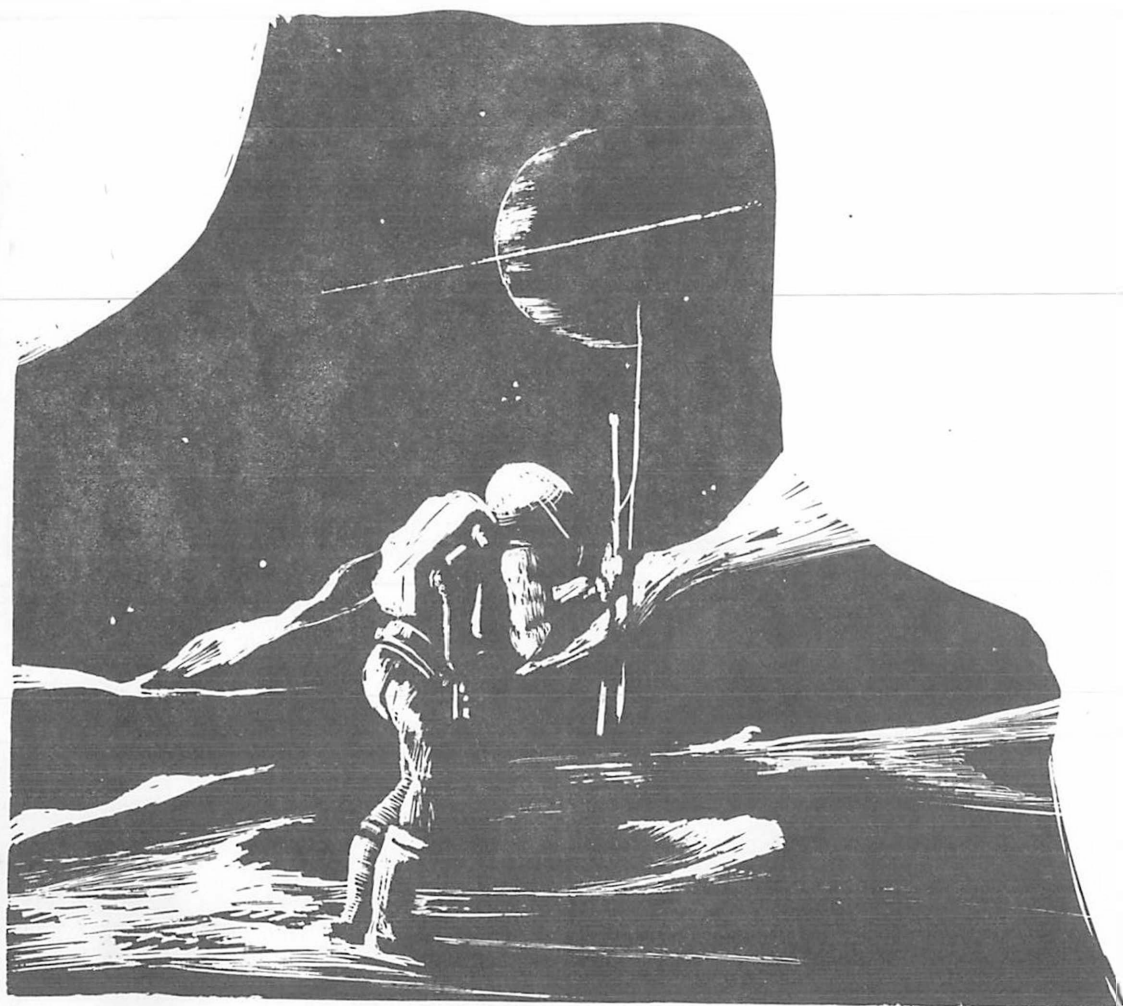


TOMORROW AND...



SEVEN

STILL AT PRE-INFLATION-RECESSION PRICES

TOMORROW

AND...SEVEN

SEE TRICKY DICK'S DISCOMFORT: WATCH SPIRO INFLATE THE FILL AS THE EDITOR AND HIS LACKYS ARE DRAFTED



Tomorrow And... is edited and published by a huge conglomerate, headed by Jerry Lapidus and including, at this particular moment in time, Lisa Tuttle, Barry Brenesal, and possibly Mike Bradley. This issue published in cooperation with--but NOT the official organ of--the Syracuse University Science Fiction Society. TA is published irregularly, but this is the third issue this year, and we plan at least one more before January.

GETTING A COPY is ridiculously simple. Contributions of written material or artwork (probably, depending how we feel, even if we don't use them), all artwork returned on publication. Substantial letters, whether published or not. Trade, for your magazine. Money also gracefully accepted, \$5.00 a copy, five for \$2.00. This proposition loses money at ridiculous rates, and every little bit helps us keep afloat.

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ta... quiz

One final installment of the first line/last line game. Following are first lines from science fiction you've probably read....and a few last lines. Your job is to figure out the sources.

Contributions this time from Darrell Schweitzer, Donald Keller, Hank Davis. We welcome quiz items, both of this particular type and others. Remember, though, to try to use familiar works if possible--that's what makes it so frustrating, and that's the whole purpose!

FROM ANOTHER LAND, a rambling editorial of sorts, touching this time on future plans, fueds, and "Lisa Tuttle"
Jerry Lapidus

RAHADLAKGUM, a regular column on writing, today in a question/answer format, some serious and perhaps some a bit frivolous
andy offutt

ROSEMARY ON THE DOORSTEP, where our Canadian Contributor reveals Strange and Wonderful Hospital tidbits
Illustrated by Dan Steffan
Rosemary Ulliyot

AT THE ZOO, yet another editorial, tending sometimes to fiction, and this time toward Clarion at Tulane
Illustrated by Dan Steffan
Lisa Tuttle

A VERITABLE CORNUCOPIA, a special section discussing the basic genesis for some possibly familiar stories
Dean Koontz

BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE, selections from the Hugo-nominated album, words by Jefferson Starship, illustrations
Mike Gilbert

GROUP GROPE, the lettercolumn, with letters from you out there and some answers from us in here

TOMORROW NEVER KNOWS, hopefully unstuffy, unpretentious book comments, with in depth reviews from Ted Pauls and Darrell Schweitzer and capsule comments from us

THE HUGO MESS, a proposal for the addition of a Hugo category for original anthologies and collections
Darrell Schweitzer

FINALE, a few final, something like conclusive remarks, on a whole host of subjects
Jerry Lapidus

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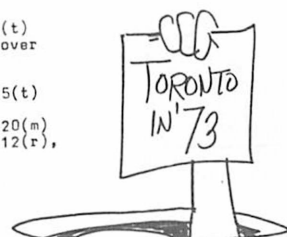
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Canfield, Grant...1(middle), 15(bottom)
Fabian, Steve...10(top), 16
Faddis, Connie...10(b)
Gilbert, Mike...cover, 1(t), 3(r), 4(t)
6(b), 7, 11, 17, bacover
Ingham, John...13(1)
Kinney, Jay...6(t), 14(b)
McLeod, Jim...12(1), 13(r), 14(t), 15(t)
Osterman, Dan...5
Rotaler, Bill...1(b), 3(t), 18, 19, 20(m)
Steffan, Dan...2, 3(b), 4(b), 8, 9, 12(r),
20(r)

artwork

1. Young R.W., my Mormon Guard, has brought me a supply of paper at last.
2. I'll make my report as if I told a story, for I was taught as a child on my homeworld that Truth is a matter of the imagination.
3. Stock cue SOUND: "Presenting SCANALYZER, Engrelay Sateleserv's unique thrice-per-day study of the big scene, in INDepth Independent Immediate Interface between you and your world."
4. Blurred Mars hung like a swollen belly above me, until it dissolved, brimmed over, and streamed down my face.
5. It's a port city.
6. "Will you tell us about the other worlds out among the stars--the other kinds of men, the other lives?"
7. Norman Saylor was not the sort of man to go prying into his wife's dressing room.
8. Pinlighting is a hell of a way to earn a living.
9. The Place stank.
10. The room stank of demons.
11. He was soon borne away by the waves and lost in the darkness and distance.
12. For we shall make after all a fair conclusion to this brief music that is man.
13. Imagine Darkness.
14. "Look--there--rising over the Hand of God. Is it?"
15. In the nighttime heart of Munich, in one of a row of general-address transfer booths, Louis Wu flicked into reality.
16. Look, Simeon Krug wanted to say, a billion years ago there wasn't even any man, there was only a fish.
17. The leggy girl was both alpha and omega: the two embodied in the same compact bundle.
18. A Hunter has no soul.
19. There is entwined seven-tentacled lightning.
20. Just life, says Joseph K.

Answers: 1. Camp Concentration, Dachau. 2. Left Hand of Darkness, LeGuin. 3. Stand on Zanzibar, Brunner. 4. "A Rose for Eccliasates," Zelazny. 5. Babbel-17, Delany. 6. Left Hand of Darkness, LeGuin. 7. Conjure Wife, Leiber. 8. "Game of Hat and Dragon" C. Smith. 9. "Who Goes There?" Campbell. 10. Black Easter, Bishop. 11. Frankenstein, Shelley. 12. Last and First Men, Stapledon. 13. City of Illusions, LeGuin. 14. Last and First Men, Stapledon. 15. Ringworld, Silverberg. 16. The Year of the Quiet Sun, Tucker. 17. The Year of the Quiet Sun, Tucker. 18. Babbel-17, Delany. 19. Fourth Mansions, LaFerty. 20. And Chances Koontz. Russ.



"I Can't Help But Wonder where I'm Bound"

This could very easily be the last "normal" issue of TA for quite some time. The magazine will continue, I can guarantee that, on some sort of regular basis--no more year-long breaks or anything like that--but things will most likely.....change a bit.

When I first started the magazine, I was a freshman in biology at the University of Chicago; the next two years saw teaming with Chicago's Mike Bradley for three more issues, and also saw me leave Chicago entirely to study in drama and journalism at Syracuse University. Problems developed, and some two years passed--TA remained in hibernation, and I went into the theatre in rather great detail.

Finally, in my last year as Syracuse, I "discovered" Lisa and Barry, already friends through various media. Barry was also in the drama department at Syracuse; I'd worked with him in a few shows, and he lived in the same dorm with my co-director/roommate--and had also been interested in science fiction, although I never knew that until this year. Lisa I knew through correspondence and Pathos, her fanzine in question. Together, the three of us put together TA...5 and 6, sharing duties to some extent to another, fighting over various problems together.

Well, I'm finally--for at least a while--finished with that rat race. Early in June, I received my B.S. in Speech and Drama, cum laude (woodie, big deal, et al.). My interest, my consuming interest in drama remains unchanged, and I still intend to continue on to graduate work in theatre and ultimately to work professionally in theatre. This summer, I've been acting in an excellent production of "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," and have been doing some directing on "Once Upon a Mattress," "Canterbury Tales," and "The Boys in the Band." My prime interest remains in directing, and I fully intend to try to work with and learn from as many people as possible, in the next few years. But....
....not quite yet.

The thing is, after a dozen years of high-pressure academics, I'm sick and tired of the whole damn thing. I must get away from the academic bullfight, for at least a little time, before going on with my plans in theatre. So, although I have been accepted for graduate work in theatre at the SUNY at Binghamton's program, I pretty definitely won't go in the fall.

What will I do? I'm not really sure at this point. The needs for something different, to need to get away, the need for new environments, the wanderlust, to get away from my familiar surroundings--I'm feeling them all, and strongly. And so I'm looking at different possibilities--working in professional theatre around the country, working in one or more service groups in different parts of the country, getting to other counties is a primary addition to all this--whether working in a formal program, or just sort of wandering around, looking at theatres and meeting other people. Right now, I'm seriously considering a program of working in theatre-related areas in Israel, and am waiting for the people in charge to process my preliminary applications. That--or whatever I finally end up doing--will give me about a year away from things. Then, all that out of my system, back to the collegiate theatre grind.

So all this means that the specific future of TA is somewhat indefinite. I'm doing this issue entirely on my own; material from Lisa and Barry through the mails, but all the work on the magazine itself can be blamed on me. The next issue? I really can't say. It's conceivable that nothing at all will change with the magazine, and that whatever I do, I'll still be able to get together with Lisa and Barry and put the thing together that way. Or it may be more like this issue, doing all the physical work myself and getting material from my other editors by mail. Or it might even be the exact opposite--Lisa and Barry doing all the basic work, with material mailed from me from somewhere else. I can promise you the next issue in the fairly near future, but beyond that I really can't tell you any more.

"The Real Lisa Tuttle Story"

About half the letters on the last two issues have included questions about "Lisa Tuttle", about what those quotation marks are supposed to mean, etc. Mike Clicksone (so now we're even, Mike) said of our calling "Lisa's" column last time an editorial, "as great a piece of idiocy as I've seen in a fanzine lately." So I guess I'd better give in now, and tell you all the Real Lisa Tuttle Story.

As most of you probably know, there is a real Lisa Tuttle; by the time you read this, she will be a sophomore at Syracuse, an alumnus of the Clarion SF Writers' Workshop, and a co-editor of TA. Very simply, "Lisa Tuttle" is none other than Lisa Tuttle plus quotation marks. But the story is more complex than that.....

First, you should realize that I am known to be dominated by typewriters. I type fast, and as you all know from reading TA, I type far too many typos. Because I do make so many typing mistakes, I find myself spending lots of time correcting many typing mistakes. I quickly grew to hate correcttype, Corfil, razor blades, etc., and so now I often try to avoid using such corrective methods, if at all possible. This means that typing an incorrect letter or even word can start me off on an entirely new word or letter than that I was originally typing....For instance, say I'm going to type the sentence, "Bob Tucker is god." If I happen to make a mistake and type "Bob E" by hitting the "a" instead of the "t", I'm liable to leave that letter there, and the sentence could then turn out to be "Bob Blotch is god." You see how easily this can happen?

Okay, now, Lisa and I were working on her editorial for TA...5, and I started to type her name as the author of her editorial. But by mistake, I hit the "k" key before her name, and ended up with "Lisa Tuttle. This obviously didn't look right, so rather than erase anything, I added another " and now we had "Lisa Tuttle". What can we do with this, I asked the Real Lisa Tuttle, peeking over my shoulder? Before she could suggest something intelligent like "why don't you erase both quotation marks", the answer hit me--the way to bring TA fannish fame and fortune. "Why don't we put your name in quotes everywhere in the fanzine?" I suggested, "that way, everyone will wonder just what's going on, and we shall create a Really and Truly Fannish Legend!"

So we did, and everyone else did. Did we make the HATFL ranks, Joyce?



"All the Last Wars at Once"

In case you hadn't noticed it, All Fandom has been once again Plunged into War.

This time, the idiocy involved seems to be so-called Fannish fandom, lined up against so-called Sercon (or Review, as Terry put it) Fandom, and the hyperbole on both sides is even worse than usual. From a letter to a recent fanzine, a fanzine noted for a large number of book reviews:

Your zine's emphasis on this glut of fandom /book reviews/, this parasite to the exclusion of other, more worthwhile projects is bordering on the obscene...You have lost a lot of the meaning of SF fandom by these academic sounding reviews when you could've had an entropy reprint from Terry Carr, or something by Arnie Katz or John Berry.

And Terry himself, a man I highly admire as both an editor and an entertaining writer (he's my choice in the fanwriter Hugo category this year), talked in Focal Point about:

...fanneditors who think they're scoring a coup by publishing Andy Offutt's esthetic paradigms for his latest novel from Paperback Library.

Uuch!

But don't for a moment think this sort of thing is confined to one side of the argument. Ted Pauln, another gentleman I admire and my second choice for the Hugo, has somehow become the unofficial spokesman for the Other Side, and in Energeten spoke of the conflict, especially concerning SFH:

As reluctant as I am to inject venomous conflict into the pages of Energeten, the "fannish" clique to which I referred last issue continues to irritate me with its preposterous insularity and conceit...Their apparent holy war against SFR and its editor is being carried forth with undiminished juvenile vigor....

Basically, my feelings on the issue are quite simple:

WHY BOTHER?

It all boils down to the identical argument that we saw in the ridiculous Old Wave/New Wave flap a few years ago: "I like this and only this, and we can't allow that in our wonderful field, that's really anti-science fiction /read 'anti-fandom' today/ and shouldn't be allowed." "Let us save fandom," etc.

So I repeat--why bother?

I'll admit something. I enjoy almost every kind of fannish writing; I hunt fanzines of all types (even though John has never sent me Egobog, though I've been sending him my fanzines for years), and read almost all of them, omnivorously. I enjoy fan art, both serious and cartoon. I enjoy John Foyster's criticism. I enjoy Terry's fannish columns. I enjoy Speculation. I enjoy Arnie and Joyce writing about fandom today, and Shaw and Willis about the way it once was. I enjoy hearing about how Andy Offutt wrote this novel. I enjoy reading about Steve Stiles' TAFF trip. I enjoy reading about how Robert Silverberg wrote that novel.

I obviously enjoy virtually all well-written fanzine material. And I print all types, too: the two regular features in TA are Andy's and Rosemary's columns, and no matter what the subject, Barry and Lisa's editorials are generally fannish, while review and discussion obviously isn't.

About the only thing I don't really enjoy is seeing my friends tear each other apart, and constantly accuse me--from both sides--of reading worthless crud because I also read the sort of thing they don't like. I really wish to hell they'd both shut up already.



"North to Alaska"

I don't know if this will make any difference, but I personally strongly support the Toronto in '73! worldcon bid. As a matter of interest, Lisa probably reluctantly supports the Toronto bid, and Barry probably doesn't give a damn.

A lot of you already know my reasons, and most of you have already made up your mind anyway. At any rate, I'd like to make it clear that my support doesn't mean I have anything personal against the Dallas people, and that any "vile assertions" (please read this, Alex) I make only indicate the situation as I see it. As far as I know, I'm still on good terms with Tom, Larry, and Joe Bob. It just happens that I know the Toronto people better, I like the Toronto approach to the bid, and I don't especially appreciate the groups the Dallas people seem to be leaning toward for major support. I'm pretty active in fandom these days; I coedit a fanzine with a general circulation of about 300, I get virtually all major fanzines one way or another, I usually make a couple of regionals a year, plus the Worldcon. But outside of *Trumpet* and the *Dallascon Bulletin*, I don't recall seeing a single contribution from Dallas fandom in fanzine fandom. Outside of running into Tom in Berkeley and St. Louis, I don't recall seeing anyone from the Dallas committee at a convention. And looking at the *Dallascon Bulletin*, I see pages and pages of movie and comic ads, certainly implying strong support from these sub-fandoms. I have some interest in both areas, but my major interests in this area are sf and sf fandom. I'd like a Worldcon run by people at least cognizant of general fanzine fandom, people I've been able to meet and get to know, people who will aim the convention primarily toward sf and sf fandom. Under these conditions, my choice has to be Toronto.

