



KALLIKANZAROS

Kallikanzaros 4

March-April 1968

CONTENTS...

KALLIKANZAROS is published irregularly by John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43224.

It is available by subscription for \$1.25) or for printed letters of comment, fiction, articles, or art. Individual copies are 35¢ in coin or stamps.

Next issue in June, about the same time as Midwestcon. It will be the first

Entire contents copyrighted and may be reprinted without permission. Copyright is for the protection of authors, and all rights are returned on request.

Opinions expressed are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect those of the editor. All characters in stories are fictional and any resemblance to real people, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

EDITOR--JOHN AYOTTE--he who does all the work except that of the...

POETRY EDITOR--DALE DAVIS--who is not sure just what his job is yet, and...

COPY EDITOR--ROD GOMAN--who does a variety of things, not the least of which is typing most of the stencils.

This product is approved, and stamped with the seal of good fanatic.



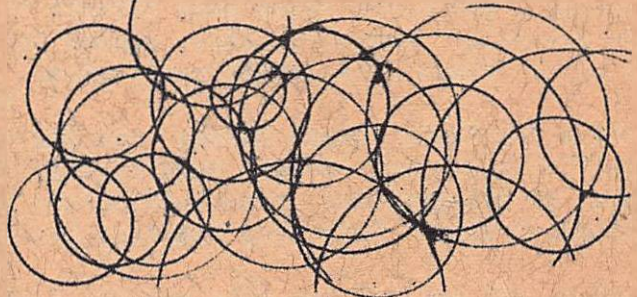
SMF

copyright ©1968 by john m. ayotte

- 3) Table of Contents...here you are
- 4) Divine Madness...editorial...John Ayotte
- 5) Introducing Trufan...cartoon...John Ayotte
- 6) Love is Madness...article...Sandra Miesel
- 12) The Worm Under the Mountain...fiction...Dick Byers
- 19) From Another Point of View...article...Darroll Pardoe
- 20) Darroll Pardoe and the Magic Fingers Machine...cartoon...John Ayotte
- 22) Bhipalasi...poetry column...Dale Davis...with poetry by...Jerry Kaufman, Roger Zelazny, Rod Goman, Dalzell, Sandra Miesel, and Dale Davis
- 34) Teaching the Writer to Write...speech...Kurt Vonnegut
- 42) Literary Criticism and Science Fiction...article...Lloyd Kromp
- 47) Feathers or Lead...letter column...The Readers
- 52) Misinformation...why you are receiving this issue, and some last words from the editor

ARTWORK

- Ayotte...6,7,9,10,22,47
- Da Conegliano...backcover
- Foster...frontcover,44
- Gaughan...34,35
- Katuzin...28
- Kimney...19,33
- Lovenstein...13,17,30,46,50,51



PEESOTEL PUBLICATION no.1

Divine Madness

On the facing page you meet Trufan as he requested to be introduced. I've been trying for some time to get him to become my co-editor so that he could lend his experience to getting Kallikanzaros published. To date he has refused to commit himself (besides, the men

De
Ed.

in the white coats can't find a jacket that'll fit his little fan-form). He has threatened to crop up at various embarrassing moments throughout the zine, and the way he seems to feel on the next page is enough to keep my hopes up. Right now he wants all the fun and none of the responsibility. Oh well...

I recently had the good fortune to experience an outstanding film. Unfortunately, the performance of "Far From the Madding Crowd" which I attended was far from crowded. Many moviegoers are missing a film which I found to be an unbelievably faithful cinematic adaptation. Everything in the film contributed to the creation of the mood of Hardy's Wessex, whose towns and countryside were drawn so elaborately as to be thought real by most readers of his works. The perfect symmetry of the novel is quite as effective on the screen and reflects the faithfulness of the motion picture.

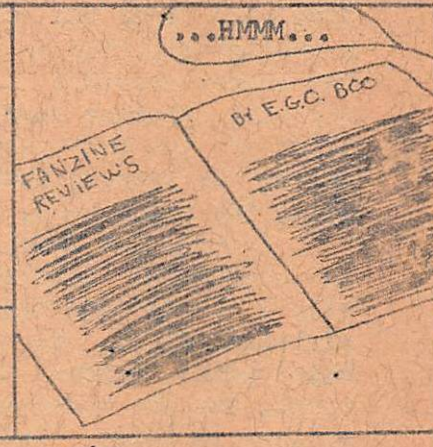
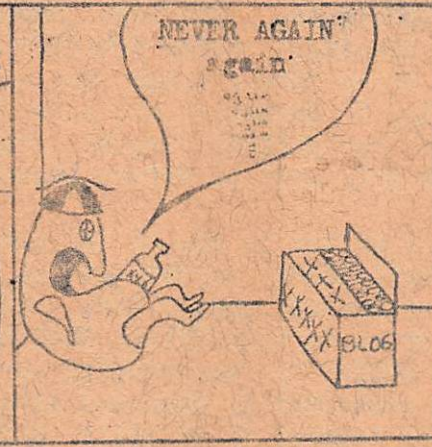
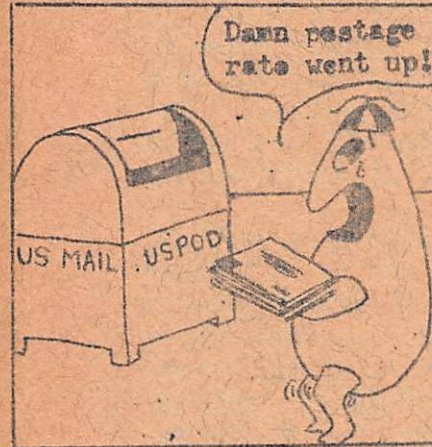
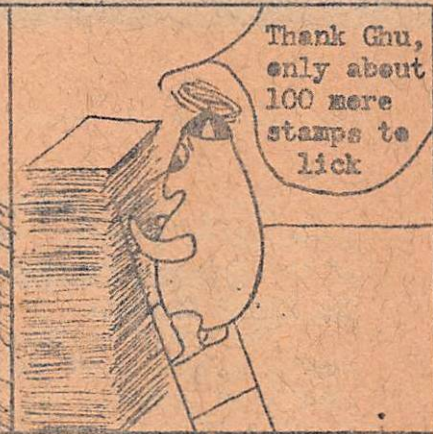
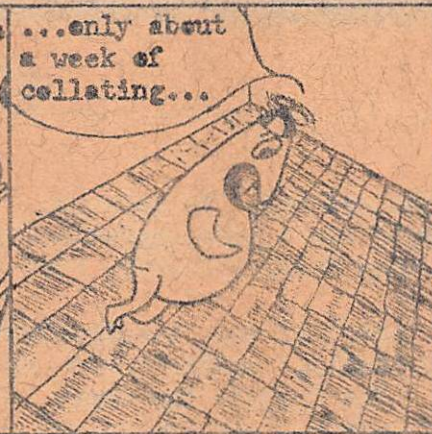
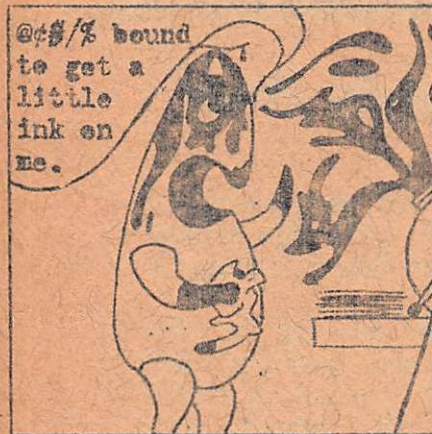
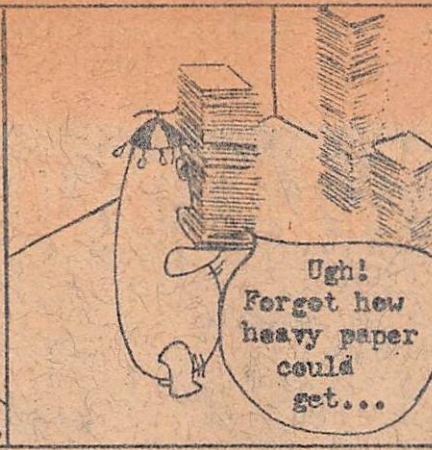
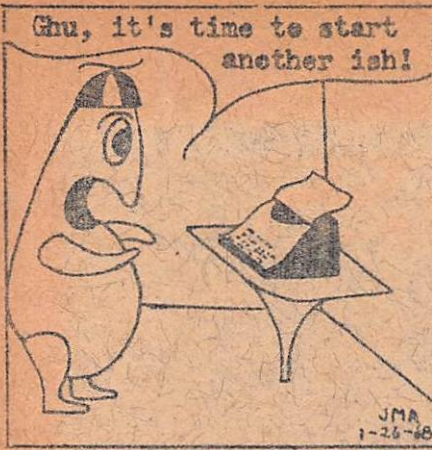
I wonder if the seeming unpopularity of the film (at least at the box office) is due to the relative unpopularity of Hardy himself. It has always seemed that I am in a very small minority when I claim Hardy as one of my favorite authors. I must admit that there is a vast gulf between Hardy and much of science fiction. It is not a gulf of good and bad by any means but almost an independent set of existences which forbid comparison or contrast. I only regret that Hardy felt compelled to cease writing novels and concentrate on poetry...not for the poetry produced but for the novels left unwritten.

One interesting incident, at the theatre, was a discussion between a couple (presumed to be man and wife) who were seated down the row from me. Before the film began, the woman asked, rather rhetorically, why so many elderly people would come to see a film like this. The tone of her voice puzzled me until she went on to say that, though it had been some time since she had read the book, she knew that it was about one woman and three men, so what else could it be? I managed to control my laughter but nearly died when he told her how many "dirty-old-men" he had seen at the art theatre the other night. I strained to catch more of the conversation (Woodcock it eavesdrop at times like that?), but the lights suddenly dimmed and a hush fell over all. I sighed—whether out of relief or disappointment, I haven't yet decided...

Until recently I had never given much thought to big game hunting and the sport of hunting in general. However, since seeing the film "African Safari," the subject has been the focus of a little reflection.

The film is a mishmash of scenery, animals, and a few facts about Alaska and its people. Most of the footage was taken by skilled amateurs and was very ineptly edited. The film fails to rise above the mass of ill-produced travel-adventure half hour television programs of the "Wild Kingdom" ilk. This one, however, has two hours in which to destroy itself.

What set me off against the film was the fact that it was based on a series of hunts in which all of the big-game animals of Alaska are relentlessly tracked down and killed by pleasure-seekers who seemed to get immense satisfaction from the hunt and "kill." I was actually sickened every time I saw a moose or a sheep or a bear or a caribou go down after as many as three or four shots. The lustful gleam in



Introducing

TRUFAN

LOVE IS MADNESS...

Sandra Miesel

Love, said Ludovico Arioste, is madness. Few characters in speculative fiction would agree more emphatically with the author of the Orlando Furioso than Charles Render, here of Roger Zelazny's The Dream Master.

The world in this novel of the twenty-first century is outwardly secure and comfortable, unthreatened by the poverty and strife of our own day. Yet despite the boons of technology and a seeming florescence of culture, men are uneasy. The suicide rate climbs annually. To combat contemporary anxieties, psychiatry has developed bold new techniques. The most powerful of these is neuroparticipation or 'shaping.' Using artificial sensory stimuli, the shaper provides a dream format which the patient invests with personal symbolic meaning to dramatize and solve his problem. The minds of the therapist and patient are so intimately connected during the process that both will be driven insane if irrationality gains the upper hand.

Protagonist Charles Render is one of the world's most skillful and successful neuroparticipant psychiatrists. He is a widower with a precocious ten-year-old son, Peter, and a rather prosaic mistress, Jill. He agrees to help Eileen Shallot, a congenitally blind woman, become a shaper by accustoming her to visual sensations. But she becomes passionately obsessed with Render, a man unwilling to love. Under therapy their wills clash, the shaper becomes the shaped, and madness swallows them both.

Rich mythological symbolism endows The Dream Master with a glittering, gem-like quality. Although both science fiction and fantasy have long utilized myths for structure and color (Zelazny's own Lord of Light and the works of Thomas Burnett Swann are good recent examples), Zelazny's application here is somewhat unconventional. He draws upon several frames of reference: classical, Nordic, and medieval. No motif, not even the dominant one of Tristan and Isolde, is treated consistently or in full. Opposite images shimmer, melt, and blend into one another without discordance. Thus Render plays both Aeneas and Tristan, Eileen both Diana and Venus.

Short monologues and discrete narratives are inserted into the myth-based central plot to introduce additional mythology and serve as counterpoints to the principal story line. These supple-

mentary sections are important to the novel's overall structure for they expand our view of Render's society.

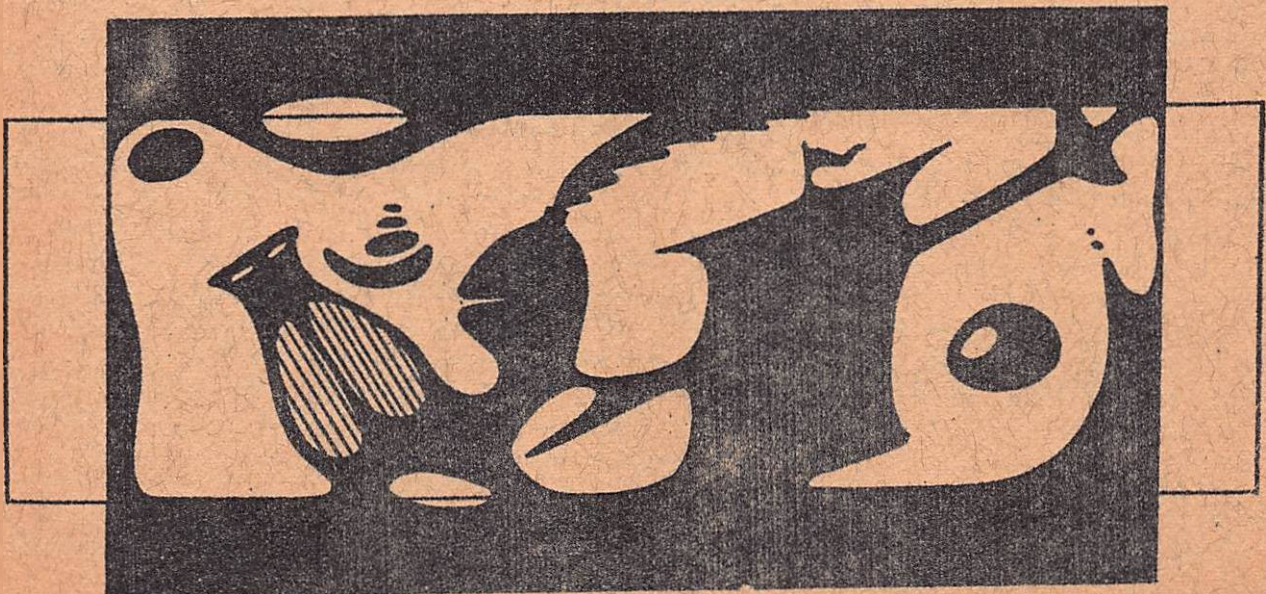
Appropriately, verbal technique parallels a key theme, enantiadromia, the running together of opposites. Render is fascinated by this oriental concept and reflects throughout the book on the co-existence of contradictory principles. Why are dobbiats like beauty-ugliness, mystery-certainty, nature-artifice, love-hate, life-death, mystically intertwined? Why do they perpetually interchange yet still define each other? Is meaning a winding gyro flowing back upon itself? No answer save acceptance is proposed but The Dream Master's ever shifting symbolism glowingly stimulates the mystery of existence.

