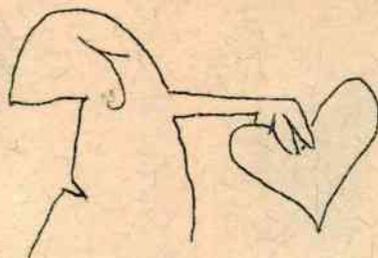




*Steve  
Stiles*

# Nyarlahotep 6





# NYARLATHOTEP

THE UNSPEAKABLE FANZINE

2.....	Ben Solon:	Editorial Ephemera
10.....	Joe Hensely:	Bob Tucker, Fact & Fable
13.....	Ted White:	The Falling Knight
21.....	Flanders Modrian:	Epitaph: Jeff Green, 1940-1965
22.....	Alexei Panshin:	Kasha
34.....	Valerie Walker:	The Man Who Wrote Titles
38.....	Dean Natkin:	The Troll Hole
45.....	Arnie Katz:	"What's New In Fandom?"
		Roommates I Have Known & Other
49.....	Phyllis Eisenstein:	Prospects
56.....	Flanders Modrian:	Wild Pigeon Herding
58.....	Bill Bowers:	The Lovely Lemon Tree
64.....	Horatio L. Hack:	Quagmire

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Nyar because: Contribution  Sample  Cash  Trade   
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BEN SOLON



## Editorial Ephemera

This issue of Nyarlathotep was originally scheduled to appear in September, 1967.

It would appear as though it's going to be a bit late.

Time flies. Some 16 months--though it seems like only the day before yesterday--have passed since I last sat down to write an editorial for Nyar. A number of things have happened to me since the previous issue of this journal of civilization rolled off a mimeo drum. I suppose it would be in keeping with fannish custom to fill the next few pages by relating some of the more amusing experiences that have occurred since the last issue. But I am no mindless slave of tradition. Besides, I have no notes and a poor memory. Not to mention the fact that the Trials and Tribulations of the last year and one third have

provided me with a number of painful memories. I am not at all certain that I care to relive them. Enough is too much.

Suffice it to say that the intervening months have been neither wasted nor idle. Far from it. The fafia has been something of a vacation, although not an entirely welcome one. But I must confess that I look forward to this and future issues of Nyar with considerable enthusiasm and anticipation. An occasional mention in someone else's fanzine is a poor substitute for first-hand egoboo. And I think the return of Ray Fisher, Dick Geis, Richard Bergeron, and F.M. and Elinor Busby to the genzine field will bear me out in this belief.

In any event, Nyar is back and there have been some changes made in the rag's editorial policies. The primary change is in the subscription price: there isn't any. All existing subs will, of course, be honored but no new ones will be accepted. If you claim this policy is unfair ~~WAAAAA~~ ~~WAAAAA~~ ~~WAAAAA~~ I have no quarrel with you. In fact, I have very little defense against your claim. But since I publish more for my own amusement than for any hoped-for financial remuneration, I am far more interested in letters of comment (or condemnation) than I am in cold cash. Another reason for the elimination of subscriptions is that shortly after the last issue, the mailing list expanded to near-unmanageable proportions. I'm quite pleased that Nyar is (or was) so well-received, but with some 250 recipients, the physical aspects of publishing cease to be even moderately enjoyable and threaten to become downright tedious. Consequently, I am attempting to eliminate all deadwood from the mailing list. If you would like to keep on receiving Nyar, a response of some sort is Highly Recommended. (of course, old friends and fannish ghods are exempt from this policy...temporarily.)

The other change is not apparent in this issue as it will be instituted with the publication of Nyar 7. Rather than publish two or three large issues per year, I have decided to publish a smaller, more frequent fmz. Indeed, one of the reasons for this issue's extreme lateness is the sheer size of the monster. I got carried away. The plans for this issue became more and more elaborate. I spent far more time than I should have planning fancy layouts of various sorts. And the more I planned, the more I changed things to make them even more pretentious. It soon became apparent that at this rate I'd never get the zine out. My attempt to publish the Fanzine Beautiful nearly shot this issue down before it even got off the ground.

Because of the slight lapse of time between the previous issue and this one, some of the material herein may seem a bit dated in spots. I hope judicious editing has taken care of as much of this as possible, but it simply wasn't feasible in all cases. I apologize to all my contributors for the delay and trust that it won't happen again.

#### ON EDITING:

Fandom, as some unknown sage once observed, is just a Goddam Hobby.

Be that as it may, it is also true that you will receive the most enjoyment from your hobby--whether it is stf fandom or sado-masochism --if you produce work that you are able to look upon with pride. This is not merely a subjective judgement on my part. If your output isn't up to par, even though you may be satisfied with it and some of your friends may commend it, the truth will eventually catch up with you. To your sorrow.

I don't think anyone will disagree that the primary purpose, if one can be assigned, of fan activity is self-gratification for the fan. It is the first interest of a fanzine editor to have his publication read with interest and enjoyment, and thus garner egoboo.

With this in mind, let's consider Felice Rolfe's quandary. In Niekas 19, she writes:

(...) What is my function? Certainly, in fandom at least, there are people with something interesting to say who can't spell worth a damn--and who object to the alteration of a single misused seven syllable word. Choice of material? Given a certain basic standard (and one can't depend on that in fannish tastes), such choices come down to my personal preferences; and I'm not convinced that my taste is better than anyone's. Just different. For example, here's John Barth's Giles Goat-Boy getting rave reviews. I'd have rejected it on the not-unreasonable editorial assumption that if I couldn't finish it, neither could my readers. Obviously a wrong assumption, not. Okay, gang, what's a fanzine editor for?

Felice's question is, I think, one of some importance to the microcosm. If fanzine editors would devote more time to conscientiously editing--as opposed to assembling--their publications, the probable result would be an upswing in fanzine quality. And better fanzines would make participation in fannish activities more enjoyable for all concerned.

But for all its import, Felice's query is one that has been ignored more often than not. This is not really very surprising. Because of the very nature of fanzine fandom, it is not one that can be answered to the satisfaction of all participants. No one person can be expected to produce a set of ground rules for fan editing.

It is not my intention here to hand down dictum after dictum about what an editor may or may not do. I strongly doubt that my name will go down in fannish history as one of the outstanding editors. I never edited a Lighthouse, an Dopsla!, or a Warhoon. I cannot therefore speak with the unimpeachable authority of accomplishment and say: "This is the formula for producing the Great American Fanzine." Rather, what I want to do in this article is simply point out some of the more common errors that beginners--and some experienced fen as well--often make.

It would be more than a trifle presumptuous of me to suggest the sort of material another editor should attempt to secure. The only recommendation I care to make is this: print the material which best suits your taste, the sort of stuff that would provoke a positive response from you if you saw it in someone else's fanmag.

There are, however, a few definite considerations that should be given the varying types of material.

Once you have obtained an item, it is your duty to grant the writer whatever special wishes he may have. He may wish to remain anonymous; well and good, if his material is innocent enough. This sort of thing has been the source of some interesting speculation in the past. (Does anyone remember Penelope Fandergaste?) He may ask you to send copies of your magazine to some of his friends that do not ordinarily receive it. Comply. He may ask you to copyright the issue in which his deathless prose appears, or he may wish to have his article copyrighted in his own name. Again, it's best to comply. You may also be asked to split the material into several segments and present it serially. This should be avoided if at all possible. Due to the erratic nature of most fanzine publication schedules, continued articles or stories are never very desirable; and they can be disastrous in items that depend upon a carefully developed punchline. Otherwise, they have to be judged permissible, but never more than once for any given work.

The layout and typography given an article will probably be important considerations in the mind of a contributor contemplating a second submission.

Typography is of special importance. A simple mistake can completely change the sense of an article, and nothing looks more awkward than a word or phrase unintentionally left out of a sentence. Before removing a stencil from the typewriter, it is good practice to read it over slowly and carefully, and to do what you can to correct the most glaring errors in spelling and sentence structure.