"Distant Shores"

I said before that I wasn't sure how other future issues would be produced. To be perfectly frank, I have very little ideas of how this issue will turn out. The previous two issues were printed in Syracuse, reduced from a 10 X 14 paste-up to 8 1/2 X 11. This issue will be printed in Rochester, and reduced all the way down from 17 by 22 to that same final size. This will mean more material per page, and so less pages, and also more interesting fun with layout and design; and to keep things as readable as possible, I'm using this typeface, larger than that used for TA 6 (although no one except Doll Gilliland complained about the small type there). But--I really don't know what the final result will be; I've had the covers printed, and they turned out satisfactorily, but I just don't know what will happen with 50% reduction of this type. If things have reduced down too far and the result is difficult to read, I heartily apologize, and promise it'll never happen again.



"The Circle Game"

The field has lost two major influences since our last issue. And so this issue is dedicated to the memory of John Campbell, possibly the most influential single figure in the annals of modern science fiction. In creating the Golden Age and fostering the writers who made the Golden Age, Campbell produced some of the first readable science fiction, and laid the basis for much of the comparatively advanced work being done in the field today. If any one man is responsible for modern sf, it has to be John Campbell. And even though in later years many of us disagreed with him and fought his ideas and forsook his magazine, his impact on this field cannot be overlooked.

My personal contacts with the editor of *Analog* came mainly early this year, when I interviewed Mr. Campbell for a project in a journalism course. I was doing a study of *Analog*, as the most successful of the sf magazines, and needed an interview with the editor. And John gave me most of a morning, answering my questions, talking about his job and his ideas about the magazine and the field. I could do no more than thank him for it.

A major blow to the current field came yesterday, when I read in *Locus* about the demise of Terry Carr's Ace Special series. It's impossible to overestimate the impact this monthly series of inexpensive paperback novels has had on this field recently. In presenting outstanding but possibly difficult to sell work from both established and entirely new authors, Terry has given us a large percentage of the finest novels of the last half decade. His series garnered an amazing number of award nominations, as well as several awards themselves. A list of the highlights of the series would be endless, but in addition to mentioning all the fantastic Dillon covers, personal highlights for me would have to include: *Furthest*, *Chronocules*, *Left Hand of Darkness*, *Pavane*, *A Wizard of Earthsea*, *Isle of the Dead*, *The Jagged Orbit*, *Rite of Passage*, *Phoenix* and *The Mirror*and on and on.

Just consider for a moment some of the new or newly discovered authors Terry has presented with first novels, or at least first novels in this country. Lafferty's first. Russ's first. Shaw's first over here. Compton's first over here. LeGuin's first work to receive notice. Gladak's first novel here. Robert's first major work. Pangshin's first. A rather incredible list, including as it does most of the people topping the field today. Offhand, about the only two really important current authors not represented have been Delany and Silverberg--and only because they can now get more money than Terry's been able to pay.

Well, it's all over. Terry has left Ace, and according to Charlie, the series is gone. R.I.P.



RHAHADLAKOUM



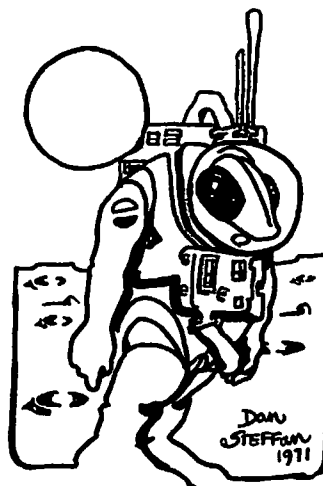
a column

by andy offutt

Only the briefest of explanations is necessary for the following. O means interviewer, but is abbreviated O rather than I because the zero key can be hit to form O without shifting. The so is andrew offutt, the writer-in-residence, and the interviewer is neither Lapidus nor the main character in Story of O.

- O what do you think about the letter-references to Rahad-lakoum in the last issue of to...?
- so I didn't read them. Lapidus sent me some quotations in advance, for the column in #6. That way I could answer them in the same issue they appeared in.
- O YOU DIDN'T READ--but some were letters he didn't send you! There were even a couple of REVIEWS of the novel.
- so Negative ones?
- O Two were.
- so Well, if someone bought the book and didn't like it, I sure as hell can't kick about his saying so.
- O They hadn't bought it. They hadn't read it.
- so FAS-sin-ate-ing!
- O Uh, Donald Keller liked the article very much, said it was fascinating, and so did Harry Werner, and Hensley--
- so Hensley who?
- O Joe Hensley.
- so Ahhh yes, old Joe Hensley! Good. Judgment of your peers, and all that.
- O You think you write as well as Joe and are his peer?
- so No, but I sure practice law as well!

- O Oh. Also, Ned Brooks said he'd read the first chapter and it has no style.
- so Well, maybe he'll change his mind after he's read more than that 8-page horror story, but that's at least the sort of comment that could be valuable. I'll remember it and apply it. He's welcome to write me direct, if he's finished it and still feels that way. I can use comments from intelligent people.
- O What makes you think he--
- so He didn't review it without reading it, and--he doesn't do any book reviews for anybody anyplace, does he?
- O I don't think so.
- so Right. He's an intelligent person. Let's talk about something else.
- O Um. What about the Old-Wave/New Wave controversy?
- so The what?
- O The Old-Wave/New Wave controversy in sf.
- so Oh yeah. Look, I did an article in SFR long ago, solving the whole thing. I was obviously right, even logical. But the people that manufactured the dichotomy chose to ignore that, and so tried desperately to prolong and even proliferate it.
- O I had hoped you'd come up with one of those one-liners I hear you're good at, and make yourself famous for year. What do you think about the controversy?
- so Hardly ever.
- O That's better. Is that all?
- so It was one line, wasn't it? Pithy, even.
- O You seem to have a lisp...what about the controversy's chief arguers?
- so Is that a word? I mean in this language?
- O Let me rephrase. Who do you think of the people who created the "controversy" and worked so hard to keep it alive?
- so My god, why should I think of them?
- O Tell me this. Who was your character Chaste Pierce named after?
- so We've talked enough about that damned book. Running together all the divisions that should have been each on a separate page just about finished the Deconstruct job on it, anyhow.
- O Finished? What started it--oh, you mean the phallic cover?



- so No, rockhead, I started it. Now let's talk about something altogether also--all right. I'll answer you. Chaste Pierce was named after no one. First I had to use the thesaurus to make a collection of all those Puritan-sounding names, like Purity and Probity and Staunch and Chaste. Then I said them on the characters as the characters showed up. You know what chaste means. That's the kind of name those nuts had, same as the Mayflower Cromwellians. As to pierce, Well, a chaste pierce, to the Pastorate, would be a contradiction in terms, right?
- O Using the word "pierce--"
- so Sexually. Also another meaning; although he had the job he had, sort of a supposedly chaste-secretary of state, he did a helluva lot of, ah, piercing.
- O What about the character names Justin?
- so What about him?
- O Why did you name him that?
- so I didn't name him that. His mommy did.
- O But you--
- so His mommy was a mother.
- O Stop that and please be serious.
- so but you just told me--
- O Please be serious RIGHT NOW.
- so God, and Carson pays three-twenty and they LAUGH!
- O How did you arrive at the name of the man named Justin?
- so You're on notice; this is it on that book. Because that was the next name on my list. "Brother Shepherd" because that's real religious-sounding, but I refused to use words such as "priest" because that's so, you know, current ongoing cult. And "preacher" is so icky, and "reverend" is an adjective. His name, all right, still. That word was next on the male side of the list, right under whoever so'd just met before. Joshua True Constant, probably.
- O That was your only reason.
- so You remind me of Nancy Dickerson. "But Mister President, don't you think--" which means she knows damwell he doesn't. But she wants to make her pin-head point, pinhead. Seriously, you are being silly. Put it this way. Last week the phone rang and it was Justin St. John and he was in Morehead, en route to N'Aleens with some others, and he just called to say hi. I said hi, and I hope he calls on the way back to New England--I'll ask him out for a beer. Meanwhile--if I had heard of him when I wrote the book, he had nothing at all to do with that Shepherd. I don't even KNOW the guy.
- Look, when I use people's names in my work, I do, and say so. There's a psychiatrist named Lapidus in a book I just sent off. It means nothing that he's a psychiatrist, or a good guy or a bad. I just used the name as a sort of little tribute, a friendly gesture. When I was a lawyer in a first-person-singular story, I called one for technical advice. His name was Paul Blair. I named the character Blair, but not Paul. George Barber and Billy Jo Caudill are both MDs here and both friends of mine. There's a William Joseph Barber, MD, in my Aguin, Dangerous Visions story. I always scramble, and I always use friends. NOT as opposed to enemies; as opposed to people I don't know. Unless...
- Well, once I needed a lot of names, because I introduced a series of nine FBI agents, all of whom turned out to be imposters. I just used the contents page of Dangerous Visions, which was lying there with a bookmark in waiting for my next trip to the bathroom.
- O What were some of the names you used?
- so Oh wow, looooo. I had no purpose in mind, it was just a convenient source of mixed names. I use the contents page of Psychology Today a lot, and the easthead, although that's heavily uni-racial. Or uni-religious, or something. Anyhow. Um. Harlan Aldiss. Brian Knight. Damon...I forget. Fred Brunner.
- O And John Pahl? I think I see a pattern.

so No. There was no pattern. I think I used Spinrad too. I didn't mean to get into this. Point it that I may use names like Gais, Bushyager, Bowers, Levell, and so on, but they'll just be names. The characters won't be patterned after those people at all. A guy named Jack Cordes in Peoria sent me the very nicest letter I've ever received about anything, about Evil Ig, and I will use that name as a hero, nothing else. Otherwise--well. A friend of ours had a baby the night before I started a book last fall, another KD--

0 You habnob with a lot of doctors.

so Small town. Doctors work their asses off and make a lot of money and they...play well. I like people who play well.

0 Play what?

so Like, play. Recreate, as in recreation. Anyhow, they named the baby Sam Clark Carpenter, and the next day I threw away the name I was going to call the protagonist of The New World Symphony and called him Sam Clark. Now someday his momma will show him that book, and tell him it was named after him, and he'll learn that the guy in the book cussed, was tall and skinny and homely, drank, had fugues, learned that he was a target for killers, and wound up killing some people himself. Young Sam C. Carpenter was about six weeks old when I mailed off that book. So far, he hadn't done any of those things.

0 I thought you didn't use whole names.

so "I thought you didn't" means "AHA-COTCHA!" Shame on you! you even work for NBC? But think: if you ever happen to meet him, you won't meet Sam CLARK; you'll meet a guy named Sam Carpenter. Few people use their whole names. I wouldn't dare.

0 You've said here and there that you once sold a story that contained the names of the "offuttspring" all spelled backward. What were they?

so The offuttspring's names, in reverse order of their appearance in this world, are Missy, Scotty, Jeff, and Chris. Jeff is andrew j.o. number six, believe it or not. Chris is a boy and is named after Beethoven's V. And Scotty's Mary Scott, a girl.

0 What about Missy?

so yeah, what about old Missy?

0 I mean, you said something about all the others.

so You're pretty uptight about this talking about people, aren't you? Missy's easy; she's a doll in a clever flesh disguise. They're all blond, except Jeff, and they all have bad teeth--maybe not Miss--because I do/did. I used to have these godawful canines, above my other teeth. I trained myself to smile cockeyed--vanity--because one of them was longer than the other and they were bad. Grandma called them "tushees," which is tusk pronounced by a woman who said things like "German Brogue."

0 Did they interfere with your speech or eating?

so No, and they were very handy for biting necks.

0 Outtasight.

so Oh, and they'll probably have bad eyes. I believe my slight astigmatism and my color-blindness--I can't think of the fancy word; Brunner said it in Soz; without color--yes, yes, achromatization, that's an easy and obvious construct. But Jodie can't see as far as her nose.

0 Really? Lord! What'd she do about it?

so Stopped trying to see her nose.

0 I give up. I never know whether you're serious or not.

so Dot, mein liddle schicken, iss so real andrew offutt. I'm afraid it's got me misunderstood rather more than once, and into fuses. I often say nasty cutting-up things with a grin, and pull your leg with a perfectly straight face--so that sometimes it comes off in my hand.

0 So to speak.

so Suit yourself. You're not getting a dismemberment confession outta me.



Jus
cause
yall caint
see me
mout -
don mean
ah caint
talk---

0 What'd you do about your teeth? They look OK now.

so Funny you should ask. I was in the dentist's office one time and there was this very sad guy coming out, crying like a baby in an Eastern European accent. He'd had to have his canines pulled, and he was in real trouble, he said; he'd starve to death.

0 Oh lord. What was his name?

so Uh-huh.

0 That's what I thought. And so you gave him your teeth.

so No. We made a deal for them. I have this very firm belief in democracy-capitalism, and tit for tat, for value received. No sugar-tit without tat! So we made a trade, and my god you wouldn't believe how delighted he was!

0 Uh--I'm almost afraid to ask. What did you get in return?

so A guarantee. I never have to wear rosemary or garlic or carry an execution symbol around with me. It was a big relief.

0 An execution symbol?

so yeah. Modified sexual symbol, really; the old Egyptian ankh, with the oval top--representing the female--closed up. A cross.

0 Fascinating. I wonder if there's any significance in the closed top.

so Yes, two. In the first place the Romans found it a real drag trying to ankhify people.

0 (sigh) And in the second place?

so How many anti-sexual religions you ever heard of?

0 Oh. Moving right along folks, what--

so Bloch! Robert Bloch!

0 What? What about him?

so That was the name of the guy I met coming out of the dentist's. With a long black cloak. Nice piece of goods. No wait...leave me see...

0 Moving right on, what do you think about SFR's folding?

so No one-liners here, little friend. I weep. I've never met Gais, and I like him, and owe him more than summat. How ghastly--to get so huge and unweildy you have to close up shop. Lord, it reminds me of my country! Anyhow, I'll say this, alter-I-mean-Interviewer: if someone hasn't written Dick asking him to do that dialog thing as a column, yer all nuts!

Q Yipo and oy way! I didn't think of that!

so Vladraku!

0 What??

so I just remembered that guy's name. In the dentist's office. Vladraku. Brom Stoker put him in a book, but spoiled it sideways.

0 Stoker didn't dig Tuckerisms!

so Oh goy, that's one for the Jewish kid. Anyhow, I think it's funny that you people call them "Tuckerisms." You think Bob invented that game, huh?

0 Never thought of that. I guess it was because he was so popular in fandom--

so is.

0 --is, and everyone recognized the names.

so I wonder if he ever used Judith Merrill.

0 Let's not talk about that.

so Let's. Not. And if I ever have a character in a story who edits lots and lots of popular anthologies, I sure won't call her--you know. Maybe Ann. None of those letters is in that other name. Or Vindicta?

0 Ann who?

so Ann Chaste? Nope. Ann Kirk? Nope. Maybe I'll just make up a name. Something sort of European sounding, like...Wallheim, or Blyler, or...maybe French! How about deCamp?

0 Go to your room, offutt.

so Thanks for calling me offutt. But no, I like talking here like this, which sort of gives me an in. There's no in at my room.

0 That's one for the gay kid.

so Well, what else d'you want to take about?

0 SFWA?

so A professional organization. Nope. None of your business.

0 Ellison?

so Ellison who?

0 Ellison Wonderland.

so I was kidding. Listen, I don't want to talk about that bokakte--

0 That's NOT the way it's spelled.

so Sorry, I had the disadvantage of a Christian upbringing. Anyhow, that bokakte schlamuktle--

0 What? What? WHAT'S THAT?

so That's a yiddish word I made up. They're easy. Anyhow he called me last week. On the telephone. From California.

0 All right.

so All right hell. The thing I hate about California is that when my Reds go out there and play the Giants or the Dodgers or one of those bokakte teams, the game starts at like half-past eleven and runs till two or something, AM I mean, because those crazy people don't know what TIME it is out there. THEIR eleven-thirty at night is like eight-thirty, civilized time--

0 What do you mean, civilized time? They're in a different time zone, that's all. What's your definition of civilized time?

so Haldeman!

0 (gaging) Jes?

so Kentucky!

0 So anyhow what's that got to do with whataisname calling you up?

so He called me at half-past midnight on a Sunday night!

O And--

so Half-past midnight HIS time, dummy!

O Oh, you mean--good grief!

so I sure was.

O Is that a nonsense phrase?

so No. I was asleep. The call grieved me. I was also in trouble; we'd had martinis before sacking, and I had carefully me my last cigarette come out with the last sip AFTER the olive. So I hadda answer the phone without my cigarettes. The carton was downstairs.

O Terrible. What did you do? Pardon me while I light up--

so I sent Jodie down. She hasn't read Millett. But I felt guilty, because she's just given up smoking. Again. You know, you sort of hate to prey on strong people like that to support your habit. Then, when I realized HE--

O Who?

so H.E.--that he wasn't going to feel guilty or anything, and furthermore wanted to read me a lot of marvy deathless SouCal prose--

O Wow! About what?

so About me. He--

O He was writing about YOU?!

so Huh, wait'll you see Lafferty's Arrive at Easterwine: The Autobiography of a Ktistec Machine as Conveyed to R.A. Lafferty.

O It's about YOU?

so Read it. Scribner's. Ray knows a Secret Master when he drinks with one. But back to HE: he was writing the intro to my story in A, DU. Wanted to know the names of some of my novels. And how many I'd writ. What he REALLY wanted to do, though, was read me a lot of marvy deathless SouCal prose from the cadmium-tonqued orator of Sherman Oaks. At now-PAST 3:30 AM. So when Jodie got back with the cigarette I also had her open me a Stroh's.

O On top of Martinis?

so See that some idiot doesn't put an apostrophe in that word, and try to get someone to proofread this after it's typed by Lapidus, will you? Anyhow, I'd been asleep like an hour-and-a-half. And I have this THING about beer.

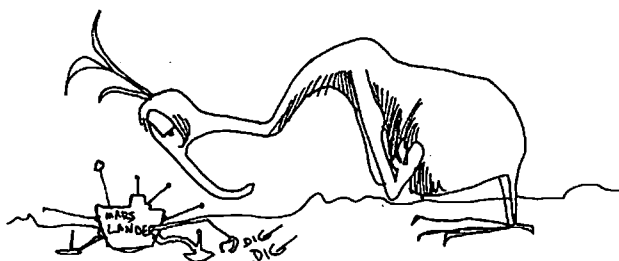
O She had to go all the way back downstairs?

so No, we have this refrigerator in the bedroom.

on chorale: You have this thing about beer. Right. Any reason for Stroh's?

so You're a nosy throb! Yeah, I drink whatever brand spon-sores the Cincinnati Reds. Last year I smoked I mean drank Wiedmann's.

