martian goy
 ursula le guin
 returns to karhide
 to tell us of
 lorenz fitzgerald
 and the succession of kings
 langdon jones
 uses a time machine
 to recapture
 the pleasure
 of riding a bloody
 saddle
 theres no accounting
 for tastes
 r a lafferty
 tells of a psychiatrist

who takes a ride
 on the jet propelled
 couch
 gene wolfe
 likes treehouses
 and neonazis
 c davis belcher
 wonders about
 inheritance
 and transplants
 philip latham
 questions
 track results
 in an
 incredible shrinking
 universe
 the track shrinks
 but the runners
 stay the same
 kid reed
 talks of
 child geniuses
 made to order
 and sibling rivalry
 james sallis
 tells of ephemera
 and norman spinrad
 tells of the big flash
 and a music group
 a rock band
 that likes
 the bomb

gabriel
 is playing
 the electric
 guitar
 watch the last
 story
 youll hear
 of it
 again
 its just likely
 to be nominated
 for a hugo
 the storys
 not that good
 but its an in subject
 and an in author
 and orbit
 usually gets one
 anyway
 whether its
 deserved
 or not
 its a fair
 anthology
 for one
 of my tastes
 me yngvi
 yngvi the cockroach
 who is not a louse

-- yngvi

Fun With Your New Head: collection of stories by Thomas M. Disch (Doubleday; 207 pp.; \$4.95).

Not much fun to read. Not if you're looking for science fiction, which the publisher says this is. Actually, most of these 19 stories, all copyrighted between 1963 and 1968, appeared in fantasy publications. All are disappointing examples of Mr. Disch's storytelling ability. He's done better ("The Genocides", 1965, and "Echo Round His Bones", 1967), though for my personal taste he tends too much toward new-wavishness.

Perhaps the biggest piece of fluff is the one chosen to title Fun With Your New Head (which for good reason is buried three-quarters of the way into this volume). Under a thousand words in length, the word HEAD, upper-cased, jumps tirelessly and quite meaninglessly out at the reader a total of 54 times. The storyline? "There are a thousand laughs in store for you in the new, improved HEAD. Why don't you buy your new HEAD today?"

Buying this book, you need a new HEAD, or at least the old one examined.

-- James R. Newton

EN PASSANT: Letters

Perry A. Chapdelaine (continuation from TWJ-74/1 & 75/2 of letter of 25 Dec '70).
 Page 39, Virginia Kidd: Yes. You did suggest that I write a second-person story. You said, "Why don't you try a second person story?", and you said it just like that.

The reason I remember so well is because I'll be damned if I knew what a second-person story was, or a third, either.

You did reference Sturgeon. In fact, you sent me a paperback anthology with one of Sturgeon's stories marked with a B-plus (would you believe a B-minus?). I read it and sent a letter back saying that I was no Sturgeon, but I couldn't see what was so great about writing a second-person story. Then you said (21 May 1969), "Thanks for all you've sent, including the return of my paperback example of the second person."

Want Xerox copies?

You did advise that it was exceedingly difficult, but I don't remember your saying it was not worth doing, though that seems a potty quibble.

What difference? I just wanted to learn--and I'm learning! I'm learning!

Let me place my writing in context for you and others, please, though not to excuse its ineptitude so much as to brag on how well I've done in spite of.

Until "To Serve the Masters", I couldn't write Perry A. Chapdelaine without getting the punctuation in the wrong place, and worrying for hours thereafter, carrying a burden of fear and guilt like the senseless monkey on some folks' back.

I wrote "To Serve the Masters" (originally entitled "Idiot Savant") especially to break the terrifying writing blockage. Until then, I hadn't written a Little-Bo-Peep story or even a one-stanza egoboo.

I was forty years old.

And it sold?

Read it again carefully, if you have the time, and you'll understand that I deliberately, consciously, designed an sf story which would take all my weaknesses and make them integral parts of the story. My oldest son caught that, described what I had done, and laughed with me.

My second and third stories, juveniles, didn't sell, though Campbell bragged one up and said I should expand it to novel dimensions, which I'll do one day. The fourth sold to ANALOG as "First Contact", naturally being changed in honor of a classic, to "Initial Contact".

Then I wrote twelve more before the Milford Conference at Madeira Beach, Florida, and sold nine of them prior to the conference and two of them soon after. Another was co-authored with my oldest son, Tony Chapdelaine, but only recently sold to VERLAG DAS BESTES (German READER'S DIGEST) just before they folded, returning the world rights back to me. (My God! The pay for an itty bitty story!)

I've been in three anthologies now, all in England, and my fifth story, "We Fused Ones", is my first reprint, also in England.

You mention the clumsy view-point shifting in "The Fused Ones". I'm not enough of a literary analyst to understand your terms, but I'm enough of a scientist to know that anything less than the way it was done would have made for inaccurate science, insofar as we know about the mind and computer analogies to it.

