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AND NOW, IT'S TIME AGAIN FOR THE WORLD-FAMOUS TOMORROW AND... QUIZ!!!

This installment again presents distinctive first and last lines of sf you're probably read. You task---identify the story.

1. I know a place where there is no smog and no parking problem and no population explosion...
2. Mankind consisted of 128 people.
3. Day ordinate and abscissa on the century.
4. They caught the kid doing something disgusting out under the bleachers at the high school stadium.
5. And then he went back into his office, going mrmee, mrmee, mrmee.
6. His name was Gall Dornick and he was just a country boy who had never seen Trantor.
7. For though he was master of the world, he was not quite sure what to do next. But he would think of something.
8. The green of beetles' wings...the red of polished carbuncle...
9. Some of these old games go way back.
10. There isn't anybody but me--Jane--here alone in the dark. I miss you dreadfully!
11. "...The occupants of each floor of the hotel must as usual during the games form their own protective groups..."
12. If the people of Earth were not prepared for the coming of the Martians, it was their own fault.
13. "There is a great future in store for you and me, my boy---a great future." A great future.
14. Petrified with astonishment, Richard Seaton stared after the copper steam bath...
15. There are always those who ask, what is it all about?
16. No one dared disturb or interrupt his thoughts; and presently he turned his back on the dwindling Sun.
17. "I won't do it. He's my friend!"
18. With a hollow reverberation, as of departing thunder, the head of the Great God crashed in the square.
19. His followers called him Mahasamatman and said he was a god.
20. Brother Francis Gerard of Utah might never have discovered the blessed documents, had it not been for the pilgrim...

-
1. Glory Road. 2. Of Men and Monsters. 3. Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones. 4. The Dreaming Jewels. 5. Repent, Harlequin, Said the Ticktockman. 6. Foundation Trilogy. 7. 2001. 8. Captives of the Flame. 9. Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes. 10. All You Zombies. 11. The World of Null-A. 12. Martians, Go Home. 13. By His Bootstraps. 14. The Skylark of Space. 15. Repent, Harlequin. 16. Childhood's End. 17. Exploration Team. 18. Gather, Darkness. 19. Lord of Light. 20. A Canticle for Leibowitz.

TOMORROW AND... 6



from another land

an editorial column
by Jerry Lapidus



I have been accused of being overly concerned with awards in the field, and this is probably true. But in this very small field, while the votes for a Hugo may mean little in terms of story quality, they do have abnormally strong influence. We have seen that publishers notice the award-winning writers--and plaster their books with these notices. Since this can mean better sales and more money for the authors, I would much rather see a writer I admire win than one I don't. Moreover, through the Hugos publishers have a ready-made survey of reader interests; through no effort of their own, they have an idea of which writers, which artists, which magazines are popular within at least one section of the audience. Again here, it behooves us to at least attempt to select those winners we want to represent us.

With this apology, then, let me quickly list the Nebula winners for those of you who don't know them, and very briefly discussed the just-announced Hugo nominees. Since I did go over Hugo nomination possibilities last time, I'll make this as succinct as possible.

The Nebula winners: Ringworld, by Larry Niven; "Ill Met in Lankmar," by Fritz Leiber; "Slow Sculpture," by Theodore Sturgeon; No Award.

The Hugo Nominees, and my ideas.

Best Novel--Ringworld, Tower of Glass (Robert Silverberg), Year of the Quiet Sun (Tucker) Tan Zero (Anderson), Star Light (Clement). Niven's best yet, with some honestly new ideas, should win over Silverbob's excellently crafted novel. Three "hard" sf novels could give the award to Tucker in a split.

Best Novella--"The Region Between" (Harlan Ellison), "Beastchild" (Dean Koontz), "The World Outside" (Silverbob), "Ill Met in Lankmar," "The Thing in the Stone" (Simak). Harlan's story from Galaxy was about the only short work that impressed me at all--and is certainly a good deal better than at least one of his previous award-winners. "Beastchild" is Koontz's best extended work yet, but like most of the rest in the category, is little more than competent.

Best Short Story--"In the Queue" (Keith Laumer), "Continued on Next Rock" (Lafferty), "Slow Sculpture," "Brillo" (Ellison and Ben Bova), "Jean Dupres" (Gordon Dickson). I would be very tempted to vote for No Award too, but the first two nominees--while not especially brilliant--are better than a number of past winners. The Laumer is the best I've ever seen from him, and Lafferty's entry is yet another of his insane stories (he never won an award.....).

Best Dramatic Presentation--"Blows Against the Empire" (Jefferson Starship), "Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me the Pliers" (Firesign Theatre), Colossus, Hanser's Memory, No Blade of Grass. None of my favorites--"Lovecraft's Follies", "The Mind of Mr. Soames," "The Gladiators"--here, but I still like the first two, the first records to be nominated for this award. The Airplane's long-awaited sf album and Firesign Theatre's satire album are both undeniably sf, and both are excellent; the rest, especially the last two, are rather poor.



Strange experience recently. Went to New York with my parents, stayed with friends in Brooklyn. We lived in New York, in Brooklyn, when I was young, and though we've been back since, I've rarely spent much time in Brooklyn. And it was beautiful--the first things I saw upon arriving there was the soda man, selling cases of seltzer, and an old junk man with his horse-drawn carriage. Can you possibly think of two things more pure Brooklyn?

Best Pro Artist--Leo and Dianne Dillon, Eddie Jones, Jeff Jones, Jack Gaughan, Kelly Freas.

Largely a vote-for-your-favorite category, but I think the Dillons have merited recognition for three years now for their unique work with the Ace Specials, and this year's output has been just as good--Chronocules, Phoenix and the Mirror, etc. Eddie and Jeff Jones have also had excellent years, the former for Vision of Tomorrow, and the latter for both pb and magazine work.

Best Prozone--Amazing, F&SF, Vision of Tomorrow, Galaxy, Analog

With the best features and the best assortment of readable fiction around, Ted's magazine deserves its first Hugo in 50 years. Really. F&SF still has the best overall fiction, and the British/Australian Vision of Tomorrow did some beautiful visual work. Galaxy also did some nice work, including 2 Silverbob serials.

Best Fanzine--Outworlds, Speculation, Energumen, SFR, Locus.

I go for graphics, visual effects, artwork, and competent and interesting writing--and Bill Bowers' masterpiece gets my vote. Actually the first three are all more or less worthy; SFR was still good, but no fanzine should win three in a row. And I don't think a straight newszine should win, no matter how good.

Best Fan Writer--Terry Carr, Ted Pauls, Dick Geis, Liz Fishman, Tom Digby.

Only the first two make sense to me. Terry is back doing superb fanwriting these days, after a few years of mainly pro work, and he has both a year of fine work and a fanish background of excellence. Ted is the best currently operating fan critic, period.

Best Fan Artist--Mike Gilbert, Alicia Austin, Bill Rotsler, Steve Fabian, Kirk.

All good, all well-qualified. My favorites are Mike and Alicia, but I'm sure you have your own. Tim rates last only because he won last year, and I want this to go to someone else.

In case you missed the fine print last time or missed the last issue entirely, Mr. Andy Offutt, as "writer in residence" around here, will answer any questions you got about writing, selling professionally, dealing with publishers, etc., etc. Send 'em in here, and we'll pass them along--include them with your regular letters, which we also love to receive.

A few new things this issue. You'll notice the first installment of a new column from Rosemary Ulyot. Rosemary's "Kumquat May" column, in Mike Glick's Energumen, has emerged as one of the more entertaining of the new breed of informal fanish columns--and we're very happy to add her column here to our regular features. We also start a regular book review column. I've always been most impressed with Buck Coulson's "Golden Minutes" column in Yandro; in just a few sentences, he managed to give you a pretty fair idea of his impressions of the book. Read a few columns and compare to your own likes, and you quickly have a good scale to judge whether you'll like the book or not. I've always found this more useful than the page-long plot synopses or a good long analysis than the single-pagers. So with that in mind, that's what we'll try to do here. The three of us only will write short, simple reviews of as much as we can possibly obtain--to this end, we're receiving review copies from a number of publishers, to help us cover things as soon as possible. (Of course, we welcome any additional publishers to our list). To these, we'll add longer discussions, when we have them. And breaking our rule at the outset, we also have a nice one-pager from Ted Pauls this time. But hopefully in the future, this will not be the case.

One additional note. This issue features what I think is the first fanzine appearance of Dan Steffan, a young artist and cartoonist living near Syracuse. You'll be seeing more of his work, both here and elsewhere.



rhahadlakoum

a column on the writing of fiction
by andy offutt

Going to take time out to answer questions and comments on the previous column, which was an inside look at a novel from outline through writing and selling to newsstand (Bishop's Drugs, here in Eastern Kentucky Appalachia). This time we'll take up all signed questions, and make a column of it, and hope that in future answers may be considerably more brief. I hope.

I also hope we get some questions. What have you always wondered about the business of writing/selling/publishing in general? Money; time involved in squeezing the jack out of editors; in getting into print after sale; contracts; editors' mistresses; how Joe Hensley came to have a son; why Mrs. Joe Green and Mrs. Joe Hensley are joining FemLib; collaborative writing; mechanics.

This time we'll begin by disposing of badly-typed and semi-literate note on two folded squares of double-ply toilet paper, low quality (not the kind Mr. Whipple squeezes). Seriously. It is addressed to "oful writer-in-residents" and unsigned (task! "offal" would have been cuter, dummy!). It contains 8 questions, but they are all designed to insult/intimidate, not to gain information. It also advises what the writer learned from its 6th-grade English teacher--which amazes me; this looks as though it's from someone who dropped out in the fourth. Since it was neither serious not signed, I utilized it in the usual way, after which I flushed it in the usual place.

2. Honest Joe Hensley correctly observes that I used to have a job and umpired L.L. ball and wrote a novel every three weeks, and he wants to know "where did all those kids come from, offutts?"

A. I am not going to dignify that with an answer. Not until I've consulted with my attorney, anyhow. (Why don't you consult with your physician?)

3. Gary Labowitz thinks I spend all my time at the typewriter.

A. See 2, above.



4. Roger Bryant, a nice guy, asks if the book about (a guy who thinks he's the reincarnation of Aleister) Crowley got into print.

A. It hasn't even sold yet. But seeing's how you dig the outre stuff, you might groove on The Devoured, Midwood Books 508M-195-29, \$1.95. It may also provide some answers to 2 above--oh, and it was heavily copy-"edited," meaning brittle little four-letter words were subbed by an "editor" for all the euphemisms for vampirical sexualapparati.

5. Doug Robillard asks, "He can really write a novel in 3 weeks???"

A. Not always.

I was going to quit with that, but let's don't. One novel took 16 years to write and sell. Another I've been TRYING to write for over a year now. I've got four chapters down, and I love the story, but somehow it's kept fighting back. (I have just today outlined it. NOW it will go!) Recently I set out to write a well-outlined juvenile novel and wound it up in 25,000 words. That won't make it. It's too short for an age 12-up juvie novel, and I don't know anyone who publishes juvie novelettes. (Help!) Consider this: Evan Hunter says he spent two months on Blackboard Jungle, which went pretty well. That's just 8 weeks--and I believe that was before he was writing full time. He also says his "Ed McBain" books are written in four weeks, each. (His first sale, by the way, brought him \$12. It was an sf short. Anyone know what/where?)

