

tomorrow and...  
five

# TOMORROW AND...5

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Getting A Copy is simplicity itself. Contributions of written material, poems, or artwork. Letters, whether published or not (there will be a lettercolumn in future issues). Trade, for your magazine. Or, of course, money--to the tune of \$.50 an issue, \$2.00 for five.

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Final: We eagerly await your comments and general responses to this issue. Letters, contributions, reviews. Anything. Next issue out...soon. Finished 11:23 pm, January 10, 1971.

Jerry, "Lisa," BWB



## THE WORLD FAMOUS TOMORROW AND... QUIZ!

"famous last (and first) words"

This installment presents rather distinctive first or last lines of well-known (well..) sf; the game is simple--identify the story involved;

1. I-
2. I was out with Blood, my dog.
3. "Hey Mouse! Play us something."
4. "Whose spells are you using, buddy?"
5. "Stand to, you rocket wash!"
6. "Well, I'm back," he said.
7. These are the stories that the Dogs tell when the fires burn high and the wind is from the north.
8. Consider the horse. He climbed up through the crevasses of the cliff of gems...
9. Two Thousand Million or so years ago two galaxies were colliding; or, rather, were passing though...
10. The idiot lived in a black and gray world, punctuated by the white lightning of hunger and the flickering of fear.
11. Thirty days ago, Steve, Junior was born. He's a healthy little Mekstrom, and like his pappy, Steve Junior is a carrier too.
12. Life is a thing--if you'll excuse a quick dab of philosophy before you know what kind of picture I'm painting--that reminds me quite a bit of the beaches around Tokyo Bay.
13. "You've got to be a believer!"
14. Death and Destruction!
15. He left, and Mike pushed back his halo and got to work. He could see a lot of changes we wanted to make--
16. "Pain is instructive..."
17. Illium New York, is divided into three parts.
18. They called him Frost. They called her Beta.
19. Creation began.
20. God is dead.

- 
1. The Jagged Orbit 2. "A Boy and His Dog" 3. Nova
  4. Magic, Inc. 5. Stand By For Mars 6. LotR 7. City
  8. Quest of 3 Worlds 9. Lensmen (Triplanetary) 10. More Than Human 11. Highways in Hiding 12. Isle of the Dead
  13. "The Man Who Sold the Moon." 14. Puppet Masters
  15. Stranger in a Strange Land 16. Thorns 17. Player Piano 18. "For Breath I Tarry" 19. The Triumph of Time (Okies) 20. Black Easter

"Where Do We Go From Here?"

And so, with love in their hearts, brotherhood in their souls, and hands on their wallets, American Fandom went forth to St. Louis and lo, adopted a New Rotation Plan and a New Convention System--all this providing the rest of the world with an Equal Chance to host the World Science Fiction Convention. And when they saw what they had done, they proclaimed that it was Very Good, and returned home to meditate on the Sense of Wonder and the Universe.

And then came Heicon, and the whole thing got shot to pieces.

Really, now. What I sincerely believe happened is that the portion of American fans concerned with such rules proposed and finally adopted a system they considered best for all concerned. The newly adopted plan would apparently give overseas fans what they'd been asking for, and at the same time would do minimal harm to American fandom, the largest and most active of the national fandoms. This solution essentially relinquished all American claims to the World Convention title, and renamed the convention that for all practical purposes had always been the North American convention just that. Plans were also begun to set up a "true" world convention, to rotate between the North American and other national conventions. Additional changes included a decision making setting the Hugo as an English-language award, and a further decision to give that award to the North American convention (NASFic) when the World Convention was held in a non-English-speaking country.

It was really only after all this was finalized into the rules that we on this side of the ponds began to hear (or listen to?) all sorts of disquieting



*From Another Land*

*WJH #68*

rumors from abroad. We heard that many fans thought no overseas convention, no matter what the official title, could compete successfully with a major American convention. We heard that perhaps there just weren't enough overseas fans interested in putting on a WORLD convention, with all the incredible work that entails. We learned what we should have known all along, that most overseas fans really interested in science fiction already read English quite well thank you, and strongly objected to the Hugo being limited to certain countries. Basically, we were taught that communication between fandom in the Americas and fandom in the rest of the world was sadly lacking.

This became most clear in the outcry and uproar that follow St. Louis, and the subsequent whole-scale scrapping at Heicon.

At that time, representatives from a multitude of countries, including several planning Worldcon bids, got together and somehow worked out a compromise acceptable to almost everyone. This solution--simply return to the old 3-year rotation plan, with the convention moving between the West, Midwest, and East regions of North America. Overseas bids are allowed at any time, with bidding for all conventions remaining two years in advance. In addition, the rules concerning language were dropped entirely.

Well, all this sounds very nice. And ideally, I suppose it is. But this not being the best of all possible worlds, we discover catches.

## Editorial

The major one--the entire thing rests in the paws of North American fandom, for it will be this group which will have to vote to send to con to another part of the world. How often they will be willing to do this depends on many factors: who votes in consite selection ("experienced fans" or walk-in neos with cash); bid presentation; whether or not the current regional boom continues, producing more Worldcon-like regionals. But ultimately it comes down to this--are we willing to spend the necessary coin? Are we willing to do without the convention every few years, or else willing to spend the money necessary to attend the overseas conventions?

Since 1939, the "World" convention has gone overseas a grand total of three times: 1957 and 1965 to London, last year to Germany. Fans were apparently willing to settle for this much. But I sincerely doubt whether this "frequency," should it continue, will be enough to satisfy everyone. Rather, I see overseas bids coming more and more often, especially with the preliminary plans already been drawn for a European convention. This doesn't mean that every year will see an overseas bid expecting a victory, as has been the case in those up to now. Most likely, we will in a few years come down to a situation of annual competition between cities in a given region. But we're not in that situation quite yet, and we should have a few years to get used to the system. We will, however, have our first major battle soon, and I fear the ultimate results of this contest.

I refer, of course, to the Australia-Sweden-possibly England situation. At this moment, we have a bid from Swedish fandom for 1976; this was originally for 1980, but was changed with changes in rotation plans. We have an Australian bid for 1975--and we have a prospective British bid for the same year. In this fight, I worry about two things. First, is simply the exclusion possibility. My faith in American fandom is sorely lacking, and I fear that with three overseas groups competing for the same general time period, support over here may well be split, and we may well find regular North American bids sneaking in and winning both years. Farfetched? I don't think so. But the other question is a little nastier--it involves money. 'Tis obvious that transportation to England or Sweden, what with charter flights and Pan-Am's upcoming standby, is going to be infinitely cheaper than the cheapest possible transportation to Australia. With viable bids from all three areas, I fear that fans over here'll choose mainly on this purely financial basis, and someone may win simply because they're closer to us.

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I see only one way out of this, and it really isn't in my providence to suggest it to anyone. From here, it seems as if all three bids are alive and valuable, too important to lose to the possible exigencies of the bad situation. Perhaps--just perhaps--if the three were to get together, consider the situation, and reconsider dates. Perhaps--just perhaps--one or more would be willing or able to shift dates a year or two, waiting perhaps an additional year for the convention. With this, we might well be able to be certain of at least one and very possibly two overseas conventions in the next six or seven years--and with the current situation, I can see the definite possibility of all three losing. And even if I myself can't afford to attend, I just don't want to let this happen.

\*\*\*\*\*

It feels rather strange, to be back, writing here. It's been so long since I've done anything for TA, and this despite the fact that this is one of the few projects I'm really serious about in my fannish work.

Let's see. Happened something like this. TA...4, edited by Chicago fan Mike Bradley and myself, came out about July of 1969 (the cover date read January, but...). I finish my editorial for that issue sometime late in 1968, as we had hoped to get that special Harlan Ellison issue ready in time for Harlan's visit to Chicago in January of 1969. (If you just came in, I spent a year at the University of Chicago before moving to a drama major at Syracuse University). After that--well, you all know how it goes. Money problems, time problems. So it goes.

The issue came out around July, and although much fine material continued to our in, Mike was forced away from the magazine, at least temporarily. Finally, here at Syracuse, I've been able to get together with Lisa and Barry, and the three of us have put this issue together, with material on hand here. We hope, in future issues, to work with Mike and to make use of some of the backlog of material he has there in Chicago.

So. I apologize to everyone, for being so terribly and unpredictably late with this issue. To our contributors, our sincerest apologies for holding your material all these many months; we have not forgotten you! To those with whom we trade and who have continued to send you magazines on faith alone--our heartfelt thanks for your trust in us. And for the people

who have actually spent real money and paid for this rag, incredible thanks for waiting all this time. This is, as far as we can promise, only the first in a new revived series; money, time, and material seem promising, and we'll do our best to keep some sort of regularity. We won't be pushing it, but quarterly is a nice ultimate aim. Indeed.