As for layout... There seems to be a tendency among beginning fan editors to gaudily bedeck their early issues with all manner of folderol. This practice almost always produces two closely related phenomena: the disappearance of funds once earmarked for other pursuits and a readership that, try as it may, simply cannot say enough nice things about the material to justify the elaborate presentation. It is truly a pity that a number of fans missed one of the finest lessons in amateur publishing that is ever likely to be offered them: the awarding of Best Fanzine Hugos to the likes of Cry, Warhoon, and Yandro. From the standpoint of presentation, none of these fanzines have much to recommend them to the esthetically inclined. They are neatly produced, true. But none of them contains anything that could be accused of being a Fancy Layout. Yet they all won Hugos. A consideration which one might assume to be a graphic demonstration of the superiority of fanzine text over fanzine appearance.

And while it is not my intention to give a course in layout design, a couple of annoying bits of layout do deserve mention.

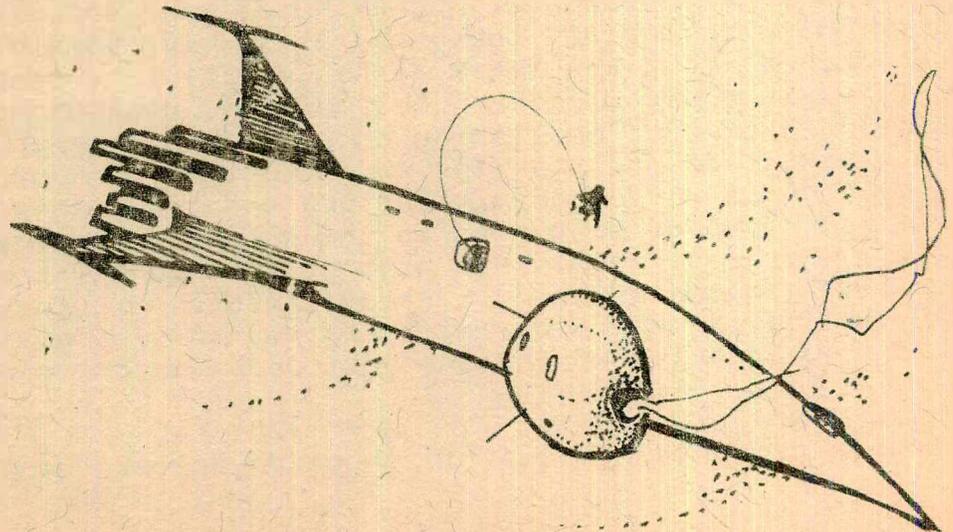
Never divide a sheet into two columns unless you've dummied them first. It doesn't hurt the reader to follow the line across an eight and one half inch page. Double-columning is an affectation; if you are going to be affected, you can at least do a good job of it.

And never stick an illustration in the middle of a page and then attempt to run the text across horizontally and expect the reader to figure out which line leads into which on the other side. There is a better than even chance that you will probably misguage your words, run some of the typing into the drawing, and incur the wrath of your readership. They will never forgive you for this most objectionable of all crimes in layout.

I have heard people voice the opinion that the only editorial decision involved in artwork is its selection. This simply isn't true. The method of duplication one has at his disposal will naturally determine the medium in which the artwork will be mastered, but there are certain considerations which hold regardless of the means of reproduction employed. There is nothing basically wrong with editing artwork provided the editor exercises a bit of caution. For example, if a complicated background detracts from the effectiveness of an illustration, ruin the stencil, or simply drive you mad, delete it by all means.

A writer's personal reactions towards you are likely to be dictated by the job you do of editing his manuscript. If you're more a publisher than an editor, fans will probably shy away from your indiscriminatory policies. Likewise, if you're too free with the blue pencil, you will find few people are willing to entrust their creations to your care. Remember: it is easier for a writer to find another magazine to which to contribute than it is for an editor to find a substitute contributor. There are a number of good fanzines being published today; there is not nearly enough good material being produced to fill them.

It has been said that a good editor can justify every change he makes. This is certainly true. I see nothing wrong with the concept of a fanzine editor doing the work that his title implies whenever it is necessary. More often than not, an editor's task is nothing more exhausting than the rearrangement of a few paragraphs to keep the writer's train of thought from derailing. Similarly, simple bowdlerizing in the interests of good taste and corrections in grammar and spelling are permissible. However, it is possible for an overzealous editor to



go too far. There are cases where errors are obviously in the text for emphasis; "ain't" is a more emphatic verb than the less startling "is not," and probably should stand. Likewise, profanity. Anglo-Saxon verbs are part of the language, and their shock value is occasionally useful in writing. However, care should be exercised that so-called "four-letter words" are not overused, lest they become ineffective.

Under no circumstances should an editor rewrite any outside material. It is the writer's task to properly develop his ideas, not the editor's. Material may be sent back to the author for revision, of course. Some people, myself included, have found this a simple way of improving borderline material. The practice is something of a calculated risk, however. There is enough hunger among fanzine editors to ensure the publication of even the most poorly written manuscript --as anyone who remembers Stephen E. Pickering will tell you. Only a fan with a lot of preserverance will take the time and trouble to rewrite something for you when another editor will accept the piece as it stands.

It is vital that the new editor set his standards early, and never lower them significantly. Minor dips are permissible, especially where the rejection would hurt the editor-writer relationship more than the publication of slightly inferior material would. Some items, however, are just too bad to accept under any circumstances, and must be cast out. The only factor on the editor's side is that not all rejected material is bad, and not all good material can be accepted. For instance, an article such as Phyllis Eisenstein's "Roommates I Have Known & Other Prospects" would be wildly out of place in a stf-centered fmz like Riverside Quarterly.

Only the most semantically deficient fan can fail to find reason other than quality to reject some bit of material. All that common courtesy and common sense requires you to do is offer some reasonable excuse, beg forgiveness, and offer some humble yet constructive suggestions.

Fanzine columnists are probably the most taken-for-granted people on the face of the earth. Their's is often a sad lot, torn between a readership that may fail to comprehend the difficulties inherent in developing a column's personality and yet varying the material from one installment to the next, and an editor who bullies them mercilessly. (Columnists like Alex Panshin who bully the editor are outside the scope of this discussion.) In return, though, the editor should make one basic concession--that of the exclusive contract. This means that when an editor has acquired the services of a competent book reviewer, for example, he shouldn't be in the market for "outside" reviews. Of course, there are exceptions to this dictum. It is perfectly permissible to publish a dissection of a book whose subject matter falls well outside your reviewer's usual domain, or an exceptional critique that is simply too good to pass by.

It goes without saying that columnists should always be allowed a certain freedom of topic and an immunity to rejection. It is, I think, better to print a subpar installment of a column than to endanger a good working relationship and possibly lose a friend. On

the other hand, extremely bad material is embarrassing to both columnist and editor, so the editorial prerogative should be exercised here as elsewhere when necessary.

There are as many types of reviews as there are materials ripe for evaluation. There also exists a proportional number of difficulties. One of these little problems involves the ass who thinks of his fanzine review column as a vehicle for his personal attacks. He is always annoying, but he becomes downright obnoxious when he directs his invective against a simple neofan whose mistakes can generally be attributed to inexperience. In my opinion, a reviewer should save his snarling for the rare fan who through his disregard for fannish ethics and/or good manners, earns a blast. Some people have been known to go this jerk one step farther: after cutting into some personality, they neglect to send their victim a copy of the review. This is as good a method as any for avoiding a Pier Six brawl, but I don't believe the saving in blood is worth the oversight.

There are, however, limits to fair policy. You or your reviewer may lambaste William F. Buckley's latest book, The Jeweler's Eye, but, although WFB keeps an incredibly sharp ear attuned to the nation's press, I suspect his awareness doesn't extend to the fan press, and you needn't proffer a reviewee's copy. The stf writers are considerably closer to fandom, however, and should be given an opportunity to see and comment upon the reviews.

It's a rare and fortunate editor who escapes the problem of dated reviews. Schedules simply aren't what they're cut out to be. And even though your reviewers will undoubtedly take this into consideration, there will probably come a time when your plea for an immediate column will precede its publication by weeks or months or more--I speak from sorrowful experience in this matter. As a simple rule of thumb, I might suggest that there is no editorial excuse for not printing reviews whose subject matter is no longer topical. This material was submitted to you in good faith. It represents a certain amount of work on the writer's part. And it now rests in your hands on the promise of publication. Consult with the writer. If the two of you agree that the material's publication is now pointless, then appreciate his generosity and be doubly compliant with his wishes if you can ever talk him into writing for you again. If he fails to reply, or asks that the material be published despite its datedness, then your original obligation remains.