O And before that--



so Bud. Ed McMon sold me on Bud. I just discovered baseball in 1970. Can't imagine why someone didn't think of it YEARS ago. Umpired Little League every game last year. Only beard on the field.

O Baseball's been around for--oh, a century or more!

so WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE tell ME?

O You umpiring LL this year?

so Nope. They turned down Jeff. I find that the purpose is NOT for the kids, or they wouldn't send some home biting back their tears because of rejection. It's juice for the sponsoring club and their parents. They can bank along without me this year. Keeping my ballcap, though.

O Let's get back to the California-to-Malden phone call--

so Yeah, we digress.

O How long did you talk?

so Thirty-one minutes, on the button.

O That's a lot of long-distance money.

so Lotta hot air, too, and the phone company's the only people I know of other than Spiro and Capp that charge for hot air. But he'd waited till after midnight to call me, lower rates. Ain't that marvy? Besides, he melts down his Hugos and Nebulas and stuff to pay attorneys when he gets accused of tuckerizing--

O YOU'RE LYING!

so That what I got paid for, ever think of that? O-OK. Fact is he paid me thirty cents and a green stamp catalog for my A, DU story.

O Thirty--I and a--! Why the catalog?

so I got to order 4 1/2 books' worth of anything I wanted.

O Should I ask?

so Don't.

O Am c'mon, tell me what you ordered.

so A red o for my black ballcap.

O Gosh. What did you two TALK about for 30 minutes?

so Thirty-one. And we two didn't talk about anything. HE talked.

O All right, I'll bite. What did H.E. talk about?

so You aren't supposed to pronounce that with the peri-ode in. And how should I know what he talked about? I wasn't even awake!

O That makes sense.

so Not to me, boy! After that nogoood bachokta schlermagg-illinick basticher finally hun-gup, I couldn't get back to sleep until way after 5 o'clock. You know how it is. I was excited. I mean, wow man, he told me that Blish, who has 11,000 words in, got a half-page intro, and that I--with 3700--had 12 pages. So I was too excited to get back to sleep.

O Is that true?

so Spell that "On that true" and you wouldn't have to shift, which is why I used to spell without apostrophes, so that snotty Trimble broad could come up and verbal-attack me gratuitously at a con.

O Beel! You really get mean when you're attacked, don't you?

so I do. I honestly and seriously go around with a wide-open expression, being nice--enough people have had enough to do with me at cons to know that. And suddenly she walked up, squinted at my button, and started telling me how she hated the shit I used to do in Trumpet and didn't read it because it was too much trouble to read without apostrophes. I was shocked. Said nothing, not even a swift put-down. I just stood there--we were on an elevator together--in shock, thinking about what a monstrous



thing it is to walk up to anyone with a rock in your hand--the other way is so much easier. As to getting mean--well, I don't forget. A guy really took advantage of my naivete in my Freshman year in college, and really pulled a nasty on me, premeditated. I waited two years. And by that time two other guys and I were running the campus, and I gave old Tim thraps for one. And made sure he knew, each time, that it was old uncle Andy sitting on his head.

O I think we'd better climb off that subject. What you said way back, about why you were so excited and couldn't sleep after Ellison hun-gup. That wasn't true? I mean, BLSH--

so No, that was another of my straightfaced lies. My story isn't 3700 words. HE miscounted. Had to. If he'd counted 3800 words he'd have to give me another book of stamps.

O I give up, you're doing THAT again. About the intros....

so Wait and see. And be sure to send a copy of this to Mr. Blish. First-class. Probably won't cost over \$5.00.

O Blish who?

so That's two.

O Anything else you want to talk about?

so I didn't want to talk about this.

O Umm. What do you think about the constant stream of aspirin and Excedrin commercials, each claiming to be the absolute tops?

so They give me a headache.

O The soap and detergent commercials on TV?

so I just read that Laugh-In's in trouble and hired back a writer who left badmouthing them last year. They're missing a big point, not hiring the guy who wrote those soapscoms.

O Do you have, eh, anything else on that subject?

so Yah, at least writing detergent commercials is a way to provide honest work for past presidents of Liars Clubs.

O Did you say... 'honest work'?

so Sorry. Even god goofs.

O Do you really believe that?

so Sure. Had a kid went hippy and got busted by the fuzz, right?

O I'm gonna keep you off religion. What about all those deodorant commercials?

so They stink.

O You're hitting the sir andrew offutt stride now. Have you seen all the commercials for Preparation H?

so I probably missed a few.

O Have you seen--

so Yeah. A lotta people must have piles. Big business.

O Yes yes, that's a byproduct of our civilization, but what do you think about the commercials?

so Hemorrhoid commercials are a pain in the ass.

0 That's not bad!

so So how come I'm not on Carson or the Laugh-In staff?

0 Hm...Oh, The Immortal. Did you notice how The Fugitive led to some others, even a supposedly sf one?

so Sure. The Fugitive was a runaway success, and along came Bronson.

0 Is that all? That's not so funny.

so Think about it, dummy, there were two. God, and Carson pays three-twenty and they sneer at it!

0 RUNAWAY SUCCESS! HEY, that's funny!

so You're dumb. Go to your room.

(Apparently 0 did. At any rate, that's all there is. Transmission ends.)

OFFUTT ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS!

HOW THE HELL DO YOU COLLABORATE?

You sound like me. With difficulty and in agony, formerly. Not any more. Now I have rules.

WHO WRITES WHAT?

We both do.

WHO DOES WHAT?

We both argued.

DO YOU WORK DIFFERENTLY WHEN YOU COLLABORATE WITH DIFFERENT PEOPLE?

Of course.

DOES YOUR OWN WORKING METHOD CHANGE WHEN YOU WRITE YOUR HALF OF A COLLABORATION?

Yes.

(Now. You have asked me these questions because I have been involved in a rather large number of collaborations, one of them three-way, and including several novels as well as short material. The last several were the easy ones, because of my new rules. (Rule #1 on collaboration is: DON'T.) Since I could write a fanzineful on the subject, let's save detailed replies for another time. My earlier collaborations were done in flame and agony, and acridously, and with pain and recriminations and incriminations and probably reinforcements too. But not any more. Because now I have the sjo collaborations rules of 1970. Catch you later, preferably after one of the collab-novels sells; the last 2 should.)

HOW MUCH DOES DAMON KNIGHT PAY FOR ORBIT STORIES?

I don't know. He has bought a half-story from me; a collaboration of Margroff and me in #8. We received a hundred against a royalties contract. You count the words. What he paid for others is nonna my business. He says about 3c a word, plus the contract, which is class and hard to evaluate yet. But it feels good.

CAN YOU LIST WRITERS YOU FEEL HAVE HAD A MAJOR INFLUENCE ON YOUR THINKING IN GENERAL?

Yes I can. First Proust and Sterne; I hated them both. Make that present tense. I hate their mould'ring bones, even. Otherwise, from a positive standpoint and in order: Vardis Fisher, tremendously. Stendhal, who tried to know himself and paved the way for Fisher, who came closer. Ayn Rand, tremendously. Ardrey, in The Territorial Imperative. I have read about 20 novels and a non-fiction book by Fisher, and would consider the reading of his 12-novel Testament of Man series far more valuable and educational than four years of college. He's a genius. So is Rand. Ardrey's book came along much later, and I am very careful with the word "genius," so I hold off. But he's some bright cat. Ardrey's influence was heavy in The Castle Keepers, my serious novel in 1970, although neither he nor Rand will figure much in the serious novel for 1971, just begun, other than "instinctively" (meaning I have read them, had my thinking and my life changed by them, and thus show their influences "instinctively"). To answer your question before it's asked: I think maybe the title for this year's serious novel is Rattus Rattus. I'm not sure. I'm still compiling notes and outlining, although I have the first two chapters first-drafted.

HOW DID YOU GET AN AGENT?

Entirely too damned easily, all four times.

HOW DOES ANYONE?

In various ways. By being recommended by another writer, by contracting, or by being ass enough to answer one of those Writers' Digest ads. I was, twice; my 2nd and 3rd agents. I fired the first one when he began the congame. I fired the second one when he would not handle a short story, "For Val-u-sion Received." I then sold that story to Again, Dangerous Vi-sions. As well as I recall, the current one contacted Margroff, who put him on to me, and we talked on the phone and I liked the way he talked. I sent him a novel as that Brian Kirby, who paid a thou each for Essex-Brandon House novels (plus contract), had turned down. Eight days later Jay called to say he'd sold it--for the same contract, but with \$1500 on the front end. I thought wow, I've got a working agent and a marvy reject market, too! Sometime after that Kirby, despite his non-Jewish name, was taken out and spiked to a cross. By his balls. But I digress.

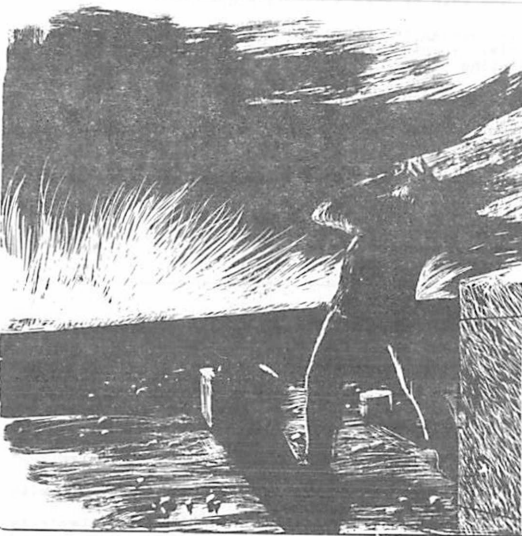
DO YOU RECOMMEND THIS?

What? You expect me to keep track of your questions for you? All right, you probably mean do I recommend getting an agent. Sure. After you feel you've served your apprenticeship. After you've made several sales and know you are going to be other than a sometime writer. (Sometime writers are the ones who say "That story/novel/play took me years (months) (decades) (choose one). That makes them Artists. All the rest of us are hacks." Dean Koontz, who writes and sells far more than I do, still hasn't got an agent, to my knowledge. My original reason for wanting an agent is so silly-sounding you'll think I'm hyping you, but we'll save the whole thing for a future column-of-its-own. Anyhow: until you've done the above, you don't need and ain't gonna get a good agent, and it won't be worth your time or his (or your money!). And as a purely personal comment: stay away from Fierst and Broome. And Writers' Digest. And don't pay nobody to read nothing. Unless it's me.

DO YOU HAVE ANY PARTICULAR OPINIONS ON RECENT NEBULA AWARDS?

ON RECENT HUGO AWARDS?

Yes I have. I think they are just damned handsome, and Jodie says they'd make beautiful lamps.



WHAT HAS BEEN THE REACTION FROM CRITICS AND READERS WHOSE OPINIONS YOU TRUST AND EVIL IS?

I have read none by people whose opinions I trust/respect. In point of fact I have read no review by anyone anywhere. Until now. JWL / Dops--11c! I read Coulson's brief review in the last Vendro. I thought it was fair enough, to me and the book. All my friends here tell me its marvy, but who the hell's dumb enough to believe friends when they tell you good things--or enemies when they tell you bad?

FROM WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT CLARION/TULANE AND THE GRADUATES OF SAME, DO YOU THINK ONE CAN REALLY ACCOMPLISH SOMETHING BY GOING?

In general "creative writing classes" and "writers' workshops" aren't, and teach you little. I think writing is an inherent art and an auto-learned craft. But--you are with a lot of people who are trying to write, one way or another, and I understand Clarion's for real, a wild new idea. For that reason alone, the week-long writers' workshop at Morehead State University about 7 years ago was very very good for three of us who attended and lived together for a week: Robert E. Margroff, Pierre Jacob, and me. Otherwise, most attendees had been coming for exty-saks years and were still bringing the same reworked mess and would be thrilled if they had a mess accepted by someone who paid them by sending them one copy but charged them for the other 50 they bought to send to friends.

CAN YOU LIST WRITERS YOU FEEL HAVE HAD A MAJOR INFLUENCE ON YOUR WRITING STYLE?

Yes I can. Honestly: every writer whose work I have ever read, one way or another. Many have been valuable by showing me what NOT to do. As to positive influences: the ones I have consciously studied are Vardis Fisher, Mark Twain, and Robert Ruark (I must be a yankee chauvinist!). And I am always conscious, when reading Brunner, that John is a writer. I am no longer capable of reading as a reader, which is a loss, honestly. If I want to do something like say sbs, I would think very hard about Robert E. Howard and Jack Williamson (Golden Blood, Darker Than You Think). I think Williamson did it better. He has the disadvantage, considering the big current REM popularity, of being (a) alive and (b) more mentally healthy than poor Howard. But I am entrapped and as fascinated with the Conan material as anyone else. (I see a heavy need for a longish article on "being influenced by" and "emulating," to try to show some of those labelling dummies what that means, along with writer-writer feedback, and what "plagiarism" is.) When Messenger of Zhuvastau comes out from Berkley next year (under another and as-yet-unpicked title), it will be very obvious that the writing was heavily influenced by a strange combination: Henry Fielding and Spurgeon de Camp. Now when I want to do really crazy things--has anyone read my Call Me Calamity?--I consciously studied Thorne Smith. Emulation isn't plagiarism.

WHAT DO YOU READ FOR PLEASURE? (AND DON'T GIVE ME "EVERYTHING"--YOU MUST HAVE SOME PREFERRED READING MATERIAL.)

Everything. What?--What they tell you mean, giving me orders? Ok, ok. Fanzines. Two rd & sorcery. Marvel-group comics, particularly Conan and Spiderman, and I loved the Silver Surfer (R.I.P.). I am crazy about Victorian "pornography" and fond of a lot of other erotica. I get pleasure from nearly everything I read, although I have made two swift studies of Gothics, hoping to write one to make my agent happy, and I do NOT enjoy that excrement. I read about 400,000 words of something per week. (That means I'm a hack reader.) And...I've always loved sf; that's why I write some, infrequently and with care.

WHY DO YOU BOTHER CONTRIBUTING TO SO MANY FANZINES?

Wow, what a putdown to/of amateur sf journals. I don't "bother." I like to. I have to write, hours daily, something. One-page letters to me often bring 2000-2500 words in return. Surely it is obvious that I am under a compulsion to communicate. It bothers Jodie very much that I say too much and leave myself open to...labellers. Writers are easily hurt.

WOULDN'T YOU BE ABLE TO WRITE A LOT MORE SEX STUFF--AND THUS BE ABLE TO SPEND MORE TIME ON YOUR SF--IF YOU SPENT A LOT LESS TIME ON FANZ?

This is a dummy question, and it contains about three implications that are both dummy and mildly insulting. Screw you too, Charlie.

WHY DO YOU BOTHER TO WRITE THIS PARTICULAR COLUMN?

You asked. You've been very encouraging and appreciative. /Blush./ And I really honestly never dreamed that there were people who would judge my fiction by what I write about my fiction. Really, I am that stupid and naive. I have obviously made one terrible error: "admitting" that I am competent enough to create rapidly and that when I spend eight or ten or more hours a day in from of this machine, I expect results. You and I both felt that such a sort-of inside column would be fascinating and grooved on, see, and sort of a service, meanwhile giving me juice. I am no longer so sure. I have probably hurt myself by writing this particular column. Therefore I swear I cannot say why I continue to write this particular column. So I will stop.



I earn my daily bread by working in a hospital laboratory. I'm a cytotechnologist. That's a 16-letter word for a dull job that pays well so I can buy books and go to conventions and only have to share a room with six people. However, the job does give me occasion to meet men. All kinds of them. Married, single, straight and otherwise. If I'm lucky and hit the wards at the right day and hour, I might even see a doctor or two.

Usually, though, I see them in the cafeteria at lunch. They wander around in whites or operating room greens with their stethoscopes dangling and lab coats flapping. They try very hard to look dedicated and I suppose most of them really are.

Some time ago, I was standing in line in the cafeteria when someone spoke my name. I turned to find Dedicated Young Interns smiling down on me.



"Can I buy your lunch?" he asked.

I have never been known to turn down a free meal, even a cafeteria one, so I told him yes, of course. I settled us in a prominent spot in the cafeteria. Doctors don't usually sit with lab techs. We rate just after nurses' aides and slightly ahead of the cleaning staff. I wanted the other lab staff to notice, as this as an Attractive, Dedicated Young Interns.

"I seem to have an extra one of these, would you like one?" he asked, handing me a bowl of white, glutinous stuff.

"What is it?"

"Rice pudding. I like it, but I can't eat three of them. Please, take one."

"Oh dear," I thought. I hate rice pudding. "Thank you," I said, taking a bowl.

"I liked the way you handled yourself in X-Ray this morning," Dedicated Young Interns declared.

"I beg your pardon?" I asked.

"You did a good job in X-Ray this morning," he repeated. (I had handed the chest man a half dozen slides on which he'd spread some tumor he'd aspirated from a lung. Big deal.)

"Thank you," I said, managing to work up a becoming blush.

"Dr. _____ thinks very highly of you," Dedicated proclaimed, starting in on his second bowl of rice pudding.

"I beg your pardon?" I asked.

"Dr. _____ is very impressed with you. He always asks for you when he does a needle biopsy."

"Only because the other tech faints when she sees the needle," I said. (I don't blame her--the damn thing is a foot long.)

"Do you have any hobbies?" he asked.

"I beg your pardon?" I asked, staring malevolently at the rice pudding.

"What do you do with your spare time?"

"I read science fiction and I hook rugs. I go to the movies, I love live theatre and I'm a devotee of the ballet and opera," I answered.

"I beg your pardon?" he asked.

"I read science fiction and hoo-..."

"Science fiction," he laughed. "Not really?"

"Yes, really," I answered, messing about with the pudding.

"Does your apartment have a shower?" Dedicated asked.

"What?" I asked, the spoon halfway to my mouth. He repeated his question. I told him yes and asked why.

"Well, I thought I might move in with you, but if you didn't have a shower I probably would consider it."

I dropped my spoon. "I beg your pardon?" I demanded.

"I think I'll move in with you," he answered. "Do you want this?" he asked, taking my rice pudding.



"I think I've been propositioned," I thought. "At high noon, in the cafeteria, over a bowl of cold rice pudding." Dedicated was nothing if not romantic. The sad thing about it was that he was quite serious.

"Why?" I asked, getting hot and a little annoyed.

"Well, for one thing your apartment is close to the hospital, but mostly because I'm tired of living in one room on the second floor of the hospital."

"What about me?" I asked.

"Umm..." he said, his mouth full of rice pudding.

"You're sitting there, eating rice pudding, and offering to move in with me just because my apartment is close to the hospital and has a shower; not because I'm intelligent, sexy and you're hot for my body?"