Zelazny uses mythology to enrich and refract an essentially stark, classic plot of love and rejection, pride and punishment. Ancient motifs recurring in the future speak to the present for the myths are more than mere decoration. They magnify universality and relevance. Myth-born intensity sets this novel ablaze like a fire opal.

Render feels that his contemporaries' enthusiasm for mythology is a retreat from modern reality in search of meaning and value. Nevertheless, he too perceives his world and his life in mythic terms and the reader properly views his story in the same manner. What then are these myths? First let us consider the classical ones.

Are Eileen (maiden), Jill (mistress), and Render's wife (mother) the Three Faces of the Mother Goddess? This fits the function of the women and suggests Render's role as the doomed male consort of the goddess. Eileen is equated with Diana several times. The moon and lunar ornaments are associated with her in the dreams. The image of her mutant dog, Sigmund, swallows the moon in Render's nightmare. This expresses the animal's desire for sole possession of his mistress. Sigmund would gladly play devouring hound to Render's Actaeon, especially if the latter attains intimacy with Eileen-Diana. Sigmund's dream chase of the shaper is reminiscent of the pursuit of Actaeon.

When Eileen relates the legend of Daedalus' capture by Minos, Render denies any resemblance to the ancient artisan. Yet he will also lose his freedom through overweening pride in skill.



Then, indirectly, if Rander is Daedalus, his son (who aspires to space travel) has a similar fate.

In one of the inserted sections, a Vital Caledonian performs monologues on Prometheus and Phaeton. The love of the goddess Aurora did not benefit Tithoneus; Rander like Phaeton is doomed by hubris.

The tragic passion of Eileen for Rander is much like that of Dido for Aeneas. (Peter Rander makes an engaging Aeneas.) Both men are widowers and incapable of the fiery response demanded of them. Congenitally blind Eileen is as much a victim of fate as love-stricken Dido. The destruction of both women is triggered by demands to part from their lovers. "To make me to see thee, and then never to see thee again is a crime beyond expiation. I cannot forgive my love nor thee," says Dido in a pre-suicide monologue which amazingly contains not a single quotation from Vergil.

Love 'the hunter', lover 'the prey' is a metaphor found in both the *Aeneid* and Gottfried von Strassburg's *Tristan*. Thus we reach The Dream Master's dominant motif, the courtly romance of Tristan and Isolde. From the moment Rander meets Eileen in an Old English restaurant beside a suit of armor, the deadly die is cast. She is wearing an unusual gold and ruby pin depicting Tristan and Isolde facing the Enchanted Cup. (1) Considering Eileen's wealth this might well be an actual piece of jewelry designed by Salvador Dali.

Initially Rander is somewhat unfriendly towards intense Eileen (originally Isolde did not care for Tristan either). As soon as the blind woman has been given visual stimuli she begins to picture Rander in armor as her peerless and invincible knight. (Armor as a symbol of defensive contemporary man subsequently appears in a nightclub act watched by Rander.) In her obsessed imagination he is Life Itself, Shaper, Maker, Mover of All, and as truly her god as she is Sigmund's. Her passion demands response and consummation.

After the initial sessions Rander's mentor Bartelmez warns him of the peril in treating Eileen. But the fatal relationship has begun and he shrugs off the danger. Analogously when Brangien, Isolde's maid, tells the lovers, "You have drunk death together," (2) Tristan replies, "Well then, come Death." (3) The decision to shape Eileen was a misjudgment just as the drinking of the legendary love philtre was an accident.

In the final dream Eileen shakes off Rander's control and offers him the Enchanted Cup. He refuses and flees. She offers him the potion repeatedly and claps him in armor. As he reaches for the goblet, a wound opens in his right arm for response to proffered love breaches his personal psychological armor. Eileen raises the cup to his lips. He cries out that he hates her, hoping to break her spell. This fails. When at last he drinks, he still retains a tenuous hold on his identity as Rander the Shaper, but forfeits his power to shape. Thus the dream dissolves into unending nightmare...for, as in the original romance, the fruits of the Enchanted Cup are "Passion and Joy most sharp, and Anguish without end, and Death." (4)

Bartelmez attempts to heal Rander by restaging Tristan's death -- Tristan must die so that Rander's proper identity may live. According to legend, mortally wounded Tristan summons Isolde to his side. The ship sent for her is to hoist white sails if she is aboard, black if she is not. But Tristan's jealous wife, Isolde le Blanche Mains, lies that the sails of the returning vessel are black. This shock kills Tristan and Isolde falls dead at his side upon landing. The therapeutic version features a true black-sailed ship. Nevertheless, when Bartelmez, in the guise of a servant, tells this to Rander-Tristan, the madman forces the sails to turn white. He is in a sense "right" --- the sails were white, Isolde did come -- but such conviction bars his cure. There is little possibility of healing him since nothing can break the bond of mime, unyielding, irrational, courtly love.

And if Rander's prognosis is poor, Eileen's is worse. No one, not even the great Bartelmez, would dare to treat her by neuroparticipation.

Nordic myths also occur in The Dream Master. Several of these cluster around

Sigmund, Eileen's mutant German shepherd guide dog. This cruel and jealous animal (whose name means 'victory guardian') haunts Render's private nightmares as the Fenriswulf, herald of Ragnarok. In the final shaping dream he invades the wrecked car where the bodies of Render's dead wife and daughter lie, thus functioning as Garm the Hellhound, devourer of corpses. Render fights the beast and dismembers him with a scalpel.

These are not the only monsters of old that still haunt modern consciousness. Buried power lines are wrapped around the globe like a whole brood of Midgard serpents, and the Kragen may lurk in the depths of a cocktail.

The necklace Eileen wears in the last dream corresponds to Freya's fabulous Brisningamen (an ornament typical of fertility goddesses from very ancient times). Since the real necklace belonged to Render's wife and Eileen never knew of its existence, it is Render himself who subconsciously adorns her with it.

Other personal attributes and symbols reinforce Eileen's identity as two aspects of the Mother. On one hand, as stated previously, she is virgin Diana bearing the crescent moon on her brow. Her dream-totem, the willow, is also a symbol of chastity. Its leaves were brewed as an anaphrodisiac in the Middle Ages. On the other hand, her fondness for green, the color of life and hope, is most appro-



priate for a deity. The copper-gold of her hair and the sea-green of her eyes have Cytherean associations. Also consider her names. 'Eileen', a Gaelic form of 'Helen', recalls Venus' protegee Helen of Troy while 'Shallot' is a plant.

The Dream Master is also liberally studded with literary references. Since the characters so consistently quote, allude, paraphrase, and parody, it may be inferred that these are common speech traits in their society. Only an extremely literate and sophisticated audience could appreciate the popular Vital Comedians.

It would be pointless to catalogue every source, but some of the Biblical references are significant. Render identifies himself with Satan (Job 1:7) and Nimrod (Gen. 10:9). The latter is a type of skill and arrogance. Zelazny offers a beautiful reflection on Christmas drawn from the Book of Ecclesiastes (Cf. 3:1-9). This is another expression of the theme of enantiadromia discussed previously. The very epithet "Render the Shaper" calls to mind the commission of Jeremiah: "I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down,...to build and to plant" (Jer. 1:10), which is an apt description of his profession. Literary allusions, like mythology, greatly enrich the novel.

Finally, let us examine the book's general and particular psychological dimensions. Love and non-love are the paramount themes of The Dream Master for love and death delimit the human condition. Man's emotions are like iron filings ar-

rayed between comedy and tragedy, the north and south poles of existence. Since tears and laughter encompass life, "hatred and love are the ultimate forms of human regard." All men crave notice, in either one way or another. Withholding attention is the special modern cruelty and "the power to ignore, to baffle...is no longer the exclusive property of human beings..."

The complexity and impersonality of technological civilization have homogenized most men into Dante's Trimmers from the outermost circle of hell, lukewarm souls "who lived without blame and without praise." (5) In the words of St. Jude: "They are like clouds driven by the wind...like stars which follow no orbit." (Jude 1:12-13) Such persons find the ultimate abstraction of life in blindspin, purely random travel in opaque-windowed automated cars.

Understandably suicide is on the rise in this society. The more protective the environment, the severer frustrations seem. Mechanized well-being discomfits men. Those who do not actually kill themselves may commit symbolic suicide or develop false neuroses. These are pathetic attempts to assert individuality and free will. Render also chafes at the security of his milieu, thus his willingness to accept the challenge posed by Eileen. How responsible is he for his own destruction?

In the narrative inserts Everyman is an anonymous suicide. He is nameless, ignored, isolated: better dead entombed in the earth than alive entombed in the self. The passengers in the automated car which strikes him down copulate to blot out their horror. Death and love are grotesquely linked.

Death has caused Render's flight from love. He has detached himself from further human involvement since the deaths of his wife and daughter nine years before. He imagines this lets him function better professionally. He has no intention of marrying Jill. Even if he had entered an affair with Eileen it is doubtful that he could or would have ever truly loved her.

Jill and Eileen both like snow, but Render hates it because it reminds him of the accident. He still has nightmares of seeing the wrecked car where "most of himself lay dead at his feet." Determined to avoid another tragedy he is over-protective towards Peter and worries constantly about the boy's safety.

But cold-blooded non-commitment eventually palls. Eileen's vivid sensuality first disturbs then fascinates Render. He jokingly identifies his own hunger for intense experience as Fury-sent madness.

From the first shaping session Eileen tries to impose her will upon Render. His control progressively weakens, but he scarcely notices. Bartelmetz warns him against shaping Eileen for this could disturb her very qualities of selfhood, altering her conception of herself and her world with disastrous results. Eileen is especially dangerous because she is so



steel-willed, tightly adjusted, professionally trained, and understands the technique. Neither this nor the unnamed fate of Eileen's first therapist alarms Render.

His folly reaches its height in the last session. Render is incredibly reckless to neuroparticipate with Eileen immediately after Sigmund reported she was behaving abnormally. With the blindness of self-deluding pride he still imagines his supremacy secure. "In this place, of all places, Render knew that he was the master of all things." When Eileen rebels,

he attempts to reassert control by inflicting pain, a technique which had succeeded earlier. In the "Song of Myself" dream he had forced her to face his brutal rejection: "Eileen Shallot, I hate you."

She reels in anguish and Render is plunged alone into his private nightmare to battle Sigmund-Femris-Garm. Eileen follows and at last persuades him to drink the Enchanted Cup, but Render continues to struggle against her. Desperately clinging to his own identity, he prefers to face the cabalistic demon Thaumiel rather than be rescued by her love. In losing his mastery over the dream, Render has also lost his former power over the demon. Such irony! The proud representative of modern rationality is vanquished by an occult monster out of the mystic past.

Thus The Dream Master offers its final comment on the human condition. The man who scoffed at Dostoevsky's hell "is the suffering of being unable to love..." falls into the Abyss which his own lovelessness has created. He experimentally verifies the dictum of C. S. Lewis that the only place to be perfectly safe from love is in hell. Truly, love or perish is the fundamental option of every age. Render refuses love as madness; therefore in madness he perishes.

- (1) Psychologists use a design like this to test creativity.
- (2) The Romance of Tristan and Isolde, retold by Joseph Bedier, trans. Hilaire Belloc and Paul Rosenfield (New York, 1953), p. 48.
- (3) Op. cit. p. 50.
- (4) Op. cit. p. 47.
- (5) Dante Alighieri, The Divine Comedy, Inferno, trans. John Aitken Carlyle (New York, 1950), Canto iii, p. 23.

=====

..... the one ring is alive and well in a gum machine

I WISH TO PUBLISH A STAR TREK ORIENTED ONE*SHOT. I AM PRIMARILY INTERESTED IN FICTION, THEN ARTICLES, ARTWORK, CARTOONS, ETC. ADDRESS ALL INQUIRIES AND MATERIALS TO: MISS LOIS J. McMASTER, 3481 W. HENDERSON RD., COLUMBUS, OHIO, 43221 *****

I am he as you are he as you are me as we are all together!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



Well Bones, it all started the day I began to work on my Star Trek one-shot, and they haven't stopped growing since. It is really quite illogical.

THE WORM UNDER

THE MOUNTAIN

+++++ THREE EXCERPTS +++++

What follows is a set of three scenes from a very long sword and sorcery short story I wrote.

It involves the same protagonist as "The Library of Dirazan" from Kallikanzaros # 1.

The story revolves around four characters. One is Tareven, a sorcerer of dubious mental health. He has joined forces, out of necessity, with Aerdan, a pirate captain, in an attempt to gain control of a powerful supernatural weapon. Each is planning to eliminate the other as soon as he's outlived his usefulness. A young adventurer, Peleus, has been taken prisoner in a raid and regains consciousness aboard the pirate ship, in Tareven's cabin.

Dick Byers



W.V.

The youth awoke to a dull, throbbing ache in his head and a heavy, oppressive reek of incense. Puzzled, he tried to remember where he was. The smell... Sharzon Tiir must be working...No! The pirates...the battle!

He leaped to his feet, his hands darting to his side for the sword. It was gone. Behind him someone chuckled.

He turned to see a small, swarthy man dressed in a simple green robe. He bore no weapons but held an ivory wand in his right hand.

"Where am I?" asked the prisoner.

"Aboard the ship of the pirate Aerdan, in my cabin. It is small but comfortable." The captive took a quick glance around him, then his eyes returned to inspect Tareven more closely. In that glance he had recognized many implements used in working sorcery--the consecrated sword, the ancient books, a pentacle drawn on the floor--and many grislier items. Tareven returned his inspection.

The boy was, as he had noticed before, about eighteen, with the dark and tall lean frame common to the Zodaban city-states. He looked unusually strong and agile, an impression born out by his performance during the raid, when he had dispatched two of Aerdan's best men before being knocked unconscious.

At length the wizard spoke. "My name is Tareven. Sit back down on the couch and tell me yours."

"Pelous." He remained standing.

Tareven put some more incense into an iron brazier, made in the form of a wolf's skull. There were three of them in the room, set so they formed the points of an equilateral triangle. "How do you come to have the witch-sight?"

Pelous leaped across the room, his deep-blue cloak swirling about him like wings. He swung a vicious blow at Tareven's head, but the small man ducked with incredible swiftness and brushed the youth's temple with the wand...

Grey vastness. Pelous floated in a void, in a universe where in all space only his body existed. He looked about, panic engulfing him. What had happened? Where was the ship? Where was Tareven?

Then a pinpoint of light appeared, like the first star the gods created, impossible to tell how far away. It grew larger.