The offutt novel discussed here last issue: in the first place, I collected a large amount of research notes from various sources, and there's no way to estimate time involved in that; weeks/months. In the second place, I wrote the outline four times, over 2 weeks, and I didn't count that in the 3 weeks writing-time, either. First-draft-writing-onto-typewriter took three weekends, yes. (The actualy WRITING, when you've done lots and lots and love it and love to talk, is an easy and emphatically rapid rapid process. It's all that other stuff--and getting ready--that takes the time.) After that I spent whatever time it took to reread/edit/revise--and I admit I did very little to that first draft. No totally-rewritten sections, for once. Then I handed it to someone else to type up purty. After that I proofread it.

Time involved? I don't know. It took something like fifty hours to get all those words typed on paper, and maybe another five hours to go over that draft. But all the preliminaries, the getting ready...?

I once spent 6 months on a short story, too.

How many books, stories, articles per year do you think Robert Silverberg writes? You don't see all of them, believe me.

2: Is 7500 words a day a big deal?

Here's a very precise example: I am typing this on March 18, and I keep a running record of each novel I write, on the mas. On March 9 I began untitled novel (codename DOCK), and finished 25 pp; about 8200 words (I had a 1.5 page singlespaced outline). That night while watching the telly, which seldom requires or merits total concentration, I cut three of those pages: a line here, another there. (This is NOT known as working backwards. It's called, believe it or not, Writing: hardest part, the.)

March 10: retyped the 2nd chapter and went on through page 46, a total of about 15,000 words. 12th and 13th: through page 99: just under 33,000 words. (This is firstdraft on typewriter, with many typoses and editing yet to come.) Didn't work on it the 14th, when I wrote a fanzine article and 6 letters and "entertained" company. (With a headache from the previous night's entertaining.) Monday the 15th: read a book, typed three letters and an article, advanced DOCK to page 110. Next day I quit after another 34 pp (about 11,000 words), and finished it St. Patrick's day at 4:10 pm. 161 ms pages: about 53,000 words, and damned it it didn't write itself an ending that wasn't in the outline.

(Just added 6 pp. Make that about 55,000 words).

It's only fair; what Parent's Magazine used to call "Good of kind" in its motion-picture reviews. Now it'll be edited, typed, proofed, mailed to agent. It will not bear my name and it will bring in more than one but less than two thousand and you will never see it. I also doubt that it will earn any royalties. It will pay bills NOW.

Hell, there's so much to be said on this "how long" thing. Those of you who sweat blood and days and weeks over short stories: so have I. 10,000 words worth of novel chapters is MUCH easier to write than a short story, and I will never understand how Ellison does it.

A few years ago I was reading a book about Edgar Cayce, a Kentuckian who made good. One of the things he believed in was reincarnation, and I read a line that said all the souls had been created in the beginning and the lightbulb went PING over my head. I hurried to make an entry in the Idea Notebook, which in those days was a yaller Rexall spiral binder with 3 holes punched in every sheet. I put in about 6 lines, and I think that was in May, 1966. It stayed there. For some reason, I woke up the morning after Thanksgiving knowing how to write that story. I did, all at one sitting. Then I cut and rearranged and edited and typed it again. And then again. Two days later, on Sunday, I submityped it, meaning you use pretty white paper and are as neat as you can be and use lots of correctape (if you're a sort of Special Ed dyspout typist, as I am) and you make a carbon. On Monday I sent it to Fred Pohl.

Bymbye he sent it back, saying he liked it but thought the two (mas) page Edgar Cayce framework at the outset was the wrong way to tell it. I had a good story to tell, Fred said, and why should I try to lend it credence by mentioning Cayce; with some people that would detract. (Some people seem to be so benighted as to believe he was a hoax of some sort. Sure. Mass hysteria and weather balloons, no doubt.) Lord, Fred was right, as he was no many times, exactly right. My title was "The Plague," but in the story I had invented a phrase that my Jodie said was the title, and so I thought I'd be sweet to her and mention it to Fred--as I quickly sent him the rewrite.

He bought the story, sent me a note with the check saying I had a bright wife with a great talent for apt titles, and when I turned the check over I saw that I was leasing him "Population Implosion." "The Plague" was dead, although I called the story that for months. Later Wollheim-Carr leased it again for the 1968 Ace World's Best volume.

Now. Did that story take one day, or three, or five, or from May ("outline") to December (check)? And furthermore: do it matter?

3: Robert E. Margroff

Another letter contains several implied questions. It comes from my old friend and collaborator Robert E. Margroff, over Iowa-way. (When our latest novel sells, we'll let HIM write this column. Maybe someone will write HIM a question on a page out of a Sears catalog.)

[Lapidus here--it's only fair to state here that the tissue-paper letter andy referred to earlier in this installment was from Robert Margroff.]

REM's letter says this about me: "His methods are his just as his books are his. As a reader I sometimes wish he would take more time because he's never quite written the book I feel he's capable of writing. But as a writer ...I'm reduced to heartfelt but unimaginative admiration over his speed and efficiency. Perhaps some year he will take a few weeks (though it's hard for me not to think months) and produce a Hugo and Nebula contender." (What Rem meant to say was "geni us," of course, not "speed," but no matter.)

(Before I forget: The Castle Keeps IS a contender, Rem, although there are some strikes against it: it's written straightforwardly in American, it has a straightforward linear plot and exposition, it's about people, and it's easy to read and understand. We'll see if that holds it back when it comes out this summer.)

Before anything else gets said, let me point out that Rem and I go way back. We've met twice: once here, for a week, during a "writers' workshop," and again at the '69 worldcon in San Loo. We've collaborated many times, by mail (don't ask). Fir st was a 3-way novelet I think was Good; the base idea was Rem's. Then we sold Fred Pohl two or three shorts, and Damon Knight one, and we've written 2-3 more we haven't sold. Then four novels: the first two are still trying (damned as S&S); the third we never took past draft one; the fourth is Good and has just gone out. It contains a great deal of allegory and truth and Meaning, which probably means we'll be turned down 88 times. Our correspondence must, seriously, amount to over a million words over the past 8 or 9 years, and we've read and commented on each other's mss many times.

We've also had a lotta disagreements, and I love him; he's one of those good things that happen to you. What it amounts to is that in writing, we've grown up together. (Hey, is that writing with a Jewish accent?)

Rem probably knows the answers to his implied question, too.

No dichotomy exists, necessarily, between a book written in a short time and a good book. Blackboard Jungle is a Good book. Gone With the Wind took...what was it, 10 years?--and I consider it a resoundingly Bad book. Every time it started to drag, which was often, she begged you to cry again by knocking off, wounding, crippling, injuring or sickening another character. I soon found that I frankly didn't give a damn, and it became one of the two books I've ever refused to finish.

One the other hand I know TCK is good, and (although? since? but?) it went pretty fast in the actual writing. (After I had collected and pored over and rearranged notes for the two books--I thought it was two, then--for well over a year.) It sold quickly, too.

I do not look foward to being able to write LESS, but I do have a goal of being able to write a novel--in whatever time it takes--and to be able financially, to put it away for a few months. The white-heat passes, and I am able to re-approach it for editing/rewrite with something approaching objectivity, and it becomes a better book. (A word to those trying-to-be-breakers--in who fight so hard: just WRITE it. You have an idea; you must know where it's going and what you're going to say and how it ends. Get it down. THEN go back and fight it. Use cheap paper, sure, but by all means doublespace and leave swollen margins for your own changes. You wouldn't believe the ghastly marked-up appearance of some of my first drafts. Rem's seen them; ask him.)

4: practice, problems, and pennies

I look foward to being able to write a bit more leisurely, and to think more and maybe say more. No, not ENJOY it more. Look, consider this: I've been practicing for years. You practice writing by writing. I still practice. Some of my novels are practice, like the DOCK one just finished, and I don't put my name on them. (First time you read one with my name on and you think it's practice: SHUT UP!) Last year I sold 5 books I thought were good books--qua-books; one I thought was damngood. I sold 7 others, too. I don't think of any of them as bad, honest. But they weren't literature.

They enabled me to afford to write, to practice, and that's the whole damned crux and core of it.

I write for a living. We are accustomed to and (think we) require a good bit of money. I'm not going into detail, but I mean more than, say, 20,000 1970 dollars. Now I WANT to write for a living; I'd hate to go back to Work again!

Does anyone know how many Ace doubles John Brunner has written? I believe there's not a badun in the lot, because I believe he couldn't write not-well if you held a thousand-watt laser at his head. But Enigma From Tantalus and The Rites of Ohe and Secret Agent of Terra and Listen! The Stars! and To Conquer Chaos... those aren't Stand on Zanzibar or The Jagged Orbit, are they? First, the doubles were easier to write, faster. Second, they were in all likelihood faster to sell; I don't know. Third, they were faster to print. Fourth, they were paid for faster. Fifth, they were a writing writing, practicing the trade that chose him, getting ready to write TJO and SOZ and whatever comes next that's a biggie.

We call everything else "mainstream." OK, call our little microcosm of sf a millpond. In this millpond, even a biggie doesn't enable a writer to write one book a year or less, because what enables a man to do that is money.

All those first-named books, and Productions of Time and Double, Double too, enabled him to gain sufficient practice and economic ability to write the biggies. Recently, somewhere, someone said Silverberg seems to be writing a little less, but much better stories. He can AFFORD to. And the books he wrote while he was working to be able to afford to give other books more time and thought--those also made him a better writer, readied him for the better ones, because only an idiot doesn't improve with time and age and practice. (Hush. I, too, know a lot of idiots.)

Maybe a line above went past you too fast. Yeah, I said "Fourth, they were paid for faster." Oh listen, that's a real problem! Let me tell you exactly why I just wrote DOCK--and had to. (PS:it was sure fun!)

Because DOCK will sell, quickly, and the entire advance will be paid within 15 days of contract-signing, and I have two months' worth of operating capital on hand. Oh sure, one publisher in NYC owes me 2/3 of an advance, but that won't come until publication, about May 1. And that's too late to send it to Washington on 15 April. Sure, I have the second halves of two other advances due me, too. I'll get one of them next summer and the other next WINTER sometime.

In other words; Yes. Big fat wealthy publishers with apartments in New York and houses in Connecticut play Pore. First they agree on a story, and agent calls to announce news, and then pubber puts through requisition for a contract or whatever/however, and about 3 weeks later the contract arrives. (True, Writer could have starved in 3 weeks. Tough Gishinsky.) You sign that posthaste and hastily post it, and with luck it gets back to NYC within the year. THEN the publisher loses it or order out another requisition or something, and if you're REAL lucky you get the first half of the advance--against-royalties in another three weeks.

The contract says that $\frac{1}{2}$ the advance shall be paid on signing the contract. Uh-huh. I think we just accounted for about 8 weeks, didn't we?

Now you have signed, and the novel is officially leased to the publisher. He will send you the other half of YOUR money when HE gets around to publishing the book. But the grocer expects money NOW.

Not everyone has to put with with this shit, and I think maybe I won't have to because I think I am almost big enough to whip daddy. (Before you can tell that authoritarian so-and-so to go to hell you have to be big enough, right?) I'm going to have a try at getting better treatment, by being a salesman and talking logic, in New York in April. (Bankamericard.) We'll see. The time Will Come.



On the other hand, there's this: IF there's money on hand, it's a nice and secure feeling to know that someone owes you money that will come along, someday, and it's even nicer to have SEVERAL people who owe you.