In fact--as you know from my earlier letters--what attracted Dr. Chris Evans to the story for use in his Mind at Bay anthology was the accurate treatment of the science. He fully understood the reasons why it had to be written the way it was--clumsy shifting and all.

Interesting to note that when he read the story, he mailed his research work to me, much of which was along similar lines to some of the story elements, and he asked for my research papers.

Question (assuming I've interpreted your point correctly): Should sf be dominated by literary values all of the time? Or by science all of the time? Or by some of both, equally balanced, all of the time? Or can we reasonably permit variations depending on level of experience, content, and other factors?

Another thing that puzzles me. If you felt "To Serve the Masters" was such a good example of the first-person usage, why did you stop thinking so after reading several of my other trials?

Did you change your mind about your knowledge and evaluative ability of the first? I truly don't understand that kind of literary analysis, and wish someone would explain it to me.

As Campbell is prone to point out, a story is a story, and not necessarily dependent upon others.

But your criticism of my stories was highly useful, and I take no offense. . . .

Another million or so words have gone under my fingers since we last corresponded, mainly novels. I've concentrated on descriptions and mood in one, action and dialog in another, and now characterization in what seems to be turning into an 180,000-word non-sf thing. (As Andy Offutt points out elsewhere, maybe I should be a writer instead of an sfwriter.)

So--I'll learn! I'll learn!

I didn't reveal your name in "The Story at Bay" thing because an SFWA official advised I'd best keep it off after you refused to answer my query. Whether this was meant to be advice of the ethics of the situation, because you were an agent, or a hint of anger on your part for some imagined affront, and whether or not the advice was official SFWA kind, I was not told. But like all good SFWA members, I did just as advised, and kept your name off.

If this offended you, I must surely apologize, of course.

The IITYOU story was mine, and thank you for bringing it up. I loved the story, and have no fear of being called a slob, considering the source of the accusation. And I really have no fight with any kind of wavers, sloppy or otherwise.

Mr. H. Ellison rejected it for Again Dangerous Visions, saying it couldn't be opened up. The AMAZING Mr. T. White commented in SFR, saying the same. Now you, a superior kind of literary critic, say that it "was beautifully consistent and funny, too" up to "God let it rest!" which implies to me it was already opened up.

Whom am I to believe, again?

Yes. Your suggestions did lead to IITYOU, and also the experiences I got at the Milford Conference in Florida. (I wanted to write IITYOU while there, but couldn't find a workable typewriter, or borrow one.)

The chief point of the little pun-fun story, IITYOU, was to demonstrate how closed-down a reader can get when he loses his ability to identify with his characters, a fault which I strongly sense in Dangerous Visions as well as in some of the stories at the Milford Conference.

(Please--I'm not making a personal attack against Mr. Ellison or the conference or anybody's right to write what they like. Yea Gad! Doesn't a newcomer have a right to an opinion, too?)

So I was disappointed when nobody responded to it except Bob Williams, Mr. T. White and Mrs. Doll Gilliland in her WSFA JOURNAL column.

But it was much more than a little fun-pun story that Again Dangerous Visions expectedly rejected--probably for breaking an editorial taboo, or taboos. (I can prove my intent.)

Obviously I failed with the piece or Dick Geis' response would have been heavier. Let's see if I can communicate what IITYOU was attempting, other than to get itself rejected from AGD:

If Perry A. Chapdelaine wrote to Dick Geis and told how he felt about the need for reader identification in a story, and that it was his feeling that many things that pass for sf of late suffer from this defect--so what?--another nice letter, and from a nobody.

But if an example could be laid out, and discussion brought about indirectly--well--maybe....

In mathematics and science we conjecture things to be true or not, and then search to find a proof, demonstration, or counter-example. It seems much more productive to me to demonstrate than to lecture, Aristotelian-wise, about this or that fine point of writing. So came IITYOU, an example of a point I might have made by authoritative argumentation or nasty letter, but didn't choose to.

Somewhere back in my terror-ridden English years there is the story of several writers who sit about a pub table arguing over short stories and their structures (an analogy to most fanzine material). One Frenchman (I think he was French) contended he could develop any idea or thing into a story. The others laughed, and told him to put up or shut up, in effect asking that he write about a piece of string (an analogy to more letters in fanzines).

Lo! The Frenchy came back with a perfectly good little story whose whole trappings depended upon a piece of string.

Or so goes my memory. Maybe someone out there can dig up the real story.

So that's all IITYOU was, a challenge to myself, an answer, and a needle to others in hopes that discussion would follow.

By the way, Virginia. If you can find a buyer for the story, and if you don't mind splitting the fee with another agent, I'll gladly chop off everything to the "God let it rest!" and mean it too. . . .