Pelous rattled off the few protective spells he knew, realizing as he did so how pitifully futile it was.

Now the light was the size of a man, now of a stallion. The growth stopped, and terror gripped the Zodaban as he realized what it was, and that it was only a few feet away.

He tried to run, but there was no ground for his feet to touch. He watched in helpless fear as the sphere of light extended an arm of radiance toward his face. It approached with hypnotic slowness. It filled his field of vision. Searing heat...

Pelous stood in Tareven's cabin.

"Now will you refrain from trying to escape and be sensible?"

"Yes." He tried to control the tremor in his voice. "That thing. It was a fly-the-light?"

"Or perhaps the fly-the-light. No one knows how many there are."

Fly-the-lights, by the way, were a belief of the Middle Ages, not entirely original.

This scene is one of the lowest points for Pelous. He is completely helpless before his enemies. This segment is intended to illustrate Tareven's great powers, and to initiate the characterization of Pelous and Tareven.

The next scene is of our hero being delivered into the hands of a race of subterranean ghouls, for the purpose of sacrifice to their god.

Stealthy footsteps rustled in the cavern entrance. The pirates stepped

backward, hands reached for dirks and scimitars. A Ghoul appeared in the shadows, the huge green eyes throwing back monstrously distorted images of the company. The mouth opened; a pale yellow tongue ran over twin rows of yellow stalactites and stalagmites. It spoke a few growling, hissing words.

Tareven began to answer it in the same foul tongue. Aordan drew a knife and pressed it against the sorcerer's spine, so that the Ghoul could not see it. "Talk Common Tongue," he murmured.

"You savage," whispered Tareven fiercely. "Do you want to ruin everything?" A prick from the knife was his only answer.

"My--my friends wish us to speak the Common Tongue."

A pause. "You will keep the bargain?" The words were made horrible by the snarling, hissing voice. The tongue darted over the decaying teeth once again.

"Yes. The Spider People will be supplied with five hundred slaves, male and female, for breeding."

"We will never go hungry for meat again." Pelcus shuddered.

"No," agreed Tareven. Pelcus considered jumping up and making a run for it. No, he'd be cut down before he'd gone three paces. The sorcerer began to speak once again.

"We bring an offering to Targararth, to prove our good faith," he continued, gesturing to the prisoner. "Bring him here!" A big fur-clad Northerner jerked Pelcus to his feet. Someone prodded him toward the yawning tunnel with a spear-point. As he walked slowly forward, twin mockeries of himself stepped to meet him out of the creatures luminous green eyes. He looked backward once and saw Tareven's lips stretched in his cat-smile, his emerald eyes shining in the firelight.

He wanted desperately to run but the corsairs surrounded the entrance and each had his weapon in hand. His mind shrieked to him to flee from these hideous things but to do so was immediate death, but if he went with the Ghouls, perhaps...what?

Stealthy rustlings, hissing snarls, and more of the Tomb-Robbers appeared out of the shadows. Three steps, now two...

Pelcus stopped into the cavern, and clawed hands fastened on his limbs like the grip of Death. The Ghouls reeked of offal and corruption. A turn and the stars and the torches were gone and the only light was the witch-fire in the eyes of the Spider People.

The preceding was basically an attempt at pure horror, though the conflict between Tareven and Aordan was elaborated somewhat.

After escaping from the Ghouls, Pelcus goes to settle accounts with Tareven. During his escape Pelcus acquires a friend, a Kobold, or Stone Elemental, named Gorban. Tareven, by this time, has brought Aordan and his crew to a grisly end.

The warlock laughed sharply. "I need no help to deal with you, my'lad. The Sleeper shall walk the Earth again." Pelcus smiled cruelly and walked forward, Gorban at his side. Tareven sprinted to the hideously mutilated corpse of Aordan with that incredible speed and agility he had displayed before. "Some entertainment for your comrade," he said.

He mumbled for an instant over the body. Then the half-severed right hand jerked like an oar on land. The torn face peered about from empty scarlet sockets. Slowly, stiffly, the shredded, broken body of the giant stood up. The fleshless fingers writhed like white worms until Tareven put the hilt of the great bloody broadsword in them.

"Gods!" said Pelcus softly.

"I can take it," answered Gorban calmly. "It looks like Hol's husband, but how can it fight in that condition? Get Tareven."

Their weapons shined as coldly as their eyes.

"Slay the Kobold," said Tareven, as another man might say, "Swat the fly."

The corpse nodded mutely; its throat had been ripped out by one of the killers. Master and servitor moved apart, and human and Kobold each followed his prey.

Tareven lashed out at the Zodaban with his ivory rod but this time the youth was ready for it. Shining steel shattered the wand.

"This time we fight on my terms," said Peleus.

"I am not unacquainted with the cruder forms of defense." He stooped and seized a gold-hilted scimitar.

Gorban stalked his foe across the lustrous crystal floor, his mace ready in his good hand. Incredibly, Aordan's broken body moved lightly and quickly; the mutilated hands held the great sword with all the control they had possessed in life, though they were covered with the marks of fang and claw. The grisly swordsman kept its empty eye-sockets fixed on the Kobold's face for an indication of his next move, but Gorban watched his adversary's hands and blade. He could read nothing in the crimson and ivory mask which had once been the Northerner's face.

The bloody sword leaped forward like a meteor and cried like a temple bell when blocked by the spiked head of the mace. Then Gorban heard bone splinter as he connected with the giant's leg. A few drops of blood ran from the wound, which would have crippled a man for life. The dead man swayed like a great tree in a storm then stepped forward as if the mace had been no more than a snowflake, bringing its weapon up for another cut.

Now Gorban knew the beginning of fear.

Peleus and Tareven circled, fointing, disengaging, each testing the other's reactions. Peleus thought the sorcerer a fair fencer, though inferior to himself. It was the man in green's incredible speed which worried him. The youth cut experimentally at Tareven's arm, and his blade was deflected almost before the maneuver had begun. Agile as he was, his quickness was nothing to this man's. He was the wind, but Tareven was the lightning.

The emerald eyes mocked him.

"I could not play your mind, lad, but I'll play your body. 'Concerto in Crimson'? 'Melody for Blade and Blood'? Perhaps there are many songs suited to you. It will amuse me to keep you for a toy."

As he spoke this last, he advanced like a hurtling arrow, swinging the scimitar in a series of vicious cuts at the Zodaban's head and chest. They came flying at him like a hail, so quickly that to parry each he had to step backward blindly, praying there was nothing there to trip him. He heard a metallic ring, then another, that he knew must come from Gorban and his opponent. They and the bollings of their own blades rang and echoed through the cavern until Peleus thought crazily that the bells of all the worlds were ringing to proclaim that the Powers walked Midgard to the Last Battle, that Ragnorak had come at last.

Then the fantasy was gone and he knew that Ragnorak had come unless he could break out of this rhythm of retreat and strike back at Tareven.

Gorban was also on the defensive and bleeding from several superficial cuts, any of which might have ended the combat had it not been for his good luck, strength, and quickness. Thrice the Kobold had inflicted damage with his weapon that would have incapacitated any living man, but strong and steady as the course of the sun.

The Stone Elemental stepped back to avoid a whistling slash, lifted his weapon to parry another. But this time the crimson blade bit beneath the iron head into the wooden shaft, leaving Gorban holding nothing but a frail, useless stick.

Tareven saw it and laughed, partly out of amusement and partly in the hope of tricking Peleus to look behind for an instant. When he did not, the wizard said, "Your comrade is as dead as his adversary. And soon you'll wish you were with him in Helli!" He lashed out at the Zodaban once again, the loose green sleeves whipping about his strong dark arm.

"No!" cried Gorban, dismayed to hear the hoarseness and fatigue in his own deep voice. "I'm alive!" He leaped frantically to one side to avoid the sword, then leaped again, and again, until he lost count and forgot that there was anything in the world besides jumping to avoid the deadly blade and the red and white mask which floated behind it. He dared not pause for an instant to seize another



weapon or turn to run away, for that was all the time it would take for the vermilion-clad steel to cleave his skull and bury itself in his brain.

Tareven laughed again.

"What matters if it hasn't happened yet? How long can you avoid the sword before your body falters? By the Dark Powers, the savage is a better servant dead than alive!" He notched Pelcus's blade for the millionth time.

The youth staggered, dropped his guard a bit in apparent weariness, and Tareven's point darted in at his heart. He hurled himself forward and to the side, so that the scimitar slices through his shoulder in a spurt of red; he stabbed for the green-covered abdomen.

Swifter than thought Tareven stepped out of the way and shoved Pelcus staggering away with his free hand.

Reeling, out of balance, the Zodaban saw the scimitar come flying out of nowhere at his head and knew sickly that he could not avoid it. But the smaller man too had been thrown out of position so that it was the flat of the blade rather than the edge that slammed against his temple.

Pelcus fell to the floor, his head roaring like a waterfall. He saw fear in Gorban's blue eyes and knew that most of it was for him. "Get up! Get up!" the Kobold was calling. Then the corpse swung again at him and he jumped out of the way, the useless mace-handle still in his good hand.

Tareven was coming forward, triumph on his dark face, and because a friend who could not go on much longer was springing and capering in a macabre, deadly dance for his sake, because he was filled with a great hatred, because he wanted to meet what waited for him in the Western Lands, because it seemed important (he couldn't remember why), Pelcus hauled himself to his unsteady feet to thrust and parry once again.

"Your blood bores me," Tareven mocked. "Perhaps I will find your body more amusing another way." His free hand dipped into a pocket of his robe and came out with a handful of grey dust. He threw it at the face of his opponent.

Some sixth sense told Pelcus its nature and with his other hand he brought his dirty, tattered cloak up over his head. A hideous stench filled his lungs as the fabric decayed into slime, and then the sensation was wiped away by the agony of cold steel sliding into his thigh. He fell, and Tareven put one foot on his sword and slowly brought the scimitar up like a public executioner...

Gorban saw it from the corner of his eye, and heedless of his tormenter raising the broadsword for another blow, he took quick but careful aim and hurled the wooden shaft with all his remaining strength and cried, "Strike!" Then there was nothing to do but wait for death.

The shaft struck the sorcerer in the head lightly, sending him staggering a step to the side to regain his balance. He began to laugh, then the laughter died as Pelcus, his blade freed when Tareven moved, rammed it through his body. The green cloth was covered by an ocean of scarlet.

Time passed, and Gorban realized that the sword had not fallen. He turned and saw the corpse sprawling lifeless, a new wound in its stomach, from which issued an infinitesimal amount of blood, hardly enough to fill a thimble.

Then the fallen warlock moved a bit, sat up. Gorban seized a dirk from one of the fallen corsairs, started forward. "No," Pelcus told him, "stay back." Then, though Gorban could see nothing, he averted his face.

Tareven's eyes gaped wide; white showed all about the iris. "Dis," he said in a pleading voice, "Father...please...I did not mean it...No!"

A scream filled the air, then the body of Tareven fell back to cold crystal, never to rise again.

"He's gone now," said Pelcus unsteadily. Gorban went to him and bandaged his wounds.

This is nearly the conclusion, and all that remains is to tie things up.



FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

-DARROLL
PARDOE-

I had decided that after obtaining my PhD in England I would spend a year or two gaining post-doctoral experience in the USA. This was duly arranged in November 1966 and eventually the time came for my journey west. I decided to cross the Atlantic by 'plano, rather than by ship, since I had delayed my departure from England until the very latest possible date and the duration of the journey became of importance, if those people expecting me in Columbus were not to become worried about my non-appearance. Therefore, after a long drive through the darkness of pre-dawn England, I presented myself at the London Airport and boarded the appropriate aeroplane for my transatlantic crossing. This trip was totally uneventful. The plane did not set on fire or explode; the wings remained attached; and the Rod Baron stayed out of sight for the whole flight. The main feature of the journey was the gruesome meal served in mid-Atlantic. Next time I shall go hungry. At Kennedy Airport (located apparently in the middle of some dismal marshes) I got off the plane (though without my camera, which I realized I had left on board only after it had already taken off for Nassau) and worked my way through the sleazy immigration building and the usual tiresome customs formalities to the airport shuttlebus, which took me to the American Airways building.

American Airlines were to provide my flight from New York to Columbus and did so satisfactorily enough. The contrast was most intriguing between the BOAC plane across the Atlantic in which every seat was occupied (at least in the ~~stateroom~~ economy class part, which was all I could see) and the AA plane to Columbus, well under half-filled. I don't know whether this situation is a normal one on domestic US flights but I have been told that it is so. I can only assume that competition between various companies (the 'free enterprise' system of which Americans are far too proud), resulting in over-provision of facilities, is responsible. During the flight I saw Pittsburgh from a thousand feet, and eventually, three thousand miles and eleven hours from London, arrived at Port Columbus aerodrome. The usual vastly expensive taxi ride from aerodrome to town took me to a suitable hotel, where I slept for fifteen hours.

In a few days I had established myself as a resident of Columbus, a self-styled All-American, whatever that means. To my eyes, fresh from Britain, it was one of the seediest, untidiest cities I'd ever seen. Some aspects of American life made themselves immediately obvious. American money, so logical compared to sterling (though pennies accumulate just as rapidly in the pocket); the splendours of colour TV; driving on the ~~left~~ right-hand side of the road; the gun-toting local Geheimstatzpolizei, and so on. It was astonishing to find that Columbus

has not yet heard of the invention of the traffic-controlled traffic signal. In the All-American City, they still use the old time-interval system, which in England disappeared at approximately the same time as Neanderthal man. It seems logical enough that the cycle of the signals should be controlled by the amount of traffic on each approach to the intersection, but in Columbus and in such other parts of the state of Ohio as I have seen they operate on a fixed-interval basis. Why?

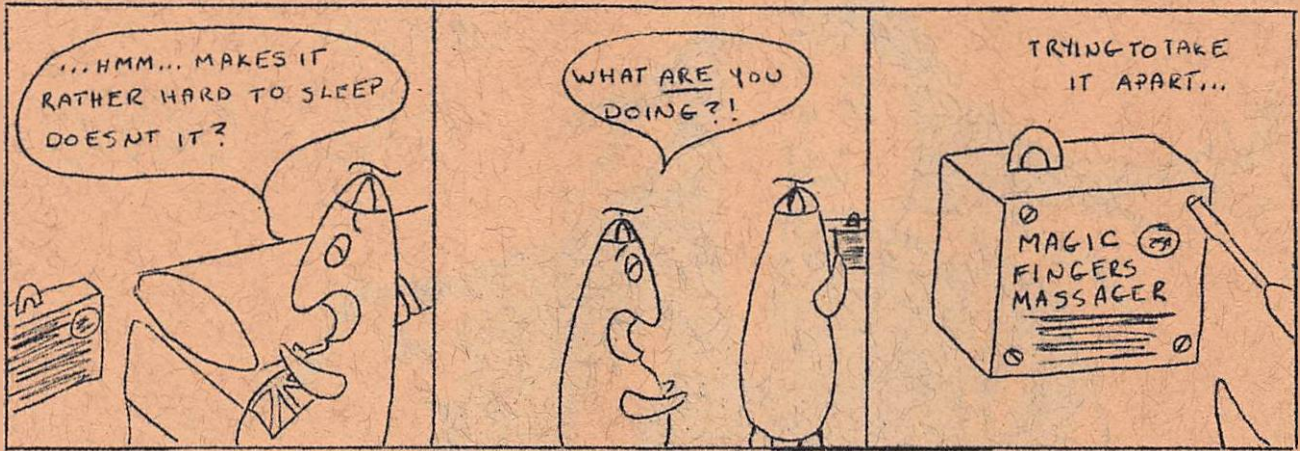
The Ohio State University also was a bit of a shock at first. Now, no British university has a student population of more than 8-9000 (except London, which is really a federation of several largely autonomous institutions scattered all over the city); but here was OSU with more than 40,000, all of whom seemed to be tromping around the campus at once. I am just not used to so large a university, although OSU has its compensations, such as an essentially complete collection of science fiction magazines and an administrative staff very deferential to anyone with 'Dr.' in front of his name.