The most common type of editor-written fanzine material is the simple editorial. In the past editors have been known to hold forth on everything from the Decline and Fall of John W. Campbell, Jr. to their fanzine collections; from their latest conquests to the situation in Viet Nam. And sometimes they even manage to do so entertainingly.

However, there are several types of editorial material that consistently strike a sour note.

I don't believe that any fanzine editor should begin his column by telling his readers what a miserable piece of crud his fanzine is.

If it is as poor as **that**, he should withdraw it from circulation until he can produce something readable. The "forgive this wretched crud-zine" approach is seldom a genuine apology. As often as not, the editor is trying to fish for praise by instituting an exaggeratedly defensive approach. The less said about this practice the better.

Editorial interjections in letters and articles are particularly annoying. This procedure has been likened to interrupting a speaker on the convention podium; some fans may delight in this, but I don't like the too-cogent parallel. Generally, this interrupting is done as a gesture of editorial supremacy. But obviously any fool can read an article and find minor points that have been accidentally or deliberately omitted. Perhaps the most irritating manifestation of this "superiority" is the (sic) tag appended to mistakes in grammar, spelling, or logic. "Sic" means strictly in context, and is added to the text where the stencil-cutter wishes to show how clever he was in noticing the error. If you feel that you must refute a thesis one of your writers has put forth, I don't think it is too much to ask that you hold your piece until the author has had his full say.

No less annoying than repeated editorial interruptions is deliberate feud-mongering. I'd be the last person to suggest that fugg-headedness go unrewarded, but to consciously and continually look for trouble, either as a means of entertaining one's readership or for the sheer hell of it, strikes me as being a thoroughly fuggheaded practice. A feud rarely brings the participants anything but trouble. And it almost invariably draws into the fray people who have only the slightest notion of what's going on. In short, a feud is hardly something to be undertaken for the fun of it.

Good editing, to quote Arnie Katz in Odd 18, "...involves the skillful blending of good material (material written and drawn distinctively; not to a common--and therefore invariably lower--standard) to realize the total effect desired by the editor." The function of a fanzine editor, then, is to exercise as great a degree of control as possible over the contents and make-up of his magazine, and thereby provide his readers with a publication that is a coherent whole. In other words, a magazine that is edited rather than compiled.

Are there any other questions, Felice?

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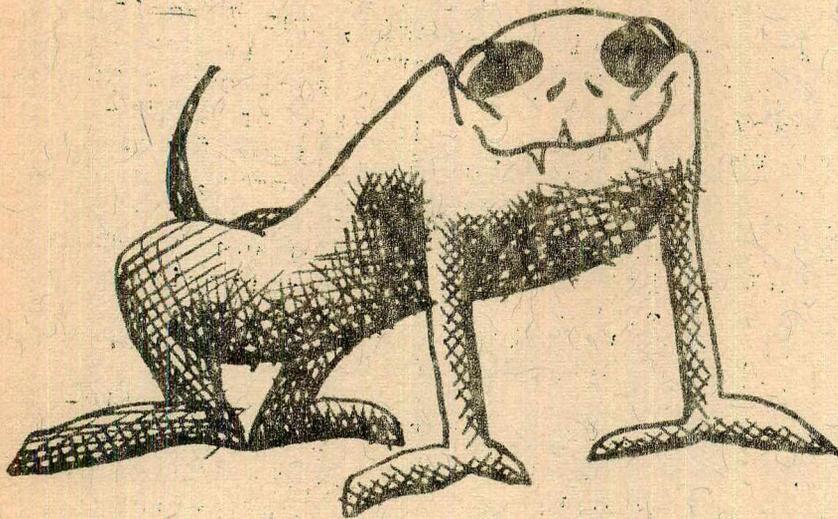
"Norman Mailer is a sub-culture hopper."

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DN

Whenever I sit shouldering the sky, drinking are and cursing "whatever brute and blackguard made the world," I pause for one fervent hosanna that it wasn't anybody like Moskowitz. The world that Moskowitz made would be flat as Kansas in all directions; heavy winds would roll ponderous clouds inexorably across the horizon, and the sullen grey drizzle would never let up. The world would be populated entirely by walrus, hippopotamus, and whales inching along on their flippers, and they would all converse in muffled German learned from Kritik der reinen Vernunft.

--Redd Boggs, "Reviewing Stand" in Discord 11, April, 1961



Bob Tucker  
Fact & Fable  
by Joe Hensely

I was asked at a recent MidwestCon to do an article on Bob Tucker, now commonly referred to as "The Master". I can remember when he was called something like that, but I thought it began with a "d" (or maybe a "b"). The following list of questions were given to me to be answered to clear up certain questions that even Bloch has never answered.

1. What was the first book Tucker ever wrote?

Answer: The normal answer would be The Chinese Moll, but this was not Tucker's first book. The Chinese Moll was a scholarly book written by Tucker in his Oriental period. Prior to this time, it is my understanding that he wrote, in 1908, The Apes of Carsan, which was a critical success, but a financial failure, but which inspired the great E. Ripe Burrows.

2. Who was Hoy Ping Pong?

Answer: A Chinese girl who lived quite near Tucker during the aforementioned Oriental period. (1909-22).

3. Who or what was Le Zombie?

Answer: After the Chinese girl died, Tucker, it is understood, refused to part with her, and experimenting, found a way to bring her back to partial life. See Tucker's third book, Frankinpong.

4. Where did Tucker attend college?

Answer: I have heard it was Illinois Central University, and I have the following statement to back this up. At a con once we were drinking beer very near the ladies restroom. I asked Tucker where he'd gone to school, and at the same time the door to the powder room opened and a rather buxom blonde smiled at us.

"I. C. U." said Tucker.

I therefore assume he attended Illinois Central U.

5. What was Tucker's first con?

Answer: I have heard him state 1940, but this is not factual. His first con was in 1934, and it was held in Bloomington, Illinois. This happened when a bunch of young people, male and female, got together in a week-end convention on matters of mutual interest. It is now fondly referred to as the "BloomerCon". Like the MidwestCon, it has no formal program, but a good time was had by all. (See: "A Report on the BloomerCon," Confidential, April, 1935.)

6. What part did Tucker play in the Exclusion of Degler at the MichiCon, 1943?

Answer: I refer here to the actual lines as reported by a court reporter in Degler Vs. Ashley, 32 Mich 2nd 196.

Ashley: "Leave, beer cadger. You already have had 17 and you only brought a six pack."

Degler: "But I'll have to leave the Cosmaidens here and spend the night in a cold bar."

Tucker: "I'll drink to that."

The upshot of this case as decided by Liebscher, C.J. in the above noted case, was that Ashley was held not liable for Degler's cough medicine bill, but Degler was allowed to recover his empty beer cans and four of the Cosmaidens never made it back to Indiana. The replevin action filed by Degler to recover these Cosmaidens was dismissed. About this time Tucker entered his stellar period.

7. What is Jim Beam?

Answer: As every red-blooded fan should know, this is the embalming fluid which Tucker treasures near to his heart, his stomach being close and due south thereof. It is 180 proof and guaranteed to be more than one day old. It some states its use is prohibited to fans under 37 years of age.

8. Who is Bob Bloch?

Answer: He is a writer of some fame, and probably is most famous for his biography of Tucker. See: Psycho, or Six MidwestCons with

Bob Tucker.

9. Has Tucker any Literary merit?

Answer: Of course! Frankinpong is a tender novel which has been likened to, well, other tender novels. The Short Quiet Noise is a triumph of medical reporting. Wily Talons is admired in many institutions and has brought Tucker much comment from persons in and escaped from those same institutions. (I blushingly admit that Tucker admits that he got the idea for this last book from this author. I ran into him at a con and he asked me what I'd been doing. I told him.)