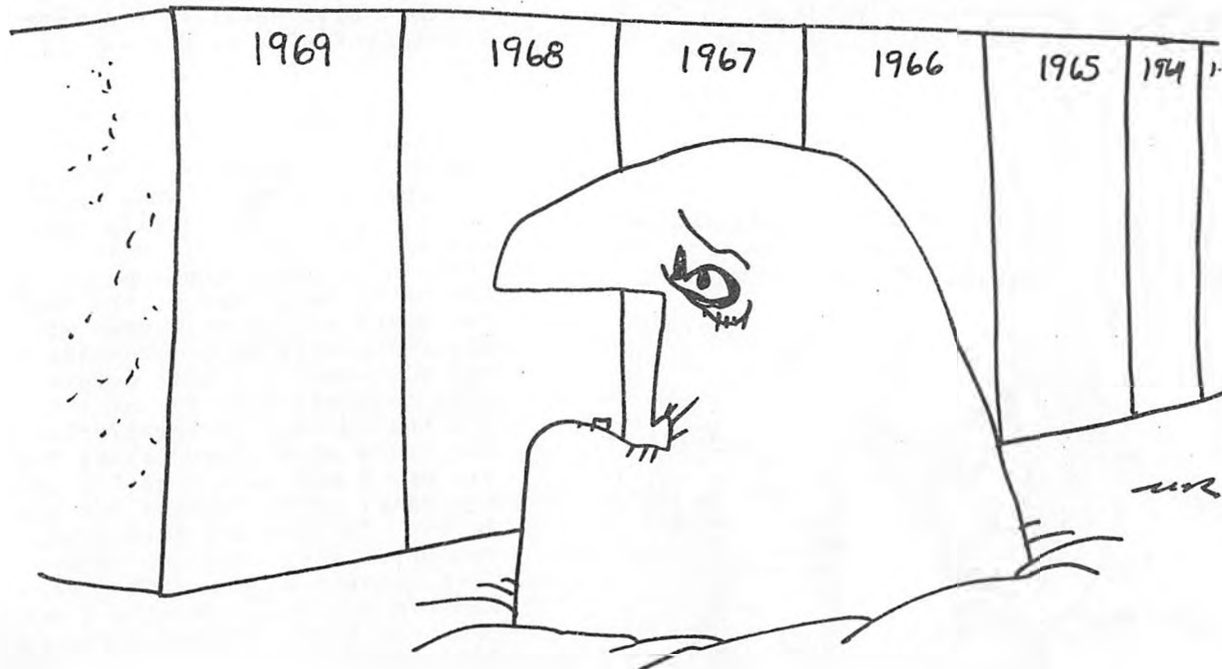
Strange, it is. So much since the last issue! Even in my own little corner of things. When I wrote all that, I was essentially a very beginning drama student here; now I think of myself (really!) as some sort of an actor-director, at least the beginning of one. And I am serious about the theatre as a way of life. And things in fandom, of course--a couple of worldcons, a bunch of regionals, activity in the Cult, a whole lot of friendship and good feelings in APA-45, a couple versions of The Legal Rules, the Strike and Street Theatre at Syracuse, even John. J. Pierce.....reading things, including Harlan Ellison's The Glass Teat and Jerome Agel's The Making of Kubrick's 2001; both most highly recommended.....new music, most particularly the Band and Neil Young.....oh, it's been many of day, it has indeed.

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"Hugo Time"(Not to be confused with Amok Time)

Seems that with all but the most regular of fan-zines, there's almost always something one can say about recent Hugo awards. If it's not announcing the new winners, it's complaining over what won and what didn't win; if one isn't distributing nomination ballots (as we may possibly here), one is telling people who or what to vote for. At any rate, it IS that time again, and TA is no exception to the norm. This year has been a difficult year in many respects, though, and I know I had a good deal of difficulty finding nominees in some categories; I spend the time and space here, then, not so much in the hope of convincing anyone of anything at this early date, but more to suggest possible choices you may not have considered yourself.

Best Novel--Definitely Larry Niven's Ringworld, with a serious thought to Silverbob's Tower of Glass. Up to now, I've been very unimpressed with most of Larry's longer work, but this legitimately huge novel is expertly plotted, smoothly written, peopled with some REAL alien characters, and complete with two or three stunning, original and fascinating ideas. A "source" novel for years to come, certainly. The Silverberg, from Galaxy and in hardcover is typical new-style Bob: tight, slick, and powerful. It's not quite as good as To Live Again, but that certainly deserved a high place on last year's ballot. You might also wish to consider Tucker's Year of the Quiet Sun or Joanna Russ' And Chaos Died; both are flawed deeply, but both are most interesting nonetheless. Lafferty's Fourth Mansions and Davidson's Phoenix and the Mirror are NOT eligible; copyright for both is 1969. And the new Heinlein, I Will Fear No Evil, is simply abominable, undoubtedly the worst Heinlein I've ever read.



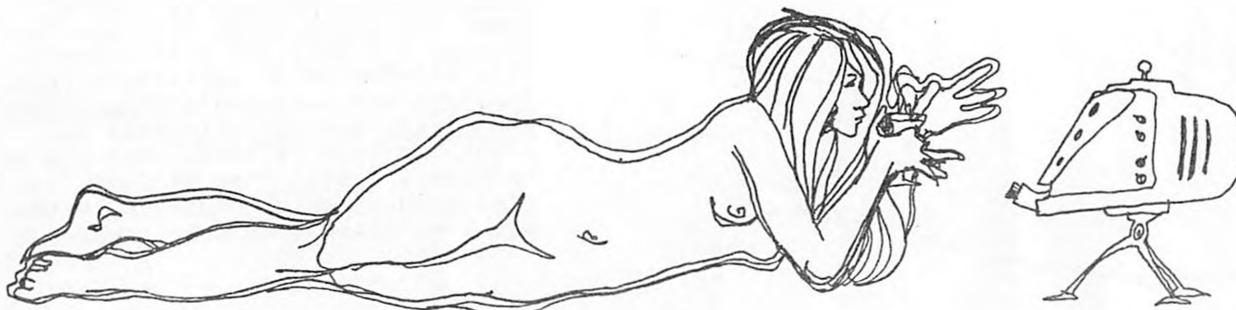
## Editorial

Best Novella--Admittedly, I've read too little magazine fiction to make any sort of overall judgement; accept these, then, as some materials which have impressed me more than usual. Probably the best piece of short fiction I've read over the year, possibly the only one I felt really of any lasting importance (whatever that means!) tance, would be Harlan's "The Region Between," from Galaxy and The Five Fates. A bit more controlled than Harlan's usual style, a good deal tighter; certainly the most interesting of that five-story collection, and an impressive one in any circumstances. I'm not, however, certain of the length; I've heard it's under 17,500, and thus would qualify as a short story. I'll nominate it in one of the categories, anyway. For novella, the only other stories I've really enjoyed have been Blish's "The Day After Judgment" and Dean Koontz's "Beastchild." The former is a sequel to Black Easter, and quite possibly superior to the longer original, while the Koontz is Dean's smoothest extended work so far. Haven't yet read the novel version to compare.

Best Short Story--Assuming "The Region Between" a novella, again only one outstanding possibility. And again, it's Harlan, this time writing with Theodore Sturgeon in a Cordwainer Smith style, "Runesmith" from Fantasy and Science Fiction. Again, Harlan's excesses controlled by Sturgeon, it would seem, and the combination produces a most arresting story. Many possibles from the Orbits, maybe even Silverbob's "The Reality Trip," from Galaxy.

Best Drama--I will nominate, "Lovecraft's Follies," an original musical drama presented by the Trinity Square Repertory Company in Providence, Rhode Island. The play concerns a physicist with a hang-up on Lovecraft and sf in general, and includes a number of brilliant sf sequences/dreams/hallucinations. Probably the very best stage sf I've seen since John Bowen's neglected After the Rain on Broadway. In films, Peter Watkins' (director of "War Games") "The Gladiators," a fine film on the future-war-fought-by-gladiators idea, certainly deserves at least nomination. And I've heard from others that both Colossus: The Forbin Project and The Mind of Mr. Spoons are extremely good films, though I've seen neither myself.

Best Prozine--Same old game. I'll nominate Amazing, which currently is featuring Ted White editing the best features around, and a good deal of the best fiction. A nomination should also go to Visions of Tomorrow, the very promising British/Australian production just recently deceased.



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Best Artist--Must be Leo and Dillon this year at least, for their brilliant Ace Special work. Jeff and Eddie Jones and Jack Gaughan have also had relatively good years.

Best Fanzine--Choose your favorite, as per usual. I'll nominate either Bower's Outworlds or Mike Glicksohn's Energumen; nomination should also go to Bergeron's excellent Warhoon, Peter Weston's Speculation (best serious discussion around), I guess to Richard's SFR.

Best Fan Artist--No suggestions here; I'm sure you've already made up your own choices. My pick will be Mike Gilbert, with Alicia Austin a close second. Other excellent possibilities include Steve Fabian, Tim Kirk (last year's winner), Derek Carter, Bill Rotsler, newcomer Grant Canfield, Doug Lovenstein, Connie Faddis,.....

Best Fan Writer--Definitely a problem. While we have a great number of very active artists, all contributing to many magazines, most of the really good writers confine their work to their own, and perhaps one or two other magazines at the most. Ted White and Harry Warner are about the only major exceptions, and both have won this before. I'll probably pick one of the two top current reviewer/critics, Ted Pauls or Richard Delap. Ted has been a bit more prolific over the year; while Richard has worked in both fiction and film areas. You might also consider Terry Carr, superb writer with a very limited but still excellent output over 1970. Others---Alexis Gilliland?



R H A H A D L A K O U M  
O R

HOW  
G O T

I T  
W R I T

by andy offutt

offutt to LAPIDUS, PRIVATE LETTER, 9/12/70  
 ...I came upon your letter in Crossroads and it said nice things about offutt. Your letter indicated that you'd like to see outlines or a couple of ms pages, before and after hand-corrections, and that sort of Inside stuff.

...  
 Anyhow, on to possible stupidity/embarrassment:

Have I met you?  
 Have I seen your fanzine?  
 Did I respond?

WHY   
 Why not

What is it? (I know I could look this up in Locus and fake it. I'm not like that. Stupid, maybe, but honest. When you set a goal of writing one novel every three weeks, and meet that goal, you begin to get to the point where you forget which way's the bathroom. Mommy?)

If I haven't seen one, why not?

If you did and I didn't, why not?  
 Why DON'T you know? Are you trying to be difficult? (Why not?)

All of the above.

Thanks for the kind words and your brief replies to my marvy questions.

...  
 Write DnI

LAPIDUS to offutt, PRIVATE LETTER 9/21/70  
 "First off, the magazine ... is Tomorrow And... ...the most recent issue contains a page of drawings from one andrew offutt concerning Barbarella, as well as a letter from that same gentleman. I find such material as you mentioned, showing basically an author at work, most interesting myself, even in cases where I'm not familiar with the work in question ...Moreover, I think other fans and readers would



words, about Aleister Crowley-- ever hear of him? The one I started on August 20 I finished September 8, and the one I started on August 29 I finished September 14 (one was written on weekdays, t'other weekends, while the carpenters worked on my new office.)

Now when I say those things I mean creation time. I create on the typewriter. I do not do my own submission typing. No do I do my own marketing. I write em, sock em away, get em out later, read/edit, hand them to my secretary or my wife Jodie. Then I proofread [their final drafts] and mail to my agent.

Before I start, of course, I do the researching, the notes-taking and the typing of those notes, type the outline, and put a little list of names within reach. More on that herein.

My workhabits? I am accustomed to sitting down at the typewriter and looking at the outline and creatyping (as opposed to submityping) 6½ pages and hour for 6 or 7 hours at a stretch. Usually 30-35 pp per coffee-saturated "sitting." At 330 words per page, that 10,000 words. I have done that like 40 out of the last 52 weekends [And sold 10 novels in 1969 and 10 in the first 10 months of 1970.]

appreciate this information... So I would love to ...be able to publish this sort of material, and publish as much of it as I can get my greedy little hands on...as far as I know, you have not met me personally. ONE NOVEL EVERY THREE WEEKS!!!!???