Columbus supports a reasonably thriving fan-group, though this fact played no part in my choice of OSU as the place to come to work at. I lost no time in contacting the local fans and to my surprise found myself on my first weekend in the US attending a science fiction convention, or rather pseudo-convention. This was Octacon, at Sandusky, Ohio. As a convention it was unusual and very small but I managed to meet one or two people who previously were only names to me, notably Dick Schultz and Bill Mallardi. I managed, during the convention, to perform a feat which I don't suppose I'll ever be allowed to forget concerning a bed equipped with "magic fingers." But I will not relate it here.

So here I am in these United States, growing more used to their peculiarities as time goes on and regarding my eventual return home as less and less desirable. I suspect that in eighteen months' time, when I must return to England, I may not want to go. I do not, however, have a choice.

DARROLL PARDOE AND THE MAGIC-FINGERS MACHINE





BHIMPALASI

EDITED BY

DALE DAVIS



WITH POETRY

BY:

KAUFMAN
ZELAZNY
MIESEL
GOMAN
DALZELL
DAVIS

ASSULT ON THE GREY HOUSE

The Grey House sat fearful on the hill,
A vague light spilling from its round windows,
And a coiled snake in its red doorway.
Dream-people rushed from room to room,
Guided by electric wires,
To clean buggy-whips and dust off hand-printed Bibles.

We were to attack that day,
The vanguard for the coming army.
There weren't many of us.
McLuhan and Burroughs with their language problems;
Lloyd, who liked to do his own thing;
Warhol, the half-mad advance demolition man;
Sanders, always talking dirty;
Ellison, who wouldn't quit and couldn't quit;
And me, the son of a computer, a pill, and a cracking super-highway.

We attacked with everything we had:
With words
And sounds
And sights.
But the windows closed and the snake danced
And the dream-people cowered in the shadows with their buggy-whips
and hand -printed Bibles.
The Grey House shut itself up tight.
No air could enter.
The dream-people died.

We watched the Grey House, uninhabited, crumble.
We had failed.
We cried as we started our march
To the next Grey House.

JERRY KAUFMAN

Thoughts of the Jupiterian
Frantifier Fish During
the "Night" Freeze
At Which Time,
Unfortunately,
Consciousness
is
Maintained by
the Fish, Who
are, Also Un-
fortunatly, Quite
Intelligent and Highly
Sensitive Creatures--Alas!

i.

Steep above,
the clouds have stopped,
and we are suspended
in the loss of warmth:
Our frozen pond.

ii.

The night is a rock
to spread wet galaxies upon...

iii.

O fie, o day!
a long night off,
and that we cannot sleep.

We hang about
till night is done--

in eyes' weightless prison
helplessly seeing--

in lake's dark lens,
brightly exposed--

falling up pits of the sky.

iv.

To tear that sky down the middle
will be more than the mind can bear.

Brittle, it will break.

v.

Our frantic remains
will continue the species,
in ignorance and light.

vi.

Swimming, as we did,
they'll never give a damn,
till just about this time
tomorrow night.

vii.

...When ice before shards
is too right.

viii.

And the light!

ix.

The light...

x.

Such
is
the
kingdom
of
ice
of
ice
such
is
the

ROGER ZELAZY

Herd
stretched out over teeming star kingdoms,
swarming, chattering masses in the quadrillions

Scene
viewed for eons of time,
arriving from a small blue-green planet of lush forests and
surging rivers

Felt
dressed in vibrant silks and soft cottons,
wearing uniforms of wool to ward off the cold

their movements are
felt--

seen
for the first time on a reddish arid planet,
heard
against the backdrop of a thousand crying suns,
until the last of them is

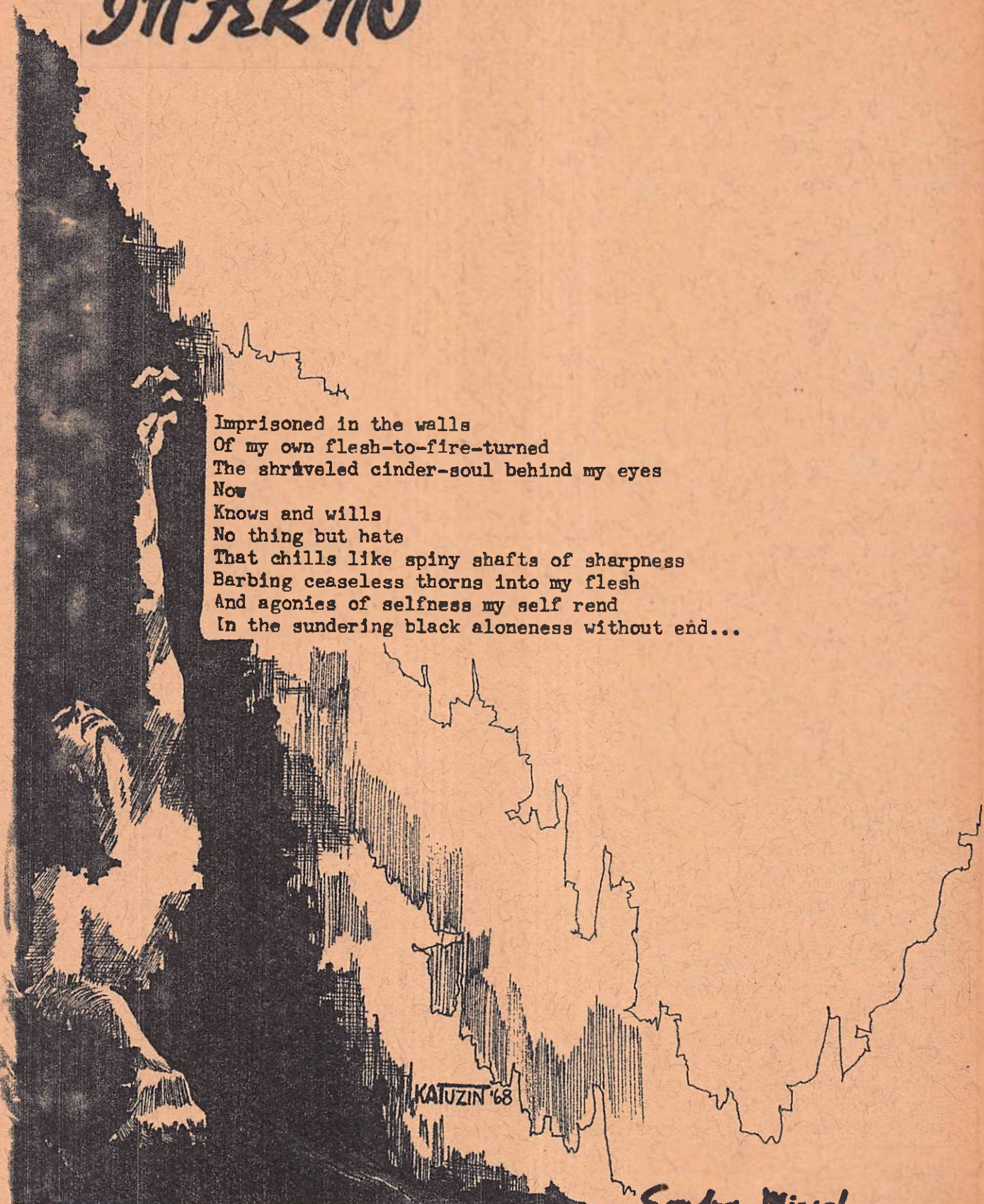
Gone.

Just yesterday (or
the day before) I was talked
to by GOD ('anu-
Factured by Green, Of-
fenhauser & Dewey) It
said Satan is e-
vil (evilevil
evil) and you should not con-
sider helping the
Li'l devil because
(becausebecausebecausebe...)
It also said some-
thing about Machines
I asked It about It's plug
(for it was not in
The socket) and It
said It did not have need of
advertisements
That caused me to think, some.

HOKKU (MODIFIED): P LUG

DALZELL

INFERNO



Imprisoned in the walls
Of my own flesh-to-fire-turned
The shriveled cinder-soul behind my eyes
Now
Knows and wills
No thing but hate
That chills like spiny shafts of sharpness
Barbing ceaseless thorns into my flesh
And agonies of selfness my self rend
In the sundering black aloneness without end...

KATUZIN '68

Sandra Miesel

This issue starts a new feature in Kal: a regular poetry column edited and with commentary by me. This time I have selected the poetry so as to present a wide range of style, authors, and thematic material. Next time I hope to be able to present a more unified selection of poems received. Any comments, criticisms, or personal remarks of general interest received about these poems will be discussed in the following issue's column. To give an example of what I intend to do with future poems, I have analyzed and criticized one of mine, which follows:

"Canes Venatici"

They hunt for what they know not where;
They search for what they no more care
Than who or what created their world.
They have no minds.
"It takes all kinds,"
The self-appointed wise men say.
There is no room in the world today
For those who do not stay uncurled
When they are out from in the womb;
And for them it seems a tomb
Is the best that we can do.
It is a shame--but death is too.

(The title is Latin for "the Hunting Dogs," the astronomical name for the constellations "Canis Major" & "Canis Minor," the Big and Little Dogs.)

The first few lines are vague; are "they" the dogs (hardly) or what? What are they hunting for, that they "know not where ['it' is_/"? It doesn't seem to be answered in the body of the poem. "They" are also searching for something that they care even less about than their cosmological origins. If "they" are really human beings, this seems doubtful; thinking men have always wondered about the universe. "They have no minds": this is hardly a surprise, considering the above lines. The next two lines are rather trite. Just who are the "self-appointed wise men," and why would they say such an ancient and meaningless phrase as "It takes all kinds"? How does this contribute to the poem's meaning?

An abrupt change in mood to a more bitter tone is made in line 7. A blank statement of judgement defines what is "realistic" in Our Modern Age, and to hell with the liberals! What is meant by "stay(ing) uncurled"; is it not going back to the mindlessness of childhood, infancy, even pre-natal (assuming one of "them" ever is more than a mental/emotional/spiritual fetus)? The three prepositions in line 9 are used rather questionably in succession; at first reading, one is slowed down by their interlocking structure. Now is introduced "we," who are patronizingly pitying "them," and yet think that "they" can best be cared for by giving "them" a 'death sentence,' just after mentioning "their" birth. Then comes the most confusing line of the whole poem: after saying that "a tomb is the best that we can do

[for "them"] why does the poem's author say that "It is a shame--but death is too"? Isn't this contradictory to what he just said about the "tomb", assuming that "it" refers to "their" immanent deaths? What then is the unmentioned alternative to death, that is also "a shame"?

The rhyme is odd: i.e., aas/ccd/b/ee/ff. The rhythm is irregular. "Room" in line 7 and "who" in line 8 provide some internal rhymes.

The above is approximately what I want in the way of criticism and commentary, as well as any personal remarks you might have. This is how I intend to analyze future poems, unless you can suggest better ways of doing poetic critique. D.R.D.

COLUMBUS IN 1



9
9
9
9
9

COLUMBUS IN 1

(continued from page 4)

the hunter's eyes was rather frightening. It seemed that man has not yet left his beastly ancestry behind. I see nothing wrong with killing for food or in self defense, but unwanton slaughter in search of a "kick" is rather unsettling. The only redeeming feature in this case is that the authorities require that all meat be brought out for human consumption. Sounds too me like an attempt to calm a conscience, but at least prevents the hunting from being a total waste.

I suspect that just having read a large number of Cordwainer Smith stories was at least partially responsible for my reaction to the film. I continually thought of the underpeople and the empathy Smith evoked between them and the reader.

"The Dead Lady of Clown Town" is probably the most moving Smith story I have read to date, and belongs to the relatively short list of science fiction which as effected or impressed me on an emotional rather than, or as well as, an intellectual level. Others would probably be, "Flowers for Algernon," Lord of Light, Brain Wave, A Canticle for Leibowitz, and Delany's "The Star Pit" and "Corona". There are others, but these come most immediatly to mind...

After hearing, second hand, that Star Trek was definitely cancelled I thought it relative merits would soon become a dead issue. It seems, however, that the letter writing campaign paid off, for I have an article by Cynthia Lowry in the Columbus Evening Dispatch for Feb. 20 which says in part, "...Star Trek fans, who have been writing letters and picketing network headquarters to keep the show from being cancelled, may now relax.

"The program has definitely been included in NBC's 1968-1969 schedule and, providing sponsors can be found, will be among the survivors next September."

That still left some room for doubt, but I had been earlier led to believe that the sponsors were in favor of continuing the show...something to the effect that it cost them slightly more to reach each 1,000 viewers but that it was considered a "quality" audience (whatever that may be) and they were willing to pay the extra.

The next day the morning paper carried a wire service story with the following, "...Returning to the schedule after NBC recieved thousands of letters protesting its possible cancellation is 'Star Trek', the science fiction series starring William Shatner.

"In an effort to attract a larger audience, the network will shift the series from Fridays at 8:30 to Mondays at 7:30 pm."

I'm glad that they changed the day, but can't say that I'm particularly happy with the earlier time slot. That seems to do it for another year anyway. I hope the show improves next season to a point where it doesn't require another campaign to save it. Otherwise, I would feel that it deserved a mercy-killing. It's current level leaves something to be desired from my point of view...

In recent years, science fiction has been recognized at an ever increasing rate by people outside of the field. Syracuse University, The University of Mississippi, The University of California, and The University of Washington have all begun collections of science fiction materials of one sort or another. Now, The Ohio State University here in Columbus has taken a big step in this direction with the acquisition of one of the largest and most complete science fiction magazine collections in the world.

In mid-March of 1967 the OSU Libraries recieved from Collectors Book Store in Hollywood the discription of a collection of science fiction magazines which contained everything indexed by Day and MIT. This collection amounted to some 3,430 magazines, and carried a price tag of \$10,200. After passing through various channels, the information reached The Department of Rare Books and Special Collections where the wheels were set in motion toward the eventual purchase. The entire project almost met with disaster when it was realized that there were no funds available for the establishment of special collections for the next

year or two. In an attempt to discover the interest in the acquisition of the collection several professors in various departments were contacted, and a note was sent to the Central Ohio Science Fiction Society. When the group of professors learned that the collection might be passed up in spite of their extremely favorable reaction, they managed to obtain the necessary funds through their departments and the Council of Graduate Students. This money was presented to the University Libraries with the stipulation that the magazine collection be purchased and a special collection of science fiction be established.