10. Where did you meet Tucker?

Answer: I suppose, in a way, that I'm responsible for something, as I met Tucker in 1943. We were playing poker at Al Ashley's, and I ran into Tucker under the table where we were both slyly placing our empties under Degler's chair.

And now, having cleared up your misconceptions of "The Great One" by this erudite article, I bid you to remember the Warlock.

--Joe Hensely

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"There was a man who wanted to be loved first before he took the chance of loving in return...he left \$37,000 to his dog." FM  
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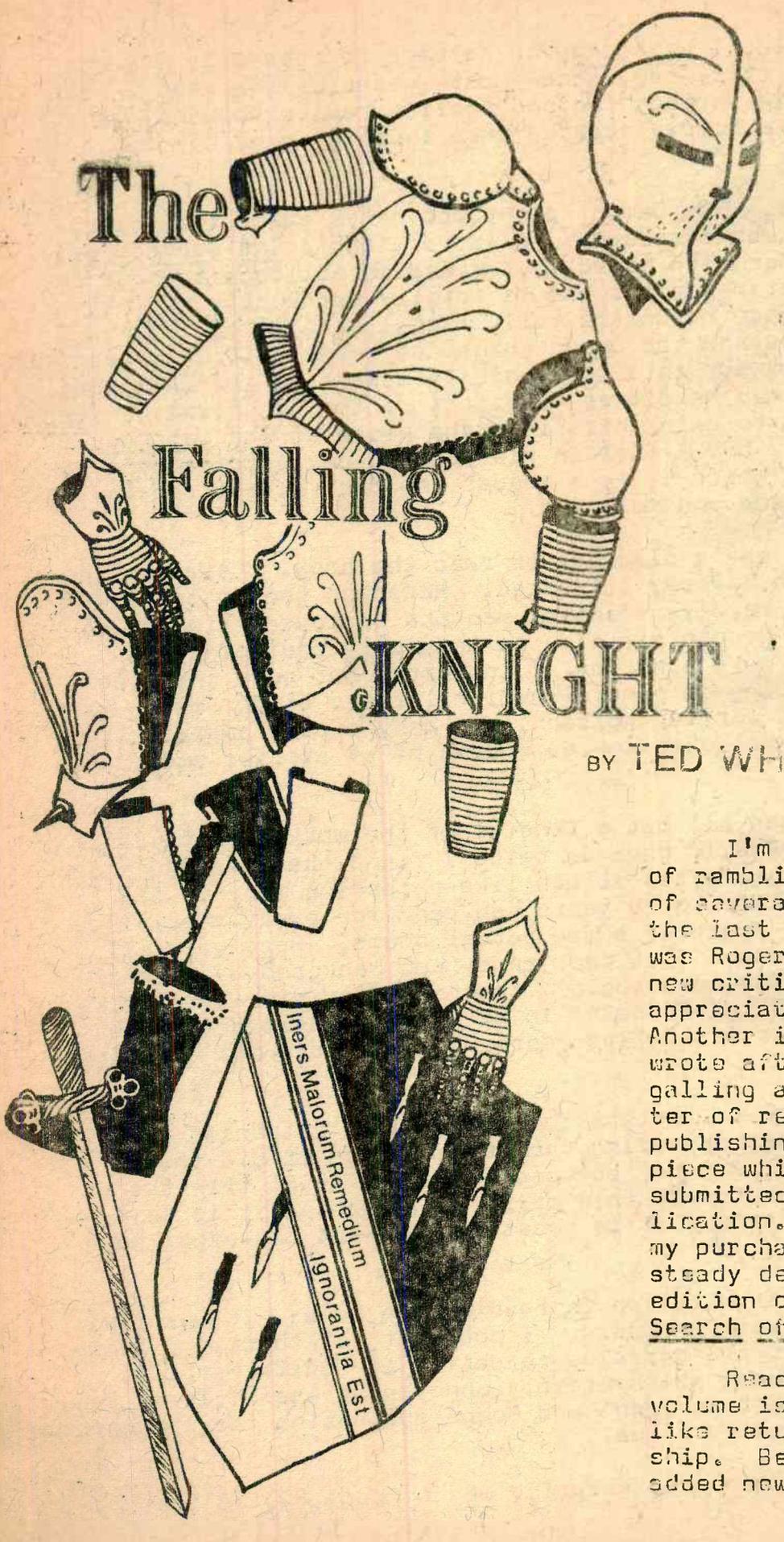
Directly opposite the highway that ran by the farm was a long dusty dirt road with crops on each side--potatoes, carrots, lettuce --everything you buy in your grocery store. They were cultivated, irrigated, weeded, and fertilized by the farm hands. Some of the fertilization was direct from producer to consumer: There were no lavatories in the fields, but the itinerant dayworkers--six Polish women--had a very relaxed attitude toward the performing of their natural functions.

To this day, I insist that all my vegetables be washed thoroughly.

--Lenny Bruce, in How To Talk Dirty and Influence People

Willis is brilliantly astute in his appraisal of Mosher, be he can't know. Really know! He hasn't lived in the same town and been in the same club with Orville Watson Mosher III. Willis can hear the sounds of Mosher organizing in the background, but he has never been close enough to be caught in the gears. Did you know that Mosher actually has plans for taking over the world? I'm serious and so was he. It was an organization called the League of Knowledge. He explained it to me and another guy for about three hours one time. It consisted of gradually organizing the scientists, technicians, etc. into small organizations which would soon affiliate all over the world. With Mosher controlling everything in the background! It's a good thing Mosher is repulsive personally. What would happen if he were handsome, charming, dynamic, a regular Rock Hudson? Some of his psychopathic ideas might be realized. A new Hitler is looming on the horizon.

--Tom Reamy, in Dopsla! 27



The

Falling

KNIGHT

BY TED WHITE

I'm jogged into this bit of rambling by the coincidence of several occurrences. One, in the last issue of this fanzine, was Roger Zelazny's call for new critics, as embodied in his appreciation of Alex Panshin. Another is a short piece Alex wrote after a particularly galling and unintelligent letter of rejection from a major publishing house, a cathartic piece which may or may not be submitted anywhere for publication. And the third was my purchase and subsequent steady devouring of the second edition of Damon Knight's In Search of Wonder.

Reading Knight in this volume is, for the most part, like returning to an old friendship. Because Knight not only added new material but also re-

worked some of the old, I abandoned my attempt to read only the new material (some of it truly new, some--most--material I'd read in its original appearance in various fan and prozine review columns) shortly after starting it, and simply started once again at page one and read straight through.

It was a pleasure. The Damon Knight who helps shape the policy of Berkley Books and who assured me he loved Disch's The Genocides is a stranger to me, a man with alien tastes and an attitude towards the genre which I am sometimes convinced is totally destructive--a man not unlike some of those he unmercifully flagellates in his book. I confess I don't understand the Damon Knight of today. I can appreciate the prodigious work he put into successfully launching the SFWA, while deploring various things he did as President of the organization (such as using his position to gain entre into the pages of The Saturday Review of Literature), but I feel in his present-day efforts none of the human personality which I, as a reader and fan, so admired in the Damon Knight of a decade and more ago.

So, as I said, it was a pleasure to read the book. Here was the Damon Knight I'd known before, augmented. Here was the cheerfully literate, precise but rarely pedantic, man who so loved science fiction that he would devote his time to carefully reviewing and criticizing it. Here were hundreds of insights, not only into the sf field but into writing in general, which largely eluded me on my first trip through the earlier edition, and many subtle appreciations for qualities I had overlooked in the scores of sf stories and novels I had read.

I have probably read all but a handful of the works dealt with in In Search of Wonder. And if once or twice I found the references did not ring bells, much more often it was like rereading many of the books I'd first read close to 20 years ago, and for every year since --all crammed into the space of a few actual hours. Here were all the splendors and disasters that made up my own background as an sf reader, each laid out far more sharply than I had originally experienced it. (I read the bulk of the sf in my library between the ages of nine and 19. For the first five years, I really did not discriminate much.)

It was a reassertion of contact in a way: like returning to a mother lode. And it was reassuring, pointing out as it did that if I find the Damon Knight of today someone quite different than the Damon Knight who first authored this criticism, perhaps it is as much in me as in him; perhaps it is my attitudes--not his--that have grown more sour.