OFFUTT TO LAPIDUS, 9/26; Yeah, I wrote about one novel every 3 weeks, while I was writing part-time. But I started one on September 13, Sunday, and finished it the following Monday, the 21st. 54,000

20,000 words every Saturday-Sunday. A novel every 3 weeks-- that I work. Now that I'm writing fulltime, god knows what'll happen. I've got plenty of ideas. On the other hand, I have greatly increased my article, column, and LOC-writing for fanpubs greatly. I am probably the world's biggest patsy-sucker for fanzines. Even if Fandom IS Just a GodDamn Shuck.

I think I talked about Ardor on Aros in my previous letter. It's not the best I've written, but I think it'll be popular--once Dell gets around to bringing it out. I told you they bought it 2/70...but told me on the phone on 8/10 that it wouldn't be out till '71. ...The history of AonA is fascinating. Sometime in late 1968 I tried to write an ERBarsoom-parody novel, first person singular--heroine: a GIRL who's trans ported to a barbar culture on another planet

WHEE BOBBY TOLAN JUST STARTED OFF THE BIG REDS' GAME WITH A BIG FAR HAIRY HOMERUN. (I guess nobody in NY likes the Big Red Machine, huh? Snider from S. Cal sure didn't!)

[after which autointerruption offutt resumed his sentence quite calmly. Ardor on Aros, which he describes as a piece of insanity that will make the Burroughs Bibliophiles either love him or kill him, will be taken up in a future issue. The outline is a stream-of-consciousness thing he scribbled out on night while watching television--the Reds, probably. TA's pro-in-residence is not only a Reds fan, he's a Little League umpire, with a cap sporting a big red O. For offutt.]

We will not discuss my s&s books. They have not sold, and they are not likely to until the next surge in s&s. It will come, and I'll have 4 or 5 sales so fast the head will swim and I'll fly to New York to say hi. So I carboned page 3 off onto its own back. Clever. Thank god for the copier.

Now neither Ardor on Aros nor Evil Is is what I consider-- nor will you--a major novel. (There's so much utter incompetent Shitte on the market!)

[offutt then mentioned his "biggy," The Castle Keeps, an ecological-cassandra book set about 30 years hence. It was mailed off July 30, Lapidus wrote on 10/17 saying it sounded good and wishing it the very best. Berkley bought it on 10/20. offutt immediately asked Lapidus to start wishing him well on other titles; his favorite novel, In Quest of Qalara, has been in New York for a year, unbought.]



## Article

I really don't know how I got turned on like this, Lapidus. You're about to, or do already, know more about me and my writing than people who've known me for years, or than guys like Snider who have SEEN some of these things, the carbon of Ardor, the Evil Is outline, etc. But here goes---

Suppose [we] say Look, we gonna do something whut we don't know's ever been done before, formally. We gonna say this here fanzine's got a Writer In Residence, just like a university, and he will answer questions. Just send them in, and if you LOC too, please put your specific questions on another little ole piece of paper, because this writing fella lives way the hell out in Appalachia somewhere...I couldn't see censoring much. Doesn't matter what the question's about, rates or contracts or magazine payments or editing or what. We'll answer. Someone asks is it true that you are also John Cleve who wrote that dirty filthy smutty sexy-sf book Barbarana, I will say "Yep, and 23 others too. Next question." --"Is it true that you have stopped beating your poor mistreated little redheaded greeneyes wife?" --"No, it is not true. She'd never forgive me if I stopped. She isn't poor, either; you think I write just for fun? Next question." And so on.

Now, then, let's get to a bit of business and close out before I starve to death writing letters to nice fanzine editors. Tomorrow and Sunday I have to write the final 20,000 words of a so-far untitled novel, and put it away for awhile, and Sunday I have to get out the (finished) The Star Pearls and make at least enough of it perfect (1) for Jodie to begin subtyping it Monday morning. Besides; Wednesday's the day I plan to kill myself.

LAPIDUS TO OFFUTT, 10/17, excerpts:

I enjoy reading and hearing about the actual process of WRITING science fiction. ...I find your letter, talking about what you've written and how you write--and the pace at which you write--most interesting. ...the thing about your letter is that I want to print it, as it is, simply because of the discussion of writing herein. Ideally, the articles would be based around actual material, outlines and ms pages and whatever, with as complete and full explanation as possible from you. ...the explanation and discussions are the most important... the examples form the physical objects around which they are produced. ...Please feel free to include any discussion of material you think valuable. Always can print a few sample 4x5 cards....

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...would be nice if we get some definite positive response, perhaps from [bright fans who seem scholarly in their writings], perhaps even from another writer or two. Would be most interesting to get into a discussion of why each particular author makes the choices he does in his writing ...perhaps others might comment on what changes and choices they would have made.

[That, essentially, is how it got started. Next offutt ran off a bibliography of one novel, and several sample sheets (the first four drafts of the opening page of the first novel sale to Dell), etc. he worked up a 5-page single-spaced article/preface for the first material; a novel due out December '70 from Paperback Library. It came off sounding super-scholarly, not nearly so much fun as the letters. He ordered it abandoned, and we arrived at the present format. Here then is how one pro does it, and he is one of the odd pros: he writes for a living, makes a darned good living at it, and does nothing else for money, unless you count speaking and radio programs and all the money the wealthy TA... Foundation is paying him for this article. He wrote the following before the novel sale to Berkley.]

The two books coming out from Dell and Paperback Library, sf under my own name, required rather more work than some. Each has several unique factors about it. Let There Be License was easy, once I was ready. But before I was ready I did a lot of research, took a lot of notes, compiled quotations I MIGHT use, made name lists (VERY unusual ones; all have Peritan-Pilgrim flavor) and created the longest outline I've ever--about 3600 words. That's what made it easy, of course, in the writing. The novel was written on this machine [IBM Selectric; he has two], in 52 hours--4 weekends--and then I went over it with felt-point pen, and then Jodie typed it, and I proofread that and mailed it to my agent. (Meanwhile, I had shown George Barr the outline at St. Louiscon, and sent him carbons of the first draft, and he sent me a cover painting. I sent it with the ma.) Eventually PbLibrary bought it, but not George's cover, dammit. (I'll be theirs ain't as good!) (Their TITLE certainly isn't).

The outline, though,,went through four drafts. That and its (the outline's) length are VERY unusual.

The book isn't all that complicated. The plot and writing are linear; the is, it starts at the beginning and proceeds to the end at which point it stops, if you've read Louis Carroll. But the style is semi-epistolary, meaning there

## Article

are both chapters and documents. It did not BEGIN that way. It eased into that form sometime during the second drafting of the outline. By the third, the form was locked in, but I added more documents and the like. (Outlines are not sacred.) Then I handed that to my secretary, who was astonished at its length, and she typed it doublespaced: 10½ pages.

Let There Be License/Evil Is Live Spelled Backwards materials on hand:

2 handprinted ringbinder sheets, one containing list of names, one containing assorted notes, never typed but incorporated here and there. 4 typed, singlespaced pages of notes in general. Quotes from the Torah, popes, Cato, Abelard, Vardis Fisher, crazy Augustine, Toynbee, etcetc. I used about half; 1 page, same form: contains the full text of the Curse of Excommunication and the Decree of Heresy. (Used all of one and part of t'other); MANY 4X5 cards plus MANY typed sheets; notes on Witchcraft and Satanism; 188-page first-draft typescript: doublespaced on both sides of yellow paper. Contains delete-marks, corrections, and additions in feltpoint pen. Also some notes to myself and typist; 190-page carbon of final draft, also marked up, on one side manifold paper, holepunched and bound; also 2 pp of chapter "titles": facsimile enclosed; Letter to agent; Letter to editor at PL, protesting title change and December release date; 2nd letter to PL, acquiescing to both (Sigh). Letter says "...after all, noitalutipac is capitulation spelled backwards;" letter to PL's production chief after I'd proofread galleys; I noted that the chemical aphrodisiac I had invented in 1980 would be on the mkt by 1975, if they (PL) wanted to be With It. (The chemical aphrodisiac was accidentally discovered by Drs Tagliamonte and associates some 7 months after I wrote the book. I immediately wrote another novel, a comederotica, based on their discovery.) Calamity's the Name, Midwood, 1970 / 10½ page detailed outline, with assorted handprinted additions. Page 7 rather heavily added to, including "Make all prayers Jewish! Show Pastorate doesn't know difference. Nice comment on prejudice." --in excited print.

I send them to you to give you an idea of a writer's homework; I have written 45 novels or whatever it is, and only 3 that I can think of required this kind of heavyweight work. I AM a scholar; I love digging; I'm one of those odd ones who know HOW, although I regret lack of reading ability in German. Doing a novel like this is just like writing a term-paper, except that it's self-assigned. Sometimes, when you put in a LOT of work for a book, such as my Mongol!, you try to get more mileage out of the research time and notes. Thus it was obvious to me when I read Up the Line that Silverberg had, or was, or was going to write a book, probably nonfiction, about Byzantium. I haven't seen it, but I'd bet money he did. So he got mileage out of all the research work: TWO books (runner-up, eh?)

[offutt then outlined, quickly, a time-travel novel involving Jenghis

Khan, saying he'll get to it eventually--and pointing out that Nomads of Gor is almost pure J. Khan/Mongol, and that he and "John Norman" were probably researching in the same books at the same time.]

Unless you want to photocopy the handwrit page of names, just observe and return. It remained in that form, never typed, beside me as I created. So--that khruddy-looking bit of paper is an important part of the book. (I always compile a list of names before I start.)

Visualize offutt at the typewriter, surrounded by the following: coffee, ashtray, lighter, outline, ringbinders of notes, cards, pages of notes/quotes, bible on floor ready to be tapped for another prayer for the Pastor, blank paper here, carbon here, list of VERY words before me (I caught myself using the word "very" too much, so I compiled a list of 66 synonyms and keep it directly above my typewriter) ...what a mess!

Again, do not try to print all the materials I've sent; you'll blow your readers' minds. What is interesting is:

It's a heavily-researched book, with much authenticity in both religion and anti-religion: Coven.