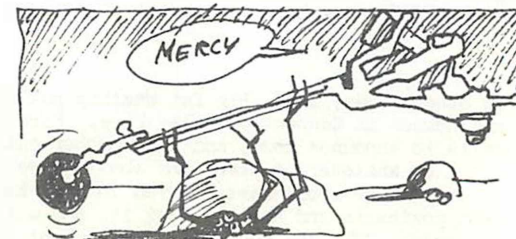
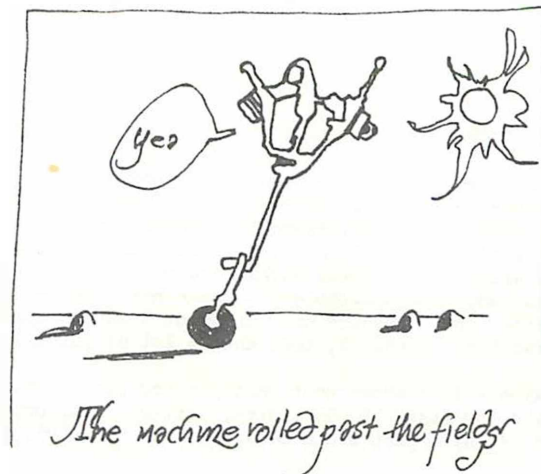
In the meantime, all those nice people force us to write MANY books, for money, and often we put another name on the quickies because it would not be fair to the sweet lady in Albuquerque who send me my very first fanletter (about "Blackword") if she bought a book because it had my name on it and it was The Devoured, say, which might shock her and besides which it was "edited" so heavily it's barely what I wrote anyhow.

Now what I am going to say up there is this: "I cannot afford to write any more science fiction right now. If I had the full advances on the ones you've contracted for, obviously I could. But I seem somehow to have loaned you that money, without interest, and so I have to write and sell a lightweight pennamer or two in order to be able to continue writing... until you get around to paying me."

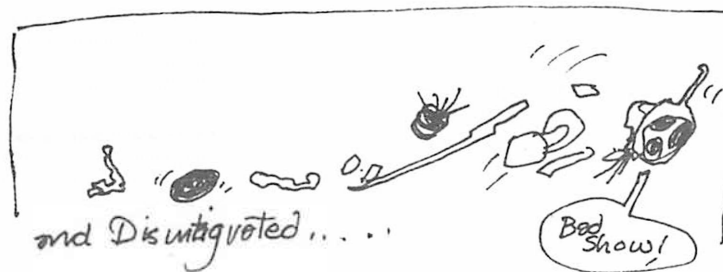
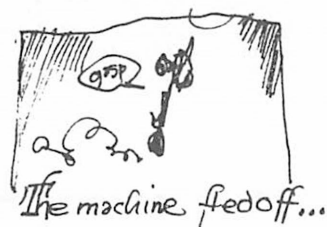
And we will see what they say, logic-fans, and I hereby swear by Man that I will report it back to you.

Today I have typed 2 pages of notes, 6 index cards full, a 6-page outline, and this mother, and I am going to quit now and go see "When the Dinosaurs Rules the Earth" or whatever the title is and come home to watch "Sardonicus" on the telly which drinking till about 3 AM, and I really am hoping you are the same.

offutt
funny farm
3-20-71; 5:21 PM



AN ADVENTURE
by mike gilbert





THE LOVE SEEKER

AT THE ZOO

An editorial column
By "Lisa Tuttle"

I'm standing in the shower and the water feels so good I don't think I'll ever get out. I've been in here a couple of hours already, I guess, perhaps more. Of course, I didn't wear my watch (even though it is waterproof) so I can't say for sure. But I know it's been a long time because my mother is at the door, calling in and asking me what's wrong. I can see her face in my mind. She's frightened herself into believing that I've been raped and murdered, my blood seeping down the drain as the relentless water pounds down upon my naked mangled body...

I am so absorbed by this picture of my grisly fate that I forget to answer my mother, and her voice is squeaking up and down the scale and the door is shaking under her terrified pounding before I remember her.

"For God's sake, mother! I'm taking a shower!"

The pounding stops. She is probably trying to decide if it is really me, or an effeminate-sounding rapist-murderer pretending to be me.

"You've been in there so long! Is something the matter?"

"Stop worrying. I just feel like taking my time."

"You'd better come out--you'll look like a prune."

I survey my hands. They are shriveled, but the rest of my body seems to be as smooth as ever. I admire myself, and the way my hair hangs, in two shining strands, over my breasts. I cast an attractive shadow on the tiled wall. I tilt my head, observing the effect. Very nice.

"You'll use up all the water!"

"There's plenty of water."

"There's plenty, there's plenty, she says!" Recognizing that note in my mother's voice, I turn the water on a little harder and hotter and tune her out. I don't know why she's so upset--at least I'm out of bed. It annoys her when I sleep late, but all through high school I wanted to be able to sleep, and as long as I have the opportunity, I'll take it. Not that there is anything really exciting around here that I should get up for. I mean, we live in a normal, quiet suburban neighborhood and when I go out in the afternoon, handsome young men don't spring up out of the shrubbery and vie for my attention.

My mother wants me to get married, and to further this she fixes me up with every single male over the age of 18. Boring, boring. Oh, occasionally she comes up with someone decent, but no one I want to marry. Not that anyone has asked me. I'd like to play Scarlett O'Hara, but Rhett Butler's are hard to find.

Jobs are hard to find, especially for someone with my qualifications. (Well, I graduated from high school. And I can type. And everyone tells me I have beautiful eyelashes...) I don't really want a job--that's my mother's idea. At a job, she tells me, I would meet men. Eligible men. I guess until I get married the Universe for my mother will be comprised of Eligible Men and other people. And as for my mother's suggestions on where to meet these desirable beings--well, once I joined a dance club. Was that ever a bomb. There were two or three desperate females for every balding or pimple-faced male. And I didn't care to join the ranks of the desperate females. I'm not desperate yet. I'm still young. But life here is just so boring. I'd rather have something exciting happen to me than meet an Eligible Man. Of course, it would be nice if the something exciting involved an Eligible Man, but it's not important.

Finally, to appease my mother (who is probably still out there), I slacken the water pressure. My back is getting sore.

"Merv is out watering his lawn," my mother says slyly.

She's trying to lure me out now. Merv is the nextdoor neighbor. He's also an Eligible Man. He's about my age, and ok-looking if you like that type. Personally, I think he's a little underdeveloped. I've always gone for the tall, dark, strong, mysterious type. I was desperately in love with James Bond once, and I've never really gotten over him.

"Big deal," I say.

"You could do worse!" she says, and then, "I'm getting lunch. You'd better be out of there by the time it's ready, young lady."

"All right already!"

The shower curtain flaps at the corner in the breeze. It's a hot summer day and the window is probably still open. I forgot to check it before getting in the shower. For a moment, visions of rapists dance in my head and I think about closing it, but after all, it is the middle of the day and I'll be through in a few minutes.

The water still feels wonderful, but the pressure is less. I wonder if I really am using up all the water, and imagine people all over the neighborhood turning on dry taps. And poor Merv, holding a hose and trying desperately to water his lawn with that one little trickle. I giggle.



There is a thump as if...as if someone has come through that open window. I freeze. I listen. I turn off the water. I listen.

The shower curtain is wrenched back: "Don't scream!"

I don't. My eyes go wide, my face wears a look of mingled terror and pleading (I have practiced this expression in front of the mirror) and I cower back in the corner of the showerstall, my hands placed as strategically as possible. My voice is low and husky as I plead with my merciless attacker. I am heart-wrenchingly beautiful in my distress. "Please..."

lust kindles in his eyes as they rake my body, and he moves towards me.

"No," I whimper in terror, trying to burrow into the wall behind me, the tiles cold against my wet flesh.

"Yes," he whispers, his hands reaching for my nakedness. There is no escape. He pulls me into his arms, his mouth demanding...

Merv is a lousy kisser. And he is standing on my foot. I jerk away and slap his face, then grab a towel and wrap it around myself.

"Good God, Mervyn, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I had to have you, my love," he says, trying to sound husky and cruel, but squeaking a little bit.

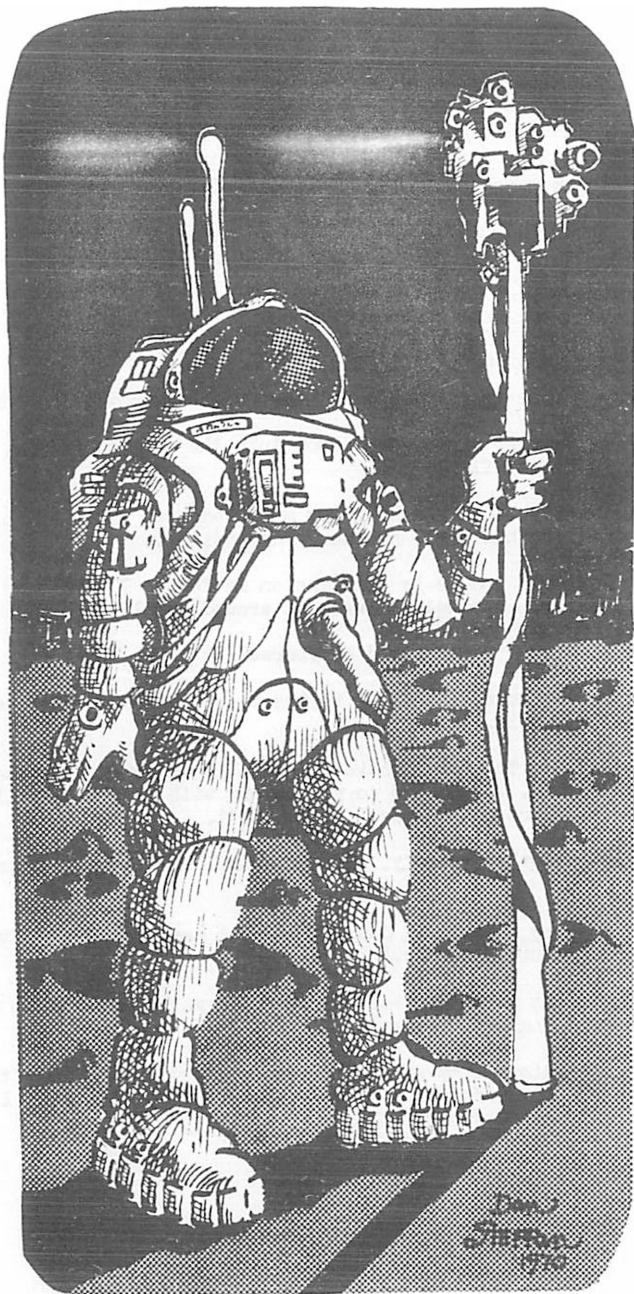
"Oh, grow up," I'm mad. That could have been really exciting if it had been someone other than Merv. I'd tried to play along with him, but, well, Mervyn is...Mervyn. Face it. James Bond he isn't.

I glare at him and he wilts visibly. He even shuffles his feet--no style at all.

"I'm...I'm really sorry, Janet. I don't know what came over me. I've watched you around a lot, you know."

No, I hadn't known. It makes me feel better. Mervyn noticing me is better than no one noticing me, I guess.

"And, uh, I was out watering my yard--the side yard, you know, near this window here, and I, uh, overheard you yel--talking to your mother. I just suddenly...oh...I'm sorry, Janet."



He really looks pathetic, and I start to feel sorry for him.

"That's ok, Merv. I didn't mind, really."

"You won't tell your mother?"

"Of course not."

We looked at each other.