On May 10th, 1967 Dr. Joseph Katz of the English Department had the following to say about the new collection. It is excerpted here with Dr. Katz's kind permission, and as an indication of the outlook held by those involved with the collection at the university.

...Let me begin by offering my congratulations to the Library and to those responsible for acquiring the major collection of science fiction magazines that occasion these remarks. It took wisdom, decisiveness, and a high degree of daring to make this purchase. That deserves admiration.

The acquisition is major because the history of modern science fiction is almost completely to be found in these periodicals. Science fiction has its roots in certain literary works that we generally would not include in the genre... ((Dr. Katz here outlines the history of the field which is familiar to the readers of this article, and thus omitted. JA))

...when it is good, it approaches the heights established by Hawthorne and Poe. Ray Bradbury, L. Sprague DeCamp, Lester Del Rey, Theodore Sturgeon, C.S. Lewis, and more--all writers of science fiction with a claim to study as literature. The record of science fiction to be found in those periodicals we now preserve is a classic record of a sub-literary genre that is attracting attention as good literature worthy of study, and--always better--of reading. We have one of the very few collections that can serve as the major core of several authoritative works on science fiction, and that is worth talking and writing about...

Since that date, the Library has been making an effort to update the collection with those magazines published since the cut-off date of the MFI index, and to fill the few minor gaps in the bulk of the collection. They have received their first order of some 200-250 hardcover novels and collections, and the long term goal is to obtain British and American first editions of all science fiction hardcovers. Their first order even included the prize of a first British edition of The Time Machine. The library is now beginning to negotiate for the acquisition of another of the largest collections of science fiction materials in the world, including a vast number of fanzines. The latest project is that of the establishment of a manuscript depository.

It is believed by all involved that the interests of research (and it must be noted that the science fiction collection is classified as raw research material due to the relatively small amount of scholarly work that has been done in the field) will be best served by a collection which includes both the manuscript and published forms for easy access and comparison. The more centralized the preservation of science fiction becomes, the more fruitful will be critical and historical efforts. The Ohio State University has taken a stride toward the position of primary depository and preserver of science fiction and would like nothing better than to become the center for science fiction scholarship.

Specific information about the collection or questions concerning research or donation of manuscripts or material can be addressed to me, or to the library.

John Ayotte
1121 Pauline Ave.
Columbus, Ohio 43224

Department of Rare Books and Special Collections
Ohio State University Libraries
Columbus, Ohio 43210

I recieved some rather disconcerting news from Leland Sapiro the other day. It seems that Riverside Quarterly is in serious financial trouble, and that unless he gets more financial support in the form of subscriptions he will be forced to fold. When you consider the fact that he lost some \$150 on the last issue alone you can appreciate his problem. I feel that RQ deserves to be rescued, for through its haze of esotericism comes much good material. It is really the only consistant source of serious (not in the derogitory sense sometimes attached to the word) analysis and discussion of science fiction which I have found. The material found in RQ is much more detailed than the mass of reviews found in The Austrailian Science Fiction Review, and to my way of thinking more interesting (though of necessity less timely). All those with a serious interest in science fiction as literature should send for Riverside Quarterly. Write Leland Sapiro, Box 40 University Station, Regina, Canada for rates and further information.

It's getting down to that time when people begin to think about the next set of Hugo's. As a matter of fact the deadline for nominations is the 15th of April. Some of my personal choices this year, off the top of my head without any effort to go beyond memory, would be...

NOVELS--Lord of Light

The Einstein Intersection

Soldier Ask Not

Flowers for Algernon

NOVELETTES AND SHORT STORIES (I'm not about to go back now and check the lengths)

--"Crona" Delany F&SF

"The Star Pit" Delany WOT

"Aye and Gommora" Delany Dangerous Visions

"Riders of the Purple Wage" Farmer Dangerous Visions

"Hawksbill Station" Silver GAL

"Damnation Alley" Zelazny

PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

--Caughan, again...

Morrow's work has declined in quality
Bode has begun to grow on me, but not that much yet

Lehr has had some nice PB covers, but is it enough?

MAGAZINE

--Galaxy is my choice this year

If is second

F&SF is third

and nothing else deserves to be considered.

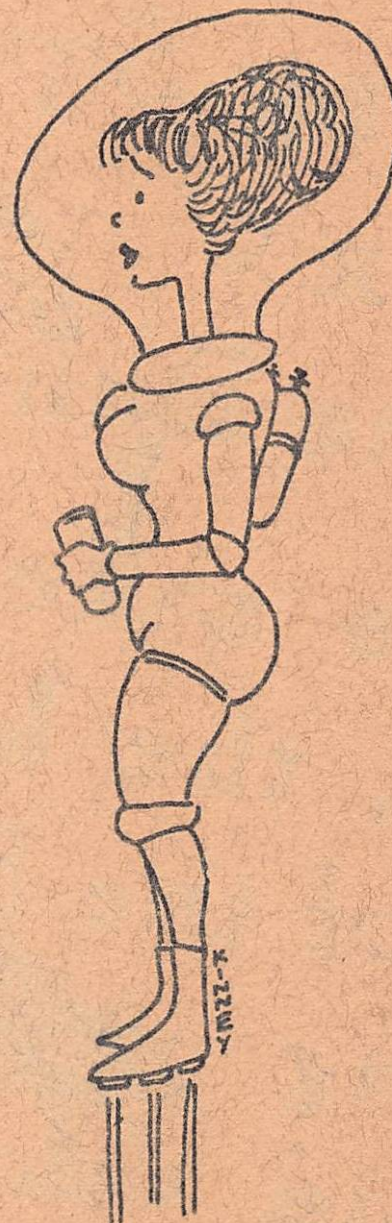
DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

--Some episode of Star Trek will probably win, but I can't think of any that really deserve it, or should be singled out as representing good visual SF. No Award is my choice.

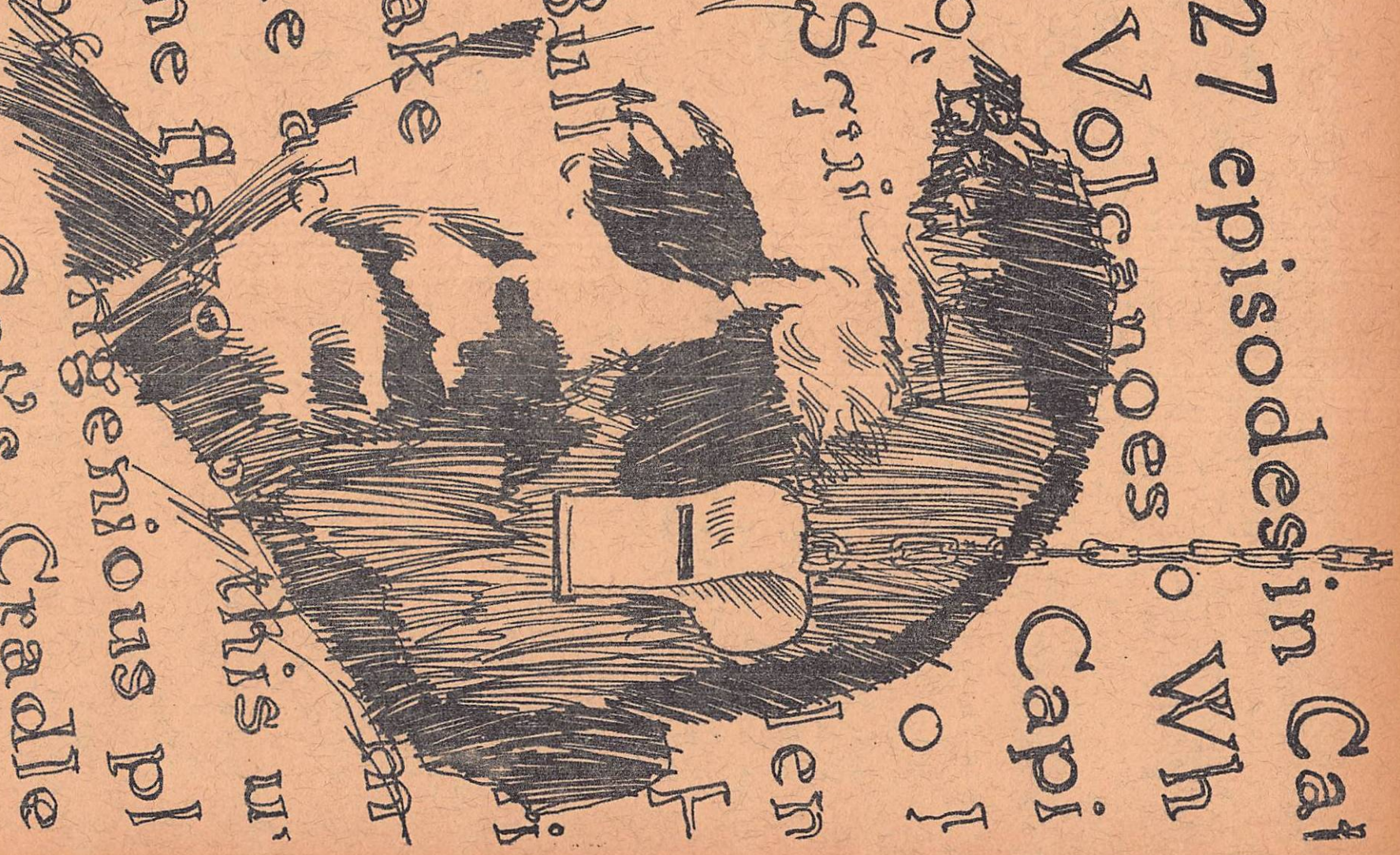
FANZINE

--Psychotic

Lighthouse



the 127 episodes in Cat
 ie of Volcanoes. Wh
 ases of ~~the~~ Capi
 lings S ~~of~~ Jern
 ox o
 the Bull
 ne sake
 r, the ac
 of the ~~flaw~~ this w
 ing of ~~the~~ Aggenious pl
 said that Cat's Cradle
 are devastatingly funny
 ma



's Cradle: v a - -

TEACHING
THE WRITER
TO WRITE: or,

A LOUSY SPEECH IN WHICH I MANAGE TO
TELL EVERYTHING I KNOW IN LESS
THAN AN HOUR

Kurt Vonnegut

This is going to be kind of a lousy speech because speaking isn't something I do very well. One thing though, I won't be able to look at you as I deliver this stuff because I've got a whole lot that requires timing and must be read like a piece of music.

I bring you greeting from Dartmouth College--I was there over the weekend. Not for the money, I was just fooling around out there. Anyway, I told them where I was coming and how many books you had...and they were sick. They don't even have their first million yet.

I live on Cape Cod and the only way you can get to Columbus, Ohio, from Hyanis, Mass., is through Washington, D.C. (This is the sort of information I'm going to pack my speech with this afternoon.) In the Washington airport I met Governor Romney. He and I were in adjacent...stalls (really, I did meet Romney) and I said, "Hello, Governor," and he said, "Hello." He smiled and shook my hand and I said, "Good luck, Governor." He said, "Thank you very much. Where are you from?" I said, "I'm from Massachusetts." And he said that it was one of his favorite states and talked about cranberries. I told him I was going to Ohio and he said that that was another of his favorite states. When I told him I'd been born in Indianapolis, he said that it was a nice clean town...

I tried to make up, without offending anyone, a non-sectarian prayer for this occasion. I looked at the program and there weren't the customary religious people on it. None of you will get into trouble by accompanying and praying along with me if you want to. If you're not religious, you can just sit there and fidget and look silly while I pray.

O Lord, we have with great labor accumulated two million volumes.
Grant that all of us gathered here will live long enough to read and understand them all.

Amen.

I'm flabbergasted to be present at an occasion like this. This is one of the few times I've been treated as a grown-up and I'm two years older than Chekhov when he died and one year older than F. Scott Fitzgerald when he died. I might suggest that I'm a mouldy fig. One reason I am flabbergasted to be here is that I'm a drop-out...I'm a drop-out's drop-out, I think. I have dropped out of Cornell University, Butler College, Carnegie Tech, the University of Tennessee, and the University of Chicago. I sort of think I'll go to night school somewhere...just to keep my hand in it. I think that one of the most moving things about universities these days is how often they invite drop-outs back to speak. I've wondered why this should be and one reason is that a drop-out can tell absolutely everything he knows in less than an hour... He can't possibly go overtime.

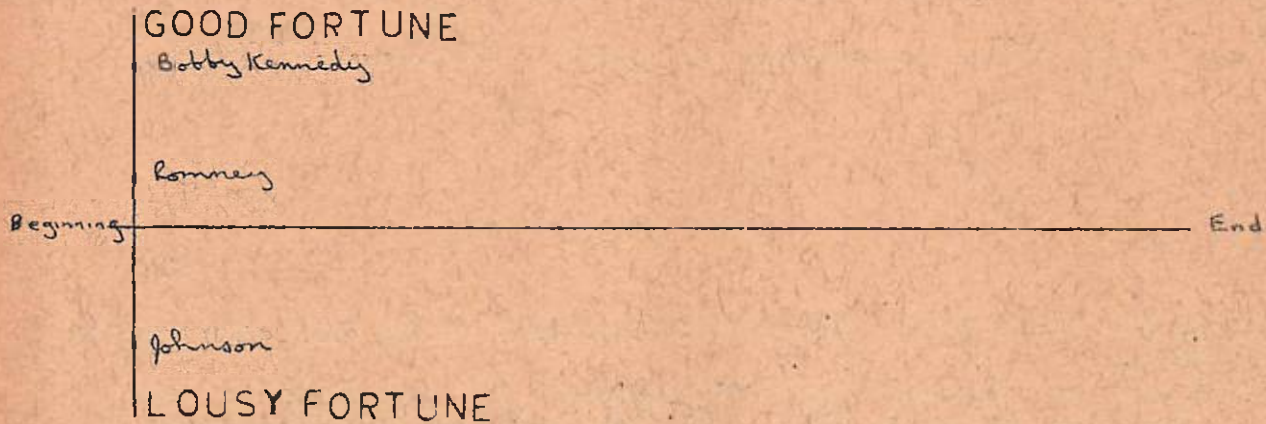
I must confess that the whole time I was at universities, I was frightened of libraries. I didn't want to go into them. I got my books from the bus station... It would be far more proper if I were here today to dedicate a new Greyhound bus station. It was in bus stations, of course, that I discovered D. H. Lawrence and Henry Miller. One time in Indianapolis when I was an adolescent--three years ago--there was a little movie house there called the "Cozy." It was an old parking lot with a piece of canvas stretched over it. They showed what were supposedly dirty movies. There was one lurid poster out in front asking questions about this woman who dared all and a man who dared all. I went in and it was "Crime and Punishment" with Peter Lorre and Edward Arnold. I learned something.