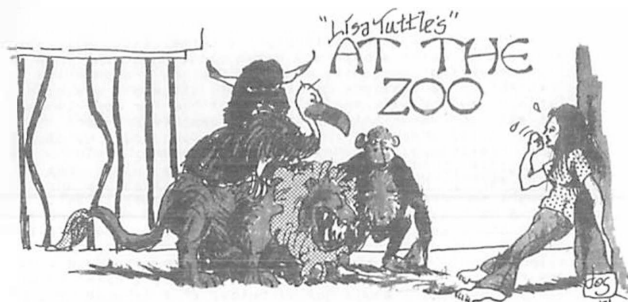
"Sort of."

"What do you mean, 'Sort of'?" I said, none too quietly.

"Keep your voice down. You have a strangely shaped body but I suppose I could get used to it for..."

"Doctor," I said, pouring grape juice all over his pretty white doctor's suit, "Go fuck yourself." And I marched out of the cafeteria, chortling madly much to the astonishment of three orderlies, a candy-striper, and a nun.





ILLUSTRATED BY: dan steffan

Do you have a Restless Urge to write? (You may have this dread disease and not even know it)

The Clarion SF Writers Workshop was held this year at Tulane University under Jim Sallis and Prof. Joe Roppolo. I was there. It's hard to take a chunk of life, a segment of time, and put it on paper so that others can understand it and share the feeling. In addition to that difficulty, I have the conflict of wanting to write it down, write all of it down, and in that way "make it real". And at the same time, I'm afraid of imprisoning the experience in words and making it into something it never really was.

Scene: a Burger King, the last day of the Workshop, four people finishing their lunch.

Mel (a Clarion veteran): You know, things weren't as crazy this year.

Justin: They were crazy.

Mel: I know, but I mean nobody got the crazies like they did last year. At Clarion people were doing things like taking off all their clothes for no reason--they didn't do anything; they'd just get together in a group and say "Hey, let's take off our clothes." And one time the whole workshop was on one bed--the guys on bottom, the girls on top. Or maybe it was the other way around..

If things didn't get so crazy this year, it was because there were escape valves. At Tulane, unlike Clarion, there were no curfews in the dorm. And instead of desolate Pennsylvania countryside on the Outside, there was the city of New Orleans. A 15¢ streetcar ride to the French Quarter. ("In Clarion we didn't even have a French nickel"--Gilden.)

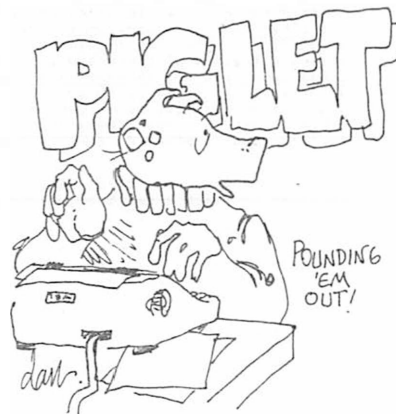
I was one of only four girls, and we were isolated from a lot of the early-morning crazies because we lived on the seventh floor of a men's dorm, and the males lived on the sixth floor. (At various times, we Workshop people shared the dorm with Mormons, social workers, alarmingly straight insurance--or was it real estate?--gentlemen, and the Army.) We thus missed out on 3 a.m. five-part harmonies of "Duke of Earl", all-night Hearts games, drunken soliloquies, corridor orange-juice fights, and other pleasures of the night.

Since there were only the four females immediately available, we also had the heady experience of learning what it feels like to be a female fatale. Not recommended in large doses; may prove harmful or even fatal if used incorrectly. We also found out first-hand what a men's locker room is like, since that was the prevailing atmosphere on the sixth floor.

The first week was Robin Scott Wilson's. Dear, big, kind man--anyone's perfect choice for a father-figure. So easy to wander down to his fifth floor room and drop in. There was usually a small (or large) group down there, drinking beer and talking. Very hard to see him go.

Joanna Russ arrived not long after Robin left. Joanna: brilliant, tall (Harlan likes tall ladies, but the first time he saw me--at Milford--he looked me up and down and shook his head: "Too tall." a), eyes that look always-amazed, always alert, and she talks with her entire body--expressive face and hands. A group of us waiting for a trolley to the Burger King one night. Joanna beginning a game, and soon we're all coming up with Modern Muses ("Polyunsaturated, the Muse of Modern Cooking. And there would have to be a Muse of Shoddy Paperback Books.") and then back to the old favorite game, inventing breakfast foods: Cream of Flex, Wheat Flemingtons, Hemp Flakes, etc.

Piglet (George Alec Effinger to his Reading Public) wants to edit an anthology called Great Science Fiction Stories About Breakfast Food (perhaps subtitled "Cereal Stories" ...and can't you just see the ad campaign "Selling like hot-cakes!"). He's already written and sold a story about Bran flakes, so a market for that sort of story obviously exists. He got a number of people at the Workshop (including Joanna) interested in the idea of writing stories for the book--Molly Beth Daniel is going to write a fantastic regional-identification story which may or may not be titled "True Grits." If you all out there in fenzine-reading land would like to see this anthology come true, please write to Diane Cleaver at Doubleday and express interest in it. I am currently working on a plan to train some special Rice Krispies to say something other than "snap, crackle, pop." I'll train them to say something along the lines of "Everyone liked Great Science Fiction Stories About Breakfast Food; we're all dying to read Geo Alec Effinger's new anthology over our morning coffee," etc. I'll then ship them a box.



As long as I'm throwing out suggestions, how about buying Clarion, edited by Robin Scott Wilson, from Signet (New American Library) for 95¢. Stories by Clarion Workshop people, criticism/essays from the pros who taught there. Get it, read it. And be on the look out for the second volume, out this spring. Uncertain about the title, but it should mention Clarion somewhere. (And I still think that Clarion 2 is the perfect title--Robin thought I was kidding, but I wasn't.)

Chip--Samuel R. Delany. Somehow I have gotten onto the track of trying to sum up each visitor in a few words. Which is ridiculous--but as long as I got started--honest, quiet, erudite, kind, and getting over a bad cold for the first few days. He didn't vanish at the end of his week, but stayed over during Harlan's week...where he was particularly needed as calm contrast to Harlan.



Because of the opportunities for outside recreation, and for other reasons, this year's group was not at first as organized as the previous workshops had been--we were more fragmented. And then Harlan came. It had been like waiting for the Messiah: "Wait till Harlan comes. He'll fix things up. Just wait till Harlan comes." He pulled us together all right. Wham. Exploding pieces, bloody fragments, but together. Sunday night, July 4, with a Synanon game session which went until after 2 a.m.

(In a Synanon game people insult each other, yell at each other, and verbally tear one another to shreds. The object is to break down the masks we all wear, force us to look at them. The bad ones, the ones that don't work, the ineffective ones must be replaced; the good ones can remain. Our game was really too large to be completely effective for even the majority of participants, but it was effective in opening some eyes and wounds. Lines from my favorite poem occurred to me afterwards, describing the game: "And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin/ When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall/ Then how should I begin/ To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?")

Harlan also brought an exacting regime. Workshops in the morning, as usual (and if you didn't come to class he came and routed you out of bed) but workshops also in the afternoon. And, some nights, assignments. We learned not to need sleep.

After Harlan, Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm. To soothe hangled nerves as Father and Mother (with their young son Jonathon), but at the same time always professional writers, dealing with other professional writers.

Experiences at the workshop, and things I learned there, will keep cropping up in my writing for years to come, I'm sure. The most important things I carried away are intangible--friendships, memories, feelings, understandings. Oh, let's get maudlin, why don't we? Let's not, and say we did.



One very important feeling, an important change for me, is that now I feel like a writer. During those six weeks I came to feel I was a writer, and not someone who merely plays at writing. The feeling has lasted. It has to do with many things: with the atmosphere at the Workshop, where everyone (or almost everyone) is seriously and intensely concerned with writing. We're there to write, to learn, and hopefully conquer our weaknesses. It also has to do with the way we're treated by the visiting writers: there is no condescension, no typical teacher-student classroom situations because we are all teaching and learning together. It also has to do with--for me, at least--the generally good reception of my work. Harlan's enthusiasm, although I know he tends to get carried away, was especially ego-inflating--in it, I achieved one of my personal goals: to impress Harlan Ellison. (After all, he's been impressing me for so long....) Now I have to live up to what he expects from me. That's the hard part.

a veritable cornucopia



BY DEAN KOONTZ

Where do you get all your ideas? This is, perhaps, the most-asked question of any when someone (at cocktail party, dinner party, or orgy) learns you are a writer. It even surpasses, I believe, such questions as: "Yes, but what do you do for a living?" and "How much do you have to pay to get a book published?" and "How many years does it take you to write a book?" However, I learned long ago that no one really wants to hear where the ideas come from. They prefer to believe in some mystic deluge of cleverness which takes you unawares, like a visitation of God--or that you wake up in the middle of the night and write down what you were dreaming and then turn it into a best seller. Most people like to hear about jet-rich-quick stories and over-night-success stories; very few people like to hear about what hard work it was to become a published novelist (or a successful actor or singer, etc.). So I've taken to saying, "Oh, I'm a veritable cornucopia of ideas. Always have been. Don't know where it comes from. Sometimes, I even write down my dreams and make them into books." But in case you're interested in the real answers, forget the cornucopia bullshit. Forthwith:

"Shambolain," *IF*, Nov-Dec, 1970. The first genesis of this story was in the death of my mother, a year before it was written. She was a frail woman and had undergone major surgery 16 times in thirty years, yet she was always full of nervous energy, giving help where it was needed; driving our neighbor to a doctor, once a week, thirty miles each way, for radium treatments for cancer; caring for my grandfather after his stroke; helping a neighbor girl stay in college by "loaning" her several hundred dollars she had saved for a new refrigerator, etc. She died after a three month stay in the hospital and after five strokes in that time. We were with her

AN ARTICLE

all but for sleep and meals in that time, and when she went it was a hard thing. In the months that followed, a measure of forgetfulness came, of course, thought at first I found it difficult to understand how, even days after her death, indeed, on the day following it, I could find a moment of enjoyment, a laugh about something, a feeling of contentment. Grief, despite an intense love, was not permanent--at least not in its blackest stage. We are only human, I came to realize, and a weakness of humanity is to want happiness as much as possible. There you have the ending of "Shambolain," a realization about death-life that came the hard way.

Secondly, Gerda and I were at a carnival which had a freak show, the ballyhoo of which we watched, along with 40 or 50 other people. It was part of the ballyhoo to bring half a dozen of the "freaks" out front to sucker people inside. A fat woman, a terribly skinny man who was double-jointed, a bearded woman, a tattooed woman, and a husband-and-wife dwarf team. The yokels laughed and called out to the "freaks" and made nervous comments about themselves, and bought many tickets. Their attitude of ridicule, in fact, was embarrassing, and it was clear they were thinking "all, here's someone I'm superior to; here's someone I can look down on. I may not be famous or rich, but by god, I'm not like that!" But the beautiful thing, the cool thing, was a look I caught flashed between the two dwarfs when some redneck up front wanted to know how they "did it." That look was of a rich amusement, but more than that it contained an expression of weary tolerance and made it quite clear that they must say, between them, "Well, we may be tiny and doll-like, and we may be freaks and look funny to them, but by god we aren't idiots like that!" Later, expanding on the quickly exchanged glance, I realized that my mother's life, spent in hospitals and waiting for ambulances, short periods of rickety health, a constant quasi-covertly, had also been lived outside the normal flow of existence. There was, however subtle, a line of sympathy between her life and the lives of those "freaks". The story nearly wrote itself after that. And, in a way, it purged me of some of the emotional charge still leftover from those three months I watched my mother die. Since, I've gotten a large number of letters on it, all favorable, and Gordon Dickson told me it was "absolutely beautiful." But whatever beauty there was didn't come from a dream or nightmare of cornucopia.

The Flesh in the Furnace (Bantam--tentatively scheduled for January, 1972). Reading *Emphyrio* (perhaps one of the two or three most brilliant SF novels ever written and badly ignored), I came across Vance's idea of organic puppets, living minitures who perform plays. He tosses it away, using it only to make an important impression of the hero. I saw a book in it. I toed around the idea in my head for a long while, and knew that standard treatment wasn't right for it. Written in the usual linear form, as a straight SF novel, it would seem cheap, like a bad American-International film. One day, when I wasn't even thinking about the book, I ran across an old college notebook while cleaning out a closet, and happened to chance upon, among the doodles, my notes on Chinese Theatre and the theory of dramatic impersonalization which all Chinese theatre--or the greatest of it at least--employs. The same day, I read a newspaper article about a Passion play to be done partially in the nude. And there it all was. *The Flesh in the Furnace* would be written with the flavor of the Chinese theatre of impersonalization and yet as an alien passion play, seen through inhuman eyes. The result was so strange and yet--I felt--so compellingly readable, so suspenseful, that it was the best thing I had ever done. I was sure no one would buy it. Alan Ravega, at Bantam, did buy it, for all the right reasons.

"ruse," (*ESF*, September, 1969). My father sits in my home--or used to quite a bit--and talks about "n-----" (one of the outcasts of my family was a half-black grandmother that future generations can't accept, since she was grandfather's second wife and only responsible for some issue, not all) and about "hippie creeps" (despite the fact that I'm a hippie creep by his definition: long hair, no steady job, unreligious, unrespectful of government, unmindful of his morals or anyone Rise's code). And my father once "disowned" us because he didn't like our lifestyle and thought we were "sick". "Go to church," he would say. "Get a haircut and don't dress funny." And "What you believe about sex and marriage isn't right. Dad doesn't like that kind of stuff. You've got to change." And, the clincher: "If you just shaped up, you'd be ever more successful as a writer." And that was the day I tried to explain that, no, I would not be better if I "shaped up", because then I would not be me. I would not have the richer background of experience and outlook, the flexibility of mind I earned the hard way. I'd be a business man in a business suit, and I wouldn't be able to write a thing. I tried to point out that the things he didn't like about me were the very things that made it possible for me to do those things of which he was proud. He never saw it. And I ended up writing "ruse," just to make a final effort to make him see.

"Beastchild," (*Venture*, August, 1970, later in expanded form by Lancer Books, December 1970). A friend of a friend returned from Vietnam, wounded. He showed up at a party where we met him and listened to him expound on the "books." An otherwise intelligent man, he was convinced that the Vietnamese, both north and south of the demilitarized zone, were "not like us, not civilized". When pressed, he admitted never having lived with them, having spent only six months there before being wounded, never having learned even a word or two of their language or any of their customs, and having only come in contact with them through two Vietnamese Army officers who worked in the same headquarters he did. He disliked both these officers immensely, and he knows, therefore, that all other Vietnamese were just as unlikable and disgusting. It occurred to me that the South Vietnamese might have a miserable picture of the average American if they judged him according to career army officers they see. And then it became very clear that nations and races always seem to judge each other according to their diplomats and generals and politicians, as untypical a lot as one could summon to represent any society. That lead to thoughts of racism, and those led, in time, to "Beastchild."

So you can see why it becomes necessary, when anyone asks "How do you get your ideas?" to say, "I don't know. I'm a veritable cornucopia, writing down dreams that become best sellers." They wouldn't tolerate, as you have, listening to the complexities of story genesis. Now can anyone tell me how best to answer them when they ask, "Yes, but what do you really do for a living?"



The summer was dry like your nose when you've been behind
coke for a day and a season

We sailed out into the grasshopper night and we see the
righteous poison

Sunday morning in speedway y'know the people come around
for a reason

Sunday morning

Sunday morning

The land is green and you make it grow
Go to the forest and move
The sound of thundering electrical energy
Calls us to the park in the noon
C'mon anybody--now fill my pipe-to the Park-to the forest and move

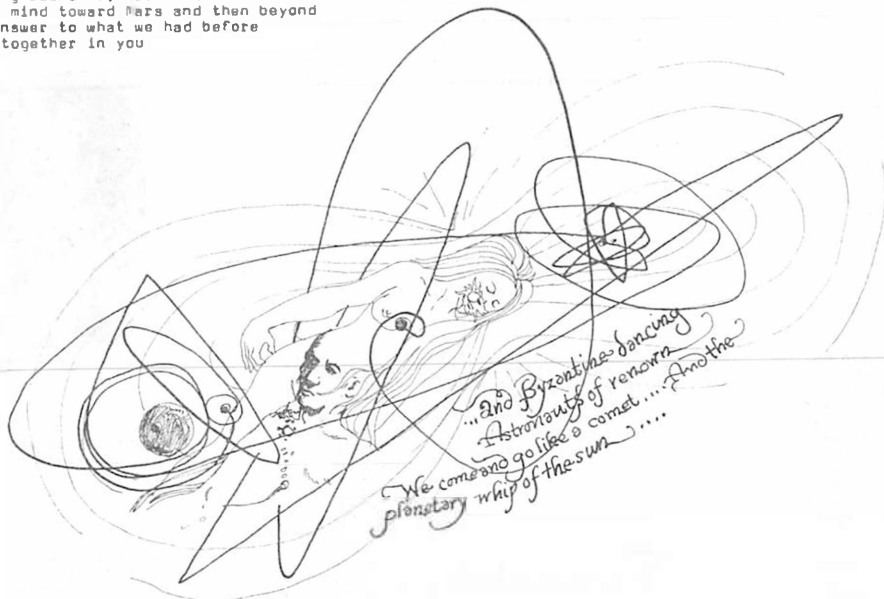
When I feel you coming round me, ridin' in the sun
Goin' home move your mind toward Mars and then beyond
Genesis is not the answer to what we had before
I We Altogether in you

You know I remember the 23rd of November
To the abyss of Chicago you can see the barbed wire
Pigs around a lot of nothin'
The witch hunters wait and they bark and they weeze
And they try to turn us onto their poison

You know a starship circlin in the sky
It ought to be read by 1990
They'll be building it up in the air
Ever since 1980
People with a clever plan can assume the role of the mighty

and HI JACK THE STARSHIP
Carry 7000 people past the sun
And out babes'll wander naked through the cites
of the universe

C'mon--
Free minds free bodies free dope free music
The day is on its way the day is ours



What you gonna do when you feel your lady rollin'
How you gonna feel when you see your lady strollin'
On the deck of the starship
With her head hooked into Andromeda
C'mon Hijack

Gotta get back and ahead to the things that matter
Amerika hates her crazies
And you gotta let go you know
gotta let go you know
gotta let go you know
gotta let go you know or else you stay

SPILLIN' OUT OF THE STEEL GLASS
GRAVITY GONE FROM THE CAGE
A MILLION POUNDS GONE FROM YOUR HEAVY MASS
ALL THE YEARS GONE FROM YOUR AGE