"I'd better go," he says awkwardly, turning towards the door. I grab his shoulder.

"No, stupid. Use the window."

"Oh..." he shrugs. "I'm not very good at this sort of thing."

That's obvious.

He scrambles up to the window ledge. As he hangs there, his legs still in the bathroom, he suddenly twists his head around and looks at me. There is something in his eyes which makes me tingle and reminds me of how he looked at me in the shower. I remember that I am only wearing a towel now and my face gets hot.

"Would you like to go out somewhere tonight?"

I start to accept, but realize that isn't the way to do it. I draw myself up. "After the way you've behaved? No thank you. I have plans."

"Tomorrow night, then. Please? I've been meaning to ask you out for a long time, but...I just never..."

Not exactly the strong, decisive man of my dreams, but there must be something beneath that meek exterior.

"Oh, all right."

"Good. Thanks. See you around seven."

He slithers the rest of the way out of the window and I hear an uncomfortable-sounding thud on the ground outside. He has probably landed on his head.

I begin to get dressed. This has been the most exciting show I've ever taken. Of course, someone other than Mervyn would have been even more exciting, but you take what you can get.

Furthest, Suzette Haden Elgin, Ace Special, 75¢, 1971.

Suzette Elgin is someone to watch. This is a compact book, tautly and smoothly written. Good dialog, and the story/mystery is fascinating and unfolded deftly. One fault: I found it difficult to fit the flashforward opening into the chronological order of the rest of the book, and the "Slitherboats" introduced in the beginning are dropped later in the book when I expected more to be made of them. LT

The Gate of Time, Philip José Farmer, Belmont, 75¢, 1970.

Given: an alternate earth in which the Americas do not exist beyond the islands that are our present mountain ranges. Extrapolate a world from that--the people who became Amerinds in our world had no America to settle in...Indian tribes in Europe? Farmer does some fascinating things with this premise, and I found it interesting despite the prosaic story line and merely competent writing. LT

The Great Brain Robbery, James R Fisher, Belmont, 75¢, 1970.

This is the sort of thing that I wrote when I was twelve. Not as many loose ends as I had, but the same overly-dramatic language, the same ridiculous characters (mine were usually wittier). Ugh. Fun for the writer (who is probably very young), but not for the reader. LT

The Unicorn Girl, Michael Kurland, Pyramid, 60¢, 1969.

The Probability Pad, T.A. Waters, Pyramid, 75¢, 1970.

Chester Anderson wrote The Butterfly Kid (remember it?) about himself, Mike Kurland, and Tom Waters. Now the other members of the trio have written sequels of sorts, and both are extremely enjoyable. Light-hearted, semi-satirical, "psychedelic" science fiction. Great fun, absolutely meaningless. JWL

The Prisoner, Thomas Disch, Ace, 60¢, 1969.

Books written about TV series are always crud. This is the exception that makes the rule; based on perhaps the best adventure-type series ever to appear on American television, this novel is simply brilliant. Disch has taken the basic concepts of the program and extrapolated from there, onward and upward. If more people had read this when it came out, it might well have been a prime Hugo contender. Do read it. JWL.

Behind the Walls of Terra, Philip José Farmer, Ace, 75¢, 1970.

Fourth in Farmer's World of Tiers series, competent adventure. Some good commentary on modern Southern California, but otherwise fairly routine action. Farmer seems to be continuing this series for the money, not out of the seeming joy in which it began. Could have been a good deal better without much more work, if Farmer cared about it. JWL.

TOMORROW NEVER KNOWS

a collection of short book reviews
by the editors
and this time,
by Ted Pauls

Transmission Error, Michael Kurland, Pyramid, 75¢, 1970. Another pure fun-type book from Kurland, and probably better than the last. This one reads like a cross between the middle section of Glepsy Road and the last half of Deathworld II. A few loose ends--several probably included on purpose--but with this, you don't really care. A very good two hours' reading.

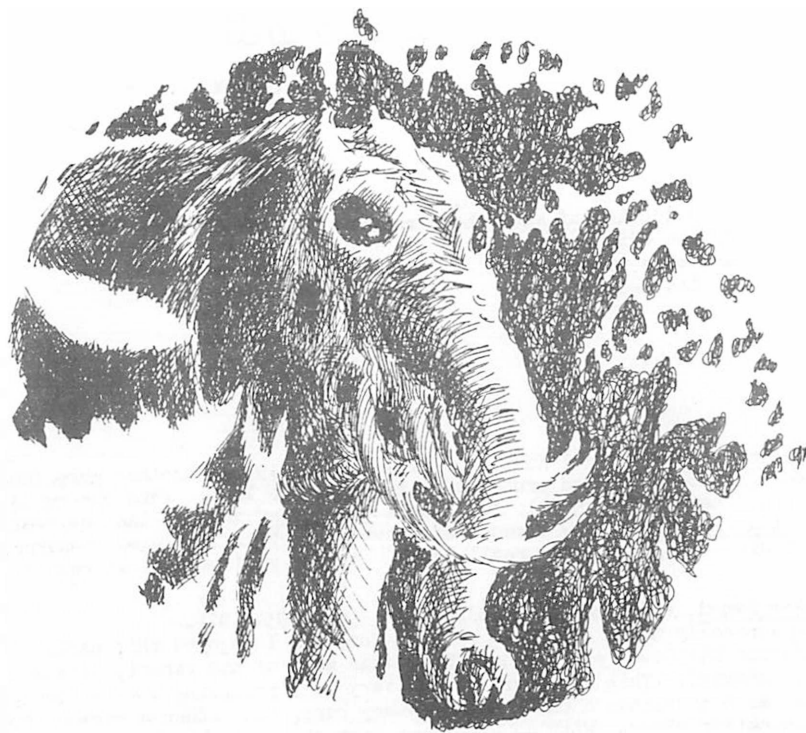
The Broken Sword, Poul Anderson, Ballantine, 95¢, 1954/1971.

I'm generally not a sword and sorcery fan, but I enjoyed this early Anderson s&s novel a great deal more than most of his recent, straight sf, material. This is a very tight, very uncompromising novel; Anderson has not written a children's fantasy here, but rather a serious and fascinating story. With an excellent Barr cover, style of Trumpet strip.

The Traveler in Black, John Brunner, Ace Special, 75¢, 1971. Really a collection of four related novellas rather than a real novel, this is none-the-less one of the best fantasies I've read since The Phoenix and the Mirror. I'm quite surprised the individual stories haven't received more commentary, perhaps even awards. Stories center around the Traveler in Black, whose business it is to bring order out of chaos. (How's THAT for a one-line plot synopsis?) JWL, also the above review.

Have Space Suit--Will Travel, Robert Heinlein, Ace, 95¢, 1958.

I must admit that this has always been one of my favorite Heinlein novels whether "juvenile" or adult. It's a most improbable story of two kids saving the world from Alien Menaces, ending with an appearance before the old faithful Galactic Council, but the trip getting there is very enjoyable. You may not like it, but you should try it at least once. I must have read it half a dozen times, for what that's worth. JWL.



Against the Fall of Night, Arthur C. Clarke, Pyramid, 75¢, 1953.

Besides his well-known hard science work--Sands of Mars, A Fall of Moondust, etc.--Clarke also worked in a much more poetic, even mystical vein. Many of his best known short stories fall into this category, as do the novels Childhood's End and Against the Fall of Night. The latter, rewritten in 1956 into The City and the Stars, is a landmark cities-of-the-far-future story, and is a must if you've missed it before. JWL.

Voices From the Sky, Arthur C. Clarke, Pyramid, 75¢, 1965.

A collection of essays and discussions concerning astronomy and the "space age," but touching on many other fields. Included are Clarke's famous 1945 article, "Extraterrestrial Relays," his Kalinga Award Speech, and a representative sample of his other early sixties ideas. Good reading, although little of it should be new to you. JWL.

Dark Universe, Daniel F. Galouye, Bantam, 75¢, 1961.

I couldn't find this anywhere when it originally came out, and even ten years later I can see what the shouting was about. A well-handled tale about a civilization in total darkness, forced to substitute hearing and other senses for sight. The plot is simple adventure, but the basic idea and handling are quite interesting. JWL.

Downward to the Earth, Robert Silverberg, Signet, 75¢, 1971.

Well up to Bob's current standards, although not quite up to Tower of Glass and To Live Again. Ideas are good, but the story drags a bit in spots and ends very unsatisfactorily. Much of the basic background seems to have been adapted, or based on, Heart of Darkness. JWL.

Runts of 61 Cygni C, James Grazier, Belmont, 75¢, 1970.

This is a simple incredible book. It reads like the work of precocious, sex-starved eight-year-old with a great deal of experience reading science fiction in the thirties and forties. Every single possible cliché is here, including long lectures to the reader about the future society and long lectures from character to character about same. The style is primitive at best, with said-bookisms and poor word choices the least of the problems. We haven't had as much fun reading a book for review in many, many months. JWL, LT.

I Am Legend, Richard Matheson, Walker, \$4.95, 1954.

There's a great dearth of modern vampire novels these days, possibly caused by the belief that this topic should be left to fantasy, rather than science fiction. Richard Matheson wrote one of the few, and while the "science" is ludicrous, the story itself is holding and fast-moving. A new film version is currently in the offing, with Charlton Heston starring; "The Last Man on Earth," starring Vincent Price, was released in the early sixties, if I recall correctly. JWL.



The Inner Wheel, Keith Roberts, Doubleday, \$4.95.

Keith Roberts is a novelist of an odd sort, who creates novels by tying together novelettes and novellas. Two years ago, he compiled under one cover six stories set in an England which had been conquered by the Spanish Armada and rewon for Catholicism. It was called Pavane and, despite the irritating irrelevance of one section ("The White Boat"), the result was a novel that in my opinion ranks as one of the finest of the decade. Roberts attempts the same sort of thing with The Inner Wheel, but this book, despite his marvelous ability as a writer, is a failure as a novel. It consists of three novellas, incorporating a common theme and a number of common characters; all three are eminently worth reading, one is outstanding--but they simply do not hang together as a novel.

The first part, "The Inner Wheel", deals with a man named Jimmy Stringer who, because of his latent telepathic powers, is drawn to a small town in the west of England, warwell-on-Starr. Once there, he discovers that the pleasant country community is the headquarters of a Gestalt, a group-mind composed of individuals with various psi talents. The Gestalt is somehow malevolent, though not totally so, and Stringer refuses to become part of it. Moreover, he falls in love with a woman who is an integral part of the group-mind and determines to take her away from Warwell-on-Starr and out of the influence of the others. After some considerable difficulty, he accomplishes this, and the pair, now married, go off to another small English town to form their own Gestalt. Thus ends the first novella. It is written in a somewhat abstract and occasionally obscure style that appears to owe something of its tone to such New Wave authors as James Sallis and Langdon Jones.

Part two, "The Death of Libby Maynard", is totally different and stylistically might have been written by another author. This speaks well of Roberts' skill and versatility, but it destroys The Inner Wheel as a novel. This second novella is the outstanding segment of the book. It is a first-person narrative by a coldly calculating and somewhat priggish telepath names Elizabeth "Libby" Maynard, detailing her life from girlhood to young womanhood. The following is an excellent example of the style in which this section is written and the personality of the narrator thus revealed:

"I had of course long since realized sex would be my most potent weapon, though I still lacked, aggravatingly, the essential practical experience. I gave the matter of virginity some thought before deciding to sacrifice mine. I eventually concluded that having no intention of marrying into Royalty, self-denial served no practical purpose, and was most certainly depriving me of a valuable part of my armoury. I set out to remedy the defect, casting around for a suitable mate."