Dick Geis volunteered to pay some of my expenses on "Story at Bay", but I insisted he endorse the check for IITYOU, and he did. Remember the last line which said, "The best I can say about IITYOU, then, is if it sees the light of the publishing world and if you read it and if I collect the cash for it, it's a great big HEE-HAW from I to you!"

Well, I thought, since it had been rejected from the non-taboo editor, Mr. E. and also from Mr. Ferman, I'd get the last laugh. Re-reading it recently, I realize that I had maneuvered myself to be the perfect jackass. (What else can HEE-HAW other than an ass?)

Also, I'm terribly confused again, because I no longer know whether IITYOU is a first-person story or a second- or a third- (and I had just learned to classify them, too!).

Damn that grammar!

((Thus endeth Perry's long letter-of-comment to SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, rejected by Dick Geis for lack of space, and consequently sent to TWJ for publication. Many of Perry's comments require access to the earlier SFR material for a full understanding, but, on the whole, we felt that there was enough which can stand on its own to warrant its virtually-complete publication in TWJ and Supplements. The first section, published in JOURNAL Supplement TWJ 74-1, dealt with Geis' comments on R.M. Williams' Love Is Forever, We Are For Tonight; the second section, in JOURNAL Supplement TWJ 75-1, contained Perry's response to comments in SFR by Walter Breen and Don Thompson; third and final section in this. --ed.))

Stan Woolston, 12832 Westlake Ave., Garden City, Cal., 92640 (9 Oct 1970)

((Extracts from LoC on '70 SOTWJ, and from general information letter.--ed))
 . . . The problem with cons in Europe, and the language barrier, is evidently something that has been discussed quite a bit as result of Heicon. I wonder if some sort of instant-translators of speakers might be arranged--say in Europe for English, French and German mainly, as these really cover most areas except for the Soviet Union, Spain and Italy.

Len Moffatt has a copy of Bob Turner's Some of My Best Friends Are Writers But I Wouldn't Want My Daughter to Marry One--and on looking it over (reading opening and looking at table of contents), it seems to be well worth the attention of anyone interested in pulp, comic and TV writing. Turner started writing in pulpazines, got jobs writing continuity for comics, and evidently found this comic writing (with its scenes and other characteristics) helped him do TV stories and also fiction. He has had works in many slicks, and something like 40 books, hardcover and paperback, covering mystery, western and many other kinds of stories. He was at the first Mystery Con--his pictures remind me of Buffalo Bill, but a little more civilized-looking. He mentions working in same office as some of the sf editors and authors...I believe he mentions Blish, Bob Shaw, and Knight, among others. . . . (\$5.40 for the book from Sherbourne Press.)

. . . (I wrote) Beryl Mercer and asked her about the "Doc" Weir Memorial Award. Here's the information:

1963: Peter Mabey	1967: (Mrs.) Doreen Parker
1964: Archie Mercer	1968: (Miss) Mary Reed
1965: Terry Jeeves	1969: (Mrs.) Beryl Mercer
1966: Kenneth Slater	1970: J. Michael Rosenblum

Beryl also mentions the British Science Fiction Award, sponsored by the BSFA, begun in 1966 as the British Fantasy Award:

1966: John Brunner (for general services to sf)
 1967: Philip K. Dick (for The Man in the High Castle)
 (And there was special award for services to magazine sf in England, to Michael Moorcock.)
 1968 and 1969: Award in abeyance; revived 1970 under new title.
 1970: John Brunner, for Stand on Zanzibar ("British SF Award")

Added information: The British SF Award is presented for the best book, hardcover or paperback, published in Britain for the first time during the preceding 12 months. It doesn't matter if the book has previously been published in some other country, or if it has appeared in serial form in any magazine. The voting is done by BSFA members, who are assisted in their choice by regular book-lists put out by the BSFA, books eligible for the award being marked with an asterisk. The Award itself is a "Pegasus", a winged horse mounted on a black base bearing a plate giving details of the winner and his book.

The Doc Weir Award is a silver chalice cup which passes from winner to winner each year, and the illuminated certificate which each winner keeps. (Beryl and her husband have theirs framed, hanging side-by-side on the wall.)

Helmut Pesch of SF Club Deutschland is now their Correspondent . . . their club wants to become much closer-affiliated with fandom outside their country--he mentioned the U.S. especially. His address: Helmut Pesch, D-4178 Kevlaer, Gelderner Str. 246, W. GERMANY. . . . Helmut is taking over the job Harald Fischer did for maybe three years past . . .

 We also heard from: Steve Lewis ("Jay Kay's conreports are great; I don't get to these things myself."); Ned Brooks ("I liked that last Kirk cover! ((TWJ #73--ed)) Enjoyed the articles and reviews too, you have some of the best writers in fandom."); Barry Gillam ("The last WSEF JOURNALS have been quite good, outstandingly Alexis Gilliland's sprightly cartoons and Harry Warner on music and sf. There were also some strange reviews, which I haven't yet figured out.")