There was only one frustration in reading the book: it was like holding a conversation with a record. I couldn't talk back. I wanted to nod appreciatively at the decisive rendering of Judith Merrill's The Tomorrow People, a book which greatly annoyed me when I first read it, and which I was aghast to find Redd Boggs suggesting for a Hugo. And occasionally I wanted to argue.

My first reaction of shocked surprise was on page 82, in the

midst of the chapter on Heinlein. Knight more or less contrasts Heinlein's juveniles with the more common lot of sf juveniles, and then delivers himself of the stinging line, "...Winston's nauseous line of trash."

This, like the occasional use of "crud" or "fuggheaded" was almost jarringly out of place amidst Knight's otherwise literate prose, and in this case all the more so, since it did not occur amidst a fulminating passage (such as the one in which he rends Moskowitz for Editor's Choice in Science Fiction), but almost as an aside, and in what remains the book's only reference to the Winston line of sf juveniles.

"Nauseous line of trash"? I can't agree. That statement requires the justification it was not given, and which I suspect it could not be given. While by no means on a level with the Heinlein juveniles, I think the Winston line was quite successful for what it set out to do, which was to present a respectable series of science fiction adventure books--fitting in more or less where Planet Stories left off. No doubt compared against the very best the sf field could offer, they would suffer collectively. But measured in average, against the average in "adult" sf, I would judge the Winston line superior. And I would rate Lester del Rey's contributions (under both his own name and several others) quite good indeed--definitely well above the quality of Andre Norton's sf juveniles.

Yes, I wanted to argue that point. And I wanted for Damon, if he was to deliver himself of such an opinion, to put a little work into shoring it up.

Only a couple of pages later, on page 85, Damon puts his finger on one of the principle failures of Heinlein's Tunnel in the Sky, without seeming to realize it:

At first glance, the associated idea of sending high school kids through these doorways [matter transmitters, more or less], to live or die by their resources on savage planets, seems even more wildly improbable. But in the overcrowded world Heinlein postulates, when Earth's population increase is in full explosion, such callous practicality begins to seem not at all unlikely.

No? Why, with "doorways" to an unlimited number of quasi-earth-like worlds, many of which are given as being under colonization, should Earth be overcrowded at all? Why prepare kids to cope with an overcrowded Earth by putting them to the survival test on a savage, unpopulated planet? Why--? It doesn't begin to hold together, and it never did. Tunnel in the Sky is probably Heinlein's worst book, and although Damon pointed out many of its other flaws, he ignores the central one.

On page 105, in chapter nine, "More Chuckleheads", Knight includes a review which annoyed me intensely when it first appeared, and still does, because it violates every principle Damon laid down for himself as a Critic.

A review of Point Ultimate, an admittedly sad book by Jerry Sohl, begins, "Q.: What does the name of this book mean, Daddy?" and continues in Q. and A. fashion for two and one half pages.

This is a shabby device which is great for poking fun at something you dislike, but which has little or no relevance to literate criticism. By means of the flip comment and snide retort, one can destroy almost any book of worth or lack thereof. For instance....

Q.: What ever happened to Damon Knight, Daddy?

A.: What do you mean, Son?

Q.: He used to be so sobersided....

A.: Sobersided? Sure. He's a very Serious Critic.

Q.: But, gee whiz. Alluvasudden he's trying to be funny.

A.: Funny? I'm afraid I don't understand.

Q.: What I mean, he's writing jokes now, all about some poor book called Point Ultimate, and how silly it is.

A.: What does he say about it?

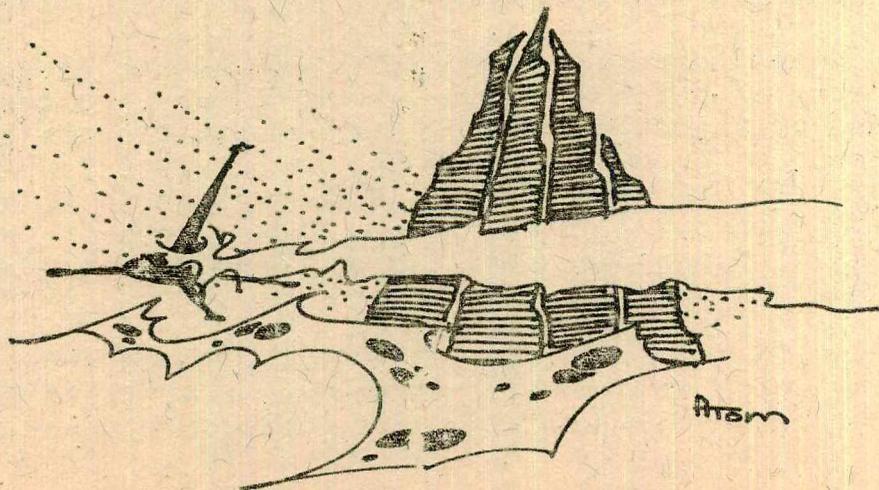
Q.: Well, he doesn't actually say anything about it, you see. But he begins with somebody named "Q" talking with his daddy, who's called "A", and....

A.: What's that got to do with the book?

Q.: Nothing. But it's side-splittingly funny.

A.: It is?

Q.: Well he thinks it is. He uses lots of italicized phrases, and old Sarge Saturn jive-talk, and....



A.: When does he start writing criticism?

Q.: Well, he never does, exactly, but he sure has a lot of fun with that book.

If you see what I mean. (Given a work of fiction with a Plot, I'm sure I'd have had an easier time fabricating an example. In fact, it would almost be a pleasure to try the technique on the works of several of the sf avant garde's current sacred cows...).

Considering the fact that Knight gives the straight treatment to books far worse (Adler's Mach 1, for example), and manages to deliver himself of not only valid specific criticisms, but workable generalizations based upon these, it seems to me that the review of Point Ultimate deserved no less--or, failing that, should not have been written at all.

I suppose every critic should be allowed his off-moment, though: his time to blow steam and relieve himself of the pent-up pressures brought on by his wading through so many wretched pieces of hack-work. Reading anything on assignment is something less than the pleasure it would otherwise be, and to be forced to read through a book one would otherwise put down on page five, is to begin storing up resentments against every book one wanted to stop reading and yet did not.

So Damon reached the point where he had to throw stones at the most recent irritant. Okay. But throwing stones is criticism on the "I hate it" level, and nothing more, and has no place in this otherwise remarkably temperate collection. I wish the piece had not been included.

Just recently, I was chastised by several people who felt the issue of deathly importance because I revealed a penname of an author in a fanzine. Just in case any of you missed it, the author was Michael Moorcock, the penname "Edward P. Bradbury", the fanzine Australian SF Review, and those who chastised me (for "unprofessional conduct") Moorcock himself, Judith Merril, and that amazing individual, Charles Platt.

I knew of this penname, despite Moorcock's almost obsessive efforts to hide it from his U.S. agent, his U.S. publisher, and almost everyone else because someone had leaked it into the Grapevine.

People are always doing this. Sooner or later, simply by hanging around fandom, one assimilates remarkable bits of incidental information, some of it slanderous, most of it useless, and all of it fascinating.

In the case of Moorcock/"Bradbury", I referred to the case to make a point (Moorcock's hypocrisy), and "revealed" the penname all but inadvertantly, since as far as I knew, it was by then fairly well known (it had been mentioned in other fanzines, including Lore). But this still raises a sore point. Namely: when is passing on information which might reflect credit for a deed more accurately on different shoulders a matter of "unprofessional (or "unfannish", if it

comes to that) behavior"? Fans love to ferret out pseudonyms and assign credit where properly due. Remember the hooraw over "Edson McCann"?

Suppose someone puts together a very good anthology, and it is published under another's name?

It happens all the time. But should the anthology be discussed as a part of the works and/or philosophy of the ostensible editor, or of the real, "ghost" editor?

Gordon Dickson has edited some (perhaps all) of the Rod Serling anthologies. And Frederik Pohl edited Heinlein's Tomorrow, the Stars. I doubt this revelation will upset anyone greatly, if there is anyone out there who doesn't already know of one or both cases.