Libby's calculating self-control has slipped once, earlier in the narrative, when she falls in love, but this affair has ended badly and she emerges more ruthlessly amoral than ever. The section, 75 pages of it, is superbly done.

The third section, "The Everything Man", reverts to the prose style of part one, and moreover immediately has an Elizabeth Maynard with a vastly different personality falling deeply and truly in love. Roberts attempts to explain this extraordinary transformation by saying that Elizabeth was changed by her incorporation into Stringer's Gestalt in the last few paragraphs of part two, but the sudden submersion of the Libby personality which has completely dominated the center section of the book isn't remotely believable. The author, in a sense, I suppose, did too capable a job of portraying her; one believes more in Libby than in what Roberts says she later becomes. Even apart from that, "The Everything Man" is a comparatively weak part of the book. It details the attempt by Stringer's group-mind and others with whom it is in contact to end the threat of war, by doing poltergeist-like things to defense installations and government offices in Great Britain. Uh-huh. On that weak note, the book sort of peters out. At the end, the psi adepts have formed themselves into a sort of loose political party, and are due to get a cabinet post in the British government. Or something. The whole thing is sort of vague and indefinite at the end. The best part of that third section is some excellent writing in scenes between Roley, a friend of Stringer and the hero of this novella, and a government inquisitor, and between Roley and Elizabeth.

The Inner Wheel is distinguished by excellent writing, and by a major novella called "The Death of Libby Maynard" which should be in every fan's library. But a novel it ain't, neither technically or artistically.

Ted Pauls



rosemary on the doorstep

a column by rosemary ullyot
illustrated by Connie Faddis

"Hey Susan, wanna go see the Joan Baez movie at Cine City?" I asked the wife of the Boy Wonder as we watched the pollution settle about the Sutton Place tower.

"I don't know, let me check." She wiped her streaming eyes and began to root about in the papers on her desk. What's she checking for, I wondered--mice? She emerged a few seconds later with a fistfull of papers.

"See all this," she demanded. "This is my paper on marriage in The Canterbury Tales, this is my paper on morality in Sir Charles Grandison and Tom Jones, and this is my unfinished editorial for Aspidistra. I haven't even started Nerg's yet. And you have the temerity to suggest we go to a movie. Especially when you don't even have your columns done yet."

"It's not the last minute yet either," I answered, munching on a bran muffin. "I'll meet you in front of the theatre at ten to eight. I'll even have one of the columns for you, okay?"

"Well, all right. But it better be my column and not Michael's!"

So at 7:30 the next evening I found myself struggling through a crowd of high school plastic hippies who were littering up the corner of Bloor and Yonge. As I was early I decided to go into Cole's, the local book chain. I spent a delightful twenty minutes heaping silent abuse on their sf section. At ten to eight I left the store and stood in front of the theatre. Cine City is an arty type theatre situated on a dark side street off Yonge. I had just made myself comfortable on a snowbank when:

"Hi there."

"Huh!"

"How would you like to come for a little drink?"

MY god, I thought. Here I am with my hair in my face, wearing my sloppy jeans, a dirty coat and I'm standing in a snow bank in the middle of a blizzard and this guy wants... I smiled sweetly and crooned, "Fuck off!"

This happened twice again and I was beginning to have serious doubts about the sanity of Toronto men when:

"Excuse me, Miss..."

Without turning around I snarled, "Listen you bastard, if you don't get the hell away from here and stop bothering me I'm...my god, Officer, I thought you were that man," I sputtered, pointing to a hastily retreating figure.

"Yes, I've been watching. Just what are you doing here?"

"Waiting for my girlfriend; we're going to the movie," I answered, indicating the theatre behind me.

"I think it might be better if you waited for her inside the theatre," he suggested.

"Yes, Officer," I mumbled meekly and walked to the box office. "One please," I said as I waved to the policeman as he drove away.

The girl at the box office asked me for two dollars so I reached into my pocket for my wallet. It was gone. Four dollars and four subway tokens, vanished into thin air. Or rather, vanished into the pocket of some light-fingered thief. Suddenly, PANIC!! I had no way of getting home! Admittedly, it was only six miles give or take a foot, but there are sections of this city that even I won't walk through at night.

"Could I have two dollars, please."

"No," I answered, walking quickly away from the box office. What am I going to do, I thought. I'll get picked up for vagrancy; I'll get killed by a mad pickpocket because my pocket's been picked already, and rot in the unclaimed section of the morgue because I have no ID. Rosemary you nit, why don't you walk to the Glicksohn's, wait there for Susan to turn up, jump up and down, scream and yell at her, then borrow thirty cents, take the subway home, have a nice cup of tea and forget the whole thing happened.

Twenty minutes later, I was telling Michael my tale of woe. He was singularly unsympathetic. "You should always carry a purse in the big city, de ar. This is Toronto, not Ottawa, you know."

"Oh, go type a stencil," I snarled and flopped into a chair to read Saturday Night.

Some time later, there was a rattling at the door and Susan appeared. "Michael," she wailed, "Rosemary... ROSEMARY, what the hell are you doing here!"

"Where in hell were you at ten to eight!" I screamed back.

"In the lobby of Cine City!"

"You were supposed to be waiting outside. Someone tried to pick me up three times, I almost got arrested and my wallet was stolen. And your stupid husband didn't even offer me a cup of tea. Some boy wonder. Lend me thirty cents so I can go home and go to bed."

"Would you like a cup of tea?" she asked timorously.

"No," I snarled, struggling into my coat and picking up the subway token she had put on the table.

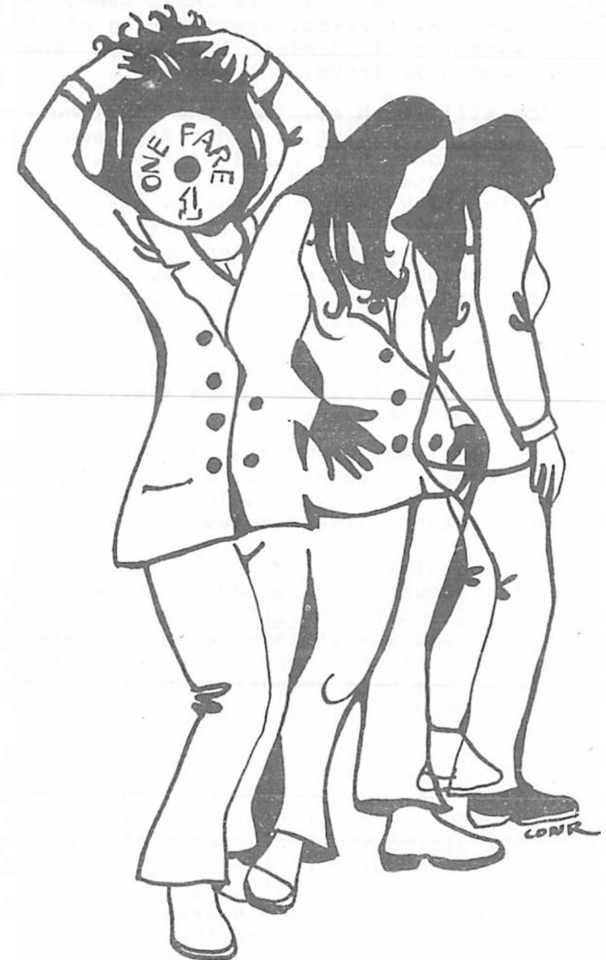
"Okay. Oh, listen. Gimme Shelter is coming to Cine City in a couple of weeks. Let's go. I'll meet you in front of the theatre..."

"SUSAN," I screamed, "here's my column. Go type a stencil."

/ Lapidus here. As you might have noticed, most of our regular column titles reflect song titles, for some long-forgotten reason. But Rosemary suggested such a perfect title for her column that we couldn't help breaking this tradition, and using her suggestion. Here's the way "Rosemary on the Doorstep" came about, from Rosemary herself:

While I was in California, a bunch of us were discussing ways and means of exorcising ghosts, evil spirits, bad vibes or what have you. After talking about the traditional Christian and Judeic methods, someone asked how an athiest would be rid of a ghost. There are several methods involving either black magic, which gives you more trouble than you started with, or white magic, involving a few incantations and lots herbs.

"Rosemary laid on the doorstep is very effective," someone suggested helpfully. The conversation deteriorated from its high intellectual level almost immediately. _/



THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS

another editorial column

by Barry Brenesal

I would like to take this opportunity and apologize for not meeting anyone at LUNACON. The only excuse I can offer (and admittedly not a very sturdy one), is that I simply wasn't there. Please don't hold it against me; it's just that while JWL and "Lisa" were hobnobbing with other sf hobnobs in decadent NYC, I was spending my time rehearsing plays badly in need of rehearsal, and writing this insipid editorial.

Well, enough of that-- I hate cheap sentiment, even if it is honest. Let us, instead, examine some of the Ballantine Fantasy releases, as I promised last time. And anyone who doesn't like it, can just leave.

If you're still with me, then the first book under consideration is Lud-in-the-Mist, by Hope Mirrlees. (Actually that will be the first book under consideration whether you are following this or not. However, if it will give you a warm feeling of security to think that this review was intended solely for your enjoyment, go right ahead.) It was published over a year ago, but excepting Ringworld and Red Moon and Black Mountain, it's the latest thing I've read. You see, the combination of a ridiculously misleading first page blurb, and a rather cutesy cover by Gervasio Gallardo (how does a quaint, rustic village, a rainbow in broad daylight, and a lovely blue river filled with bobbing apples strike you?), led me naturally to expect a novel of the "boys and girls, here's a story about this little town near Fairyland" persuasion.

So let the testimony read that I read this book strictly for the purpose of reviewing it. If thoughts of entertainment clung to my mind at all, they were in the form of what I might do after I had finished Miss Mirrlees' work.

You cannot possibly imagine, then, the relief which possessed me when I discovered how wrong my assumptions had been. Lud-in-the-Mist (henceforth LitM) is written in a graceful, poetic style. Its melodies are natural and unaffected; here, for instance, is a paragraph from the first chapter which speaks, at first, about the main character, Nathaniel Chanticleer. The tone alters gradually, however:

"Spiritually, too, he passed for a typical Dorimarte; though, indeed, it is never safe to classify the souls of one's neighbors; one is apt, in the long run, to be proved a fool. You should regard each meeting with a friend as a sitting he is unwittingly giving you for a portrait-- a portrait that, probably when you or he die, will still be unfinished. And, though this is an absorbing pursuit, nevertheless, the painters are apt to end pessimists. For however handsome and merry may be the fact, however rich may be the background, in the first rough sketch of each portrait, yet with every added stroke of

the brush, with every modification of the chiaroscuro, the eyes looking out at you grow more disquieting. And finally, it is your own face that you are staring at in terror, as in a mirror by candlelight, when all the house is still."

In my opinion, that's excellent narrative writing of a descriptive bent. It is well-crafted, sensitively phrased, with a personality definitely in control, manipulating the ideas and metaphors.

Of all the characters, only Nathaniel Chanticleer, his wife, Dame Marigold, and the Duke Aubrey possess a little of the vividness found in such remarkable creations as Galadriel, Lord Gro, or Jurgan. On the other hand, I cannot recall a single book I've read in which all the figures were as well-developed as they are in LitM. Tolkien's LotR may possess figures who stride their world (and ours) as colossal statues; but even the hobbits and orcs lack, to a degree, the conflicts of complex personalities. The persona in Miss Mirrlees' novel are sharply defined individuals, with virtues and vices that make up in depth what they don't have in dash and brilliance.