Hydroponic gardens and forests
Glistening with lakes in the Jupiter starlite
Room for babies and Byzantine dancing astronauts of renown
The magician and the pentanicon
Takes along the farmer and the physician
We gotta get out and down
Back into the future
Beyond our own time again
Reachin' for tomorrow
It's so fine Starshine

THE MELTING ACID FEVER STREAKIN' THRU MY MIND
MAKE IT AH SO DIFFICULT TO SEE YOU
AND AH SO EASY TO TOUCH YOU
I MELT WITH YOU
FEEL WITH YOU
MAKE LOVE FOR YOU
AT YOU
AROUND YOU
I LOVE YOU



You breath out You breathe in
And the glow of the machines'll get you on
Gracefully growing--as wild as we can be

Only the sun knows what we really need to know
Only the sun holds the secret
And More than Human can we be
Cause human's truly locked
To this planetary circle

Where do we go from here
Chaos or community
Can't you see--on this and future Sundays
7000 Gypsies swirlin' together
An offerin' to the sun in the name of the weather
Gonna Hi Jack the Starship

words: jefferson starship

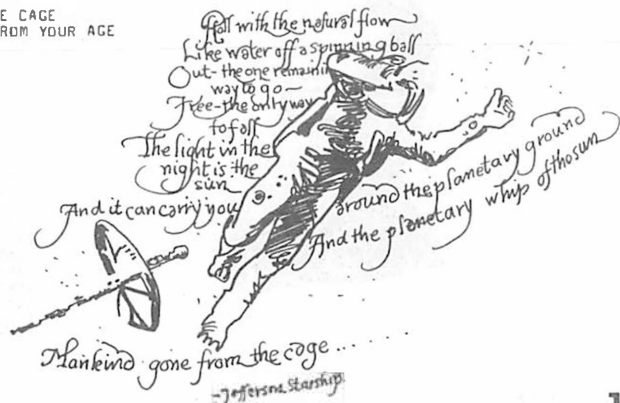
Dear Brumas, that ship'll be ours and you got to roll with it
And tho' your master's head's blown off you got to go with it
Roll with the natural flow
Like water off a spinning ball
But--the one remaining way to go
Free--the only way to fall

The light in the night is the sun
And it can carry you around the planetary ground
And the planetary whip of the sun
Will carry you well past Gideon
And the people you see will leave you be
More than the ones you've know before

Hey--rollin' on
We come and go like a comet
We are wanderers
Are you anymore
The land is green and you make it grow
And you gotta let go you know
You gotta let go you know
You gotta let go you know
Or else you stay

MANKIND GONE FROM THE CAGE
ALL THE YEARS GONE FROM YOUR AGE

At first I was iridescent
Then I became transparent
Finally I was absent



pictures: mike gilbert

Alexei Panshin
Open Gate Farm
Star Route
Perkasie
Penn. 18944

I've just been looking over Andy Offutt's piece in TA...5 and 6, as well as his piece in Enormous. It's presumptuous of me to speak because I've

only published five books to Andy's 45, but I think some comment is in order from a writer who works very differently. A year ago Cory and I stopped at Milford one night during the Writers' Conference and sat in on the open evening session. People started comparing notes on how they worked and at least three schools revealed themselves. There was the breeze-through-one-draft-and-what's-the-matter-with-you-sluggards' school. And there was the multiple-draft people. And there was my gang (Damon Knight, Joanna Russ, and me) who shit one page at a time. We literally can't go on to the next page until the one we are on is right, because we would only be compounding wrongness if we did. That are many ways of working. It shocked me, but there it was.

One result of the way I work is that I'm lucky if I can do in a day what Andy can write in an hour. The time that I can easily spend mulling alternate ways to finish a paragraph or a sentence, Andy calls a writer's block (45-minutes). All that this means, really, is the everybody who writes has his own ideas about who he is and what he is doing. People, particularly young would-be writers, who read Andy and take what he says about writing seriously should be advised that he really isn't giving the complete inside scoop about being a writer--he's telling you who he thinks he is and what he thinks he is doing. And that's only one truth.

/ In a later note, Alexei (got it right that time!) said to add that "what I say is to be understood in light of the fact that I haven't finished a book in two years." JWL. /



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I'm glad Offutt makes a case against the notion that "good" writing necessarily requires more time at the

typewriter than "bad". Indeed, those things we feel most secure with and have mastered (in our heads) the most thoroughly before we begin are the things that pour out the easiest when we start tapping keys. Darrell, in the lettercol, says "Deatchild" took me 8 days. Indeed, that was the typewriter time. I conceived the story a year earlier. / See Dean's article in this issue. JWL / and tossed it around in my head, off and on, until December of 1969. When I really started moving on it, I knew the story intimately. I worked 16 hours a day and more for eight days, compelled to finish it. They were some of the happiest days I've spent at this craft. I went 36 hours, at one point, without sleep, and grudging eating meals. The prima donna writer would say I rushed the book, without it that fast, but he would be forgetting that year of cogitation, conscious and subconscious.

and also makes some telling points about the half-now-half-later payment schedules for novel advances. Fortunately, I've done a lot of work, under my own name and pseudonymously, for Lancer, where the money comes either half on contract and half on delivery or (with books not contracted from sample chapters and outlines) all on delivery. But, unfortunately, I've taken contracts once or twice, divided into three payments: one third on contract, one third on delivery of manuscript, one third on publication. What you have to be, you have to be a good accountant with a sense of budget priorities. In the erotic/sex novel field (in which I haven't had to work for about 9 months now) I'm just getting second half advance checks for books published ten months ago! And should I tell you about the redtape and monumentally complicated contracts involved with the motion picture and television options of a novel? No. I can't bear to recall it. Suffice to say, when I had to get eight documents notarized for the motion picture option, I almost needed someone to help me carry the paper to and from the car.

GROUP GROPE

LETTERS

John Brunner
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Thank you for TA 6, and in particular for your kind notice of Traveller in Black. It's had a mixed reception, as they say:

half the reviewers to date seem to be annoyed that it's not another Stand on Zanzibar!

But... God damn it, Andy Offutt is so right when he says that in our "millennium" even a biggie doesn't give an author the chance to spend a year on a single book. I wish to heaven it did: I have things simmering in my mind that could be tremendous--I'm sure of it--if only I could devote sufficient time to them.

Consider, though. Two years to the day after I put Stand on Zanzibar in the mail (I see by my diary for that time that that happened on the 5th February 1967) I had still received nothing for it bar the original Doubleday advance of--wait for it--\$1500. Of course by now it's paid me much more, what with the Ballantine edition, the Macdonald edition, the Arrow edition, and the SFBC selection, and so on. But the point is that I'm going to be very lucky if, by next Christmas, that and Quicksand (which were the two books I devoted the whole of 1966 to) have generated me a full year's income to pay off the time invested in their plotting and writing. So? took five months' actual pounding of the typewriter; by the time the job was over, I'd used up all my own savings and was well into Marjorie's too. Can anybody wonder that I had then to turn out (much too soon) comparatively forgettable items like Double, Double or refurbish some of my old stuff like the spaceopera which was reincarnated as Into the Slave Nebula? Offutt is right again when he says that the lowly quickies are "paid for faster"--by this I take it he means they cover the time invested sooner than do the more ambitious books. Yes. Yes. And again yes.

He is further correct in saying (among the flattering comments he makes about my early mass-production stuff, which I'm obligated to him for) that those Ace doubles of mine were dry-runs for the later and more substantial books. I set about this quite deliberately: I was always conscious that even the items I was proudest of in those days were nothing more than practice for what I hoped venturally to write... what, to be exact, I had already shown I could write in the form of books like The Squares of the City (notoriously, five years passed between its writing and its first publication, Nine and a Half Years between writing and first British publication) and Manalive, which will now never see the light although it was at the time far away the best thing I'd done. At least, however, I was getting paid for those quickies, saving like fury to try and buy myself enough time to tackle major projects on the grand scale.

Well, I did make it in the end. And what happened? It's now 1971. 1966 was the year when I thought I was going to turn over into my new phase, my Major Writer (my version of myself, as it were). The hell I did. Just to make ends meet, I had to go straight back to the old stamped-from-a-mould stuff. Not one out of my more-than-sixty books has so far generated me a whole year's income, enough for me to tackle one of the new projects I have in mind at leisure and with the sort of thoroughness I now feel I have the craft skills to apply to a single theme. As I said above, I'm going to be lucky if, five years later, two of my biggest successes put together have covered the year--and a bit--which I invested in them.

I am very seriously thinking of quitting sf altogether. Can you blame me?

/ I never in my wildest nightmares imagined the situation could be this bad for a fine, Hugo-winning author. Selfishly, I can only hope Mr. Brunner does stay with the field, if only for the future novels he may write. Money, money, money. JWL. /



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Thought I'd tell you how much I've enjoyed TA 5 & 6, despite my occasional disagreements with your evaluations of

my work. The Offutt stuff is of course the highlight of both issues; it's gloriously indiscreet, the kind of material no professional writer should ever let the public see, and I love every line of it.

Handsome layout work, too. Though I wish you drop that sideways format.

/ Well...a couple more issues. OK? JWL. /

Robert Bloch
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TA... is very impressive in format and content. And when I read Andy Offutt's article I got a very

definite inferiority complex--he knows far more about writing as a profession than I shall ever learn.

A good deal of the artwork this issue seems to resemble that of Heinrich Kleg--and to me, this is a good thing.

/ Bloch was superb ~~XXXXXXX/XXXXXX~~. /

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I enjoyed Lisa's editorial. 'Bout halfway through I was thinking or writing, "Even if it isn't descriptive/fiction as

such, it comes across that way--nicely done--and is a good way to cast such semi-autobiographical experience."

My ambivalent pleasure would've dissolved like snow on the water had I not come across Robert Margroff's strange distinction between "a piece of fiction and a professionally plotted piece of fiction." What the hell is a p.p.p. o.f.? Does he mean it will withstand prodding and poking and stay intact? He says they "may not differ mechanically but be far different animals when considered 'as a piece.' Make sense?" Maybe, but it sounds a bit mystical. If they don't differ "mechanically," then it must be the styling and workmanship that distinguishes. I always thought plotting was part of the mechanics.

Consider, he says, the stuff in If. "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." Little boy.

A lot of assumptions in that advice. Nathalie Sarraute writes superb fiction but limits her 'visions and notions' to the few mental micromoments between words. More precisely, "the movements which are produced in us by the presence of others, or by objects from the outside world." They take the form of unvoiced soliloquies or the merest wisps of character delineation. Visions and notions. I wonder how she could have worked at making fiction out of them. If they had story.

There are a couple of pitfalls in this kind of kibbitzing (mine), since I haven't read "Garbage" or anything by Margroff, but I've found that when someone complains about "plotting," or the lack of it, he means Action, Conflict, Resolution. The kind of story that can end, "For though he was master of the world, he was not quite sure what to do next. But he would think of something." Edmond Hamilton, maybe, with insight. A real page-turner.

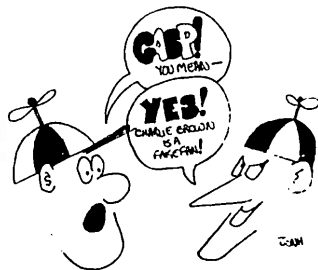
I found Rotler's Serious a fitting complement to Lisa's column. Was it "commissioned"?

✓ No--just chosen from the veritable cornucopia of Bill's work we had on hand. JWL.

I don't know if I agree with Jerry's stricture against one-page synopsis/reviews. Done well, there's nothing wrong with them. SFR's were fine, and didn't seem too cloddish. You even had to admire Paul Walker's form, if not his opinions. Three-liners can be frustrating when they say nothing, as in Jerry's squib on Downward to the Earth. If it's not worth mentioning, don't bother.

✓ The trick is to get the 3-liners to say something, and we don't always make it. But while one-pagers have nothing "wrong" with them, I see no good reason for printing most of them; I know very few people who really find this sort of review interesting. JWL.

Darrell Schweitzer sez Dean Koontz wrote "Beastchild" in 8 days. I believe it. Not that it's a bad story--it moves along, humming and buzzing--but it ends. Period. Like he ran out of paper or something, and finished up on the back of the final sheet.



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The short reviews were not as interesting to me as those in Vendro, perhaps because there's less a sense of personality than with Buck

Coulson's reviews. And I felt that sense of personality in Buck's reviews when I read my first Vendros, more than three years before I met him in person.

✓ I agree completely--but we ARE working on it. JWL.

✓ Offutt (hey andy, is it okay if I make that "o" a capital letter when it comes at the beginning of the sentence?) is fascinating, and alarming. I don't know which alarms me more--that the book publishers dribble your dough out to you, or that he writes the sf, porn, and whatnot so fantamastic fast.

The high point of the issue was Rosemary Ulyot's column, which was amusing and, I hope, fiction. She and Liz Fishman are a joy to read and I wish that some New York fans who have the reputations of being fannish wits would follow their example and turn out material that is really humorous.

Darrell Schweitzer's letter was mostly interesting, but when he complains that the Star Trek episode was plagiarized from The Puppet Masters, he overlooks that other writers used the idea before Heinlein, such as Joseph Millard's The Gods Hate Kansas in the November 1941 Startling Stories.

Alpaipuri
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I'm glad to see you working in such a unique (as far as I've seen in fandom) format of 8 1/2 by 11 lengthwise.

It provides a stage for lots of interesting new kinds of layout and visual presentation of material, and if you let yourself go you could easily blow your readership's collective mind. I once considered using the longway format for Cdth, but decided against it because I don't find it very easy to hold.

In a loc to Outworlds I added the point that the plans of visual impact is too long to be taken in at once. I still this is true, though while flipping through IA, I don't find myself exactly distressed about it. You don't seem to treat each two-page spread as a single symmetrically balanced unit; rather you stick illustrations, etc., seemingly at random, so it's not important to be able to see the whole spread in one glance.

But I think you'll find, Paj, that the layout is far from random if you look closely, and that most two-page spreads can also be looked at in terms of the total picture, too. JUL

Also in the loc I reported about the impersonality of offset reproduction, and how I felt that the more imperfect the mode of repro, the more closely we imperfect human beings can relate to it. I still think that's true to an extent, though it's really a combination of factors. I said to Bowers that if he used a casual, humanistic enough layout, it wouldn't matter HOW he had his zine printed. Lack of justified margins and non-use of a fancy typer & carbon ribbon make the overall appearance of TA less than perfect, which in terms of humanistic goals is very much of an attribute.

I'm trying to get away from the "illo" concept in Cdn. I don't believe fragmentary art is very worthwhile in general--but a lot of the illustrations in TA are complete unto themselves, they tell a complete, individual story instead of being just sketches of pretty girls or weird boms or men in spacesuits shooting blasters.

I try to have every piece of artwork used integrated with the surrounding or nearly written material, either specifically illustrating something or thematically complementing it. Graphic and visual features can be used, but I try to stay away from simple portfolios of unconnected illustrations, or isolated single-page illustrations. JUL

As much as I admire Andy Offutt's talent for writing and as much as I respect his experience and advice in the field, I can never get into reading his countless fanzines articles making the rounds these days in which he goes into fine detail over and over and over about his daily/weekly writing schedule, his adventures with publishers and so on. It was all lots of fun the first time around, Andy, but your articles read about the same every time, even if they're about different books & different weeks and writing schedules. But that's a comment on TA...S, really; I thoroughly applaud the idea of providing a place for people to write in with their questions about professional writing, and hope it continues into the future.

Mike Glicksohn
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In general, I do like your layout and it strikes me as effective use of your format. The double column with the thin separation

really calls for justified margins, though. If you ever have the time (and requisite degree of insanity) to go into this technique, it'll eliminate some of the sloppiness inherent in this style of layout. (And while I'm picking nits, can't you have your plate maker do something about picking up the lines where you've pasted several different pieces of paper on a page?)

Well. I did try justified margins, on the first copy of Dean's article--and I decided it looked terrible. The columns this time are a bit thinner and further apart, and I hope by this to eliminate need for justification. The line pick-up only happened on one page, and that was Barry's fault. JUL

Your cover seems a bit cluttered to me. I have little idea what's happening in this picture, although obviously there's a fight going on. But the entire right side of the drawing is a confused welter of lines. I get the impression that a couple of archeologists have disturbed some ancient spirit

while excavating some extraterrestrial artifact, but the place is too "busy" without reason, and this gives the (I think) false impression that it was rather hastily conceived and executed. Among your interior artists, Grant Canfield really stands out and Connie has an excellent illo for Rosemary's column. But you do seem to use a fair amount of small, filler art....

NO! Each illo was chosen to fit the material! Fie on thee, Glicksohn! JUL

I can't see any point in arguing with you on the Hugo choices you give, but I do heartily agree that all concerned fans owe it to ef to vote as intelligently and as seriously as possible. That's the purpose of Low-Down and whether or not that publication actually does any good, at least I feel that I have done something constructive towards making the Hugo a meaningful award. But it sure as well would be more rewarding if we got just a tiny amount of feedback from the thing. Maybe we're wasting our time?

You will all please keep Mike happy and write him a letter about Low-Down after you write TA, of course. JUL



Glad to see Rosemary's column starting up. I agree that she's one of the top new writers in fandom (how will I ever forget the day I discovered her, surrounded by a sea of empty soda glasses, in back of the gas station in Kemptville, Ontario, firmly convinced she was in Hollywood and wondering where all the movie producers were?) and I'm sure that with a little wider exposure she'll be a strong contender for next year's Fan Writer Hugo.

The difficulty in defining "plagiarism" lies in your concept of a "common idea". Jerry. Surely such staples as warps, transmitters, shuttle-craft, etc. are common and public domain, but I've recently discovered that, as far as I can see, David Gerrold plagiarized his Tribbles from Robert Heinlein. (Unlike many fan, I did not read every Heinlein juvenile as a youngster so I've only just read The Rolling Stones for the first time.) Obviously Gerrold's "tribbles" are Heinlein's "flat cats", and unless credit was given by Gerrold to Heinlein, I'd call that a clear case of plagiarism. Wouldn't you?

I'm not so sure; certainly the idea is very similar, but what if David never read The Rolling Stones? If you care, David, I think we'd all be interested in what really happened. JL

This "Lisa Tuttle" thing is a bit puzzling. First there are those quotation marks around her name all the time indicating that she is, in fact, a hoax. (I'll ignore the attractive young lady who has been introduced to me as the Fabulous Lisa Tuttle--evidently this person is merely Carl Brandon in a clever plastic disguise.) And then there's that so-called editorial in this issue. Calling that strange piece an editorial is as great of piece of idiocy as I've seen in a fanzine lately. And lastly, the singular evidence of the initials! "Fabulous Lisa Tuttle" ...FLT...don't you see it? An obvious permutation of FTL! And there you have it: the hoax, the idiocy of the editorial and those tell-tale initials. Elementary, my dear Lapidus! the mysterious co-editor of TA is none other than F. Towner Laney making a fabulous fanzish comeback!!! Do I win a free lifetime subscription?