But Fred Pohl edited some of the most brilliant anthologies of the '50s (chiefly Beyond the End of Time and the Star series of anthologies), while Heinlein's claim as an editor rests with Tomorrow the Stars, and is fraudulent.

Tomorrow, the Stars is a fine anthology. Who deserves the credit? Should Knight have blown the gaff? Would anyone care? I wonder.

On page 125, Knight observes parenthetically, "Miss Merrill insists on calling them 'split-personalities', following a popular misconception. Multiple personality is not, not, not the same as schizophrenia, or 'split-personality'--the first is very rare; the second is the most common mental disorder."

And "schizophrenia" is not, not, not "split personality". That's a "schizoid personality".

Chapter 26, "Symbolism", intrigues me more for what it does not contain than for what it does. Knight says that it first appeared in the proish-fanzine Science Fiction Forum, a short-lived publication brought out in 1957 by himself and Lester del Rey. He says that it was intended to be part one of two, but that the second half was never written and the notes lost. He adds that "...I was so taken aback by reader reaction to the first part that I wrote a defense of it instead." I'd love to see some of those readers' reactions, and the defense, although this might not be appropriate to the volume at hand.

As it stands, the chapter is simply a rather unfortunate attempt to apply Freudian analytical methods to sf. As such, it is as successful as you care to allow it might be. Damon admits that "...I'm not likely to hit upon anybody's personal, private symbols, even by accident. Common symbols communicate; private ones don't." But after an auspicious opening, he falls into the common mire of would-be Freudians--the one that led Freud to remark, "Sometimes a cigar is only a cigar," on an occasion when he was smoking one....

The core of the piece is an analysis of the birth-death-sexual symbols in several works by James Blish. Blish is reported as being

as surprised as anyone upon Knight's discoveries, but he apparently went along with them, which is a shame.

In order to prove his point, Damon assembles a group of quotes from Blish's "Common Time" (a story uncredited in appearance except for "Page numbers are from the Permabooks edition,"; ghod knows what that book might have been, but I can't find it among the meagre lot of pre-1957 Permabooks on my shelf) and compares their meaning in two categories: "Intercourse" and "Death". He refers to all apparent dual meanings as "puns" which seems, in the face of the actual evidence, a bit weak and pretentious to me.

The fact is, this is a handy parlor game--as I have no doubt many of the readers of SF Forum pointed out, del Rey most assuredly among them--and can be played with any work, with any arbitrary choice of symbols. ("...I challenged Lester del Rey (one of the doubters) to produce an analysis of...'Common Time' showing that it is really about a man eating a ham sandwich on rye--and he did it," Knight admits in advance, thus kneeling his whole argument in the groin....) The overt, "common symbols" aren't, really. They are the objective symbols--the ones which one can find intellectually--or, equally, assign intellectually--on the basis of movement through round tunnels, the existence of concave or convex scenery, or the "puns" of phrases or sentences to which can be assigned multiple meanings.

The truly common symbols--the symbols that communicate directly to the unconscious in the audience, are those Jung isolated. These are the archetypes, the Earth Mother, the Wise Old Man, the Christ-Figure, the Shadow, etc. Damon finds it in a quote from a Ted Thomas story that communicates to him "...a particular kind of emotional tension; 'anticipation' is the nearest word I can find for it, but anticipation at a very high pitch." But he leaves this discovery unexplored.

Look for Jungian symbols, and you'll find them dominating all the great storytelling of the ages, and in a goodly percentage of sf too--and I am not referring to the myopic navel-pickings of Ballard and his followers either. Heinlein, for instance, exploits the Wise Old Man heavily. Phil Dick seems more and more to unleash the Shadow Selves of his protagonists. Zenna Henderson oozes with the Earth Mother. Van Vogt's Slan! is a disfigured Christ.

Perhaps there could be found a purpose in symbol-seeking of this sort. I don't know. Maybe. Certainly the communication of these symbols in a work of fiction will enrich it for us--and sometimes rescue a badly written work as well.

But spare me, please, the search for analogues to the exodus of the spermatozia from the penis into the vagina and thus to the uterus; let's have no more deliberate and contrived seeking out of stories which parallel the exit of the fetus from the womb--sometimes in retrograde. This is sterile, and it is about as valuable as a recent fanzine piece in which the author identified every phallic object in Ballard's last four books. It has all the critical value and virtue

of crossword-puzzle solving.

Some or all of the above might have been a part of my imaginary conversation with Damon Knight. It is not intended as a critique of In Search of Wonder, but rather as a response to it. Other responses may or may not be evident in what I write in forthcoming novels, depending on the extent to which I can integrate the very valuable critical points Knight has raised into my own style of writing.

But one other point comes home when one closes the book. And that is that Damon Knight has stopped writing sf criticism. This book marks what may well be his last say. I can understand it; after a time the task palls, no matter how much one loves the field. But I also regret it, because I think Damon made some telling points.

To isolate a few of them:

While Damon insisted upon applying standards of general criticism to the sf field, and did so, he did not stop there. He also evolved specific sf-oriented criteria.

The most important of these what that of internal logic. The logic-structure of an sf story is doubly important, since sf is a field based upon logical extrapolation and exposition. Logic is the foundation of the scientific method. Write a story with holes in its internal logic, and you might get away with it in the mainstream. You won't in sf--or at least you shouldn't.

The second is the science. Damon is, throughout his book, intolerant of scientific error of the kind any intelligent layman can spot. "...when a layd scientist escapes from the Red Dome on the Moon, she does so in a helicopter. (Think of that word, and the author who wrote it; the editor who read it, and copyread it, and proofread it.)" (From p. 104, a review of Judith Merrill's The Tomorrow People, of which he says, "The science in this book can only be described as a shambles.")

Too many of those who have tried to follow Damon as an sf critic have concentrated exclusively upon literary values. They have carefully noted characterization, prose style, plotting, etc. And 24-carat goofs in simple science have gone right past them.

It is because of this, and because of the non-sf-reading public's concept of science fiction (Damon on one such man, an editor, briefly, of an sf magazine: "I once asked him to have the art department delete the picture of Saturn from the background of what was supposed to be an asteroid scene. I can still hear him saying, 'But couldn't there be some little thing shaped like that, floating around out

there?"), that I can't really see sf returning to integration in the mainstream, as Damon hopes for in his closing pages. The mainstream is not merely ignorant and intolerant of science and scientific accuracy, and not just unconcerned with the rigors of logic, it simply can't be bothered with them. They are unimportant values.

(I kept thinking, as I read Damon's incisive cuts at Bradbury's anti-science and non-science, of how the Damon Knight of In Search of Wonder would have shredded The Genocides or any of Ballard's novels. And that left me wondering what had ever happened to that Damon Knight.)

Thus, an editor--the co-owner of a publishing house of some reputel--rejects an impressive novel by Alex Panshin because of Alex's "Russian name," which, he thinks, will lead would-be buyers to regard any book by Alex as one of those dreadful translations of Russian proto-sf. (As Alex pointed out, this must've hurt Asimov dreadfully....)

If we, as sf people--fans and pros--find ourselves a clique, it is less because we band together in the face of mundane hostility than simply because we are those who know--and They are those who don't. We are the informed; those in the mundane world are ignorant, at least of those special values which make sf more than, or different from, the fantasy parable (as the mundane world seems to regard sf, it is the fiction of parable or warning, such as 1984, Brave New World, Level 7, Fail-Safe, etc.). A parable exists to make a point external to the story. If the point is meaningful, logic is not necessary within the story, and scientific accuracy is beside the point.

I'm strongly tempted to veer off here and into the fascinating subject of why, Judith Merrill to the contrary notwithstanding, William Burroughs may be influenced by sf but isn't writing it, and why the Ballard school is equally far off the mark. But that's a whole new set of topics, and I've rambled herein for long enough as it is. Perhaps you can extrapolate my intended points from the foregoing, however.

The point then: Science fiction certainly does need its critics --its good critics. And the departure of Damon Knight from this role only accents the need. But if sf criticism is to be valid, the critic must realize that while sf should be judged as good literature, it must also be judged in terms of its own unique properties. This is a difficult task, and it isn't going to get any easier.

--Ted White

---

Social worker: Fascist with a guilt complex.