The plot structure causes some problems, though: I get the feeling that Miss Mirrlees was striving mainly to write around it. Things seem to move too slowly in places, where the location is stagnant, and the primary action psychological; while on some occasions, movement which is meant to be swift is passed over so quickly that only a person with exceptionally good eyesight could catch it. However, the novel's build from a fairly simple beginning into a complex web of intrigue (to coin a phrase) is handled very naturally. I suspect this is because situations develop through the characters, rather than through the machinations of the plot.

I must object to the way in which the book is ended-- a *deus ex machina* if ever I've read one (and, tanj knows, I've read several). To usher in LotR once more: we are perfectly willing to accept Frodo and Sam's rescue from Mordor, even though it is abrupt. The nature of the rescuer (Gandalf) being what it is, we can easily see him defeating Sauron and his allies, then take several eagles to save his nearly-dying friends. But the realization of the plot conflicts in LitM is so fantastically unbelievable... well, it is literally the equivalent of a god stepping down to earth from on high, just to resolve Miss Mirrlees' story out of the kindness and nobility in his heart.

Mistake me not; this is an excellent book. Flawed in structure, it is nonetheless written with remarkable poetry and insight. I recommend it highly, particularly to Theodore Sturgeon.

Ballantine has so far released four novels by James Branch Cabell. Since The High Place was the third of these, it is only fitting that I review it first.

The tale is one of Prince Florian, in mediaeval Poictesme; and of his idealized love for the sleeping princess, Melior. Florian, unlike his ancestor, Jurgan, decides to awaken Melior; which, of course, puts the reality of his illusions to the test. But it is hardly logical, after all, since we dream so much better than we experience...

Much of the problem in reading Cabell is due to his singular style. Many writers who use an artificially heightened form of the language sound stilted, because it isn't natural to them. To Cabell, on the contrary, grand rhetorical flourishes were but the final realization of his grandiose ideas. The closest comparison I can discover for Cabell's literature is in the harpsichord music of Francois Couperin, an r&b (rococo and baroque) composer. Cabell had the base of his operations in 20th century Virginia, while Couperin functioned in the flamboyant courts of Louis XIV and XV; but other than that superficial difference (and the fact that one wrote novels, while the other wrote suites), there is practically no dissimilarity between their works.

(Of course, you may not have access to some of Couperin's harpsichord music. In that case, I feel deep sympathy for you.)

The earlier two Cabell releases (Figures of Earth, and The Silver Stallion; I haven't read Something About Eve, yet) are as good, in their respective fashions, as The High Place; which is to say that all three are excellent. Prince Florian's unusual adventures must rank, however, as the most accessible book. True, it isn't anywhere near as accessible as The Cream of the Jest (which Sallantine will be printing later this year); but, with all due apologies to Lin Carter, it is a far better novel.

The High Place contains two forwards: a remarkably entertaining one by Cabell himself, and an informative, well-written essay by Lin Carter. The illustrations and cover art were drawn by Frank C. Pape, for the book's original publication in 1923. Donna Violetti, who did the cover for the Sallantine reissue of de Camp/Pratt's The Land of Unreason, illuminated this one--and, in its luxuriant detail, wit, and brilliant color, it must be considered among the best in an artistically abundant series.

"...Red Moon and Black Mountain is a strong and beautiful and perfect book...." Thus saith Lin Carter, who is occasionally over-enthusiastic in his literary evaluations. Actually, Red Moon is a good first effort by an evidently "new" author, Joy Chant. It has its share of merits, and quite a number of flaws.

However, the book is by no means perfect, or beautiful; and it is only intermittently strong. Perhaps one reason why Mr. Carter considers it all three, is that it fits one of his pet theories so well. In the words of the Master: "In my Tolkein, a booklength study of LotR and its author... I predicted that major new fantasy from now on would most likely bear the mark of Tolkein's influence. This is quite true of Red Moon...." And again: "...the third chapter, the battle between the Black Eagles and the White Eagles, is, in its eerie power and tension and mood, quite the equal of anything I have found in the LotR."

Tell a fish to climb mountains, throw a mountain goat into the ocean; have a writer of worth write consciously in the style of another individual. --It is rather defeating. Occasionally the writer will take naturally to its adopted literary environment: Pangheim writes excellent Heinlein; but all too often the writer's talents are completely misused (Ellison almost always writes third-rate Sturgeon... well, its my column, and I'll say it).

The worst parts in Red Moon are those that show the largest influence of Tolkein. Merekarl, King of the White Eagles is clearly a paraphrase character of Gwaihir, the Windlord, as Lin Carter points out; Fendarl, the evil sorcerer, of Sauron and Saruman; Princess In'serinna of Galadriel. (I would add to Mr. Carter's list, High King Kiron, who bears some resemblance to Aragorn; and Vanh, who has an identity crisis involving Lord Faramir.)

All the imitations, though, without exception, are lifeless mannequins; they deaden practically every chapter they appear in. The great fight between Fendarl and Li'vanh, which is the first major climax in the book (it has two), is a great disappointment, lacking in any vividness and all excitement. It was dull.

Color: Tolkein has plenty of it-- he is a poet. Miss Chant has none in the Tolkeinesque sections. The third chapter which Lin Carter liked so well really has no sense of the epic about it.

Certainly, she can write well, and she can write descriptively; but only on her own terms. Her forte is not the monumental. She appears at her best in scenes of intimate nature, and/or psychological penetration. Most of the book's first half is devoted to Oliver's gradual adjustment into the Khentor nomadic life style, and his transformation into Li'vanh; it is handled admirably. There is an intimate quality later on in the Nelimhon Forrest sequence, which makes it one of the few memorable scenes in the book.

But the best part of the novel comes after Li'vanh has killed Fendarl in battle, as it was predicted he would. A Tolkeinesque hero would have praised his enemy's prowess, and pitied the error of his ways; an Eddison hero would have wept for the passing of his foes, and of his wars. Li'vanh, though, questions the intentions behind his murder of Fendarl-- those intentions having been, at the moment of the killing, passionate and violent. Li'vanh grows wise, not by attaining to his goal, but by considering in its aftermath. Worlds apart, there, from LotR.

The best chapter, The Green Grass Growing, is excellent. Almost all its action occurs through the mental tensions of Li'vanh, who suddenly finds himself faced with a powerful truth, and with a person quite anxious to get at that truth, and use it for mysterious ends.

This is not a very good book. It promises, in its best sections, far more than it ultimately delivers. I am looking forward, however, to Miss Chant's next novel. Hopefully, it will emphasize her strengths, rather than her weaknesses; but get this work, Red Moon and Black Mountain, anyway.

Benvenuto Cellini!



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The main reason I'm responding to TA...5 is of course Andy Offutt. I've read the novel his, ah, article is a compilation of notes and remarks about. I've collaborated with him on other works and I've seen his notes, lists, etc. in reasonable abundance. Having

said all this I'll say I still don't quite believe it--there ain't any animal that fast. Andy's methods work for him. For me writing is always less organized and the results, if any, far more in doubt. Will seeing how Andy's writing mind works help other hopefuls? I donno, it's never helped me much. My personal feeling is that if you can learn to make plenty of notes and work well from outlines, you're better off and are more apt to get efficient. For me writing always seems to be a triumph (when something publishable results) of endurance over sense. Well, maybe that's just on the bad days--the days when I'm not certain whether I can write or not.

So what, after all, have I to say about Andy's, ah, article. I'm impressed by his efficiency and always have been. (These days I'm even more impressed, considering his writing output. But Andy has always been faster and more efficient than I could hope to get. I get a step nearer in developed skills and he's ten or twenty paces further ahead. Obviously there's no catching up. *Sigh*) His methods are his just as his books are his. As a reader I sometimes wish he would take more time because he's never quite written the book I feel he's capable of writing. But as a writer (and please, let's not quibble about how much of a writer) I'm reduced to heartfelt but unimaginative admiration over his speed and efficiency. Perhaps some year Andy will take a few weeks (though it's hard for me not to think months) and produce a Hugo or Nebula contender. He does have the skill, I think.

GROUP GROPE

lettercolumn
our comments [thusly_]

But enough of this stupid love talk. (Actually I don't even like Evil Is--so there! That doesn't mean I can't admire the working skill. A good workman profitably employed is a joy to behold, regardless as to whether you are apprentice or journeyman. I don't always like Silverberg or Heinlein or Ellison or a host of others I consider top craftsmen. Some are fast, others are good, some are fast and good. You can't make generalizations and say that a writer will burn himself out if he continues at an incredible pace. It isn't even true that, as some will have it, "easy writing makes hard reading." Depends on the writer. Andy...well, I consider him remarkable. A good day's work for me seems to take him just about an hour.

And because it was short I read the garbage...eh, that is the story in 5. I don't always dig fan fiction. I tend to see fan fiction as failed pro, something that some might object to. I'm continually amazed at how well fans write. The story? Well, it's nothing, really, just a notion that wouldn't add up to a plotted story or even an unplotted one--a sort of expanded punchline. Nothing, as I said, but internally there's writing that's not really unprofessional. The difference between amateur fan fiction and semipro fiction may be that the fan is pleased just to be creating a word picture to display ability. The semipro--that is, everyone trying to write to pro standards--knows that the appearance of a piece of fiction and a professionally plotted piece of fiction may not differ mechanically but be far different animals when considered "as a piece." Make sense? If not, consider the dialogue and descriptions and science and writing style of some more or less typical If stories. "Garbage," if it had story, is well enough written to have appeared there. All Steve Herbst need do is work at making fiction out of his visions and notions and eventually he too can get there.

/ This is the sort of comment I'm especially interesting in getting--comment from writers on how Andy's material hit them.
// And thanks for even bothering to read the fiction--I rarely read fiction in fanzines myself! JWL _/

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Thanks also for an excellent issue of Tomorrow And... (which deserves comment, but will have to be restricted to: You came up with a format that I never thot of ((& I hate you for it)), and pulled it off quite well, overall. Neato!

/ We won't print praise like this often, but I have immense respect for Bill and Outworlds, and I value his opinions. JWL _/

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Normally I don't write much to fanzines these days, but Andy Offutt set me at wanting to write to yours. The article is fascinating. And I want to point out that most of the good ones write swiftly and Andy is now and will be (even more) in the future one of the good ones. My only question is: Until recently Andy had a job, umpired baseball, and wrote

a novel every three weeks. What I need to know is where did all of those kids come from, Offutts?

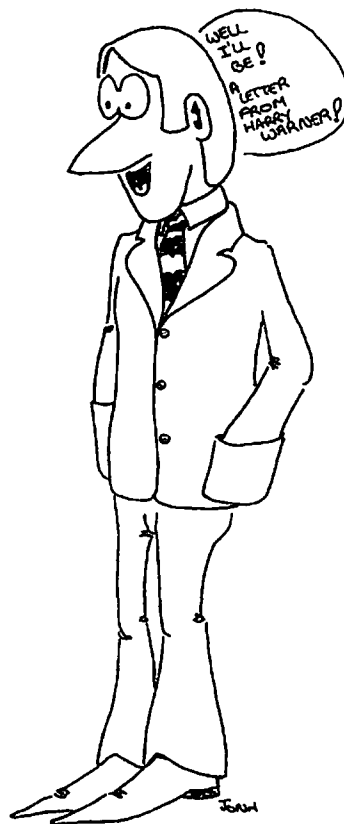
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It's starting to look as if something quite similar to the St. Louiscon-approved worldcon plan will actually come into existence during the new decade, in spirit

although not in name. The new European convention might turn into something utterly different from but just as prestigious as the worldcon. Meanwhile, although I never get into the battles over where forthcoming worldcons shall be held, maybe I can point out a couple of things you failed to point out in your editorial. One is the probable significance of the dates when worldcons have gone outside North America. It took 18 years to get the first one off this continent, then it was 8 years before it happened again, and after that, 5 years. Could this signify that North America won't host the worldcon nearly as often during the rest of the century as it has since 1939?