Wonderful as it would be to see Laney's resurrection in TA, the Real Story isn't anywhere as interesting. See my editorial JL.

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Offutt's mentioning that he writes easily up to 8,000 words of fiction per day is easy to believe. He obviously types and thinks very fast. And he is mass production oriented. He would have been, and maybe is, a perfect hack pulp writer. And I am not putting him down by that description.

Many times I have wished I could type that fast. If I got 3000 words done in one day I cry with happiness. I could type more words, but my internal editing and planning is extensive, so that I get down on paper what I want almost exactly. In the final editing of my books I rarely change more than a line or a word in a dozen places.

Every author does it differently.

And I work from (sometimes) 15-20 page outlines with additional character sketches. All this for a sex novel, mind you.

When I get to sf this summer I'll be running even more extensive outlines and characterizations in addition to heavy background detailing. Sf adds an added dimension and difficulty to writing.

But still, the news that Offutt can tap out a 55,000 novel in 9 days makes me very tired. And, frankly, dubious as to its quality. I just don't see how any man can make real people come alive in depth, work in plot, action, etc. with any kind of style and cohesion at that speech.

I plan to take three or four months each on my sf books. But of course I am writing porno novels now at my fastest clip to sustain me for a year while I put out my best efforts in sf. But Andy has a family and a high overhead. That circumstance makes for Production.

Richard--If you get the chance, we'd love to hear your impressions of Andy's sex stuff, whether or not your reactions to the writing itself match your thoughts here about the methods. JWL.

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Now that was an interesting column from Andy: Concrete and practical. People who write (or

whatever) so fast amaze me. I don't. In fact the most encouraging work I heard at St. Louiscon was that a pro I admired wrote just as slowly as I do.

Even Hunter/ "Ed McGain" wrote sf under the name "Hunt Collins". His novel Tomorrow and Tomorrow was recently reissued. The original short version, "Palace in Wonderland", ran in if with great free illustrations that look uncannily contemporary. Who in the '50s would have foreseen long-hairs guys in balls? "Hunt Collins" also wrote a juvenile Find the Feathered Serpent (time-traveling archaeologists meet the real Quetzalcoatl) which I read about at age twelve.

Darrell Schweitzer
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If you want to make TA into a fanzish zine of the Energuman variety, one thing I can immediately predict is a decline in the quality and quantity of the locs received. I mean, E is fun to read, but you just try and write intelligent comments on the non-serious material.

Wait a minute, Darrell. Energuman a fanzish fanzine? Maybe in comparison to Speculation and SFF, but it certainly features more serious than humorous writing. And anyway, why this classification into "fanzish" and "serious" fanzines? We printed Rosemary's column because we enjoyed it, not through some nefarious plan to become "fanzish." We print what we're interested in--and what we hope at least a few of you would be interested in. JWL.

Your editorial was quite unlike Lisa Tuttle, which is, undoubtedly, the difference between Lisa and "Lisa". I somehow had the preconception that Lisa would be more concerned with monsters under her bed than rapists coming thru the bathroom window. Actually, it's an incredible piece, so authentic it sounds like it was true...

Offutt: It would seem to me that any has fallen into the trap that all writers who set out to write for a living fall into. He's a hack. Since he has to pay the grocery bill, he'll churn out anything to keep the money coming in and fails to take time to make his writings as good as they should be. (This can happen to anyone--when Roger Zelazny switched to fulltime, I noticed a sharp drop in the quality of his output.) I know any can do better than rewrite Leiber (well, maybe Evil is isn't plagiarism--it's as valid as Gardner Fox and John Jakes & co. rewriting Conan over and over again.), and if he had any concern for his reputation, he wouldn't have put his name on this one either.





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I like the format of
TA, although I sup-
pose it must be a
bitch to dummy up the
copy. But at least
this way you can pub-
lish rectangular art-

work that would necessarily have to be
trimmed in order to fit the confines of
the conventional 8 1/2 x 11 page. Bowers
must be gnashing his teeth that he
overlooked this format.

True, but now
we've gotten into a rut--we want to go
to a different format for a while, but
like this one too much. JWL

Gilbert's
cover is less Gaughani-sh and more Gil-
bert-ish than the majority of his recent
output. The personality is still sub-
merged, but he appears to be on the road
towards developing a distinctive style.
You can always immediately tell a Rots-
ler, a Kirk, or an Austin. With Gilbert
there's frequently some reluctance on my
part to tag him with an illo that may
well have come from Jack Gaughan in a
bad moment.

Rinoworld seems to have ev-
ery chance of copping the top Hugo honor
this year, and may signify a trend to-
wards the "hard-science" type novels.
Just as the Burroughs and Folkien boom
unearthed a flood of outrid sword & sor-
cery from every hack who could bang a
keyboard (and they're still at it), I
wonder if we're going to be given non-
verbalized physics texts in the near fu-
ture. Niven and Anderson can do it en-
tertainingly enough, but they are uni-
que.

The only item I've read in the other
categories is what must be the least of
the lot: Dickson's "Jean Dupres". I nor-
mally like Dickson immensely; I hope
that some day he'll receive the just
acclaim he deserves--but if anyone ever
took a second-rate western plot and
transformed it into sf with a few mal-
adroit waves of the hand, it was Dickson
with "Jean Dupres". The valiant-sett-
lers-enacting-a-final-last-stand-against-
marauding-indians theme was not hushed
up by switching locale to another world
and the protagonists to alien natives.
A transparent gimmick like that is bet-
ter suited to less skilled writers, a
pro like Dickson certainly shouldn't
have to resort to it.

In Lowdown, Rich-
ard Lebonte called this story "liter-
ature!" care to comment on what Mike's
said, Richard? JWL

Andy offutt's column is full
of interest but I'd venture to say that
it proves more than anything else that
anyone can write a bad novel in 3 weeks.
It doesn't seem unlikely that a dedi-
cated hack could fill 200 ms pages with
unrelenting drivel in half the time.
These novels are not worthy of dis-
cussion. They can't sell if they
do, it's a biting reflection on the
lack of taste of the publisher. What
about writing a good novel in a lim-
ited amount of time?

Can you give ex-
amples and specifics, Mike? You seem
to place an inordinate concern in the
time it takes to write a novel, rather
than the final result. JWL

Tom Soyser
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Jerry, it is one
thing to occasion-
ally mention Hugos
and cons. It is
obsession to con-
tinually write ar-
ticles and editorials about them. For
best pro artist, yes, the Dillons were
innovative, but I didn't like the style.
Too often their paintings were so
vague and symbolic that the effect
was confusing. And if you were to view
their covers all at one time, the re-

Um... just
for the hell of it, have you read the
novel in question, Darrell? JWL

I suppose what he should do is pro-
duce something outside of his regu-
lar schedule, working on it when he
can, and taking as long as necessary
until it's polished as he can make
it--this then would be his equivalent
to Stand on Zanzibar. If he doesn't do
something like this, chances are 30
years from now nobody will remember
him. It is a very common thing for
hacks to sell everything they write
and then fade utterly. Like whatever
happened to Fred Kummer J-. (who was
so prolific he'd have stories in every
issue of Amazing in the late '30s)? I
wouldn't want it to be said in 1990:
"Andy MUDON" He has talent; now all he
has to do is set aside enough time to
use it.

It seems to me that Rosemary's
column should have been in Energumen,
because it made so many references
that a non-E reader wouldn't under-
stand.

Well, we brought a copy to a
meeting of the Syracuse University
SF group, and several people--who had
never seen Energumen or even heard of
Mike Glicksohn--enjoyed it immensely.
Non-conclusive, but.... JWL

I think John Kusske is overdoing it
with his statements on the condition
of the mainstream. Admittedly sf today
is so far superior to the mainstream
I wouldn't even make an accurate com-
parison [!!!], but there are good
mainstream stories running around if
you know where to find them. A sur-
prising number can be found in close
proximity to sf, too. There was an
absolutely brilliant mainstream story
("The Negotiators") in New Worlds 190
by Harvey Jacobs, and Tom Disch's
"Linda Daniel & Spike" in 178 was rat-
her good, though no masterpiece.
There was a very good mainstream story
by Joanna Russ in Alchemy & Academe
and another one in Quark/T. Also a
good one by Michael Butterworth in NW
198. So that's five in the last few
years--you'll never find that much
quality on the best seller list, but
they are mainstream and they did ap-
pear, so don't give up hope yet.

So
maybe certain SF writers will get am-
bitious and save the mainstream. But
then maybe not, because most of them
are too good, and the public demands
people like Jackie Susann.

You seem
to judge "mainstream" by its worst
examples, equivalent to judging sf
by, say, Brak the Barbarian and Dog
Savage. JWL

sult would be monotonous. Personally, Kelly Freas has always impressed me the most.

/I can't agree--I've always found the Dillon covers brilliantly expressive of the thematic content of the novels used, never vague or confusing. And seeing the diversity of styles used all at one time only makes me appreciate their work more. I too have liked Freas--but after ten years, I begin to find him a bit monotonous. JML./

A Hugo is supposed to represent the best of the year. So I don't give a shit if Amazing never received one in 50 years. During 1970, F&SF and Analog had better fiction and Analog had better graphics. Hell, Jerry, you do enough harping about Hugos and rules; start another award if you want to honor long time work or pubbing (such as Rotliser and Amazing) but a Hugo means the best.

/But how do you decide if Rotliser is "better" than Kirk? If Outworlds is better than Speculation? It all depends on the sort of material that you personally like. And personally, I found most of the fiction in Analog dull and uninteresting; I found Amazing's blend of good novels with interesting shorts PLUS the best features in the field made it a better overall magazine than F&SF, which did have a bit better short fiction. JML./

The book reviews are too short for my taste. They simply aren't in depth enough for me. I like a nice long review with a leisurely writing style. /They're not intended to be in depth; we haven't the time, space, or interest to talk about everything that comes in, in detail. But we would like to register our personal feelings; we'll supplement these with longer reviews, as with Ted's and Darrell's here. JML./

Your letter column is boring. *sigh* I like sparks to fly. Or at least a wide range of discussion. All your letters are spent on praising offutt or your layout.

/We don't aim for controversy, Jeff, and certainly not for controversy's sake. And if you'll check back, it seemed to me that there were more people dammning andy last time that praising him. JML./

Donald G. Keller
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On my quiz in the lettercolumn. You knew The Worm Gorge, horos and "The Region Between;" the other three were

Delany's "The Star-Pit," Lovecraft's "Shadow Out of Time" (his best story, and a real shock ending), Bug Jack Barron.

On the dramatic Hugo, I really can't see voting for either of the records. Blows is to my mind a bad album (which few agree with), and the Firesign Theatre thing, while admittedly probably brilliant, is so excruciating to listen to that I can't stand it. And you seem to be one of the few who agree with me in not thinking a news zine like Locus should get the Hugo.

/Can you be more specific? Why did you find Blows "bad"? I agree the first song is too long and a bit juvenile, but I found the whole second side a single, superb, clearly of unit. And how did you feel Dwarf was hard to listen to--certainly it required concentration, but I don't really understand your point. JML./

I haven't read Lud-in-the-Mist yet, but I really like that cover--it's one of the loveliest paperback covers I've ever seen. Have you Barry read Morris? I'd like to see what you think of him. Cabell is okay, but his

anti-mimetic irony gets on my nerves. I was really impressed with Ned Neen Black Mountain. Strong it was, and most of all beautiful, but as you say, far from perfect. The Tolkien parallels were a little too close (and you missed a couple: the forest of Nalimhon is Lothlorien all over, and the Borderer is Beorn.) and the final confrontation with Fendler is definitely anticlimactic, a real disappointment. My only other major gripe is the ending; she sets up the beautiful, difficult choice, and makes the whole thing so poignant--and then she has to go and fudge it. But I'm willing to forgive the book a great deal because of its fantastically beautiful style, which you seem largely impervious to. Well, style is my thing, so....

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Yes, I've read Evil Is. After making a search of just about every newsstand and drugstore in

my area, I concluded that PB library doesn't distribute in the Milford/New Haven area. In fact, it wasn't until I got to Luncheon that I was able to find a copy. An interesting book, I think, well plotted and smoothly written. I was struck by the similarity between Ned Brook's and my own opinions concerning the lack of early description. He told you there were buildings here and there, but that's all. They were never described in any manner. Here's a question for Offutt; did that book mentioned in TA...6 titled Dock sell yet? It would be interesting to know, to give some inkling as to how long a period of time it would take from mailing it out 'til learning if it was bought or not. True, this might not really be representative, but it might help.



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I did finally find a copy of Evil Is, ripped it off that evening, and thought it was an enjoyable couple of hours. I

haven't thought about it since, which is probably as good a way as any of saying how it affected me. Some books have one level of acceptance when I read them, and then days or weeks later I'll think about that story, and a few more ideas or reactions will sink in that I hadn't thought of as I read it. My own measure of how good a book is, for me, is in how much and how long I think about it afterwards. Evil Is never came back. An entertaining book it was, but no more.

Now that was the first of Futt novel I've read and I am thus in no position to make generalizations, but on the basis of that one, I have to agree with Margroff. Andy's novel is a sort of formalization of his letterstyle: it might be charitably called haphazard. I imagine there was potential dripping down the stairs when Andy finished the book, but what remained on the pages was pretty much of a crank-out novel.

Now all this is not really to condemn Andy. He's absolutely right in saying he has to write dirty books and crank-outs to pay the bills and gain the financial breathing room to work hard on something really good. Andy could, perhaps, fasten his halo on and write devotedly at good stuff, refusing to compromise any talent and writing only that which he can truly be proud of. And he might well end up like Avram Davidson, who quit writing space opera and is now writing the blues in Energumen instead.

So none of us need to complain to Andy. But neither need Andy complain if reviewers keep saying, "Yeah, another passable offutt. When's he gonna write something good?" I guess Andy agreed to that in his first column, so everyone should now be happy.

You say Barry writes like Benchley, Jerry? Well, I wouldn't know. My only experience with the gentleman was excerpts from Pluck and Luck in high school. The book was no doubt good, but the teaching was so bad it turned me against everything covered that year for a long time. This same idiot turned me against Shakespeare by treating King Lear as a disguised satire on contemporary English politics (I mean, really!) and it was year before I found out how much fun Shakespeare can be.

I highly recommend Benchley to everyone. All his work, but especially his short essays, are the epitome of good fannish writing, in the classic tradition. JWL.

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John Kusske...one minute thought, as I've read nearly everything Gore Vidal has written, let me cue you in on two facts--one,

he has written a semi-sf novel, Messiah, and a historical fantasy, A Search for the King. Both of which I considered quite good. As for "queers," I'd rather read a well-done story--no matter who it's by--than suffer through a piece of shit by American F. Flagg, or somesuch. Weiler is hung up on himself, but has done some fine work, especially The Armies of the Night. Sf is becoming more popular because it's an interesting mind-game, or escape, depending on the reasoning you choose, of modern civilization. The underground press, rock musicians and the ecology movement have turned with increasing frequency to the prophetic abilities of future-tense literature to cull some rhythm and rhyme out of the cosmic chaos of today. Whether they go on to become fans is another matter, but I can see the incipient gropings of this large, potential audience toward sf. We, via authors like Silverbob--whose sociological extrapolations are very useful to more than just the hardcore sf fan--and others who regard sf as standing for speculative fantasy or something like that, rather than the Gernsbackian scientification, are offering outsiders a chance to use the language of tomorrow to change the world of her and now, so that the dysutopias postulated



by some of the best sf writers will never come true.

"We're supposed to be the leaders of tomorrow." "Yeah, but it's today." "Well, what about tomorrow?" JWL.

However, others like myself use sf at times for both an escape and a mind-game. Actually, I consider sf and more importantly fanzine fandom to be my substitute for drugs and other less socially acceptable forms of reality-escape, as if fandom is Socially Acceptable.

Darrell Schweitzer, you must be kidding.

[Not usually] SFR was getting "better and better"?!! Bullshit. SFR, and now Locus, seem to be getting pretensions of being the Professional Fanzine--of supersecon fandom, no doubt. Yes, I can see into the future, MINDFUCK, the Serious and Concerned SF fan's Eclectic Journal of Heavy Raps, Profound Locs and Ornate and Baroque illos. Man, we don't need that. Other fandoms have it, and it's a real bummer. I was into Tannybopper fandom once, and all the mags were slick, pro jobs without the interpersonal exchanges and egoboo of fanzine fandom. All they wanted was my money, to holl with who I was, what I had to say and others like myself. And Charlie Brown, in answer to Terry Carr at Disclawn, did admit Locus was set up to make a profit--and does--and that he prints stuff he doesn't like for the good of his operation, businesswise.



book reviews



by ted pauls

Tower of Glass, Robert Silverberg, Bantam, \$7.95, 1970.

While 1970 was a considerably less brilliant year for the sf novel than 1969, it did produce several worthy Hugo contenders. One such is Robert Silverberg's Tower of Glass, the most recent in a series of major novels by this author. It will most likely lose to Ringworld, as To Live Again lost last year to Left Hand of Darkness, and thus continue Silverberg's recent victimization by unfortunate circumstances. Nightwings, which this reviewer believes to be his finish novel to date, was technically not a "novel" at all and thus could not qualify in that category on the ballot. To Live Again, probably his second best book, had the misfortune to be eligible in the same year as Ursula LeGuin's masterpiece. And now Tower of Glass, less spectacular than the Niven novel, yet quite possibly destined to be ultimately recognized as superior to it.

The basic plot is uncomplicated. In the early part of the 23rd Century, astronomers detect a rational pattern of signals beaming to earth on several media from a star system 300 light-years distant. Simeon Krug, multi-billionaire inventor and manufacturer of androids, determines to lead mankind into communication with the aliens, and devotes his entire industrial empire to the construction of a massive tower containing a tachyon particle accelerator designed to send faster-than-light messages, and a starship which, with crew in suspended animation, will travel to that far world in a few centuries. While Krug is pursuing this lofty goal, the androids he has created to serve man are themselves struggling to be free. Ultimately, in a spasm of violent revolution, they topple Krug's empire and tower; their maker, whom they have worshipped as a god, leaves Earth, alone in his starship, to pursue his dream.

Apart from the nearly flawless, smooth writing which we've come to expect from the latter-day Silverberg, three things make this an exceptional novel: the subtle consistency and "rightness" of his background, the character of Krug, and the relationship between humans and their android slaves.