ALL prayers are real, and all Jewish, all the Pastorate is anti-Semitic. The one the Pastor begins to mouth on Flockday (Sabbath IV) is a syncretism of several ancient Jewish prayers and psalms (I don't dig praying, so he's interrupted quickly by four Coven helicopters spraying the crowd with aphrodisiac--whsee, what a Monumental turnon THAT Sabbath turned into!).

John Cleland utters a quotation from Cato; from Abelard (look him up, him and his Heloise, or ask someone like Sandra Miesel); the old Latin homily "Trust, but be careful whom" is uttered to here Staunch by Brother Shepherd Justin--who is a totally untrustworthy snake; the clever words of the Italian girl praying to Mary are made into a joke told Staunch ("O You Who conceived without sinning, aid me to sin without conceiving"); Fisher's words are either quoted or paraphrased by Cleland and by Pius Sentry...etc.

To be frank, now that I think about it: there's less ORIGINALITY in this book than in anything I have ever written as fiction. It's scholarship. Possible? Suppose we elected someone such as Billy Graham or Bishop Sheen president, in a sort of backlash-overkill reaction to current freedom. Or that poor sick fellow the current president appointed to the Pornography Commission; the one who went before Congress a few years ago to advise them he was sure they agreed with him that masturbation was one of the worst evils since Bartolin Glands... or Senator John J. Pastore, who wants to pastorize my telly and whom I see as a dangerous and anti-freedom bigot. His name led to my choice of the Pastor's name, as the writer of a book whose publication in this country exemplified freedom: John Cleland.

Article

I really should be working, Lapidus. YOU MUST have something to do... So I quit and you say something. Stay well, and please be careful, that there may be tomorrows and tomorrows and Tomorrow And... and Write On!

Positively,

afterword

offutt to LAPIDUS:

You said you'd like to publish that 8-page letter; I find the essay-article I sent you a few days ago very formal and almost pompous; at least dangerously dull and perhaps arrogant; and so did Jodie; I thought then

WHY would he want to publish a half-assed letter like this, when I could write—and I had the answer. Because it's natural, easygoing, just rapping. Right, then. The article will be composed of pieces of our letters, and you write the intro.

The novel is syncretistic, coming from many sources; let the article, too, be a syncretism from our letters!

[ It is, and it was. You have just read it. Please comment. ]

endit

offutt  
Funny Farm  
Sunday  
1/November/1970

finale

Lapidus here. What you've just been through is totally andy's. Oh, I did write those letters in which I'm quoted, but all the side comments, editorial interjections, etc., are andy's, as he put it all together. Of all that material he sent, I've retyped or copied, the following, as especially interesting samples of the building blocks. P.S.—publication title is Evil is Live Spelled Backwards, but the real title remains Let There Be License.



Article

Evil Is Live Spelled Backwards

I: the names

This is an extremely religious, oppressed society. It is as though the Apostle Paul himself sat in the White House; ascetic, fanatic, antiwomen, antisex, hysteric. The Secretary of State, elevated to a sort of prime minister, is Chaste Pierce, Cardinal Shepherd of the Faith. I sought to enhance the flavor and constant feeling by using names used among the nut-followers of Oliver Cromwell—the same people, unfortunately for us, who first settled this land. I compiled a list of sweetness and light words from the thesaurus: protagonist Staunch Kirk (kirk being the word for church in several languages); his superior, a Joshua, is True Constant. Joshua's True's secular commander is Pius Sentry; his immediate hierarch is Brother Shepherd, whose name is Justin. Female names, naturally, are Purity, Probity, Piety, Modesty, etc.

Afterthought: perhaps I should have said above that the Pastorate of the United States is as though pronography commission member Charles Keating sat in the White House with extraordinary powers, or—Senator J.J. Pastore.

II: the divisions

This novel of some 60,000 words is divided into 44 sections, as follows: Chapters 1 through 11; Sabbath I through VI; Darkness I through IV; Shadows I through VII, the final three sections, Dawn, Light, License; and 14 document sections, making it a semi-epistolary book. One section is 4 words long. Others, naturally, are 10 or 12 pages.

Document: letters, reports, and commandments to, from, and within the hierarchy. Some are personal, some military, some religious, one sarcastic, one is a Mandate, and one from the Pastor himself, #5. Because his language is hysteric/mystic—Revelation was my guide—Document VI is a "translation" so the Faithful can know what the hell he meant to say.

Each chapter chronicles the progress of the protagonist, Staunch Kirk; tracking in closeup.

Sabbath sections deal with the watch-it-or-else every-Sunday television broadcasts; the Cardinal Shepherdess of the Faith speaks, The Pastor himself, etc. But unknown to the Pastorate, the underground Coven has gained control of the satellite relay system and turns the broadcasts into jokes with both obscenity and fun-poking. No dictatorship can afford humor, and Coven leader "John Cleland" understands this. Mystery helps too, so he takes a leaf from Ayn Rand

and has "Who is John Cleland?" sings chalked up everywhere—and pretends to be a satanic presence. Thus:

SHADOWS sections show the Coven, always meeting in darkness with their hooded leader. Let There Be Light, Genesis says, and "John Cleland," dedicated to bringing light once more onto America languishing in the darkness of the Pastorate, deliberately paraphrases. Because the Pastorate is so egregiously antisexual and the people so desperately unhappy, Cleland constantly intones: LET THERE BE LICENSE, my title for the book.

DARKNESS sections deal with extant or in-progress horrors of this dark future; Pastorate activities or effects. The Pastorate, you see, is a Darkness over the Land, a biblical term, and the Coven, though thought to worship the Prince of Darkness, is really the only source and hope for light.

The above makes the final 3 sections, DAWN, LIGHT, and LICENSE, self-explanatory. Let there be light; let there be license!

III. bibliography

Aquinas, Thomas Treatises: On God, on Man, on Human Rights  
 Augustine, "Saint" The City of God  
 Cavendish, Richard The Black Arts  
 Conybeare, F.C. The Origins of Christianity  
 Cumont, Franz The Mysteries of Mithra, Oriental Religious in Roman  
 Frazer, Sir Jas. G. The New Golden Bough Paganism  
 Freud, Sigmund Totem and Taboo  
 Gallonio, Fr. Antonio Torture of the Christian Martyrs  
 Gardner, Gerald B. Witchcraft Today  
 etcetc.

IV. outline

[After antisex revolution: U.S. ruled by black-robed, biblepouting dictator: The Pastor. #2 man: Chaste Pierce, Cardinal Shepherd of the Faith Militant. Hero: Staunch Kirk, a True Believer, and a member of the Federal Obscenity Police (also called FOPs or Pastorean Guard). FOPs: Total authority. Killing is evil, so they carry chemiguns. Knockout and cellwarp (disfigures to spoil sexual attractiveness). Prime punishment: Men are gelded. Women cleaned out inside, injected with hormones until neuter: mustache, etc. (G. Rattray Taylor's The Biological Time Bomb shows clearly we'll have tis ability by about 2000). ]

[Society marked by tenseness. Marriage usually very early; 'better to marry than to burn.' No divorce allowed. Anti-Jewish; a dictatorship always has its Goat for Azazel. ]

OPENS: Apres-Lovesex scene, furtive; tenderness shown. FOPs burst

in, including Staunch. Man castrated before girl;s eyes. Staunch sent out "to keep watch." Eventually his FOP cohorts come out, leading the girl, who cannot talk: local anesthetic in face and throat abet shook. FOPs grinning; very un-tense. She is leaking sperm down leg. Staunch, turning away from Evil, thinks her man must have been very potent. (Staunch is the perfect citizen: a dummy)

Staunch reports self to Brother Shepherd (title, not name). Given pennance for evil thoughts (Read the Pastor's Writings). After Staunch leaves, Shepherd orders an increase in Staunch's antilibido dosage.

Darkness I

Streetscene: Neuters. Tenseness. Subdued quiet. Undercurrent of bubbling violence of unreleased libidinal tension. Clothing: Puriten or ancient Habiru? No reason for black, but most styles and some colors are outlawed (to be mandated for specific persons. Geddings must wear yellow, etc. ) Sign on building draws curious early morning crowd: WHO IS JOHN CLELAND? Two FOPs: "What!s that?" — "I don't know." A girl comes up, smiling. "He wrote a book, long ago. It was called Fanny Hill." — "A book? What kind of a book?" — "A lovely book," she tells him, "about how lovely people can be. You'd love it."

[ Family Father absolute dictator at home. Show him righteously whipping nubile daughter. same girl as above: Purity White. Father calls her Jezebal Black. ]

SHADOWS I

Coven Meeting: Old Ceremony. Satan explains: during Middle Ages, time or worst sexual repression, witchcraft flourished. So did torture: displaced libidinous drives. Partial history of Pastorean society. Rather than 'Satan' or whatever, the Coven-leader-devil is called...Savonarola? Jesus? Paul? 'Father'! Refers to things that are planned. Meeting culminates in orgiastic 'rite.' Purity White present.

Document I: To Pius SENTRY, Cndt., F.O.P., from Loyal White (White turns in his daughter: Suspicion of Witchcraft).

Sabbath I: The country's top nun speaks on mandatory TV show: HER worldview, for contrast to previous scene. Suddenly her decorously-garbed (and unmentionable) chest is no longer visible; replaced by super-image of a pair of superb naked breasts. Then a licentiously-writhing little serpent of script, glowing red, wriggles across the screen: 'SHOULD THE MOTHER SUPERIOR BE CALLED THE HEAD MUTHAH?' Program yanked off, replaced by religious music.

etcetcetc.

V. note cards

W/M  
CAVENDISH, RICHARD  
THE BLACK ARTS

"Black magic is rooted in the darkest levels of the mind, and this is a large part of its attraction, but it is more than a product of the love of evil or it is a tit for mysterious mumbo-jumbo. of man, to exalt the stature that rese which religious and squa its crudities icence

SATAN

It was Christians who gave the Devil almost the position of a god. Convinced of the stainlessness of God, they sensed and feared the a great supernatural Enemy, the -ll evil. (Stolen from Persian the stable mycthe.)

W  
POWERFUL CHARM AGAINST  
EVIL SPIRITS  
"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walked in darkness; nor for destruction that wasteth

W  
ELIPHAS LEVI (19th Century)

"To affirm and will what ought to be is to create; to affirm and will what ought not to be is to destroy."

("Key of the Mysteries, tr. 1929).

S

W/M

W

before: the Holy Sisters from the convent just outside Chicago.