The other point involves Australia. I don't know if it will win a worldcon bid, but I suspect that it has a better chance than most fans now believe. Several factors could work on fanish psychologies when the decision is being made. One is the way a trip the Australia will impress some fans as a once-in-a-lifetime venture that they might never make if there's never a worldcon there, so why not vote for Australia and have a good reason for taking the big plunge. Another is the growing interest in Australia among a lot of Americans who are dissatisfied with the way this nation is going and want to get further away than Canada; wouldn't some of these people want to combine worldcon attendance with a personal look at a possible place to which to emigrate? Finally, although I've not checked exact rates, I don't believe there is a stupendous difference between the California-Australia fare and that for California to Europe. This might help to sway some decisions of Pacific Coast fans.

All that Andy Offutt material was fascinating, an excellent example too of the sort of thing fanzines ought to set out to run deliberately, now that they have surpassed the prozines in quality of artwork, poetry and non-fiction and need to go ahead in some manner regarding fiction. Moreover, I've just read Frank Gruber's The Pulp Jungle and comparisons between Andy's awesome output and that of the giants of the pulp magazine are inevitable. Remembering how Frederick Faust created a fandom and collectors who specialize in nothing but his enormous output, I keep thinking that now would be the time to try to buy up all available copies of the Offutt sexy novels and put them into a refrigerated steel vault somewhere. Then if I accidentally live into an even extremer old age than I now experience, I should have collectors' items worth enough to make me comfortable no matter how much attention I require in my last years to keep my bed dry. One cause for chagrin: Andy seems to be one



of the few pros who writes more words in a month for money than I do for a hobby. Until I had all these physical problems, I was probably averaging not more than 10,000 words per week in locs, plus maybe another 100,000 words per year for FAPA and in formal contributions to fanzines.

You leave me curious about this custom of putting Lisa Tuttle's name in quotation marks most places in this issue, meanwhile publishing her editorial as if she existed. A penname, a hoax that turned into a human being, or an in-group joke that is being deliberately kept ingroupish?

Steve Harbst's little story was fun to read, even if it did come awfully close to the category of stories which exist solely for the sake of a jolt in the last line. The careful detailing of the garbage ejection equipment and the conflict between the two human characters did a good job of disguising its nature. But I wonder if garbage really would be irretrievably dispatched into hyperspace under the circumstances described in the story. If there's a space station in existence, that implies a continued lack of really adequate and cheap fuel for space travel; otherwise, the facilities would be set up on a moon or asteroid where there's plenty of solid surface and natural resources right at hand. So it might be a problem to get supplies up to the space station from whatever planet keeps it in operating condition. With all that space on all sides of a space station, I would suspect that garbage would simply be propelled into an orbit quite similar to that of the space station, a few miles off in one direction or another, then halted there through a simple set of small jets on the containers. It wouldn't do

a bit of harm, and if technology developed in future years enough to permit recycling lots of it, there it would be, ready for use again, not harmed a bit by its long stay in a vacuum and a big moneysaver on supply ship cargoes.

It's becoming a platitude to say that the art is iniformly splendid in locs, because the situation holds good for so many fanzines these days. It's too bad that you couldn't have found more full-pagers drawn in proportions to take full advantage of this particular format, because the one on page 22 and the nearly full-page illustration on page 15 make a major impact on the eye, something like a movie whose director knows how to take proper advantage of the potentialities in the wide-screen proportions of his film frames. Rotsler's illustrations are particularly interesting to me, a trifle more complex than most of his drawings and somehow conveying the impression of being more serious in intent than most of his recent fanzine sketches.

And if I'm far behind on my loc duties, I'm in even worse shape on professional science fiction acquaintance. I wondered why I was doing so poorly on the quiz, until I checked up and discovered I've read only nine of the twenty stories quoted.



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While it is exceedingly interesting to watch how an author--any pro author--puts it all together, I'm afraid I've heard all about Let There Be License/Evil Is Live Spelled Backwards once too often. It sounds like nothing more than a pornographized Gather, Darkness! Think I can grate-

fully skip it. Now as for Offutt's difficulty with his chosen title (as though the same and worse doesn't happen to others?), I'm surprised that a person of his commercial acumen hasn't thought of having dustcovers printed with the original title and selling them at a modest profit.

An Abelard expert? Dum Diana vitrea/ sera lampas oritur... Er, yes. If anyone's interested in SF use of Abelard and Heloise, see Cordwainer Smith's "The Lady Who Sailed the SOUL."

Delighted to hear of another de Camp freak. (Only the sternest injunctions from my husband will keep me from swooning at the gentleman's feet when next I see him.) But isn't Barry holding a rather prolonged wake? Apparently de Camp hasn't written any SF for fifteen years. And Pratt wasn't just a prosperous Civil War historian, he was an outstanding one.

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I don't have TA...5 with me at the moment, so any comments I'd be able to make would be from memory. And really...there's not much in that issue I found myself able to remember long after reading it. Your and "Lisa's" editorials were about all, as far as I could see, that were very worthwhile. The rest seemed to be

whatever you could pick up from your club, or maybe some simple stuff you got out of the backlog in order to get a new issue off the ground after so many months, and not really intending to be much of an issue. Just to let people know you were alive and intending to get back onto a schedule again. So it worked, if that was your intention, and your ability at publishing should let people know you'd be able to treat their material with respect...

The toppled-over format seems nothing more than a novelty at first glance: the fanzine reads like one of the giant hardback books everyone must have read when he was five or six years old and just learning to decipher words. The only advantage I could see in the format is ease in layout, though it would rule out a lot of the full-page work being done by the artist, unless you could reduce the work in some way for repro by electrostencil or offset. But the reduction would be such a drag...You're able to get two columns onto a page...but so often there's an oversize illo that effectively reduces that advantage. But...you should still be experimenting with the format, I suppose, and you will be the one to know the Ultimate advantages and disadvantages...

[Actually, the only "material on hand" was the Herbst, which I'd wanted to use for quite a while. // We reduce from a 10 X 14 paste-up to 8 1/2 X 11, and thus can use normally "full-page" artwork in this layout. Add to this the fact that we can alter column sizes to accommodate illos, plus our intention not to stay in any format for too long; just trying to keep you all awake out there. JWL _/

[After reading Evil Is, the similarities to both Leiber's novel and Heinlein's "If This Goes On--" are obvious. But I found Andy's detail of the inner workings of both the Pastorate and the Coven, as well as the background origins for both organizations, well worth the time and trouble // Abelard fans should also know about "Abelard and Heloise," a play concerning the two lovers. Starring Diana Rigg and Keith Mitchell (Diana lost the best actress Tony Award to Maureen Stapleton); a pretty decent play, well acted but poorly directed on Broadway. JWL _/ In primis: de Camp may have stopped writing great fantasy many years ago, but I'm sure he could just as easily start again, if he really wanted to. (Glad to receive a letter from a fellow de Campian. If you see him, give him my regards, and tell him to weave some fiction, or else.) Secundus: Pratt's status as a historian I will leave to history buffs; all I know is, he wrote some excellent fantasy, distinguished by its profundity and originality. 8WS _/

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Much of your material was too serious for me. I'm lazy. For me, sf is primarily entertainment. I don't like to analyze it. Reading sf then would become work, and there is too much work around anyhow. For me sf just is, whether I read it or write it.

I was also pleased to note that you rate Tower of Glass as your second choice for the Hugo. It's mine also, right behind Downward to the Earth. Aha! Kusske is a Silverberg nut. Right. What do you think of A Time of Changes, currently running in Galaxy? (It started slowly but has built up speed in the second installment. I'm rather impatiently awaiting the third.) To Live Again reminded me of Huckleberry Finn. (!!!) Up until the last thirty pages it is an absolute masterpiece. Then Bob couldn't think of a suitable way to end the thing, so he copped out. Silverberg should have put the manuscript away for a few years until he was prepared to end To Live Again the way it should be ended. (Of course, that would have taken at least 200 more pages, but if Brunner and Herbert can do it, why can't Bob?)

Who buys mainstream fiction, Lisa asks. I think that's the wrong question. She should have asked, "Who reads mainstream fiction?" There still is a rather substantial market for hardcover books, mainly as status symbols for suburban housewives. Many of them are college educated...they've at least picked up their MRS degrees...and consequently feel a need for conspicuous reminders that they are indeed members of the intelligensia. I'd estimate that not more than 25% of all the copies of the average best-sellers are ever actually read. (And for good reason, too. I just finished The French Lieutenant's Woman, and it was pure crap.) American literature, in my opinion, is at the lowest point it has been in the entire 20th century. We have no writer to replace Hemingway or Fitzgerald or Faulkner or Sinclair Lewis. All we've got are queers like Gore Vidal or showboaters like Norman Mailer. No wonder sf is becoming increasingly popular.

/Do you object to anything particular in the ending of To Live Again? Or any preferred ending? Or just a general letdown? // At Philcon, Alexi Panshin and several other writers talked very highly of the Fowles novel you mention; haven't read it yet. JWL/

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The last and first line quiz was fascinating, but I deeply regret your supplying the answers. If you do it again, make it a real contest. (for the record, I knew most of them immediately; 1, 5, 11 I missed completely; 8, 9, 17 I recognized but couldn't identify, and 13 & 19 I guessed wrong.) If you're interested, here are a few

you might like to try:

1. "Lord, it is an Ambassador from Witchland and his train. He craveth present audience."
2. Death came merely as a hyphen.
3. Two glass panes with dirt between and little tunnels from cell to cell; when I was a kid I had an ant-colony.
4. They were, instead, the letters of our familiar alphabet, spelling out the words of the English language in my own handwriting.
5. Like all the time in the world.

Hmmm. That was a lot of fun. If you would like me to do some more, just speak. I've suddenly caught the fever.

Your Andy Offutt piece was tremendous, a fascinating look at the writer's craft. Not only does it give a close look at how one person writes, it can also be of help to those who aspire to write. Only one question I have for Andy: you say little about the actual process of sitting down and writing. Is this because reeling out reams of prose is easy for you? I wonder, because I find this the most difficult part of writing: actually putting the words down on paper. This is partly because I like to pay attention to my prose and orchestrate it so it says what I want the way I want.

/By all means send more quizzes--but send along the answers too! I'm sure most of us would go mad trying to figure out the sources without answers anywhere. Of the five here, between the three of us we can only identify 1 and 2. JWL /

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The offutt material is good, but what is "Rhahadlakous?" Was that the aphrodisiac they sing about in Kismet? Hope you will let us know the title of the novel on Aleister Crowley. I have been collecting Crowley material for several years.