Silverberg has recently been criticized for an alleged inadequacy of his technological background in Tower, viz., failing to deal with the potential for criminal use of his "transmats", matter transmission booths which have replaced normal powered surface travel. I believe that the author's decision to avoid specifically discussing this potential and the safeguards necessarily built into transmats to nullify it is a product, not of carelessness or (far less) laziness, but rather of the present tense method Silverberg uses to portray his society. There is an immediacy about this novel that derives largely from its being written as though everything were happening now--and the reader is a part of it all. Very little of the background, either technological or sociological, is expounded; rather, it is implied in the course of events. The reader is shown the society, almost incidentally, as the story unfolds. The author deliberately avoids point out things in the "Look, see this technological development, and here are all the consequences and ramifications of it" manner. Instead, the reader is required to extrapolate from the facts and hints and scenes revealed in the course of the story. Silverberg takes the transmats for granted, because the people about whom he is writing take them for granted. It would have been as out of place for him to stop the action in order to delve into the criminal possibilities of the transmats and their safeguards as for the author of a novel set in contemporary America to digress into a treatise on the potential misuses of the automobile and the means the authorities have at hand for controlling them. I think it's one of the great strengths of the book that Silverberg explains what his characters would normally tend to explain, and takes for granted all that they would normally take for granted.

A second strong point is the central figure, Simeon Krug. I suspect a good many readers will conclude Krug is either, depending on their own preconceptions and individual bents, a towering egotist grasping for immortal fame or a visionary with a sobering sense of his own insignificance. As contradictory as it may seem, I think he's both. Krug is infused with a vision of mankind as an entity forever reaching out, extending himself beyond previous barriers. In his own mind, he connects his dream of contacting the aliens with the movement of life from the oceans onto dry land. "We got to keep moving, out of that ocean, up on to that shore," he insists.

"...outward, outward, outward, because when we stop moving, when we turn our back on something ahead of us, that's when we start to sprout gills again. Do you see why the tower, now? Do you think it's because Krug wants to stick up a big thing to say how great his is? Krug isn't great, he's just rich. Man is great."

And yet the visionary is also an egotist. He wants the supreme fame of advancing man's destiny, of personally taking the step he ranks second only to the first fish crawling out of the ocean onto the shore. His is an intensely personal ambition: man is great, and Krug is representing man. He has a sense of his personal insignificance in the cosmos, but it is entirely devoid of humility; his conceit is simply once-removed and held ostensibly on behalf of mankind as a whole.

Krug is superbly drawn, both externally--a certain peasant coarseness, complexly marbled layers of ruthless single-mindedness and tenderness, a trace of accent in sentence structure, an out-going expansiveness--and internally (a well of unpleasant childhood memories, attitudes toward a weasling son and his young wife, most of all his cosmic dream driving him unmercifully). The portrayal of Krug is one of Silverberg's finest characterizations.

The third outstanding feature is, by comparison, the weakest. The 23rd Century's androids are seen here in a situation containing elements of that of the 19th Century black slave and the mid-20th Century black/oppor slum dweller. The attitudes involved are not identical, so their combination into a single viewpoint is understandably difficult. Silverberg leaves many parallels to be drawn; he also goes beyond such parallels, however, for the relationship between the androids and the humans is influenced by an additional factor--the "established" religion among the androids holds that Krug, their creator, is also their god ("Who else should we worship?"), and says that their enslavement is a time of testing from which Krug will ultimately free them. The sometimes vagueness and contradictory nature of the variety of android attitudes toward humans is mildly irritating through much of the novel; Silverberg, however, justifies himself brilliantly toward the end by meshing them all together in one sparkling dramatic scene. We watch as Thor Watchman, one of the android leaders, humiliates Krug's son by reclaiming (in his presence) the beautiful android who has been the younger Krug's mistress and has an (symbolic if not actual) orgasm of sheer triumph while standing with her watching the tower collapse--and then allows himself to be killed because he cannot bring himself to raise his hands in self-defense against Simeon Krug. It isn't every writer who could bring off a scene in which an oppressed man struggling for freedom combines the attitudes of Franz Fanon and George Washington Carver!

Tower of Glass is definitely one of the finest sf novels of the year and, saying a great deal more, is one of the finest ever written by Robert Silverberg.

To Live Again, incidentally, didn't even make the final Hugo ballot last year (though Up the Line did). JWL.

Evil Is Live Spelled Backwards, Andrew J. Offutt, Paperback Library, \$7.95, 1970.

A repressive, totalitarian, theocratic society in which the revolutionary underground uses sex as an agent of subversion is a familiar enough idea, but it's rarely given serious treatment. The concept too easily lends itself to inane frivolity at best and second-rate soft-core pornography at worst. It can also be a vehicle for hard-core pornography, as in Richard Geis' Raw Meat, but this is a somewhat different sort of crittury; something that is supposed to be pornography written as sf, rather than something that is supposed to be sf written as pornography. In Evil Is, Andy Offutt has produced one of the few serious novels on this theme, and while it is by no means uniformly successful, the book is better than it will most likely be given credit for being.

Much of the value lies in the consistent portrayal of the repressive society. As with most such prediction for the future--even the classics like 1984--the reader is required to suspend belief and accept the situation as given; there's no attempt to explain how we moved from society as it exists today to the theocratic totalitarian state postulated by the author, an evolution that strikes me as improbable to say the least. But once the initial premise is accepted, Offutt's picture of the result is admirably vivid and consistent. We are transported to a stagnant, obscurantist future America which is nevertheless, in some respects, technologically further advanced than the current era. The country is ruled by the Pastorate, a church dedicated to the teachings of Paul of Tarsus; the result is a society that is thoroughly sexually repressed, a society in which sex outside the extremely narrow standards of the Church is punishable by summary gelding for the male and its equivalent for the female, a society in which ignorance is encouraged and medicine has regressed several centuries, in which women are without legal rights and subject to frequent beatings from their husbands, in which Jews have again been relegated to ghettos and forced to wear brands when going in public....a dark, cold, stifling society, ostensibly the absolute dominion of the Pastor, the fanatic head of the Church, but actually run by his lieutenants--corrupt cynics who employ their privileged positions to satisfy their own greed and lust.

There is an underground, of course, a subversive network of revolutionaries. They are cast in the obvious form: satanists, preaching license in place of abstinence. The original title was *Let There Be License*. JUL. —, organized in covens, infiltrating, undermining, sabotaging. Sexual gratification is their most potent weapon, and ridicule of the established order through salacious blasphemy their favorite tactic. This leads to passages where the author stops taking the book so seriously and simply drifts along with his (presumed) facility for writing sex books, but I suppose a certain amount of crudity is inevitable in these circumstances and in general the sex is integral to the plot. Here again, it's a matter of basic premises: if you accept as reasonable the existence of the society postulated, then there's no doubt that such things as the superimposition of a flashing "Fuck Me" over the image of a female member of the hierarchy during a televised sermon are damned effective revolutionary techniques.

One glaring bit of carelessness stands out in this book. In attempting to put across the point that medical care has been gutted by obscurantism and doctrinaire teachings to such an extent that medicine has been pushed back several hundred years, Offutt has one of his characters musing about the death of a father at 58, having amazed the community by reaching that advanced age. It's one of those things that annoy a reader for pages or even chapters afterward, and make him wish he could pick up a telephone, call the writer and say, "Now wait a minute, sir—it doesn't work that way!" The state of medical care in the Dark Ages of Europe (or in remote Brazilian villages today) caused a low average human life-span mainly through a horribly high infant mortality rate. The lowness of the life-expectancy figure (30 during the heyday of Rome, for instance) did not mean that most people began dropping dead after their 30th birthday and that hardly anyone got to be what we consider "old." In fact, even during the Darkest of the Dark Ages, any person who reached adulthood had a decent chance, barring being caught in a massacre or some such event, of reaching 65 or 70. Not as much of a chance as you or I have today, of course, but enough that 58-year-old-men weren't such great curiosities.

In general, *Evil Is* is a pretty good sf story. Offutt allows himself to be heavyhanded on occasion, and it's a bit too obvious who the pseudonymous "John Cleland" is, but the novel is better than average in the most respects and is definitely worth reading.

One Million Tomorrows, Bob Shaw, Ace Special, 4.75, 1970.

One Million Tomorrows, Bob Shaw's third Ace Special in four years, is a novel existing on two levels simultaneously. On the immediate action level, it is an extremely conventional mystery story; the entire plot revolves around the question of who is trying to kill the main character, Will Carewe, and why. It even culminates in the standard Hollywood confrontation in which the villain of the piece explains all to the hero and his woman as he prepares to kill them (and is then of course foiled). On a deeper level, it is an exploration of immortality and its effect on human culture, sociology, mores, and psyches. The novel is a curious mixture of achievement and failure. Shaw's increasing mastery of technique and ability to weave gracefully into a narrative the subtle concepts that many writers would trumpet to death make *One Million Tomorrows* a striking success when judged by the expectations engendered by the plot, but it must be added that the novel is a qualified failure when judged by the far higher standards imposed by its profound theme.

Will Carewe, an accountant with a large pharmaceutical house, lives in a 22nd Century society in which virtual immortality is taken for granted. All that is necessary in order to secure immunity from death—barring an accident that damages the body beyond the ability of modern medicine to repair—is to inject a safe and readily available biostatic compound. The process has one drawback; the biostat causes permanent sexual impotence, turning the immortals into "cools" (from the phrase "cooling it"), effective neuterers. Carewe, although 40 years old, has thus far refused to take his shot because he is terrified that his sensual wife, Athens, will leave him when he is no longer able to make love to her.

His problem appears to be solved when his boss, Myron Sarenholm (president of Farma Incorporated), invites Carewe to be the guinea pig for a newly developed biostat which permits a man to have his cake and eat it too, as it were, by conferring immortality while leaving the subject a functional male. Athens refuses to believe Will when he tells her about the new drug, feeling that her husband is attempting to trick her (as he has done before) into taking the immortality drug alone. So Will decides to say no more about it, take the drug, and play the part of a "cool" for a while. After returning from a medical checkup at Farma's Canadian Laboratory, Carewe's wife tells him she is pregnant by another man, and he leaves her. He goes to Africa to join a faveu team, a group of soldier-hunters who round up unwilling natives and inject them with the immortality drug. The series of attempts on Carewe's life begin as soon as he arrives, and for the next hundred-plus pages he avoids nasty ends while attempting to figure out why he is a target for murder and who is the culprit. In the process, Athens is kidnapped, Will rescues her, and their reconciliation is effected.



There are any number of little touches that elevate the story far above the apparent level of this plot, which is after all not one that could be termed innovative. Shaw handles the complex relationship between Will and Athens exceedingly well, his characterization is generally good, the pacing of the action is excellent, and the narrative is smooth and skillful. There are several memorable scenes—one involving a deranged woman who has given the immortality injection to her infant so that he will forever remain a baby; another in which Will

nearly "drowns" in a vat of small frictionless ball bearings; still another in which an attempt is made on the hero's life by introducing an hallucinogen into the pilot's compartment of an airship and the reader notes with a start that the dialogue has suddenly become gibberish without explanation. The author handles some of the psychological problems of immortality with sensitivity, and the background against which the story is played is impressively portrayed, all the more so for being consistently underemphasized.

Unfortunately, this underemphasis, this tendency toward pronounced underwriting, is the essence of why *One Million Tomorrows*, though eminently readable, is in the final analysis a qualified artistic failure. The thematic content is excessively underwritten. Shaw discards opportunity after opportunity to deeply explore aspects of immortality, both individual and social. For instance, at one point he offers a beautiful analogy delineating the distinction between immortality and invulnerability, with the inhabitants of the novel's world seen as glass figurines, enduring and unchanging only so long as they are ever careful to avoid being shattered by accident. Yet apart from occasional references to the multiple safe-landing systems on airships and such, Shaw fails to explore the profound effects on society and modes of living that this state of mind—inevitably an *obsessive* fear of the slightest possibility of accidental death—would have. For another example, there is one brief reference to a commune in which live seven generations in direct female line, all of approximately the same apparent (physical) age. Now this, the whole question of family life in a world of immortals, is a fascinating concept, but it is merely left there. Again: there is supposed to be, in this society, an extremely heavy preponderance of females to functional males, but aside from some passing references to multiple marriages, there is no interest shown in what would surely be profound sociological consequences (consider Edmund Cooper's *Five to Twelve*, for example). Time and again, Shaw avoids exploring his theme in favor of embroidering his plot. The result is a highly successful sf mystery that never becomes the major novel it potentially might have been.

by darrell schweitzer

The Goat Without Horns, Thomas Burnett Swann, F&SF August & September, 1970.

What would you think of a 15-year-old English girl who loved spiders, sharks, can cannibals, dressed like a sailor and talked like this:

"You think I'm still angry because you preferred mother. You see, I know you spent the night with her. Two nights in fact. At first I was furious with both of you. I almost went to Curk. I wanted him to hurt you, and mother too. But then I realized why it was you couldn't love me. Because you already loved mother. Since that very first night, I think. It is wrong of you to love her, but she is very beautiful and you were lonely. And I took you to her myself, didn't I? In a sense, you were being faithful to your first love. A woman liked a man to be faithful. Even to her rival, at first. Then, when she finally wins him, her triumph is doubled. Otherwise she will value him too lightly as too easily won. I only wish I had been first."

The person being addressed is the 19-year-old tutor called to teach the daughter of an English widow on an isolated Caribbean island. The girl turns out to be the bastard offspring of the chief of the local ex-cannibals, and the tutor is really brought to the island to aid in producing a male heir to the royal line. But Charlie (the tutor) falls in love with the girl's mother (who is really 75 years old, but more on that in a minute) and the natives decide to sacrifice him to the shark god.

Swann seems to have written a primarily "gothic novel" and panned it off as sf. It has all the sudy melodrama, brooding buildings (sorry, no castles), and underlying sexuality. There are minimal fantasy elements--a youth elixir which keeps the widow looking young, a native chief who turns into a shark at night--but these are basically unimportant, and are brought in only at the end. The main fantasy element, the intelligent dolphin who is supposed to be narrating the story (although 90% of it takes place on land where he couldn't have seen it; we're told that Charlie told him the whole thing, but the gimmick does seem a bit strained) hardly appears at all until the very end, when he conveniently swims in to rescue the hero from the sharks. Then Charlie and the widow sit up all night and discuss the genetics of whatever-the-native-chief's-got and everything is revealed. The hero decides, very sentimentally, to remain behind on the island with his dolphin.

The book isn't without merit, of course. It begins nicely--all of the characters seem real, and the mysterious atmosphere is vividly conveyed to the reader. But the novel just doesn't build. By the time we near the end, the atmosphere seems strained, the plot silly, and the characters little better. Bringing in semi-supernatural elements at the last minute seems a copout. Curk (the native chief) is a compelling character in the first half of the novel, fierce, powerful, and proud. It's somewhat disappointing to discover that his charisma seems to result mainly from his magical ability to turn into a shark.

The attempted-sacrifice scene is a mess. Charlie was brought to the island to marry Jill and give Curk a grandson to continue the lineage of his house, so it makes no sense at all for him to perform the marriage ceremony and then chuck the groom into a lagoon full of sharks.

The only really involving scene after the first 30 pages is an extremely vivid fight between Gloomer the dolphin and Curk in the form of a hammerhead shark. For a minute, you can imagine what it would be like to be a dolphin and kill a shark with your snout. This ability to make the reader experience something ordinarily beyond him is the mark of a good writer--I only wish Swann had done it more often here.

Goat would have worked fine as a straight gothic, or perhaps even as a fantasy, but not as the bastard combination it is now. Swann seems to need to pay more attention to plotting and maintaining suspense at crucial moments. But he's not a new writer; he's even had Hugo nominations. I've never read any of his other works, but it would seem that Goat without Horns is not his best.

/ Although I agree with most of what Darrell said about this particular novel, a couple things must be said. First, Dr. Swann asked that this version of the novel not be considered the "official" version, that the book form represented his approved version. Second, I think I've read all of Swann fiction published in this country, and I feel this is probably the least of all his writing. I nominated Day of the Minotaur for a Hugo in 1967, and would do it again. This is definitely inferior Swann. JWL.

World's Best Science Fiction, 1971, Terry Carr and Donald Wollheim, Ace, \$.95, 1971. For under a dollar this annual collection is also worth your money, but a bit less so than in past years. It's pretty much accepted that Carr and Wollheim have been turning out the best of the "best" collections for the last few years, but this year's batch seems notably inferior to past collections. It isn't that good stories aren't here, but rather that too many inferior stories are also present. The emphasis seems to be on names, rather than necessarily on quality, with people like Niven, Silverberg, Asimov and Simak all represented with really very minor work; all have done better in the past. The best are by relative unknowns, especially Gordon Eklund and H.B. Hickey. (There's a minor Sturgeon, too, which won a Nebula and will probably have won a Hugo by now.) Not a bad collection, but I just don't think enough of the stories warrant the appellation of "best." JL.

Science Fiction Hall of Fame, edited by Robert Silverberg, Avon, \$1.50, 1970. In the event you're not in the Science Fiction Book Club, here it is at popular prices. Really an incredible bargain, too--672 pages of at the very least very good science fiction, and at least a few personal favorites for everyone. Famous stories, award-winners, classics--25 of them, all in one volume. Impossible to pick the best, but among those I've reread the most would be "Microcosmic God," "The Nine Billion Names of God," "Flowers for Algernon," "A Rose for Ecclesiastes....." A must. JL.

The Shores Beneath, edited by James Sallis, Avon, \$.75, 1971. Another bargain collection from Avon. For less than you pay for most novels these days, you get four of the better novellas published in the last few years. Included are Delany's "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones," which I consider one of his best stories (and a Hugo/Nebula winner), Disch's "The Asian Shore," his superb near-mainstream story from Orbit 6 (the Delany has been published here in pb only in World's Best 69), Roger Zelazny's "The Graveyard Heart," (published latest in his collection Four for Tomorrow), and an excellent Sladek tale from New Worlds, "Rasterson and the Clerks." If you're missing two or more of these stories, it's definitely worth the money. JL.

The Hand-Reared Boy, Brian Aldiss, Signet, \$.75, 1970. "If you combined Alexander Portnoy with Tom Jones," boasts the back cover, "you might come close to matching The Hand-Reared Boy." This is all to announce that Aldiss' "famous" dirty book is now out in cheap paperback, and guess what--it really, Sam Moskowitz to the contrary, isn't (dirty). What it is is a 125-page novella, primarily a character story with some enjoyable satirical barbs made at the typical high-class sex novel. The actual sex is minimal at best, although the overall writing is very enjoyable. Well done, but anything but "an erotic and outrageously explicit novel." JL.

Camp Concentration, Thomas M. Disch, Avon, \$.75, 1968.

Finally, though Avon's review copy (I've still yet to see a copy on the stands), I've been able to read this--and now I do know what all the shouting was about. A superb, searing, powerful novel, one which should certainly have been a top award contender. I'd quibble slightly with the end, which I find too optimistic to fit with the rest of the work, and I confess to missing many important allusions in the text. Nonetheless a fine, fine novel. JL.