---

DN

EPITAPH: JEFF GREEN, 1940-1965

I cupped my hands  
to drink deep,  
But in a heartbeat  
my hands were empty.

--Flanders Modrian

ALEXEI PANSHIN  
KASHA



FORGOTTEN  
POWER

IN SEARCH OF WONDER, by Damon Knight, Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged; Chicago, Advent:Publishers, 1967, \$6.00

The first edition of In Search of Wonder was published in 1956. It was a very important book in my life. It was a milepost on my road to destruction, it provided me with my first fannish contacts, and it served as the eventual cause and model for my own critical writing.

When the book came into my hands, I was attending an isolated Massachusetts prep school called Mount Hermon after a place where Jesus once held a picnic. This is one of those schools that take loutish, ignorant young boys and turn them into polished and educated Christian gentlemen. The method is seperation from females and other distractions, cold showers, frequent chapel, brusing sports, coats-and-

ties, discipline, and excellent teachers. I am one of the school's failures. I emerged from it moderately well-educated, but not at all a polished Christian gentleman.

They saw my moral failure coming. They warned me of what might happen; they warned me, and they warned me. Then I received In Search of Wonder just before one class period, and quite against the rules I carried it to class with me and read it through the hour, hiding with no success my delight and amusement. And just as they said would happen then, I have since come to no good end.

In ordering the book from Advent, I had made a small joke. When Advent sent my copy, they extended the joke. Several years later, at the World Convention in Detroit, Earl Kemp remembered the exchange and was very friendly. From there I gradually got to know the other Advent partners, and this was my original entry into fandom.

Finally, when I came to criticize science fiction--starting with a whole pile of reviews that three laggard fanzine editors never printed, folding first, and that I have since suppressed--In Search of Wonder was my model, as Damon's criticism has been the model and standard for nearly all serious science fiction criticism.

The new edition of In Search of Wonder incorporates the material once promised for the never-published Knight on Science Fiction. It discusses almost twice as many books and is some 50 per-cent longer than the first edition. It also includes Knight's essay on the symbolic analysis of science fiction that prompted Kornbluth's amusing experiment in the same field in his University of Chicago lecture later reprinted in The Science Fiction Novel.

In one sense, the book is not an organic whole. It is composed of reviews written for various magazines throughout the '50s, and though these have been assembled into chapters, the book is neither a complete record of the '50s nor a consecutive argument. On the other hand, the book does have a unity of vision. What Damon sees as the virtues and possibilities of science fiction provides a running thread through all the reviews in the book.

There are, it seems to me, three good reasons for science fiction criticism, and hence for a book such as this one. Not everybody likes criticism, you know. I've heard objection that analysis of a bad but charming story is somehow going to spoil it for the reader. I've heard objection that science fiction should not be criticized in terms of "mainstream standards"--whatever those may be--but by a special set of rules. To my mind, both these objection admit in advance that science fiction isn't very good and ask for special dispensation. Much or most science fiction isn't very good in actual fact, but the reasons for the deficiencies are not inborn and the answer is not to ask for special dispensation--which is to say, second-class citizenship. Science fiction criticism is fun, and therefore it should be done. Science fiction criticism can increase understanding of a story, and therefore it should be done. Most important, criticism of science fiction is a demand for higher standards, and

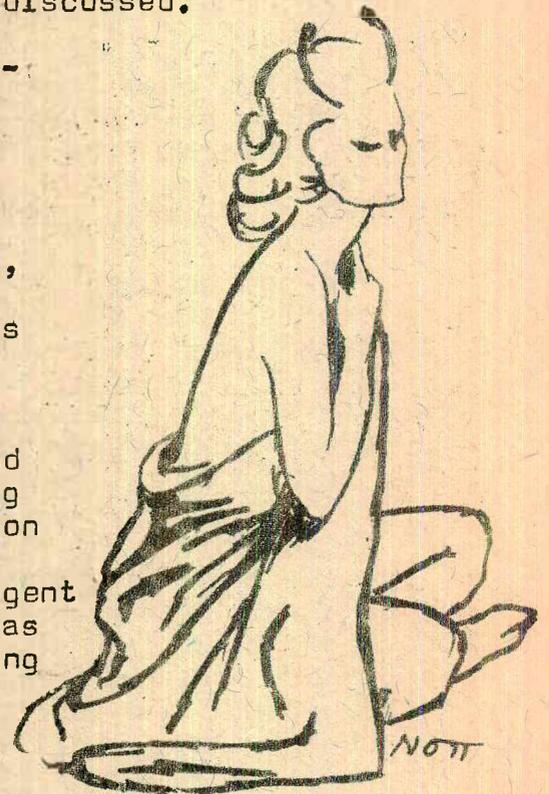
therefore it should be done.

The fun of criticism should not be discounted. There is fun in putting science fiction stories together--otherwise little science fiction would ever be written. Criticism extends the intellectual game. "The Game" that Hal Clement invented--the critical analysis of hard science fiction stories--is just such an extension. There are even writers who delight in being caught, as witness Randall Garrett's response a few years ago when a bright reader pointed out an error in his chemistry in one story. Both sides of the game are fun, which may explain why so much of the science fiction criticism that is written is done by the professional authors themselves. That Damon Knight is enjoying himself is apparent all through In Search of Wonder. There are clever phrases, shrewd body-blows, prickings of pretension, and sparkling observations. The result is entertainment even for readers who have never encountered the books discussed.

The second purpose of criticism is to increase understanding. In any story there is going to be an entire range of meanings, both consciously intended and unconscious. A good critic, which is to say a man like Knight who has a good analytical intelligence, a talent for observation, a thorough grounding in form, and a reasonably large supply of general information, coupled with the ability to express himself, should be able to point to things in a story that the ordinary reader may have missed or failed to fully appreciate. In any case where the critic ventures insights beyond the ordinary, he stands a good chance of being counted dead wrong--and often he may be. Damon is sometimes wrong in In Search of Wonder. This is immaterial. If the critic is intelligent as Damon is, and has presented his evidence, as Damon has, even his mistakes become stimulating and their refutation leads on to further insight--which is what the game is all about.

The third purpose of criticism--to distinguish between stories that are successful and those that are not in order to encourage more of the first and fewer of the second--is to my mind the most important.

As Damon demonstrates repeatedly in this book, the requirements for a successful science fiction story are not different than those for other sorts of fiction. At most, they are emphasized slightly differently, and that is all: science fiction requires somewhat greater accuracy of knowledge. It is a minor virtue in most contemporary fiction, and a major virtue in science fiction. Other than this, Damon asks for self-consistency, freshness, sense, meaning, individuality of characterization, style, and grammar, seeing no reasons that science fiction should lack them. And, after all, why should it?



I've worn out two copies of the first edition of In Search of Wonder. I expect I'll wear out my copy of the new edition as well. In Search of Wonder is a basic book for anyone with an interest in science fiction.

WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION, 1967, ed. by Donald A. Wollheim and Terry Carr; New York, Ace, 1967, \$.75

11th ANNUAL EDITION, THE YEAR'S BEST S-F, ed. by Judith Merril; New York, Delacorte, 1966, \$4.95

In a rash moment, I proposed to compare these two anthologies and I'm sorry now that I did. I don't think that there is a decent way to compare them. I don't think it is feasible to discuss the complete contents of either anthology, let alone both. I don't like all the stories in either book--no one could be expected to like all of any collection of 120,000 words from any one particular year--but if I concentrate either on stories I do like or stories I think are wretched, there is a strong possibility that I will misrepresent the collections completely. The best that I can do is give general impressions and that means that my review is more subjective than I like it to be.

Here are some statistics. They are very rough, but I think they are important to any assessment of these collections, so watch the figures:

The Merril anthology is approximately 130,000 words. Most of the stories are from 1965. There are 36 stories, averaging around 3500 words each--actually somewhat lower than this because of the length of the introductions and ancillary comment. 33 stories are less than 7000 words in length, and the longest story is around 10,000 words.

The 12 stories in the Ace anthology are all from 1966. The quicker production time for paperbacks allows Ace to run about 10 months ahead of Delacorte's hardcover collection. The Ace collection contains about 110,000 words, an average of around 9200 words per story. Five stories are less than 8000 words, seven are longer, the longest running to 21,000 words.