I have the Evil Is pb, sounds like I should go and read it.... Read the first chapter--it is clearly written and easy to read, but it has no style at all. This is not too bad in sf, if the story moves along, though it would be (to my taste) fatal in a fantasy. What I mean by style here is this--there is no attempt to write so that that words and their arrangements are in themselves beautiful. There is also a lack of descriptive matter--the buildings on the street have windows and the room in which the action takes place has a ceiling, a bed, a door, and a table--and at least one wall... But what do they look like? At the end of the chapter a truck appears when the FCPs need it to leave in, but it has not been mentioned previously and we are given no idea of what manner of truck it may be.

Why is Lisa's name in quotes all through the issue--is she trying to qualify for membership in APA-H?

/ Rhahadlakoum is indeed that "candy" from Kismet. I'm a show nut, and since most titles used here (for no good reason) are song titles, andy I picked this out of several possible choices. JWL / Incidentally, "The Best of All Possible Worlds" is a song from Candide, a 50's collaboration between Leonard Bernstein, Richard Wilbur, and Lillian Hellman. The song is sung by Dr. Pangloss; if you are familiar with the Voltaire work, you know the tone implied is sarcastic. BWB /

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Andy Offutt's
article in
particular
interested
me. He can

really write a novel in three weeks??? That's fantastic (to me that's fantastic--and I have trouble with short stories) though I guess many writers do that. When Evil Is comes out I'll probably read it...and I also think Let There Be License is a better title, it sounds less clumsy.





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The offutt
chronicles
as fascin-
ating. This
chap offutt
is the type

I enjoy meeting with--it's a shame he's also the type that spends all his time at the typewriter. Actually, given a special chair with a built-in toilet and rigging up an intravenous feeding system, a really clever writer could cut the per novel time to a week or less. Wow! Could you dig 50 offutt novels a year? Asimov would eat his heart out.

Having three of four editors sure takes up a lot of room in editorials, doesn't it? One of your co-editors writes like offutt, too. Could this be a trend? And then Harlan Ellison sometimes writes fiction that reads like andy offutt's letters. And sells it!

I assume you're referring to me when you say that one editor writes like offutt. Well, if this marks a trend, then offutt has been following mine. I never read offutt until our last issue, and I don't care for it; what's more, I've been writing like this for years. (Pretty pathetic, isn't it?) BWB // I would say that Barry writes on a Robert Benchley model, if anyone. // I see your point about conventions, but I don't think this will turn out to be as bad as you think. For one thing, I don't think there ARE going to be too many foreign cons, thus eliminating the problem entirely. Then too, most foreign bids begin far enough in advance to give prospective N.A. bidders a chance to gauge the overseas bid's chance of winning. And also, considering the size of current conventions, I'd venture to say most hotels would be willing to postpone things a year. // We haven't heard from anyone who's read Evil Is; either they can't find it, or don't want to find it. We picked this particular book since it was about to be released, and thus people could read both background and final novel. But... Anyway, if anyone does read it in the future, perhaps you'll go back, reread the article, and perhaps write us then. JWL /

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The first thing I noticed was the format. It's a refreshing change from the usual. But it does have one drawback, as demonstrated by the fact that you had to chop my poem in two like that. But I see many advantages. Like, you could have an artist do a two-page spread and give a mural effect. (Tim Kirk? Mike Gil-

bert? Why not?)

All three editors are talking about Hugos. Mind if I recommend: dramatic-- "The Little Black Bag," proartist--Eddie Jones, mostly for his breath-taking cover on the August Vision of Tomorrow, prozine Galaxy despite the Heinlein serial. (Maybe Amazing but I've never been able to get over the incredible wretchedness of the September issue.) Fanzine, you know, I think I'd be willing to vote for SFR again. It just keeps getting better and better. Fanwriter--Pauls. For next year, the fanwriter has to go to J.J. Pierce for his Cordwainer Smith article in Renaissance, currently in its second installment.

Jerry, as for worldcons, I think that you must remember that since the whole thing does rest "in the paws of N. American fandom", that the Heicon was like a nice gesture. But if too many foreign cities try, I don't think American fan will vote to give up more than a couple of cons. England I think has a chance, but Australia can forget it. (Unless they get in soon enough for us to be in a gesturing mood.) I know this isn't nice, isn't fair, goes against the international brotherhood image of fandom, but that's just how things are. If the European fans have any brains they'll realize this, set up their own system of cons and their own awards.

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Since you mention the Worldcon rotation problem in your editorial, I'll remind you of the note I sent you after receiving the latest Legal Rules, with the query, "How can a good, active, conscientious concommittee start preparations for a bid more than two years in advance of their date when a foreign con inserted in the meantime

could yank their place in the rotation plan right out from under them?" For example, let's say in a couple year New York, say, started preparing a bid for 1977. If there are no foreign cons before then, it'll be the Eastern Division's turn in '77. So they go to work and line up a hotel, etc., etc., as may also a couple more eastern cities who want to compete for that bid. Then the Sweden bid wins for '75. Suddenly it's the Central zone's turn in '77 and New York and everyone else is screwed. Or are they? What happens? Does this mean there can never be a con with more than two years preparation? Where would Tom Reamy be now if the present system had been in effect when he started his Dallas bid? Debtors' prison?

The particular book in question here is of special interest since I harbor a good good, healthy interest in "the occult" (how I've come to hate that term--people use it against you just as they use "sci-fi")--witchcraft, Catholic supernaturalism, religious mysticism of all sorts. And Crowley. Question for Andy: Did the Crowley book so briefly mentioned get into print? What title? I sort of wish there was a place in fandom (another subfandom? Oh, well) where one could feel safe writing about the "occult." All you see now is J.R. Williams writing little columns of gosh-wow-I-know-someone-in-a-coven nonsense for Corr.

Well, anyway, about Evil Is. I could say a lot more about all this if I'd read the book. I've seen it reviewed, and andy mumbled something about a December outdate, so WHY IN HELL CAN'T I FIND A COPY OF THIS BOOK ANYWHERE? This county has half a million people. And one helluva lot of newsstands of considerable size. And in a couple months I hit most of them. Pass the word to andy that if his publisher doesn't get some distribution going for them his work (and your fanzine) are likely to have some pretty poor and pretty sketchy response.

"Lisa" has an interesting editorial, full of very perceptive comments. Like the bit about sf writers writing mainstream stories. Well, as well all know, all writers are marketed on their image. Like, a new collection of "sf" has come out from Playboy Press, complete with the two mainstream stories by Ray Bradbury. And did you ever wonder why The Machineries of Joy was marketed as sf when it contained very little of the same? Actually, non-sf in sf mags is not new. Bradbury's "The Dwarf" and Sturgeon's "A Way Home" are both mainstream, and good mainstream at that, and they were in Amazing in 1953. I think we might as well admit that sf is almost the only existing market for quality short stories. (If you want to write shit, you can do "True Confessions" or somesuch.) The short story is almost entirely a science fiction form. Except in the "Little Magazines," and they're really nothing more than well-financed amateur mags. Sort of the mainstream equivalent of the fanzine. (I define a professional mag as something that pays money, is pubbed for a profit, and is distributed on the stands. Little mags sometimes pay money but they don't fit the other requirements.) So if sf writers want to write non-sf they must still market it through regular channels. Like, there is a brilliant mainstream novella in Orbit 6 by Thomas Disch. Chances are if he wasn't an sf writer the story would have gone unpublished or turned up in a little magazine.

About the only markets I know of for good mainstream today are Playboy and New American Review. Others have formulas, like women's stories for Made-moiselle, gutsy stuff for men's mags, etc. I think there are enough sf writers who would like to do some mainstream besides sf that they are going to make a market for it. Quark is an example. Another example is New Worlds, especially after Moorcock left. Some issues had no sf at all. I suppose that sf writers have been bitching about the degenerate nature of present mainstream for so long that they decided to do something about it. Maybe NW didn't make it, but there will be many more attempts. Moorcock's ideas was to take the vigor and freshness of sf and inject it into the mainstream. If this doesn't sound too snobbish, it was a sort of "bring them up to our standards of quality." It might just work. Joanna Russ once said something at a Philcon (2 years ago, I think) about sf writers taking over the mainstream (rather than the other way around). I thought she was kidding then. I don't now. And everybody will benefit.

Comparing my reactions to Witchcraft and Sorcery, I decided that I wouldn't be so quick about rejecting the stories therein from my own fanzine. But I think they are of marginal fanfic quality, and it would all hinge on whether or not I had lots of better material on hand. But in a supposed prose they are ridiculous. (And I just mailed them this story.....) I had high hopes for W&S when I heard it was to be in a slick format--I was expecting something that looked like Vision of Tomorrow. But I hope it sticks around because it might improve and in the meantime, maybe I can sell them a couple of stories. I don't think Lisa should complain about unknowns on the cover. There were lots of knowns, too. Like all the magic names these days: deCamp, Howard, Lovecraft, Norton, van Vogt, Carter. Coven 13 had only three known authors in its entire history--Goullart, Ellison, Howard. And I think it was deliberate. I had correspondence with Landis and he seemed to think that he was going to get a general audience, not the same one that buys all the other sf-fantasy mags. He seemed naive about publishing and didn't seem to realize the Coven would be displayed with the

rest of them. He also said that he was willing to pit these guys against "the sf hacks" any day, failing to realize that no matter how good or bad the stories are, names sell magazines. I know at least one person who passed the zine up because it had no known authors in the first issue. And considering how it was distributed, that was probably 30% of the sales in the area gone right there. By the way, they only sold 8% of their first issue, mostly due to inability to get on the stands. (Ted White gave me that figure and I hear Landis is mad about it, but White said that he got it from Landis' distributor.)

Interesting you should mention "The Region Between." You see, lots of people say that the drawings are inseparable from the story. I dommo if this is true, but if so we have not a Harlan Ellison story but an Ellison-Gaughan collaboration, and it should be awarded accordingly.

The offutt thing is fascinating. I am utterly croggled by the concept of a guy who writes a novel every three weeks (but then Dean Koontz said he wrote Beastchild in 8 days...), which means 17 1/3 novels a year if he keeps at it. I wonder what happened to all these because I've only seen one or two of Andy's books.

I hate to say this, but this article doesn't make me want to rush out and buy Evil Is. I think Andy is right in saying that this is his least original. It sounds like a sex-up rehash of Gather, Darkness! to me. The ideas are good but they are not new and they are not even his.

I think I have detected a rather nasty Tuckerism: "Chaste Pierce", and "U. J. Pastore", especially in this context? Humm.

It seems that Andy did do a lot of research and work, so it's a shame he couldn't have produced something original. But then everybody "borrows." I just saw a plagiarism of The Puppet Masters on Star Trek today ("Operation--Amialate!")

/I didn't think we'd really hurt your poem; sorry. Will try not to Do It Again. // You seem to base an undue number of your Hugo ideas on only a single work in categories which seem to ask for a body of material--Jones for a single cover, Pierce for a single article, etc. I feel such awards should go to a person with more than just one outstanding article, one outstanding illustration; one (admittedly good) Pierce article does not eliminate a whole series of illogical and uninteresting Pierce articles and letters. // I was especially bother with W&S not merely because of the bad fiction, but also because the magazine was so incredibly sloppy. Layout and design were practically nonexistent, inferior to most good fanzines. And this costs nothing at all--just requires some concern for the finished product. // I've been told that Harlan himself did the basic graphics for the story, with Jack doing the finishing touches and specific drawings. But I don't know for certain. // Methinks you define plagiarism a bit too loosely; there is a difference between stealing someone else's material and using a common idea. JWL