Quark/1, edited by Samuel R. Delany and Marilyn Hacker, Paperback Library, \$1.25, 1970.

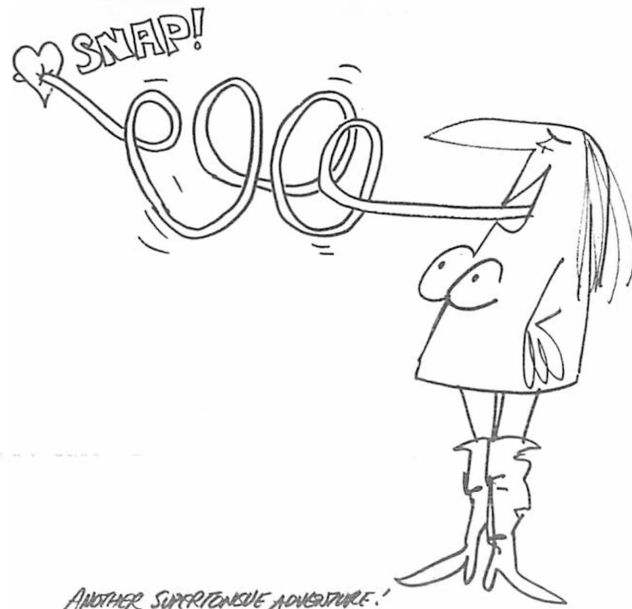
I read this one, just having read totally contradictory reviews in Phantasmicon and Amazing; Donald Keller in the former gave it a rave, and Ted in the latter called it "the dud of the year." But much of Ted's comment seemed to center on the physical package, including the artwork, graphics, and covers, and the Delany introduction and essay. It's obvious that Ted's ideas on these areas differ drastically from Chip's, and I feel this led him to give a very promising collection and uncomfortably bad review. Virtually all the fiction is readable, although a surprising percentage seems to me well-written but essentially pointless. Several excellent stories, though, including Gardner Dozois' "The Sound of Muzak," Joanna Russ' "The View from the Window," and H. B. Hickey's "Gone Are the Lupo." Plus some art, and a Delany essay. JL.

Universe 1, edited by Terry Carr, Ace, \$.95, 1971.

Ace's entry into the original anthology field is much closer to the normal magazine, both in fiction and in overall package. The volume includes a good general editorial as well as story blurbs from Terry, a cover illustrating an interior story, and full-page Austin illustrations for each story. Authors range from regularly-producing Names--Silverberg, Russ, Coulter, Lafferty--to highly respected but rarely seen old masters--Pangborn and Tucker--to a fine selection of material from some of the best younger writers--Banford, Eklund, Bryant, Effinger, Malzberg, Conway. I found all the fiction generally better than most normal magazine output, but yet a bit more "normal" than much of the Quark and Orbit work. Personal favorite would be Effinger's "All the Lost Wars at Once." A fine beginning. JL.



by us





A Time of Changes, Robert Silverberg, Signet, \$.95, 1971.
The Second Trip, Silverberg, Amazing (July & Sept.), 1971.

Much as I hate to try the guessing game at how an author wrote a certain book, both these novels stuck me so strongly as being influenced by other sf writers I just have to note it here. A Time of Changes is quite possibly Bob's most important novel to date; it's a serious examination of several aspects of human nature, with a beautifully extrapolated human society, and fine characterization. He evisions a human society, part of a loose interstellar federation, in which the self must be rigidly controlled, in which "I" and "me" have become obscurities. It all works together, and he seems to have considered almost all the possible ramifications of the situation. The story is told in a style which to me seems incredibly reminiscent of Left Hand of Darkness--a similar slightly dry, difficult tone, similar long, descriptive passages of the geography (all of which are used later on in the novel), even to the digression to tell of a legend illustrating a point in the action. I may be entirely wrong, but even if so, this remains a fascinating novel, and my current Hugo nominee. The second novel is minor Silverberg; not that it isn't well-done, but it seems instead a re-examination of several ideas, rather than an attempt at creating something new. Again, I get very strong vibrations of another story, this time Heinlein's latest opus. It's almost as if Bob read IWFNE, said "I can do this much better," and proceeded to combine his own ideas from Ip Live Again and Passengers with Heinlein's--and did produce a considerably better novel in describing two minds within a single body, each fighting for possession and permanent control. Not really a vital work, but highly interesting. JL.

Jack of Shadows, Roger Zelazny, F&SF (July & August), 1971.

Another typically strange novel from Roger. For the first 3/5ths, it reads like yet another enjoyable-but-getting-a-bit-tiring "My lightning is stronger than your lightning" Zelazny novel, with the new and interesting trappings and yet the same old story of the more than human hero fighting ancient enemies and winning against great odds. But after the "normal" ending and success, the novel becomes almost a morality play in prose. The change is subtle and very effective, and the overall result--while not entirely successful--is definitely a step forward for the author. I should note that this version is not the "official" one, that section were cut for publication. JL.

One Million Tomorrows, Bob Shaw, Ace Special, \$.75, 1970.

See Ted Pauls' review here. I agree with most of that, although I thought even less of the surface plot than he did. I expected much more of the author, and couldn't even enjoy the surface action/adventure. He's yet to produce a really successful novel, although sections of all the others have been fascinating. JML.

The Stainless Steel Rat's Revenge, Harry Harrison, Walker, \$4.95, 1970.

I remember absolutely nothing of this a month and a half after reading it, except that I enjoyed the ride through. Skimming through, things come back slowly. It's entertaining, and smoothly written--but don't look at anything too closely, or it'll collapse into a small heap on the floor. Enjoyable, period--but don't spend \$4.95 on it! JL.

Wasp, Eric Frank Russell, Bantam, \$.75, 1957.

This one I read when it originally came out, but rereading produced no recall at all. Another lightweight novel, a little more carefully done than the Harrison but not especially dissimilar. The plot concerns a one-man fifth column in a Sirius/Earth war, and everything is quite improbable. JL.

Furthest, Suzette Haden Elgin, Ace Special, \$.75, 1971.
The Communicapaths, Elgin, Ace Double, \$.75, 1970.

Miss Elgin's first novel is quite possibly the best book I've read this year, and nothing I've read in a long time has made nearly as much of an impression as this simple, relatively unassuming novel. I enjoyed the plot, I liked the characters (both personally and as characters), I loved the loose writing style--and I was profoundly hit by the ending. It's been a long time since anything I've read has hit me quite that strongly. I could quibble over one scientific point, but it's not worth the trouble. Read this one--it and the Silverberg are my current Hugo choices so far. The Double selection is really a novella, set before Furthest but in the same universe and featuring some of the same characters. It shows its age--characters are not as clear, her ideas in some areas are a bit more vague, but the power and involvement of the later novel are still there. Of three published (to my knowledge) stories, I've found all at the very least, very good. JL.

The Shores of Another Sea, Chad Oliver, Signet, \$.75, 1971.

Reading this one, I couldn't help feeling that I'd been though it all many, many times before. We've all heard the argument that "no ideas are really new--it all depends how you treat them," but I think this particular idea is too hoary for even Oliver's excellent writing to bring to life. It's the aliens-land-and-take-over-animals game, set at an African research station. Oliver tells things well, but you can see it all coming miles and miles away. The book seems to be packaged to appeal to the non-sf reader, and perhaps he would find it now and different. JL.

Star Well, The Thurb Revolution, Mesque World, Alexei Panshin, Ace, \$.50, \$.50, \$.60, 1968, 1968, 1969.

Just wanted to make note of the enjoyment these have given me on recent rereading. Witty, incredibly clever, most enjoyable tales, unique in my reading in the field. And oh, how I wish he would write the rest of the series! JL.

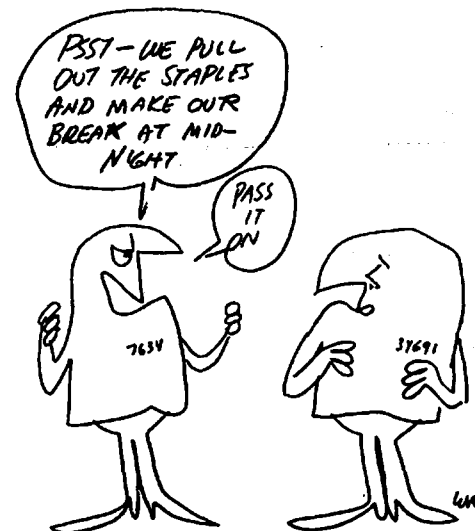


Citizen of the Galaxy, Time for the Stars, Between Planets, Space Cadet, Robert Heinlein, Ace, \$.95, 1957, 1956, 1951, 1948.

Rereading these is like becoming reacquainted with very old childhood friends. Sure, they're not really the same as you remember, but some of the old magic is still there. Some of Heinlein's best writing came in his "juveniles," and I almost wonder if the fact that his last real juvenile was published in 1962 is indicative of anything. At any rate, of these four, to my knowledge only Time has been previously available in pb, and I think that and Citizen hold up best. The story of identical twin telepaths and communication via them on the first interstellar exploration still does more for my sense of wonder than Tau Zero, and the odyssey of Thorby, the beggar's son in Citizen, still is as interesting as ever. The earlier books have dated quite a bit; Between Planets is interplanetary intrigue, Heinlein-style, not unique but quite enjoyable, which Space Cadet is little more than Heinlein's version of the standard Space Academy novel. Interesting to note that "Carey Rockwell," in the Tom Corbett series, used the same basic plot idea for the second half of his Space Academy novel. JL.

The Yellow Cloud, Kenneth Robeson, Bantam, \$.75, 1939.

This is number 59 in the Bantam Doc Savage reprint series, so I finally forced myself to read it when Bantam sent it for review (since then, I've also received 60-63, too). Some one out there must be buying them, but if this is typical, I couldn't begin to guess why. The writing is abysmal, the characterization ludicrous, the plot totally ridiculous. And it isn't even camp--just plain bad. Never, never again. JL.



Tau Zero, Paul Anderson, Lancer, \$.95, 1970.

Sometimes I wish I didn't get and read a lot of fanzines, and read book reviews and hugo discussions there. For if that had been the case, I could have read, enjoyed, and discussed this novel in peace, and everyone would be happy. But unfortunately, I can't to Tau Zero after reading a dozen rave reviews, and knowing it had been nominated for a Hugo--and I just couldn't agree with that. I found it curiously old-fashioned, the sort of things which ten years ago would have become an instant classic; it was enjoyable, competent, yes, but I didn't find all those miraculous insights and other things all the reviewers seemed to notice. A good book, yes--but to my eyes, no more. JL.

BY DARRELL SCHWEITZER

finale



jwl

A PROPOSAL

It's That Time of Year again, and every fan has Hugos on his mind, so it seems an appropriate time for me to be writing yet another Hugo article.

There are lots of things wrong with the awards system as it, as Jerry point out in a recent *Granfalloon*, and many have yet to be resolved. No one has decided whether a "Fan Artist" is someone whose drawings appear in fanzines or a non-professional whose work appears there. Everyone thinks of this year's nominees as fanzine artists, but every one of them have appeared professionally, the most recent being Alicia Austin's interiors for *Acc*.

There is also the question of what constitutes a Dramatic Presentation. I think it's kind of ridiculous to have *Bloms Against the Empire* running against "Hauser's Memory", but that's not the subject of this piece.

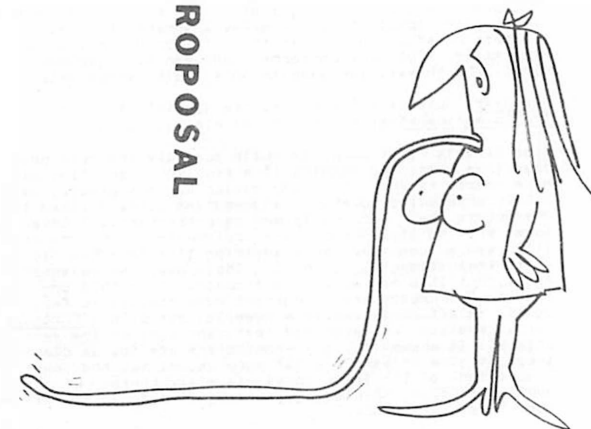
There's an even bigger hole in the present awards system, perhaps so glaringly obvious that so one has noticed it: there is no category for Best Original Anthology.

Hugos change with the times. I believe that there was no dramatic category for the first few years because the first round of awards came a year too late for *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, and after that, there wasn't even a passable effort in this area until the first winner, *The Incredible Shrinking Man*, in 1956. But when sf movies and tv got beyond the *Blub* stage, we got a Dramatic category.

Now the original paperback (or hardcover) anthology is not a new development; probably the first was Fred Pohl's *Star* series in the fifties. But it is only now that they have really become important. Although I don't like the idea, it seems as if the original paperback is about the supplant the digest magazine, as the digest did the pulp, due to its superior abilities to reach the readers. Essentially, a paperback gets better distribution (in general), sells more copies, has a higher working budget to pay authors and get better stories, all this despite the inferior format and lessened visual appeal.

There are right now as many anthologies as prozines. Put together they publish nearly as much original fiction as the prozines, and probably a good deal more short fiction. On today's newsstands you find *Galaxy*, *If*, *Amazing/Fantastic*, *Analog*, *F&SF*, maybe *Witchcraft and Sorcery*; and the paperback and hardcover bookshelves, you probably come across *Quark*, *Orbit*, *Novae*, *Universes*, *Generation*, *Dangerous Visions*, not to mention one-shots like *Three for Tomorrow*, *Alchemy & Academe*, and *The Year 2000*. New titles spring up every day in paperback, and it becomes almost impossible to keep track of all of them. The simple fact of the matter is that a great number of stories are now being published outside of regular prozine formats, and quite a few recent award nominees have been non-prozine stories.

I've heard it said that these anthologies have no "personality" and are thus a different form altogether. But the personality of a magazine or book depends primarily on how much influence the editor personally exerts over the whole production. The only difference is in format. (And notice that for quite a while *New Worlds*, *Science Fantasy*, and *SF Impulse*—all unquestionably magazines—appeared in paperback format and were generally distributed as paperbacks). Personality has little to do with the format. *Dangerous Visions* and *Analog* both have personality that fairly leaps off the pages at you, yet both are filled with dull, formula-written drivel, whereas *F&SF* and the *Orbit* series have little or no editorial personality and manage to maintain a relatively high standard of excellence.



THE FINAL SUPERTONGUE ADVENTURE

Format aside, the only important difference between an original anthology and a magazine is frequency of appearance. The result is that the anthologies, on quarterly or twice-a-year schedules at best, cannot compete with the prozines title for title in terms of quantity. Thus the original anthologies should really have a separate category: "best periodical" won't do to cover the whole group, and one-shot anthologies aren't periodicals anyway). If we assume that X prozine and Y anthology have equally competent editors and a comparable budget, the prozine will obviously stick out in voters' minds because it appears far more often. And the prozine will probably print more first-rate material, simply because it prints considerably more material period. (We assume that the good/dud ratio is the same for both.) So an anthology really can't compete....and a new category becomes desirable.

A major problem to be worked out in establishing such a category is the question, should the award go for the best series or the best issue? I think it should be the latter, as this would take into account the one-shot. Obviously one *Alchemy & Academe* will stand little chance against four *Quarks* and two *Orbits*. And obviously, the "four or more issues rule" for prozines would have to go, because that would make only *Orbit* and *New Writings* currently eligible. But there are many more than that being published, and some are rapidly becoming quite important in the field.

This is really just a detail. First, we have to realize the existence of the original anthology and establish a new category on the ballot.

[Note: Darrell's arguments and opinion are his own—but I do completely support his idea for an original anthology category, and I think Barry and Lisa do too. JWL.]

6:00 p.m., August 23, about three weeks after most of the rest of the magazine has been finished. A very hectic weekend just completed, some extra space here, and some news and additional comments on this issue.

As I told you all, I wanted to get this out by the end of July; it's only a month later now, and as fanzines go, that isn't bad. I can honestly say the wait wasn't my fault; primarily, Lisa was so busy at Tulane that she couldn't get her column written until after she got home, and Barry wasn't able to get his done at all. And there was a wait for some of Dan's illos, but more on that in a few minutes. I'm hoping to get this ready for Noreascon—will go to the printer tomorrow, and hopefully will be ready when I leave for the convention Saturday. The covers are already done....and, well, while I don't think they're that bad, they just didn't come out as well as I might have hoped. Even with Mike's excellent scratch-board work, they don't really make it. But if things come out as well as I hope, they should be my only major disappointment. I honestly think this issue has some of the best material, both written and drawn, I've yet been able to print, and I really can't wait to hear your reactions about it (assuming, of course, that reduction I talked about in my editorial doesn't make things unreadable, in which case I again apologize).

This past weekend saw the end of my summer dramatic activities: I finished assistant directing and acting (the Wizard) in a production of "Once Upon a Mattress," and assistant directing and stage managing "Canterbury Tales." We struck the set last night, and there was a huge storm, and a power failure in Xerox, and I had to take one of the costume girls home early after she collapsed from exhaustion, etc. Today I spent six hours at a service station, sitting around, waiting for my dead car to be picked up. But it did provide an interesting and to a fascinating summer, and I'd like to talk to you all about in the near future.

Also part of the weekend was a short get-together with Dan Steffan, which resulted in a number of nice little things. He gave me the illos I'd asked him for, he did a few on the spur of the moment for Lisa's column, we settled on Dan as official art editor for *IA*, etc. I've mentioned before how much I like Dan's work, but I just have to say it again. His illos for this issue really knock me out—I think he captures the spirit of Rosemary's column magnificently, and his heading for Lisa's column is to my mind just beautiful. I'm really looking forward to being able to work closely with him in the future, and I sincerely believe that if Dan sticks with fandom, he will be one of THE top artists in less than two years. Really.

Final things. I definitely will not be going to Israel next year; don't know exactly what I will be doing, so don't be too surprised if I should pop up at your door sometime, with a knapsack and a grin.

And, as always, we're entirely open for material. Andy's and Rosemary's columns are the only vital regular features—any of our three eds can always be bumped if something comes in we like more. There's very little backlog of written material, and if we like something, it'll get printed quite quickly. And we're strongly open for artwork of all kinds—the larger the better—and especially for things out of the usual experiments, graphic trips like Mike's last issue or Dan's "Crash Courtney" this time, etc. About the only thing I don't want in the way of artwork is straight portfolios of unconnected work. I'm willing to run a number of pages by a single artist, but would prefer such sections to be connected by some overall theme or idea, as with Steve Fabian's tribute to Asimov in *Outworlds*. But please—just because there's good material here, (I hope you agree!), this doesn't mean we don't need and want yours, too! Thanks, people.

TOMORROW AND...

SEVEN