Their lovers were the men whose helmets the viewers had just seen pulled off while they lay unconscious: the Federal Obscenity Policemen from Chicago FOP Detachment.

That slender <sup>so-</sup>white woman with <sup>golden curls and</sup> the madly-swinging, pearshaped breasts that bounced and rolled on her naked body: ~~her shikis hair was golden, and curly, and she was obviously the Shepherdess of this flock of Holy Sisters.~~ <sup>the Mother Shepherdess</sup> But who would have dreamed of seeing her on her knees before a tall young FOP --wearing only his scarlet tunic ~~and~~ -- engaged in an ancient and ~~the~~ ever-popular holy rite known as fellatio? ~~and~~

The ~~potbellied~~ FOP ~~Joshua~~ Joshua: that was he, there, wallowing on the pillow-strewn floor with the very young brunette who still wore her robe --save that it was rucked up high, in order to facilitate the ~~hyperactive~~ hyperactive numping of the Joshua's lower body against hers. She appeared to be screaming --while smiling.

"God help us all!" Piety's father groaned, after fifteen or so minutes. ~~He~~ had only just remembered, seeming to awaken as the Cardinal Shepherdess, swallowing again and again, crawled bouncebreasted away from her sagging partner --and was seized and quickly stretched out on her back by an eager FOP young enough to be her son --sinful thought!--who quickly covered her while her hands dug and kneaded at his naked backside.

~~of the entire television screen erupted into a volcano of sexual frenzy~~  
"Leave the room at once, Piety and Probity. At once!"

"Fatherrrr..."

"GET OUT!"

And they left, Piety grinding as soon as she was out of the living room. Not daring to speak, she and Probity stood in the dining room and gazed at each other with wide eyes. Piety smiled at her sister. Slowly.

VI. first draft

Oh wow. Page 92. I am always proud to have deleted a whole line. Among other quotation-bearing cards in my office is this one, with Montesquieu's words: "No man knows how to write unless he leaves out the intermediate sentences." YES!

Please note that I killed 23 words...and added...hm. 18.

The deleted line told you that "her hair was golden and curly, and she was obviously the Shepherdess of this flock of Holy Sisters" (that had been kidnapped by the Coven and shot full of chemfrodisiac). I knew that was a hype, that the "obviously" proved it: I was TELLING you, not showing you. But I rushed on, knowing I'd catch it later and I had in mind a phrase I was afraid I'd lose. I think "engaged in an ancient and ever-popular holy rite known as fellatio" is a nice phrase. (And if you don't you're a born Pastorean, so there.)

But it had to be fixed, later. I believe that the way it stands now, with that sentence out and pieces of it pushed in here and there, gives you more the feeling that I am showing you, rather than telling you.

I pause to tell you bigots that the Pastor is NOT R.C., that Buddhism has both nuns and priests, that these are not R.C. nuns.

If you think there's no difference in the changes, write it out both ways and look. If you still think there's no difference, congratulations. You are on your way to fame and fortune in TV or best-sellerdom. Which is unfair; Robert Ruark and Harold Robbins both wrote best-sellers. But Ruark was a writer.

So I cut 18 words and put back 7. And cut 5 in the next paragraph, and because of my exuberant outen-gestriking, I can't tell you what they were. Unnecessary, that's what. And further down I added a 1-sentence paragraph.

For Effect.

Look, this is a WILD scene. It is a Coven interruption, by Satellite relay, of the mandatory-viewing TV program. The Coven has put the grab on the nuns, shot them full of a libidinal gooser, and filmed them. The Coven is a naughty sort of underground that knows that no Established Faith can afford having fun poked at it.

Rhahadlakoum Conclusion

Lapidus again. Please note the writer-in-residence point. All frivolity aside, we are serious about this, and do hope this experiment will prove both interesting and informative to everyone concerned. Questions for andy, comments on this article, or comments on the whole idea—send them all here, and we'll play games.

As I said in the letter to andy, I am interested in this sort of material, pertaining to the creation of both existing and upcoming work. andy will be continuing some sort of discussion each issue, but hopefully this is only a start in this direction. We do welcome such material from any authors, on any basis. Please don't hesitate to write, if you have any questions at all.

But we should be together  
Come on all you people standing around  
Our life's too fine for to let die and  
We can be together

We are forces of chaos and anarchy  
Everything they say we are we are  
And we are very  
Proud of ourselves

Up against the  
wall  
Up against the  
wall  
mother—

Tear down  
the  
walls.....



After the Night Comes the Dawn

Dusk ship Darrell Schweitzer

wooden ship

Night ship

stone ship

Dawn ship

dust ship

In the rising tides of night they come to me  
and carry me gently down to the whispering sea  
their tiny cold hands tearing away the gossamer veil of my life.

I am exposed.

And they begin their work.

From my bones they fashion the frame of a  
mighty vessel and bind it together with  
my ligaments.

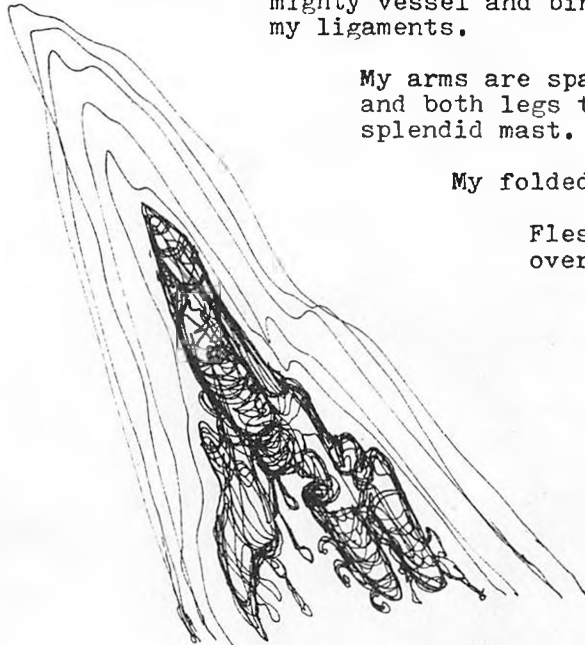
My arms are spars, my ribs the hull,  
and both legs together make a  
splendid mast.

My folded hands form the bow.

Flesh keeps the water out, stretched  
over the skeleton it works quite well.

They stretch my face upon the mast,  
a sacrifice to the winds.

My scream is unheard.  
I am called Argo.



I am launched from the blood-red  
sands  
smoothly and silently I sail the  
mirrored sea

my sightless eyes search in vain for the  
distant shores  
of mist and darkness and sleep, oblivion

and so forever.....

Somewhere an unseen sun sets

a dark moon rises

and death goes on.



Here I go again: back into fanzines. But this time is a bit different - I'm not so directly involved this time. No art-tracing, or mimeographing all alone at midnight with ink all over my hands and face, or convincing skeptical club members that I really did need more money and no we won't make a profit this time either.

For those of you who don't don't know me, have no idea what I'm babbling about and could care less, a few words of explanation.

I've been a fan for about three years now. I started the Houston Science Fiction Society and was editor of the first four issues of MATHOM which was and is a clubzine/genzine. (For Lovecraft fans, the nextish is to be devoted to Lovecraft and printed offset with an article by Robert Bloch already on hand. If you have something to contribute or would like a copy, write to Bill Wallace, 3515 Cedarcrest, Pasadena, Texas 77503. end of commercial.)

In September, 1970 I left Texas (a place I will rhapsodize on ad nauseum if given half a chance) and made the long trek to the Land of Ice and Snow. I'm presently a freshman at Syracuse University, in Liberal Arts because of The Rules but going into journalism/communications. I live on the first floor of Sadler Dorm which is known affectionately (?) as the Sadler Zoo, which more or less explains the title of this, uh, column.

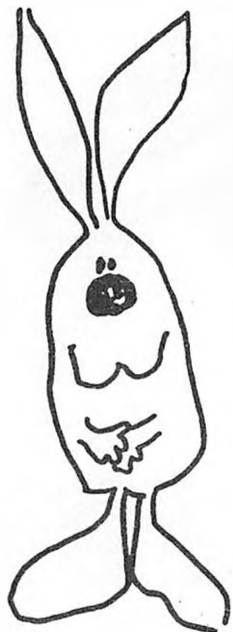
(Please, typewriter, don't break.) This is being typed on a rented typewriter. I appear to have developed an uncanny knack for break-

## AT THE ZOO

"Lisa Tuttle"



ing electric typewriters. They literally fall apart under my magic fingers. My Hermes Monster, which had been operating perfectly, had a fit of hysteria when it learned we would be typing Tomorrow And... on it. No sooner had I typed a practice sentence than the typewriter refused to write in anything but lower case. After pleading with it for awhile we decided to use Jerry's typewriter. That was fine. He typed TA... all night. The next day I tried to use it to type a letter. O foolish woman! The "O" key stuck. Then it fell off. I briefly considered running away to Barcelona but decided it would be Unworthy of me to leave Jerry with a broken typewriter and an unpublished fanzine. So we did the fannish thing and borrowed a typewriter from a girl down the hall (thank you, Marsha Smith!) which I forbore from touching in order that it would not also be afflicted with the dreaded Dropping Cases or the horrible Dropping Keys. (Typhoid Mary had nothing on me.) This morning I went out and rented this one and was initiated into the unique pleasures of carrying a Smith Corona electric over icy sidewalks with a freezing wind blowing. Recommended.



Now it's my turn to say something about the Hugo awards. I just mailed in my nominations which were as follows:

Novel: Chronocules by D.G.Compton. Very few eligible novels seemed that outstanding to me. I haven't read Ringworld, was unable to finish And Chaos Died (but I will), and the one glaring flaw of Year of the Quiet Sun made me decide in favor of Chronocules. Zelazny had a new hardcover this year, Nine Princes in Amber. I haven't read it yet, but it is a possibility.

Novella: "Beastchild" by Dean Koontz. I haven't had a chance to read the longer book version (1970, so it is eligible) yet but was very impressed by the novella. And unless Harlan's "The Region Between" is a novella rather than short story, "Beastchild" is the only memorable novella I read this year.

Short Story: "Runesmith" by Harlan Ellison and Theodore Sturgeon. Some conflict here if "Region Between" is a short story; also, being a Sturgeon freak, I was tempted to nominate "Slow Sculpture" although I think "Runesmith" is the better story.