Despite being a drop-out, I've had many honors come to me lately--one of which was teaching at the University of Iowa for two years. I was rather alarmed when I went out there--you know, how would it be to face students with no education? They had education; I had none. So I talked to a friend and he said, "Just don't tell it all in the first hour." Well, I did tell it all in the first hour--I told it all in three minutes. I just shot everything, I knew, and they wanted more...

Anyway, what I gave away in three minutes (I was teaching how to write incidentally)--what I did in three minutes and what I propose to do for you is to give the clearest, most complete course in the short story ever offered in America. There

will be no charge for this, beyond the fantastic amount of money I'm getting already... This is sort of show and tell...life is show and tell, really, now that I think about it... This is an invention, as far as I know...

What is a short story? Well, first we draw this axis here, the vertical axis. This up here is good fortune, and this is lousy fortune. OK? Now we draw this axis. That's the course of the story. This is the beginning of the story and this



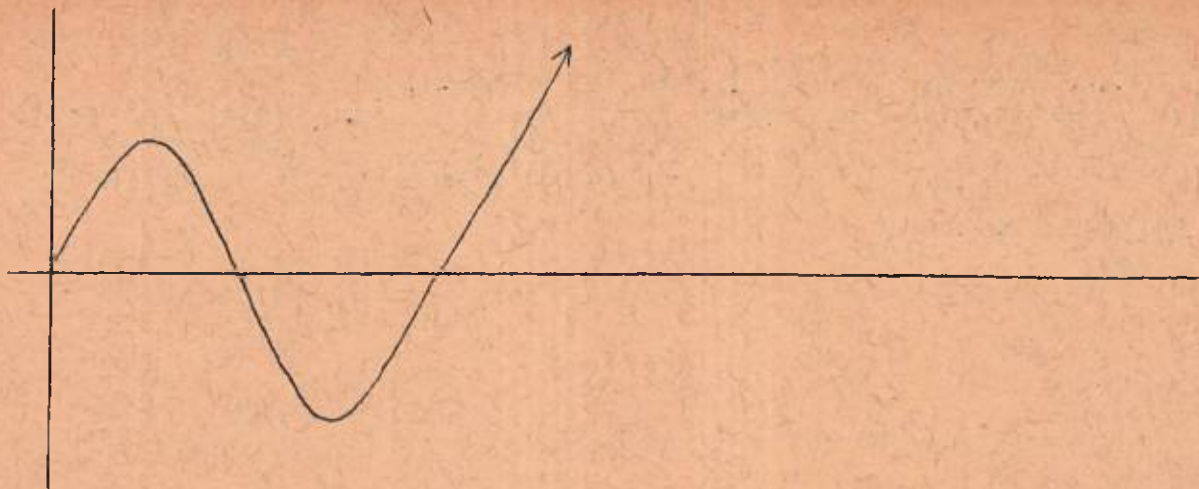
is the end of the story. Anybody who hasn't had math can just leave. Now you take the leading character where he starts. If he's Bobby Kennedy he's up here. If he's Romney he's about here. If he's Johnson he's there. You can start him anywhere.

The simplest, most popular story, which has been told again and again and again, is "The Man in a Hole." You can tell this story as often as you want--people never get tired of it. If you have a perfectly ordinary guy walking down the street at noon, not thinking about anything, and he falls into a hole, that's bad fortune. He's down below the line. He struggles to get up out of the hole, finally makes it, and is a little happier when he is finished. He's faced something and survived. That's "Man in a Hole."



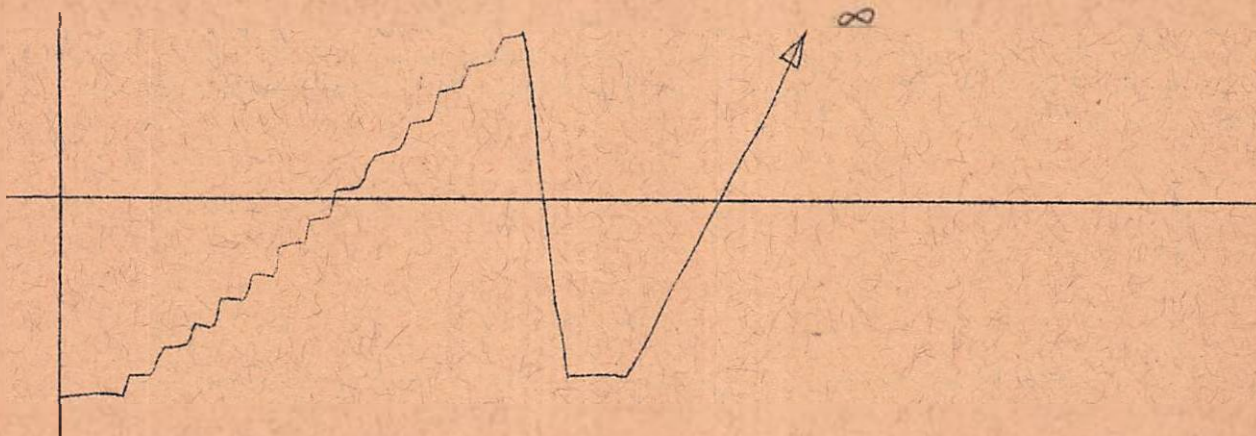
The next story is a sine curve. (The last was esthetically a swoop and has apparently satisfied people since the beginning of time. The next story is "Boy Gets Girl, Loses Girl, Gets Girl." It doesn't have to be "girl." The well-known Russian version is "Boy Gets Tractor, Loses Tractor, Gets Tractor." Anyway, it's the rise and fall pattern, simply called "Boy Gets Girl." It could be anything. His luck is lousy, then it gets good again.

If you are writing for an upper middle class maga--no, there's no such thing. If you are writing for a middle class magazine, you start with people on a higher level. You can't sell a story to Cosmopolitan that starts with anybody poor or disagreeable. If it's "Boy Meets Girl," there's an ordinary guy...and boy! he meets this neat girl. He's terribly happy. It's the best thing that ever happened to him. And damn it, he loses her. Then he gets her back and lives happily ever after. That can just go on up.



It is the sine curve--it's a swoop. It's the nature of the human mind that it likes this swoop.

The most popular story ever told is "Cinderella." Why this is nobody knows. I'll draw it for you. Cinderella starts very low. It's just lousy--everybody in the house is getting dressed up... It's really her house--she's been done out of that. She has to dress everybody up in fine clothing and then they tell her to be sure and clean behind the toilet while they go to the party. She is really bumping along down here and the Fairy Godmother comes and says, "Oh, you poor kid. I'm going to give you this, that, and this." You know, all that stuff is accumulating. She goes to the party with all this stuff and dances with the prince and...bong,




bong, bong, it's midnight and she's right back down to the bottom again. She's treated badly again and the prince comes along and tries the slipper on her and she lives happily ever after. That's infinity. She's infinitely happy after that. Of course, that's why "My Fair Lady" was such a success.

Now you take the Kafka story, "The Metamorphosis," where you already have the lousiest guy in the lousiest family situation at the very beginning of the story. Then he turns into a cockroach...

OK, that's what I taught at Iowa... Since I've become rich and famous, actually in about the last eight months, many people have been curious about my sex life. I've attempted to describe it to them and then I found out that Cosmopolitan had already covered it very well... So I read to you from the pages of Cosmopolitan. They told recently what kind of man makes the best lover. Brokers are discussed, and gangsters, and all sorts of people.

Here it is, "The men with the delicate egos: creative types--actors, artists, writers." It starts out, "Kinsey's statistics show that artists sublimate their sex drives more than most other men." That's true, I do... "In general, all creative types are a nuisance to women. They are usually selfish, egotistical, temperamental, and gloomy when you are gay. They are also inclined to be poor, at least



in the beginnings of their careers. If an artist becomes successful, he'll probably toss aside the mistress or wife who drudged through his cold water flat days and take up with a 'social butterfly' better suited to his improved station."

Well, this happened to me. I've told both my wife and my mistress to beat it. "Though artists are supposed to lead free and easy sex lives, their antics seem as naive as a game of post office compared to the goings-on in the business world." I know this is a fact. I worked for General Electric for three years, and God, it was an orgy. It's a wonder they produce anything...

"Writers, although they can be charming, intelligent, well-bred, and well-meaning, once you get them in bed, writers are poor bets as lovers. Why? Theirs is the hardest and most discouraging work there is. All that typing!" Exclamation. "Because writing is sedentary, indoor work, its practitioners are usually pale, shallow, and out of shape physically. They drink too much black coffee and smoke too many cigarettes, and so a disproportionately high number are dyspeptic." Cough, cough! "Writers develop strong tastes for convenience foods such as canned soup and chile, processed cheese and instant coffee. They know nothing about women and sexually are the most repressed men in the world. If you meet a writer you find attractive..." (Now, I'm going to read this twice.) "...be prepared to make the overtures, or at least arrange for him to show initiative in a way that tells him he cannot miss. His ego gets all the shellacking it can take from those rejection slips and he is not going to risk being turned down by you. A writer saves his best sexual fantasies for the printed page and will not dissipate or test them in real life..." Now there's a very good line coming up here and it's from a woman's magazine that circulates everywhere, and it's also by Ernest Hemingway so it must be all right. I don't see how anybody could take offense with it. "Ernest Hemingway once said, 'If you make love while you are working on a novel, you are in danger of leaving the best parts in bed.'" So that's why I live the way I do. She goes on and finally says that gangsters and businessmen are both better lovers. I'm sure they are--it's OK with me...

One thing she left out was how dirty authors get--physically dirty. One reason I came here is I'm lonesome. I have no business associates. There's no reason to see anyone but the mailman. His name is Malcolm Adams--he's all right... You deteriorate, forget what day it is. It's like being in solitary. You forget to bathe and just get filthy. A free lance author just stinks sometimes. He's lost track and can't tell if it's the Fourth of July or Christmas.

About drop-outs. One of the most famous attendees here was James Thurber. He did something that I admire very much. He stopped going to classes and just read what he liked from the library. Then he went to New York and did things the entire nation admired. You have started to build memorials to him, and I'm glad.

Your two-million volume... (It would have been nice if it could have been Thurber--there must have been a debate on the subject.) I'm startled that your two millionth volume was Don Quixote. I'd thought that was one of the first books you would have gotten. It makes me wonder if you've got an unabridged dictionary...

Another good book would be Huckleberry Finn...

When I heard that you had two million volumes, I immediately wondered, "Oh, my God, what do you suppose the dirtiest book in there is?" I'm sure you've wondered too... The greatest book is Ulysses, the noblest The Brothers Karamazov, the most effective is Catcher in the Rye, the most important book is Death on the Installment Plan, the most popular book is Valley of the Dolls. Why? You would say it was sex. Lots of people have thought that to write a sexy book is an easy way to make a lot of money but it hasn't worked out that way. Henry Miller has written probably the sexiest book in your library, The Rosy Crucifixion. You can't write a sexier book than that but it doesn't sell well. So there is something more to it than sex. There is a publisher named Bernard Guise ((?)) (who is more and more talked of) who figured out how to write best sellers. He commissioned Jacqueline Susanne to write one, which was The Valley of the Dolls. He commissioned a friend of mine to write one which has just come out. It's called The Exhibitionist. What Guise figured out was that you needed sex--he gave instructions to his writers: sex every twenty pages, a conventional novel but it must be about somebody in show business. Valley of the Dolls is based on rumors of Judy Garland's life. The Carpetbaggers is based on rumors of Howard Hughes' life. Of course, he's on the edge of show business.

This is the key thing. The people who buy these books are quite touching. They are very lonesome members of our society. They are generally office girls, with very little reason to speak to anyone else. When you get a book like The Carpetbaggers or Valley of the Dolls or eventually The Exhibitionist out--when you get enough copies out--these girls will meet each other on subways and in cafeterias. "Oh, are you reading this? Where are you?" "She just..." "Well, wait till you get to the part where he..." It's a way of saying hello. It's a rather touching product of our society. These books are not bought to be read, particularly. They're not found to be titillating. They are a very cheap club to join as a way to say hello to somebody else. Those books, incidentally, using the Guise formula are ceasing to sell. Some new clue to best sellers is going to have to be discovered but he's made a great deal of money. Why he got into this business in the first place was to create books to sell to the paperback houses. This is where the big money is. There are five paperback houses--five large ones--and each one must have a big, important book every month. So this is sixty books a year for which the paperback houses pay a lot of money. It is well over one hundred thousand dollars--frequently three, four, or five hundred thousand dollars. A friend of mine has so far made, on a book that just came out, a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Which is very nearly three Nobel prizes. That's pretty good, isn't it? It took him twenty weeks to write it. His book is based on rumors, absolutely unfounded of Henry and Jane Fonda. You simply start with the idea that there is an actor with a beautiful daughter who is an actress. Then you play with that but you never say they're the Fondas--you don't even research the Fondas. The reader feels subliminally that she is getting the inside dope on them. I think that the Fondas are going to sue--I heard that they were.

About Nobel Prizes. Until Steinbeck came along, every American Nobel Prize winner was a drop-out.

This is not a very bookish country, actually. Even in high school English departments.

Faulkner was a heavy drinker, so was Fitzgerald, so am I. Ernest Hemingway blew his head off with a shotgun. Somerset Maugham was rumored to be a homosexual, so was Oscar Wilde. I've got a cousin who's homosexual. He isn't a writer--he sells wide-track Pontiacs. But I do expose myself in department stores... I have this raincoat...these chopped-off trouser legs sewed into the hem of the raincoat there...and I have shirt cuffs. I keep the raincoat zipped up and I have a whistle on a chain underneath, nothing else. I go into the department stores where these girls, brides to be, are just picking out their patterns--crystal, silver, and all that. They're there with the mothers and aunts and everyone, and I come in. You know, they are not used to having men come in there anyway and sort of all look at me and wonder what I'm doing. I pull out the whistle and blow it as loud as I can,

then I throw open the raincoat...then I run like hell... For you who are going to write about me after I'm dead, that's one of the things I do.

Another thing I do is invent new religions because it seems to me that the old ones have failed so terribly. Christendom seems very cruel and greedy to me. I have, before setting out to invent new religions, wondered if there was any way to put a blow-out patch on Christianity. So I did think about it some and I was teaching the short story at the same time and I realized that the only reason that Christendom was so mean is that the Christ story is very badly told. What we can do about this, I don't know, but it teaches, now, the wrong lesson. It teaches everyone to be kind and merciful yet we have savagery and greed among all Christian nations. (They are the most warlike of all nations.) The way the Christ story goes, the way it is told, there is this man who appears to be a nobody with no important connections, so they kill him for amusement the way they killed other bums to pass the time. And good heavens! it turns out that he was terribly well-connected. You know, the damn fools just killed the governor's son.

This is a bitter lesson to teach people because we infer that before you mess around with a bum you make really sure he has no connections. This is what Christians do now. They're very careful before they bop somebody because they remember what happened when they did it to Christ. The story should be, I think, that Christ is an ordinary bum from Skidrow who people regard as being utterly worthless and he has no connections. He is just another human being and they crucify him. In the last second of his life the heavens open up, God comes down and adopts him, makes him his son with all the powers of God, and there is just going to be hell to pay. God warns everybody that every time they kill a bum he's going to come down and do this and those guys are going to be as powerful as he is. Now I call that effective religion--the old one hasn't worked. What we need is to doctor the gospel just slightly. We can do this by planting some scrolls around...

OK, that's about all I know and I've told it to you in well under an hour as a drop-out should. I used to know some chemistry--that's what I was, a chemistry major--and I've forgotten it. During the depression my father said I could go to college only if I studied something sensible, which he thought was chemistry. I don't think he ever knew what it was like. So I went to Cornell and studied chemistry for three years there. It turned out to be a very nice break because as a result every time I approached a work of art I approached it not for credit, but for pleasure and relief. When I got to Iowa and saw the reading list that English profs were requiring students to go over, I was appalled (and was not surprised, after seeing this list, that Americans hate books and generally do not read after they leave college--books sell very poorly in this country). A college professor will give a student in a junior class...this week we read War and Peace, next week we read Moby Dick, the week after that we read Portrait of the Artist, after that we read Madame Bovary, after that The Great Gatsby, after that Crime and Punishment, after that Remembrance of Things Past. Thanks a hell of a lot, Prof. You know, it's like going to the Metropolitan Museum on a Harley-Davidson... Books were not created for this. This is an obscenity. I don't know what can be done about it. Books were written to fill peoples' lives with pleasure. The normal reading list is just hell, that's all.

It's been mentioned that the book is becoming obsolete. I will tell you why a library is a sacred place and why the book must not become obsolete. You are in a free society, and in order to be free, we must have much new information coming from people facing life this very day. The cheapest way to do it is with a book. The number of people who are actually involved is two or possibly three, ordinarily: the author, the editor, and the editor's boss. It is a simple thing. Any time you are going to do anything on film, you're talking about hundreds of thousands of dollars. And properly so, it's going to be run by a committee. The book will remain the method by which individual human beings may record their experiences. The rest will be committee expression. Those are interesting--so's a Waring blender.

My motives for writing are utopian. I want my country to be what it promises to be and what it can easily afford to be. It can be a much better country. I am enraged with the condition it is in now. I don't give a damn if pot is legalized

LITERARY CRITICISM

AND

SCIENCE FICTION

LLOYD
KROPP

Much literary criticism in science fiction circles tends to be subjective and thus fairly useless except as an affirmation or denial of a particular prejudice or a particular taste. I would like to suggest that the same kind of critical strategies used by professional critics and scholars are applicable to science fiction. These methods tend to be more objective and thus perhaps more useful than what sometimes passes for criticism in some fanzines.

First it might be helpful to make a distinction between two types of criticism, the first being evaluative and the second descriptive. Evaluative criticism makes a value judgement; it tries to judge the goodness or badness in a particular work of art or set up standards for doing so. On the other hand, descriptive criticism tries to discover the what rather than the how good of a poem, story, or novel. It is an attempt to understand rather than an attempt to pass judgement. Most critics (among them, T.S. Eliot) feel that descriptive criticism is the superior kind since it tends to be more concerned with the fact and substance than with value and interpretation. Nevertheless, evaluative criticism has its place in the scheme of things when it is done well. At worst, it is simply a book review that praises or condemns on the basis of personal preference. At best, it is a judgement based on clearly defined criteria, and this has its own special value since criteria, carefully presented, are really a definition of the genre to which the member belongs. Thus the reader can see, in good evaluative criticism, that judgement proceeds from a certain view of what science fiction is, and this is of immense value if one intends to agree or disagree in an intelligent way.

Let me now suggest a tentative approach, largely evaluative, that might lead to a more careful analysis by others. It is based upon Aristotle's criteria for tragedy in his Poetics and in a smaller way upon a descriptive system of criticism by Kenneth Burke in A Grammar of Motives.

Aristotle's six criteria have been widely discussed in the last two thousand years, and they have been applied to all sorts of non-tragic mimetic forms, forms that did not exist in Aristotle's time. Let us look at these criteria once again: Plot, Character, Diction, Thought, Spectacle, Song. The last is largely inapplicable for science fiction but the first five are clearly useful. Let me discuss them one by one, first in respect to Aristotle's original meaning and then in respect to qualifications that could be useful in evaluating science fiction.

Plot, for Aristotle, meant a number of things, some of which are pertinent here. First of all, plot involves the idea that a story must have a beginning, a middle, and an end, the first being defined as a situation or action that needs no antecedent conditions to be understood, the second being defined as a situation which depends on antecedent conditions and also leads to further action, and the third being defined as that which completes what has been started by resolving the central conflict. Plot also means a sequence of events within this three part frame that are related by cause and effect; that is to say, they produce each other and thus effect a logical coherence. A corollary to this is that a plot must deal with the "necessary and probable," and not with events that in their sequence seem to violate the laws of causality. The "necessary and probable" lead, in Aristotle's view, to a concern with the typical, and therefore with the truth of human life in general terms.

A few comments now about the application of these criteria to science fiction: first, the beginning of the plot is of special importance since it often introduces

the reader to another time, another place, an alien society, or all of these. The "donné" if skillfully handled, provides a basis of belief upon which the middle and the end are predicated. If badly handled, it makes the resulting action seem improbable, a wild fantasy rather than a science fiction story. A novel that begins, for example, with an atomic blast that shatters the hero and then reassembles him in another dimension five million years in the future does not lead the intelligent reader into an interesting world of images and ideas; it alienates him with clichés, vagueness, and improbability. And this leads to the principle of causality, an important consideration since science fiction usually deals with scientific, technical, or sociological problems, or some other reasonably serious aspect of civilized life either now or in the future. A reasonable treatment of such subjects means a certain plausibility, a sense that the author's extrapolations are at least possible, and plausibility demands in turn a sense of cause and effect as far as plot structure is concerned. Science fiction readers will no longer swallow a story about an intergalactic war that is precipitated by the kidnapping of an Andromedan princess, or a race of giant man-eating grasshoppers that appear mysteriously in the Arizona desert two years after a series of atomic tests were conducted there.

Character is defined by Aristotle as "that which reveals moral purpose, showing what kind of things a man chooses or avoids." Later on he also mentions propriety, realism, and consistency as important aspects of characterization. It is true that the modern concept of character tends in fiction to be somewhat broader than Aristotle has outlined. This may be due partly to Freud, Jung, and others who have developed elaborate theories of personality and partly to the fact that man's scope of operation and the magnitude of his learning are so much greater now than they were two thousand years ago. In science fiction, however, the aristotelian idea of morality is perhaps still the central one as far as character is concerned. The hero's ability to separate good from evil, to search his own soul, and to maintain his own integrity are often the most complex and dramatic problems of all, thrown as he is into a new world, a strange dimension, or an alien technology where there are no certain traditions to guide him. In Blish's A Case of Conscience, in Vonnegut's Player Piano, in Sirak's City, in Lewis's Perelandra, in Miller's A Canticle for Leibowitz, and in Zelazny's Damnation Alley, the central problem for the hero is a moral one. He must always define himself by choosing the right path in a world filled with strange wonders, confusions, and deceptions. Perhaps one of the differences between an old space opera by Edmund Hamilton and a modern novel by Heinlein or Walter Miller is precisely this--the moral dimensions of the central characters. In Hamilton's The Star Kings, for example, there is only a simple adventure story. The good guys are good and the bad guys are bad; the hero makes no real moral or ethical decisions, since his stereotype has in a sense already made them before the story begins. I believe then that the question of how men should behave in other worlds of experience is an important one in science fiction.

An important qualification is necessary at this point. Aristotle points out that "without action, there cannot be tragedy; there may be without character." Thus character in the aristotelian view is not nearly as important as plot--the sequence of actions. Since the end of the nineteenth century, the novel seems to have moved away from this emphasis; plot has become almost secondary to character. For instance, in Lawrence Durrell's Alexandrian Quartette, events are not linked by time sequence or by cause and effect so much as they are joined by the author's desire to complete the puzzle of human personality, to examine different people from different points of view. Science fiction, on the other hand, stays closer to Aristotle. Most science fiction is about Things and their effect upon someone or some society or group of societies. Things are the subject; people are the object. It is into things--machines of war, time travel devices, strange planets, strange creatures, peculiar social structures, new concepts of time and dimension, space ships, underwater cities, theories of language or psychology--that science fiction writers pour most of their love and originality. The central concern is always larger than any individual, even though everything may be seen through the eyes of a single character. I have never read a science fiction novel which was first and foremost a "character novel" in which actions and ideas arise out of the hero's personality and point of view, a novel, for example, like Hesse's Demian, Salinger's The Catcher in

The Rye, or Henry Miller's Tropic of Capricorn. In Perelandra, the problem of good and evil and the salvation of innocence are clearly more important than who in particular Ransom is or what effect his adventures have upon him. In The Voyage of The Space Beagle, the central emphasis is on the nature of the various beasts and how they and other problems may be overcome through "nexistism," a philosophy based upon the synthesis of all philosophical and technical systems of thought, and not on the problems or sensibilities of any one person.

Thus even skillfully handled characterizations in science fiction tend to be something less than profound. But of course all genres have their limitations; in fact it might even be said that the limitations of a genre are what define it or set it off from others. And so, just as it is unfair to criticise a novel of fantasy for being unscientific, so it is also unfair to criticise a science fiction novel for characters that fall short of Faulkner, Durrell, Thomas Mann, or Dostoevski.

Very briefly, let me suggest the drift of the next two criteria, diction and thought. The first is perhaps the most difficult to discuss, since each work of fiction defines its own world and demands a certain kind of language that is perhaps different from that of any other work. But generally perhaps it is useful to point out that diction is bad when language calls attention to itself rather than to what it is trying to convey. In good fiction language should be graceful but largely unobtrusive, a clear glass through which the reader sees some sort of experience. Thought refers to the expository content of a story; it is the philosophical import of a work of fiction taken as a whole. Thought is another criterion that marks a difference between an adventure story and a novel; one is simply colorful and exciting; the other has implications that go beyond the explicit action.

Spectacle, the least important criterion in Aristotle's view, is a major factor in science fiction. The scene against which action occurs is often as important as the action itself. In Walter Miller's Crucifixus Etiam, it is clear that the Martian landscape establishes both the mood--an empty, windswept desolation--and the problem: how is it possible to remain human and hopeful in a land where most human activities are impossible, where freedom is gone, and where one's lungs slowly wither away to useless vestigial sacs? Aristotle thought in terms of scenes that were familiar to almost everyone either by tradition or by personal observation, but in modern fiction, science fiction in particular, the special or unique qualities of a particular scene are crucial in that they tend to control the development of the story.

Let me push this idea of Spectacle or scene a bit further. Kenneth Burke, a brilliant American critic and philosopher, suggests that there is a special relationship between action and scene, which he calls the "Act-Scene Ratio." This is a part of his "Pentad of Terms"--Act, Scene, Agent, Agency, Purpose--with which he

GERMANY
IN
1970



AND REMEMBER COLUMBUS IN '69

feels he can explain analytically any work of art or any situation in life. In A Grammar of Motives he explains that act and scene are always in some way congruent with each other: as one changes, so does the other change. Or to approach it from another point of view, one might say that a particular scene implies a certain area of action. A brief examination of Roger Zelazny's Damnation Alley, a short sf novel characterized by very strong action, shows this to be true.

The Nation of California at the beginning of the novel is a scene of militant decay and loss of power, a land hemmed in on all sides by fear and uncertainty. Against such a scene, Tanner, the agent, can only act in a negative way: he tries to escape, he surrenders, he allows himself to be forced into an agreement, and he prevents his brother from driving into Damnation Alley. Generally, Tanner is acted upon more than he is able to act himself. But when the scene changes to Damnation Alley, a stormy, radioactive wasteland filled with monsters, tornadoes, and vicious motorcycle gangs, the quality of Tanner's acts undergoes a profound change. His acts are again against the scene, but now he, the agent, has a new agency to magnify the power of his acts over this new scene, a scene which is not militant or calculating, but only mindlessly hostile. His agency, an armoured car laden with an amazing battery of offensive and defensive weapons, serves him well in a number of adventures. Thus his internal violence, confined in The Nation of California by limited agencies and the laws of the scene, moves outward to a scene where there are no laws and where his agency is infinitely more powerful. In all this there is a kind of fulfillment of Tanner. He is now the complete adventurer, an agent perfectly suited to his scene. This fulfillment means for him a rest, a stopping place where in his own mind he can view his life and wonder where next he might go. He thinks. He becomes aware of things he has never been aware of before. Gradually the purpose of his adventures changes. At first he seeks only the gratification of his senses and the avoidance of pain no matter what it costs others. Toward the end, however, he is trying to save lives. He discovers that acts of destruction, inspired by a hostility toward almost everything outside his own person, are not enough to give meaning to human life. And a change in life's meaning means a change in purpose. And thus when Tanner comes to Boston, which is essentially the old California scene in a new place, he is able to respond differently; he is able to choose new acts to fit old scenes.

In this brief discussion of Damnation Alley I have tried to show two things. First I have tried to show that Spectacle (scene), which Aristotle passes off so quickly, is crucially important in science fiction. "Terrain determines tactics," as Burke would say. Second I have introduced an example of descriptive rather than evaluative criticism to suggest a contrast or alternative for Aristotle's criteria for what a work of art ought to be. Burke's Pentad of Terms are not a way of establishing a hierarchy of values; they only serve as a way of organizing and giving names to the facts of life and art that lie before us, thus giving us a clearer sense of their interrelationships.

In this essay I have been trying mainly to develop one possible approach for evaluating science fiction stories and novels. To summarize: a science fiction novel should have a well developed beginning followed by a middle and an end; its events should be linked as much as possible by cause and effect; it should thus deal with what would seem most natural and probable for those particular events. Characters in science fiction should serve some moral purpose (be they good or evil) and they should have a certain consistency (or consistent inconsistency) in their behavior; but one should not expect even in great science fiction novels to find characters that measure up to the great characters in mainstream fiction. And finally, a science fiction story should have a literary style suited to its subject, a meaning that goes beyond its action, and a fully developed Spectacle or frame of reference against which interesting events can take place.

The trouble with this fanzine is that it is always changing rainbows

(continued from page 41)

or not. I'm not afraid to say "shit" in public, but I don't think it is a particularly useful thing to do. I will not weep if we never get a man on the moon. There, that's it. Everything I know...less than an hour.

(continued from page 33)

Australian SF Review (that's three different kinds of fanzines, enough to satisfy nearly everyone.

FANWRITER--Ted White seems a good choice, even if you don't agree with all he has to say. Include Dick Geis and Harry Warner and Terry Garr to make things interesting.

FAN ARTIST-- Rotsler, Chamberlain, Barr, Foster, and Lovenstein, though I suppose Gaughan should be included. He has done a vast amount of fan work, but should the fan award go to someone who is unquestionably a pro, even if he is unquestionably a fan as well? I don't know myself.

The list is far from what I would call ideal, but I haven't sat down and reviewed everything produced during the last year. I hope it sets some people to thinking & though, for the more well thought out ballots, the better will be the final results.