Prozine: Amazing, of course, the only contender being Fantastic. Ted White has done an outstanding job with these magazines.

Fanzine: Well, I nominated Sandworm because it is my favorite fanzine, consistently funny and enjoyable. Other possibilities are SFR, Crossroads!, Energumen and Outworlds.

Pro Artist: The Dillons, for all those beautiful Ace Special covers. I had to struggle with my passion for George Barr, but the Dillons deserve recognition.

Fan Artist: Connie Reich Faddis. Tim Kirk enchants me, but he won last year and...I love Connie's work. Notice the really nice one on the preceding page.

Fan Writer: Oooh that was a toughie. There are a lot of people writing for fanzines today that I enjoy reading, but most of them seem to stick to one fanzine rather than

spreading the wealth, or write very little. So, Ted Pauls for writing the most consistently good and intelligent criticism/reviews around. I considered Bob Vardeman and Dick Geis, but they both stick mainly to their own fanzines.

Dramatic Presentation: Very little good sf around this year; not even too much mediocre sf. My choice: "The Gladiators."

And now, to the great relief of all present, we leave that topic.

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...For the venerable and hairy topic of "What is Science Fiction?" (Screams and moans of anguish fill the room. Fifteen people are trampled to death before it is realized that the fire exits are all bolted and there is no help for it but to remain and try not to hear the maniacal speaker.) No, I'm not going to try to define it. Everybody here should have some sort of an idea of what the stuff is. And for some people the field includes fantasy and a lot of psychological fiction (well, is psychology a science?) that would be scorned by staunch Old Wavists, while some people set fairly definite boundaries to the field. Most people don't worry about it much.

But Science Fiction, whatever it is, is in a unique position. There is a definite market for science fiction, for mysteries, for sex novels and for westerns. Westerns and mysteries are both rather restrictive forms whereas sex novels may fill the gaps between lurid passages with anything, including science fiction; and things labeled "science fiction" may be almost anything and more and more diverse things are being sold under that label.

Who buys mainstream fiction? From personal observation I've found that in general fans read more than non-fans...and their reading isn't limited only to science fiction. Few magazines bother to print fiction anymore unless it is by a Big Name or a condensed potential best-seller, and it has become harder for a new writer to sell his fiction unless he begins in a specialty market such as the "true confession" magazines or mysteries...or science fiction. Hardcover gets more expensive every day and I've gotten the impression that sales are dropping. Most people (there I go, generalizing again) would rather watch tv, see a movie or read the book the movie was based on than risk \$8.00 on a novel they might neither like nor understand. The mass-produced, mass-consumed magazines print

little or no fiction. They probably know their market. I tend to believe that only other writers or aspiring ones read the literary magazines. Where is the market for fiction? Well, science fiction fans read; the definition of sf is very loose, and there is a market for science fiction. So...

Why would anyone buy the autobiography of Robert Moore Williams?

But he has a name as a science fiction writer, so Love is Forever--We Are For Tonight comes from Curtis Books (kind of a weird publishing house anyway) advertised as Science Fiction.

"The View from this Window" by Joanna Russ is a well and smoothly-written story. It could not possibly be considered science fiction. Or fantasy. It's a straight mainstream story about people--in particular two people and their relationship. It's a story that MADEMOISELLE might have printed if it printed longer fiction or more of it. But the story appears in Quark #1, "a quarterly of speculative fiction" edited by Samuel R. Delany and Marilyn Hacker which (besides this story) does contain mainly that. Why was the Russ story printed here? Probably because she is known as a science fiction writer and there aren't many markets for straight fiction. Quark will provide more exposure, egoboo and money than would have publication in any of the "little" magazines which were probably her alternative.

I don't really mind. It's a good story. But I kept waiting for the element of fantasy and/or science fiction to creep in. (He's an alien. She's an alien. They live in the future. She went back in time. Etc.) And it didn't. Had I read this story elsewhere--a book or magazine which wasn't labeled "sf"--there would have been none of that false expectancy. (Which is like reading too many O. Henry stories--you start looking for the surprise ending in everything.)

But where is the mainstream market? I won't cry out against the polluting influence of this mainstream fiction on our pristine field (in our pure stream?), but if the only place that sf writers can have their non-sf printed is under the label of "science fiction"...Where Will It All End?

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Speaking of markets for fiction, there is a new one now for horror/fantasy. It probably won't last long. It doesn't really deserve to last, judging from the quality of the first issue, but before it appeared I had great hopes. I'm talking about Witchcraft and Sorcery, the revived Coven 13. Coven was composed largely of mediocre fiction, with a few well-done stories and a few bad ones. But at least it looked professional--pulp, admittedly, but professional pulp. Witchcraft and Sorcery doesn't and isn't.

It's large-sized (8½" x 11") and looks like a close relation of Creepy (it was displayed next to those type of magazines on the stands in Houston and not at all in Syracuse). The cover art is poor and the authors given the most prominent placement on the cover headlines are mainly unknowns. (Carleton Grindle?)

Inside the horrors multiply. Differing type-faces, shoddy layout, mainly mediocre and poor art (aside from some Kirk and Fabian it is best forgotten)...fanzines spending that kind of money would be far more professional than this. And there is worse to come. The fiction. \*Moan\*

Some of it is so bad that I would have rejected it when I was editing Mathom. For example, "The Hate" by Terri E. Pinckard, probably the worst story I've read this year. "The House of Evil" is a badly done cliché. "The Ideas" by Edith Ogutsch and Ross Rocklyne seems to have wandered in from an elementary school magazine. I don't want to go on. The fact that this is a professionally produced magazine which could be a new and good market for horror and fantasy stories...and isn't...hurts. But, ever hopeful, I am waiting for the second issue. If there is one. (P.S. Joe Pumilia should have a story...)



## THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS

Barry W. Brenesal

In which the Author, having dispassionately read science fiction for a number of years, and having but recently encountered the interesting phenomenon of the fanzine, ventures his opinion upon the both of them, with many an amusing sidetrack, in a pig's eye.

Sf can be a torture to read through, sometimes. On the one hand, we find writers who tell of foreseeable scientific developments in a foreseeable, if dull, scientific future. And judging from the prolific results, even if we don't enjoy these gogol-told tales, the authors obviously do.

Of course, there are two sides to every slug; while there are many tired, thread-bare plots clinging to traditional sf writers, nowadays, there are also those who write in the latest shocking styles with the most recent techniques, and do both of them poorly. If pretension was merit, these authors would be so good that no one would ever read them again.

Which brings me, naturally, to L. Sprague de Camp. (You were just wondering when I was going to come to him, weren't you? Oh, shut up.) It is not enough that writers



of good sf are becoming fewer and fewer as this pimple of a world grows more cynical, no; we have to lose an excellent writer of sf to the ignominious crowd of the general public. Perhaps Mr. de Camp's historical fiction and non-fiction is selling like grass. For all I know, he could be making ten thousand dollars in ivory tusks every time a Conan tale is reprinted in Swahili, but surely there are at least as many readers who want another Wheels of If as those who want a pseudo-Howardian epic.

Mind you, I realize de Camp's documentation of the Monkey Trial is virtually exhaustive on the subject, and pleasantly written, too. His fiction set in ancient Rome and Greece is very fine of its genre. However, much as I have praise for deCamp's efforts in other fields, I am still hard put to find another author who can write so sophisticated sf and fantasy quite like he does, with wit, clever plotting, and well-developed characters. Also, on occasion, with Fletcher Pratt; two of their collaborations (Land of Unreason and The Carnelian Cube) have been recently re-released in paperback, and the rest of the series ought to be.

Pratt, by the way, was another very fine fantasy writer, who left the field because money lay elsewhere. He took up the practice (hardly more respectable) of writing Civil War histories, and continued doing so until he died, a few years ago. Thus, it can be argued that de Camp is following an established precedent when he leaves the sf field because of a larger outside market, and increased revenues.

Obviously, he's right. Money's a fine thing to have, and a more generalized market brings in more of it. But instead of spending what must amount to a great deal of time in creating another de Camp-editing-the-sagas-of-Howard, in the future couldn't we just get a little of straight de Camp?

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I have recently read a short story, "Servo," by Calvin Demmon. It is my recommendation for a Hugo in 1971; I have never really read anything quite like it. Even Jerry Lapidus, in his unfathomable wisdom, can't recall a single sf parallel to this unusual parody. And I dare say there isn't another work in fiction anywhere that deals with a writer's fetish for broasted chicken. (Let that suffice--if you're interested, buy the March edition of Amazing, or bum a copy off a friend, as I did. A new LeGuin novel is in it, too.)

Simply because fans usually huddle in protective groups, so as not to be polluted by normal people, they have always tended to view themselves and their activities as natural--even ordinary. This has been bothering me for quite some time now; if there's one group in this beplagued land that cannot be nonchalant about its everyday affairs, that one group, I should think, would be the assorted gremlins, goblins, and changelings that make up the wonderful world of fandom.

So, when I recently came across a local example of the caste, I made certain to bring up the point.

Firstly, I mentioned having heard that hundreds of depraved fans will turn up in full, fantastic regalia at parties they give for themselves; and that they do this just to honor those members of their clique whose grotesque writings have come closest in the past year to reading like literature.

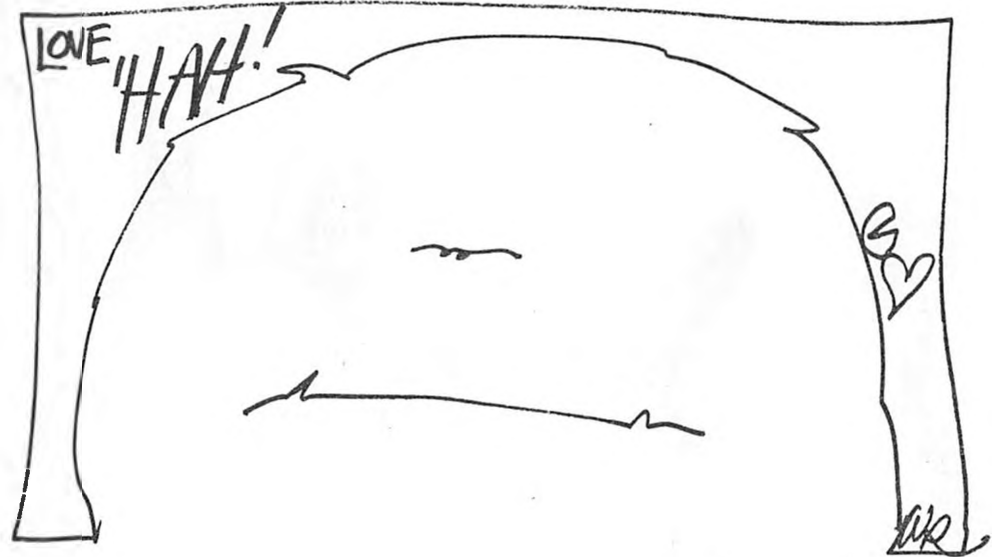
It had even been brought to my attention, I continued, that in the past year alone millions of dinars were spent on wood pulp and printer's ink, just to mass-produce the fanzine; a creation of covetous, greedy people who can only get a piece of the action by name-dropping their more famous and equally covetous colleagues.