...Discovered an article by Ray Bradbury in the French magazine Lui for Feb. 1968. It is a sort of French Playboy. I suspect that it was a translation of something that appeared over here first, for the copyright was held by Time, Life Inc. I haven't had anyone translate it yet...

The well known British cartoonist and fan artist Terry Jeeves recently had a cartoon in a British amateur film makers magazine which I get with some regularity. It seems he does quite a bit of professional work with the characters he has used in Darroll Pardoe's les Spinge...

The Jefferson Airplane song "Plastic Fantastic Lover" was recently interpreted by a friend of mine as being about androids...

Saw a bar the other day which was called Elricks...Hmmm... with that hefty dose of trivia I close another issue...



Mike Montgomery
21 Washington St.
Denver, Colo. 80203
Jan. 6, 1968


Thanks very much for sending Kal. 2. I'm learning that I can actually like fan fiction, a thing which I had previously thought almost impossible.

I was really disappointed with your illustrations, with the exception of the cover and Katuzin's interiors. There really wasn't that much detail in the former though, but it did look like a good layout. Katuzin is really excellent, and it's quite worth it to electrostencil his art. Come on, Doug, you can do a lot better than that.

"A Knight For Merytha" was very good. I haven't yet read "The Bells of Shoredan" but I have read the other two in the series. This is the best of the lot. It's been a while since I read the other two, but as I remember, I lost interest after a bit of reading in them.

Don D'Amassa's "Variations on a Theme" was interesting. The style used seemed to flow along more smoothly than anything else in the issue. This type of thing seems to be the answer to an article I read recently which said that sf is running out of plots. That may be true, but there are a lot of innovations that can be made on the same plot, as shown in Don's effort.

((A surprising number of people have claimed to have revised their position on fan fiction, which is what I had in mind from the beginning. Now I'm torn between continuing my policy as of last issue or relenting and publishing more conventional fiction. Just have to wait and

feathers or lead 

see what happens.

As for sf running out of plots, technically there are relatively few basic plots for all fiction. These plots can be modified and presented in an infinite variety of ways, however. The problem is probably more one of sf running out of gimmicks for those basic plots to revolve around or be modified by. I think that what some people claim to observe is the rapidly draining sf idea reservoir. Personally, I disagree with this position and prefer to point a finger toward the period of adjustment and reorientation that the field is struggling through. The dry spell seems to be ending, and I think we can look forward to an upswing in both the quality and content of sf. The traditional sources of sf themes and gimmicks have become too close to the public to instill much of that elusive 'sense of wonder' in a modern reader. New fields for extrapolation and inspiration are only slowly and painfully uncovered. The foundations of sf will remain with us but we're now beginning to build the ground floor so to speak. JA))

Jack Gaughan
PO Box 516
Rifton, NY 12471
Feb. 3, 1968

Gee...I'm sorry about the drawing of Gerard. No goblet of wine. I goofed. Roger's "Shadows" was (I have to say it) illuminating. I've noticed that he has become one of the more picture-conscious writers plying the trade.

Those images which can be brought to mind with a word or a sound or even background music have increased immensely and in proportion to the popularity of the various communications media. I notice that a lot of writers (illustrators too!) use movie techniques. Not because they are movie techniques but because they have become part of the language of imagery. Even film and soundtrack cutting techniques show up in writing. I'd swear that one editor edited a story I illustrated using not writing technique but film-cutting technique.

All media have cross-pollinated almost all other media. Does that make sense? Anyway, you know what I mean. This has not been a plot on the part of the writer, or an invention of MacCluhan. It is the result of mass communications which allow such techniques to enter into our everyday lives like a new slang word.

I think the conventions of the comic strips (a little like science fiction) work best within, and will remain within, their own bounds.

I find it perhaps curious that the most visually interesting (in the sense that there is always something to occupy the eye) stuff around is TV commercials. Here we have a concentrated effort to make every, every frame and every second count. Throw nothing away lightly. Always keep the eye occupied. Concentrate on each split second. This does not mean tediously following each and every movement of the actor, but economically utilizing each film frame to engage the viewer and carry across some point or another. A man cannot simply walk up a walkway but must be viewed from the most interesting angle and in the most interesting light with the shadows of the trees in the setting sun making patterns across his path. There are no thrown-away moments merely to get the character from here to there.

By and large the James Bond movies are constructed with this concentrated attention to making even the most minute thing interesting.

Roger and I agree that to suggest, hint, or imply is better than to delineate. The world hasn't move at a leisurely pace in a long time, and suggestions move things along faster than delineations. Delineation stops one and forces him to examine a moment...or skip over it if he is of a contemporary mind. Contemplation seems to be out of the contemporary scene while experiencing one transcendent moment then the next and the next seems to be the thing.

Like words, these contemporary image conventions are part of the language now. I think it would be foolish and a futile uphill struggle not to use them.

Curiously, I am now hung up on clarifying things and delineating them but I do believe that to suggest is the more effective means of illoing a story. My hang-up comes from a study of Durer and is a passing thing which at the most will merely clarify my technique of suggestion.

The Lombardic initials used to title "The Princes" were just right.

I saw the Janacek biography in a cheapie bookstore not long ago, but I didn't have the scratch to lay out for it so I passed it up and have been kicking myself ever since. I've been a Janacek nut since about 1952 when all you could get on records was "Taras Bulba" and a "Suite for Strings." I have tapes of "Makropoulos" and "Mr. Broucek" (not complete, I fear they're only excerpts). Janacek appeals to me because his language is his own; his style is his own, and honest. The brass writing in the "Sinfonietta" makes one's hair raise.

There's a pretty good body of sf music. Even excluding fairy-taley things like "Swan Lake" and "The Firebird." There are two recordings of the "Destination Moon" score. There's an electronic piece by Richard Maxfield (I think) entitled "Two Moons of Quatermass"! Gliere's "Third Symphony" (one of my favorites) is sword and sorcery stuff. Antheil's "Ballot Mechanique" was originally entitled something like "A Message to Mars." Oh, the list goes on and on.

I admired all your illos...particularly Lovenstein's things. I think his signature bit is something he'll get over.

I am not Hell Tanner. Dammit. I am often mistaken for Errol Flynn or Leo Gorcey or some other male sex symbol, but I fear I am closer to Wally Cox as Mr. Peepers. At least that's what they called me in the army. Believe me, it was hell to come out of a movie (say, "Don Juan") and feel myself the hero and go leaping down the sidewalk and bounding over fireplugs and down stairs to be greeted by a buddy, "Hi there, Mr. Peepers!" Like Batman's wrinkled TV tights, my doublet suddenly became an ill-fitting Eisenhower jacket and my glistening leather boots became kinda lumpy GI.combat boots. Nowadays I'm beginning to look like a cross between a fat leprechaun and a thoroughly dissolute Richard Burton waking with the prince of hang-overs.

Ted White is Hell Tanner. He drove me to Washington once, and I know.

((I too have found commercials visually interesting. I feel that some of the best are those with next to no verbal accompaniment. Several of the 7 Up spots come to mind, as well as some for True cigarettes. Musical backgrounds with only a few spoken words are at least more pleasing than long-winded and involved sales pitches. The only time I've ridden with Ted White was at the last Midwestcon and the trip was too short for any Hell Tanner tendencies to surface. It's not too hard to believe that they're there, though. JA))

Graham Charnock
I Eden Close, Alperton
Wembley, Middx.
Feb. 4, 1968

A little disconcerting to come across a fanzine which, apart from the editorial and lettercolumn, is unashamedly 100% fan fiction. This side of the Atlantic, whenever a fanzine appears sporting even one item of fiction there is usually an uproar about it being out of place, or something equally silly. Vehement letters are received (I speak from experience) from people who suggest they know the editor's mind and editorial policy better than the editor himself; from people who have read the story in question but, admitting a prejudice against this type of fiction, neglect to comment upon it; from people who, admitting a prejudice against this type of fiction, neglect even to read it!



Personally I'm of the opinion that amateur fiction belongs in an amateur magazine as much as anything. Fanzines, on the most basic level, give people a chance to "have a bash" at the sport themselves, with the possibility (if enough people forget their prejudices) of some serious comment and constructive criticism being received. A number of sf writers have already risen to prodom through this medium and no doubt a number will do so in the future; it is of some tangible value.

Having said that, I must say that the stories in Kal 2 left me larclly unmoved. "Incident on Altair 6" makes improper use of the vignette format: the point of the story (Is it "One man's meat is another man's poison"? or that "East is east and west is west and never the twain...?") is too vague and the ending is not punchy enough by far. The whole thing is, in fact, morely the incident of

its title, a pretty uninteresting incident at that. "The Presence" is slightly better but the fact is I like my vignettes with a really strong twist and this again just doesn't have one. The twist seems to me the only justification for the vignette's skimpy format. Frederic Brown had it down to a fine art at one time; many fan writers experimenting with this easy-to-write form might be able to learn a great deal from reading him.

"Variations on a Theme" had the saving grace of humour. One or two were samey and predictable (after the first one) but the idea itself is interesting and something I haven't seen before.

The Zelazny story strikes me as (a) hastily written, (b) badly written, and (c) unsaleable in the professional market. In view of these three factors, I am not surprised to see it in a fanzine. The stylized dialogue is not my cup of tea, for one thing, and for characterization Zelazny has morely taken several stock sword and sorcery types and shoved them up there at his hundred words per minute of whatever. It may be hot potatoes in the sword and sorcery field but Literature it ain't.

Harry Warner, in his letter, makes the interesting point: "How can sf writers solve the awful problem of inability to use their own experiences and observations of other people's experiences in unchanged form in their fiction?" What he doesn't seem to realize is that they do manage to solve this problem time and time again, and that, speaking in general terms, it is exactly this which distinguishes 'honest' (a term I'd rather use than 'literary') writing from hack writing. Neither category of course is ever found in isolation, no more than anything is ever simply black or white, but the proportion of 'honest' writing to hack writing seems to vary, as does the literary worth of the work, with the amount of direct personal experience and observation that the writer is able to involve in his work. Here as well, to quote MacLuhan (and I wish I didn't have to) the medium is very much the message. The sword and sorcery story, for instance, lends itself ideally to the creation of totally artificial 'imaginary' environments and a totally derivative style of writing. Witness the Zelazny story: this could just as well have been written by a hermit who has been living in a cave in the Himalayas for the past fifty years and who has had the very minimum (i.e. none) experience of human interaction. Also, one feels that Dick Byers, in pointing out parallels between Dilvish and Aragorn, is putting the cart before the horse and indulging in the most pathetic of fallacies. Parallels are bound to exist in the sword and sorcery field simply because its stock of stereotyped plot elements, characters, and images is small and drawn on by all sword and sorcery writers. Never have so many found it so easy to write such a lot about so little.

Robert Willingham
21934 Millpoint Ave.
Torrance, Calif. 90502
Feb. 25, 1968

Just a few comments on #2, since it is too late for an loc on that ish: Having stiff cover paper and softer interior pages was a good idea, the info on the kallikanzaros was timely as I've just started This Immortal, "A Knight for Merytha" and "Variations on a Theme" were the two pieces I liked most.

Now #3. The Gaughan art and the Zelazny writing for "The Princes" were excellent, of course, and left me drooling in anticipation for the next installment. "The Anton Disaster" wasn't overwhelmingly original but still good, and other than the almost trite plot, my only bone to pick is the switch from first person to third person narration. I can see Goman's justification for the change, but it made me feel uneasy nonetheless. Knight's screenplay reminded me of one of those fantasies that drift through your mind before consciousness fades completely; perhaps I just enjoyed this more than others might have because I'm familiar with the terms used --I can see how the effect could be ruined if you had to keep looking at the glossary. The articles were very interesting and showed quite some thought on the part of the authors. And the poetry--well, this too was better than that found in the average fanzine.

One thing which I would very much like to see continued is the double columns. The few pages that had these were easy to read and handsome, especially with the justified margins.

((Issue #3 was supposed to have the heavy covers, but several difficulties arose and prevented it. I'd like to thank Roger again for the references to the kallikanzaros. I've been informed of some more references and will probably relate some more on the mascot of this fanzine in the next issue--the annish--in June. As far as future installments of Nine Princes in Amber, it's up to Roger and how much of his early draft he wants to let see print. I really don't expect him to release much, if any, more of it. Remember that it is being done for sale, and Roger's professional interests must take precedence over fanzine publication. One small consolation from this end will be the reprinting of the first excerpt which I published in Kal. #1. Kal. #1 saw such a small circulation that many people have asked for it as a back issue. Unfortunately, I have no copies left. Since I feel that the main reason people want issue #1 is for Roger's piece, I am considering reprinting it and possibly "The Princes" in the annish.

The problem of continual reference to the glossary with "From the Sleep" was anticipated and the risk was taken. If it--the glossary--was read in advance as I recommended, there should have been no problem--the terms are almost self-explanatory. Glad you knew them beforehand--it probably made the piece more enjoyable than it might have been otherwise. JA))



MISINFORMATION

You are receiving this issue because...

- : : you subscribe, and your subscription expires with issue _____
- : : you paid for this issue
- : : you have material herein
- : : you are mentioned
- : : there are Pharos in your garden
- : : your name is Hell Tanner
- : : I'd like you to submit art
- :X: I'd like you to submit an article
- : : I'd like you to submit fiction
- : : I'd like you to submit poetry
- :X: I'd like you to submit anything you might have lying around
- :X: this is a sample, please respond
- :X: we trade
- :X: don't we?
- : : can we?
- : : your name is Buck Coulson, you don't trade, and I don't really know why you
are getting it
- : : you review fanzines
- : : your name is Pablo
- : : your name is Trufan
- : : Yngvi is a louse
- : : you are the walrus
- : : you are a secret master of fandom
- : : you are no the secret masters waiting list
- : : you sawed Courtney's boat?
- : : your name is Dick Geis, need I say more?
- : : who needs a reason?
- : : you are a friend

:X: WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LETTER YOU SAID YOU WERE SENDING??

GETTING A WORD IN EDGWISE, OR THE EDITOR MAKES A FEW LAST COMMENTS BEFORE RUNNING OFF THE LAST FEW PAGES...

I'm finishing this issue on March 28th, two days before MARCON III. This marks the first time I have finished on schedual in the first four issues. The main reason I am tacking this on here is to say that I am very dissappointed with the response that the last issue recieved. A letter column is the heart of any fanzine, and the one in this issue was barely worth printing. I had to scrunge to get the good letters I did print, and the truth is I only recieved a couple more than I ended up printing. Maybe people don't respond to a primarily fiction fanzine...in that case, this issue should elicit a much more rewarding response. If, however, I get as little encouragement from outside as I did after the last issue, the Annish, in June, will be it. I will through in the towel for the time being. To temper that last note of dispair, I must say that the few reviews Kell, has recieved have been gratifying...and the source of quite a few sticky quarters. Unfortunately, money is the least important factor in this fanzines continued existance. I continue to thank those who have contributed and promis to contribute in the future, and hope that their ranks swell enough to insure my continued publication. I have no intention of quitting unless it is forced upon me by the seeming apathy. (JA)