I then asked the fandom creature whether he thought this insanity even the least bit strange. He pondered the question awhile, and answered that it was a privilege of his superior class to do things that would be gawked at as unusual, if done by anyone else. Finally, he made an obscene gesture in the air, and turned into a butterfly. It is the first, and only specimen in my collection.

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By the by, my name is Barry Brenesal. I attend Syracuse University, where I am majoring in journalism (ie, magazine work) and the dramatic arts. Fantasy is my main area of interest in sf; I hope to review the blessed Lin Carter's Ballentine Adult Fantasy series in the next issue of this awful fanzine.

For anyone who cares, my future, at the present time, is spurious. Before I met a certain other editor, whose



initials are J.L., I was thinking of entering a convent of nuns, where I could meditate with great complacency for the rest of my obnoxious life. Now however, all that is impossible; that "other" editor has seduced me from my contemplation of the pure existence, and introduced me to the daemonic ecstasies of living a life of thrilling wonder tales.

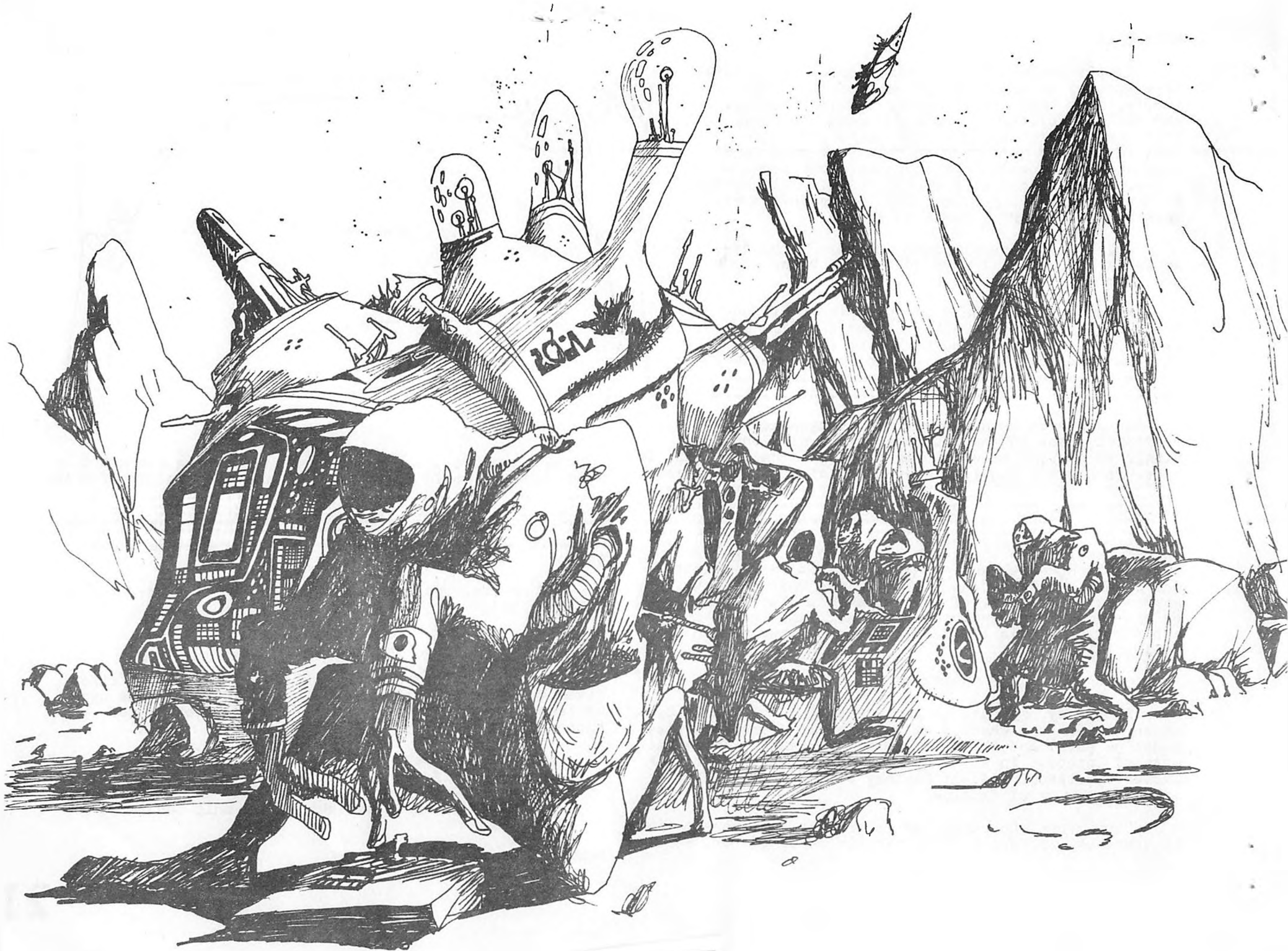
Of course, you're all in agreement with him. You've all gone bad.

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The following is a transcript of a speech that was first given by Ambrose Bierce in 1917, shortly before his mysterious disappearance in Mexico, while searching for Pancho Villa:

I would like to recommend Fritz Leiber's "The Snow Women" for the novella Hugo of 1970. This writer has always found a soft spot in my heart, though he probably thought it was only central heating.

Benvenuto Cellini!



# garbage in, garbage out.

by Steve Herbst

"Let her go, Fish."

"Wonder where this one'll go, Merrill? I turned it up high this time."

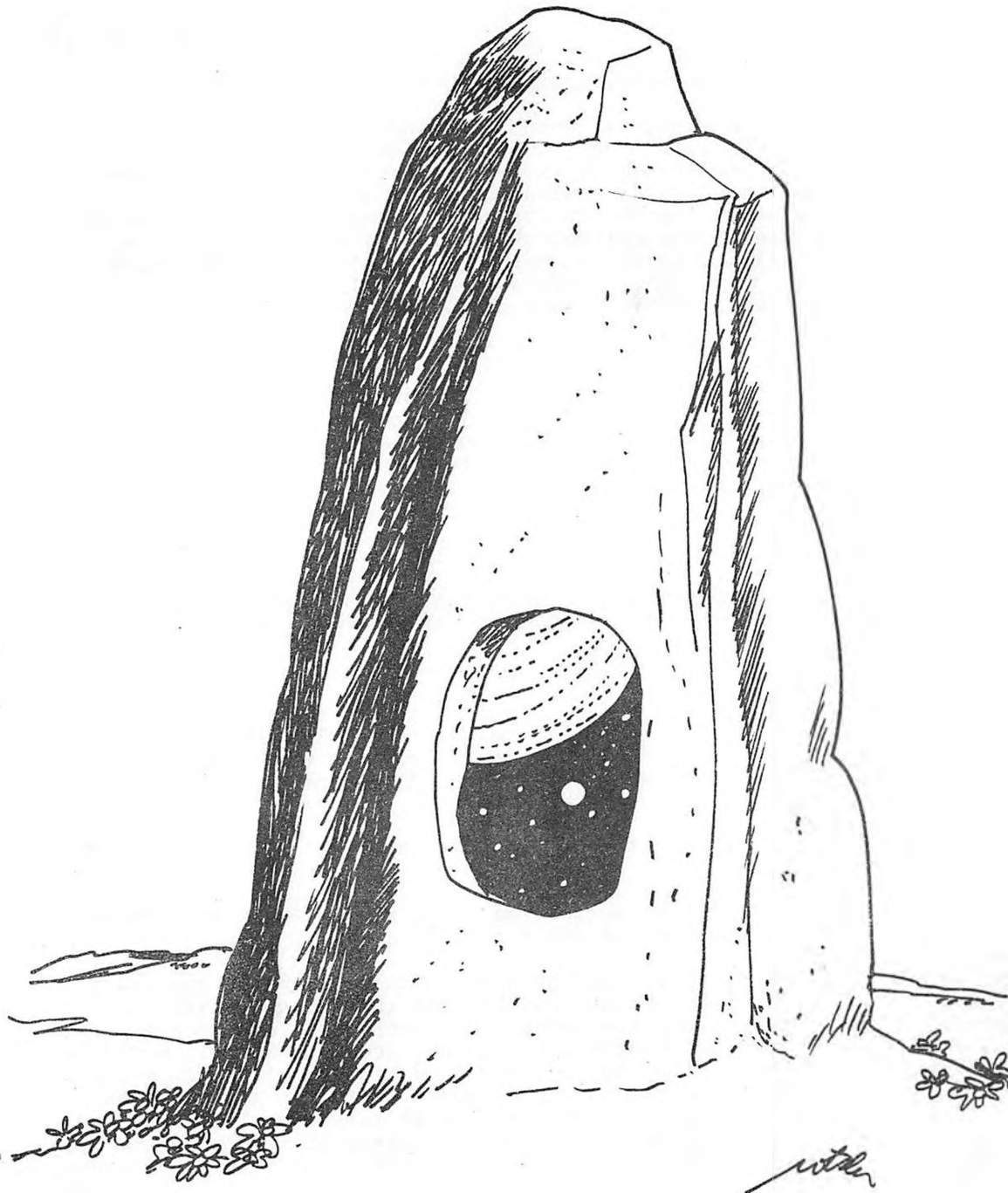
"Don't have to play around with the controls, Fish. Distance isn't important."

"Round and around and around she goes, and where she stops..."

"Push the button, Fish."

Zap.

"Good riddance to bad rubbish," said Fish.



Larson was the name of the man who invented hyperspace. Actually he discovered, not invented, the existence of a hyper-physics beyond our own, the reality of a concept which despite its scientific value had to be laid aside as a useless curiosity.

Suppose you have a clean and efficient way to traverse hyperdimensional space. Supply a small electrical field, a hop into a new coordinate system, a gentle push in the right direction, and physical distance becomes immaterial. You can predict the range of a jump accurately as a function of the force applied, but you can't control its aim in three-space. Poof. Step into a zapper, press a button, but don't expect to recognize the scenery when you come out. No point in trying to travel that way.

Yet there are applications in which you don't care where the transported object ends up.

Take garbage.

On earth there is a place for it; let it decay or artificially process it and return it to the soil. Or make synthetics out of it. Wonderful. But a small space station like Beowulf, orbiting interplanetary space, has problems with wastes. There just isn't enough room or power to process it efficiently and the necessary heat won't be tolerated. You could shoot the waste products into the sun, at the expense of rockets and fuel. You could drop it onto an uninhabited moon, where it will remain as a well-preserved eyesore. Or you could use a zapper. Use a zapper. Shove a ton of trash into the booth and remove it swiftly and completely. Somewhere parsecs away that hopper of garbage is floating harmlessly in the void, at worst orbiting some planet. Problem solved.

"What are you so nervous for, Fish?"

The closest Tim Fish ever got to hyperspace was pushing the conspicuous blue button that triggered the jump. The closest Merrill Greeling ever got was watching Tim push the button. Greeling, however, had more important things on his mind. Like compensating for weight loss, replacing supplies, keeping Beowulf's entire material economy functioning smoothly. Merrill didn't have time to play with garbage.

"Don't know, Merrill. Don't have to know. I'm not

really nervous, Merrill. Not really..."

A hopper weighed 300 pounds on Earth, about 175 on Beowulf. The weight of a loaded one was up near a ton. You couldn't lift it but you could roll it on grooves to its destination. You would get the hopper filled and send it hissing on its rails along the outer circumference of the station where gravity was highest. The sealed containers would slide in from both directions to the terminal, be jockeyed carefully inside, and climactically receive their sendoffs. Now you see it...

"No you don't.. It's up too high."

Fish did not answer but stretched to grab the range knob. "You can just feel it reaching out there, can't you," he said finally, fingering the knob. "Exponential relation, right? Hopper is accelerating the whole time. From there to there is a million light years." He traced his finger a fraction of an inch across the knob.

Merrill nodded patiently.

"Never had it up in that range," said Fish. "And if I tried it, what do you think would happen, Merrill."

"Nothing, I suppose, Fish."

Merrill lifted the bulbous lever that admitted another load to the chamber and Fish clambered over the check that the hatch was closed. He was well clear of the zapper when Merrill turned away and drew out a ledger from a lower compartment. Zap. Fish grinner.

Sending the hoppers off was more fun than filling them.

"I'll leave the log here, Fish. Bring it with you when you come around later."

Merrill left the control cubicle and it was quiet now. Fish sat and watched thought the glass wall as another load approached from around the smooth curve of floor and thought the rate was good and Merrill would be pleased. The hopper, gray and pitted, slid with a heave into place before the access door to the zapper. This would probably be the last load for several hours. The servo claw which grasped the hopper slipped momentarily, and the hulk was lowered at a wicked angle. Fish hum-



med feebly below his breath as he issued a final shove and the hopper rolled clumsily on its side, settling into the field which suspended it for the jump. Of course he would have to log the incident, because those were the rules. For the moment, though, he sat eyeing the mass intently, as if to give it the attention it rightly deserved before being sent away never to be seen again. The knob sped around with a whine and Fish regarded it dreamily as he ran it up to its highest setting. He depressed the blue button and heard the fertile rush of air as a bank of hard-working pumps fed the evacuated chamber.

Merrill had this anal retentive thing, someone had said once; he didn't like to see the garbage gotten rid of, but he enjoyed the accompanying influx of fresh supplies. Merrill was a nice guy, though, Fish thought.

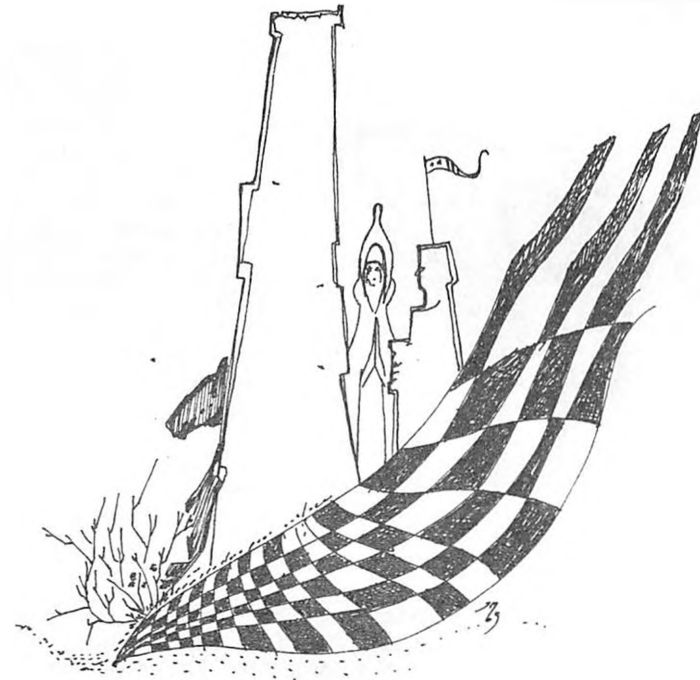
"I'm coming over to Omega now, Merrill. Hello, Merrill?" Buzz. "Merrill, I'm coming to Omega now. Okay?"

"Turn the knob down before you leave the booth, Fish." Merrill knew everything. He was a winner, that Merrill.

Omega sector was several sections away from the zipper. You could take a circumvator, or you could walk through storage areas and life support labs. Everything on the station was interconnected; every compartment had a multitude of doors.

Fish didn't hum, or whistle, or read as he walked. There was enough to look at.

It was the size of everything on Beowulf that Fish marveled at. All big, all powerful; massive arms of engine pumps and things that pulled here and in that direction and that with awesome power. Beowulf was huge as a whole and in part. Here was modern man at his best, man who could shape and move things--things so incredibly large and energetic--and have them do his bidding. Fish loved to gaze at beams and pumps and lifters and pushers and let his body be taken compulsively with their magnitude and strength, let himself be awed breathless with the spectacular spaciousness of a storage compartment, and with the infinite distances of space. This was science--Merrill was the scientist, the man who could understand and could control. Merrill always know the answers, and Fish respected this. It would be gratifying to know all the answers.



A heavy and curling thing was the steam pipe which caught Fish's attention as he walked. It writhed upwards and across the periphery of the hull section on which he stood and it seized his innocuous gaze and held it tightly. There was a vastness here, a flowing, hurting exaggeration in steel and steel. It felt good somehow to leave it behind, in the same way that it felt good to make those mannoth hoppers vanish. "Good riddance," sighed Fish without really knowing why and without really caring.

"But you're not making it disappear, you're just moving it," Merrill had said. "A very short distance, physically, but through hyperspace. The hopper still exists in some other part of the universe."

"That makes sense, Mr. Greeling," he had answered, quite mechanically.

"You see, we cannot measure physical distance along



a hyperdimensional axis in terms of inches, or meters, or what have you. But we can compare the force needed to send a body of given mass along any axis, and therefore set up a relational scale. A 1000 light year jump is a very short physical distance through hyperspace, Mr. Fish. That's why the zap is practical for our use."

"So then I press this button here to zap, and control the range with this knob?"

"Of course, Mr. Fish."

Back at the control booth there was quiet. Fish ran a thoughtful finger along the faceted contour of dials. He wondered momentarily if Merrill had ever payed any real attention to a zap--they were certainly breathtaking things. He found his way to the blue button, pressed. Zap. Whoosh. Relaxed and pressed. Zap. Whoosh. Zap. Whoosh. Zap. Whoosh.

Click. "Fish, I thought you were coming to Omega. Fish..."

"I'm coming to Omega, Merrill...I'm coming to Omega in a minute. I just went back to get the log..."

"Stop it, Fish. You're wasting our air. I want you to stop what you're doing."

"All right, Merrill." Click. Zap. Whoosh. Zap. Whoosh. Zap. Whoosh...

"Look at that, Hraffa," said Pendl, but of course in a very different language. Hraffa watched as the dimly illuminated object floated past the ship's sensors. Hraffa was the authority on such things. He would know.

"Analyze, Hraffa. Like you do. Analyze and tell me what it is."

Hraffa analyzed.

"It's not a natural form, is it, Hraffa?"

"Cease a moment. It's a craft. Belonging to a foreign race, Pendl. Of course, it must be."

"Hraffa, is it dangerous? Analyze, won't you?"

"It's not...It's drifting in one direction...very slowly, away from the ship. I analyze that it has no intent to harm us."

"Shouldn't we call the chairman, Hraffa? He would know what we should do. Maybe we had better leave it alone--it might be dangerous, you know. But you said..."

"Cease please, Pendl. We're going to take it on board." He paused for several periods in thought.

Pendl didn't understand but he knew that Hraffa would. Hraffa always did. Hraffa was the Scientist.

"If we let it drift past us without even attempting to analyze it... We can't do that, Pendl. We must take it on board." He extended and began to operate the manipulators before him.

The ship fell towards the object, encompassed it and admitted it gracefully.

"It's awfully big, isn't it, Hraffa?" Pendl shuddered as he examined it. "Hard and smooth. Big. So very big, Hraffa."

"The others must witness this. Summon them please." The others were summoned. "Observe carefully," Hraffa told them, exuding an obvious pleasure. "This is a craft and it contains alien things. I have analyzed it from a distance. Its origin has not yet...I have not yet had time..."

"It's so big, Hraffa," said Pendl. Several of the others agreed. Hraffa was right, too--but that went without saying.

"I will now investigate the object." Hraffa circled it, reached up an angular face. It slid heavily towards him, stopped with a creak.

A mound of garbage unfolded onto the floor.

"It..." said Pendl.

The others stared horrified for a humber of periods. Some grimaced and walked away. Hraffa gathered himself together and skirted the mess, gaining the attention of his fellows. He played his role with expert restraint and a confidence which cut through the terror of ignorance and the delicate stench of the mound itself.

The others watched him anxiously. He was the scientist; he knew all the answers. He would explain it to them. He did.

"The trip was too much for them. They're dead."