The jacket copy of the Merril anthology claims that the book is a collection of science fiction and fantasy. Miss Merril's introduction says explicitly that it is not. She says that she doesn't attempt to make distinctions any longer, and in fact the collection does contain not only science fiction and fantasy but also newspaper columns, humorous scientific articles, psychological fiction, and poetry. And probably some other things, too.

The Ace collection is nothing but science fiction, though several stories do edge close to the fantasy line.

Frankly, I don't know what to make of the Merril anthology. I don't know where she is going and I don't know what she is trying to do. Her tastes and mine do coincide occasionally and she honors people I think extremely well of. Then she prints abominations like

Alexander Malec's "Project Inhumane", and I don't know what she is up to.

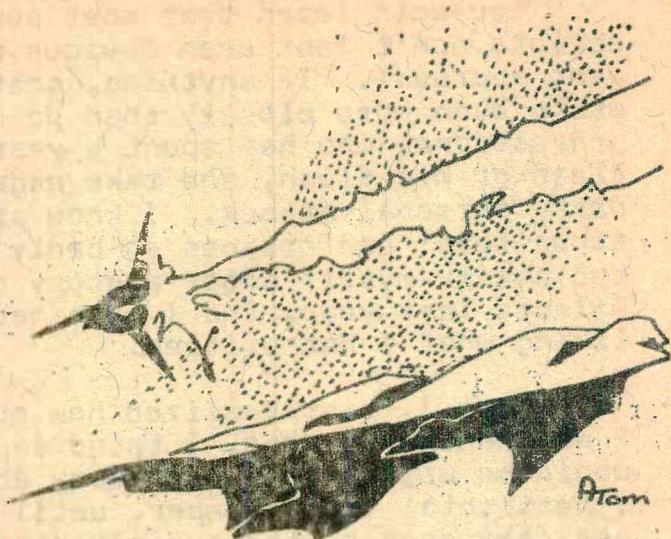
In part because they are short, most of the stories in the Merrill anthology depend on evoking horror, or set off cherry bombs, or frankly remain fragments. Many don't develop, but simply state situations. Others don't lead anywhere in particular. Three of the stories take place in artificial arenas, and all but a very few give the impression that they do. This would be a mistake if Miss Merrill were editing a science fiction collection, because science fiction need room in order to be convincing. That is, it needs both length in which to develop and a broad stage to play upon. Since she is not, however, no harm--but even so, the large number of stories that are abrupt little fragments means that the collection is all very much of a sameness in feel. Not all in tone--there are lots of unhappy stories and a few funny ones. But the feel is the same--you get splinters from all but a few.

There are some conventional science fiction stories here, but I don't know why Miss Merrill picked them. By and large, they are among the least impressive things she has collected. "Warrior", by Gordon R. Dickson, is inflated: "A sort of black lightning had entered the small foyer. It was abruptly obvious to the watching Tyburn, as to the three below, that the first of them to lay hands on Ian would be the first to find the hands of the Dorsai soldier upon him--and those hands were death." "Moon Duel", by Fritz Leiber, is based on a premise of stupefying silliness: "It's strange that men should have looked at the moon for millenia and never guessed it was exactly what it looked like: a pale marble graveyard for living dead men, a Dry Tortuga of space where the silver ships from a million worlds marooned their mutineers, their recalcitrants, their criminals, their lunatics." Malec's "Project Inhumane" is beyond quotation. Miss Merrill says, "Malec does everything wrong--only it comes out right." I'll agree with the first half of her sentence, and I have to admit that I do see why she printed his story. There is a hypnotizing fascination about his awfulness and if his collection of short stories just published by Doubleday is anything like this one story, I expect the book to become a collector's item. I intend to buy it myself and save it until it becomes valuable.

Miss Merrill's collection is such an odd mixture of conventional science fiction, of what I think she believes to be the avant-garde, and of the just plain unclassifiable, that I can get no firm handle on it at all. I can say that I did like a number of her selections, and some of them I thought were truly excellent. The stories that stand out immediately were "Slow Tuesday Night" by R.A. Lafferty, "Game" by Donald Barthelme, "The Drowned Giant" by J.G. Ballard, and "Somewhere Not Far From Here" by Gerald Kersh. I think almost any reader will find at least half-a-dozen stories that he likes very much. How the collection as a whole will go down, I don't know, but since the primary sale of this hardcover edition is to libraries, I don't suppose it really matters much. It can, after all, be dipped into.

There are stories in the Ace anthology that would fit immediately into the company of those in the Merrill collection--short, swift,

splintery: "Nine Hundred Grandmothers" by R.A. Lafferty, "Day Million" by Frederik Pohl, and "Amen and Out" by Brian Aldiss. This Ace book, however, has a greater variety of lengths than does the Merril anthology, and the jazzy pieces provide rest stops between the longer stories. They are not all that is present.



Perhaps because it has to sell to individuals rather than institutions, the Ace collection has the definite appeal of being clearly science fiction. It has, moreover, what I think is a greater consistency of taste than the Merril book. The best stories in the Ace book are as good as Merril's best; the worst are a good deal better than Merril's worst.

There are stories here that do not particularly touch me, by Walde, Moorcock, Davidson, and Ash, and these four make up half the collection by themselves. However, of the four, I would rate only Walde's "Bircher" a clear "C".

The rest of the stories are either high "B's" or "A's". "We Can Remember It For You Wholesale" by Philip Dick shows that there is mileage left in his theme of the conflict of illusion and reality, and this story has a delightfully hairy conclusion. There are two stories by Roger Zelazny, both good, the better being "For A Breath I Tarry" which takes machines-running-a-humanless-world and Adam-and-Eve and makes a magnificent story of them, in the process waltzing away with the Dead Theme Rejuvenation Prize of 1966.

The editors make a point in their introduction that their collection consists mainly of long stories. I think this is one of the collection's strongest selling points and the reason for its general level of quality. Success in science fiction is possible only when it is allowed, and room for development, as I've said, is a sine qua non of science fiction success.

Of these two collections, I think the regular reader of science fiction would choose the Ace anthology. It's an excellent value for the price. I suspect that a reader who makes no habit of picking up science fiction might prefer the Merril, and it is actually a possibility that readers of this sort are her intended audience.

NO TRANSFER, by Stephen Walton; New York, Vanguard, 1967, \$4.95

Being known in your neighborhood as a published writer has some very interesting effects. I've had a 12-year-old girl approach me with a Star Trek script she had written, for instance, and ask me what she should do with it. I thought briefly of giving her Harlan Ellison's address, but decided not to because I didn't think she was quite ready for the big time.

You soon learn that most people who ask you to read their manuscripts don't want even obvious and correctable faults noted. They want approval. If anything, amateur writers identify with what they write even more closely than do professionals, and God knows that a professional who has spent a year writing a book can look on it as flesh of his flesh, and take negative comment on it as a thoroughly dirty personal attack. I know professionals who have gotten wounded at writers' conferences so badly they had to go home. I didn't feel too peachy myself after a story of mine was put through the grinder at Milford last year, and I even had the ego protection of a few people liking what I had written.

When I first realized how much was wrapped up in the manuscripts I was handed to read, I tried an easy way out. Instead of telling a would-be writer that his story about a villain who is hiding in an experimental test chamber, until somebody comes along and says, "Hey, gee, the door to the experimental test chamber is open," and closes it, and see, he suffocates, just wouldn't sell anywhere, I talked very generally about the handling of point of view. Even that was painful for him to hear, because there was an implied lack of perfection in his story.

There is only one course to take. Avoid reading unpublished manuscripts. If you must read one, avoid all negative comment.

In my last term in college, I discovered a fellow down the hall who wanted to be a writer. He'd just finished a novel, he said, and was I interested in reading it?

This fellow had more going for him than most. He was bright and articulate. More important, his father was himself a writer, in recent times of popular science articles, but 20 years ago of science fiction, and his father's agent had agreed to handle the novel for him.

His novel was about a college called "Modern University". The school takes in only the very brightest students. Its graduates are super-special people. (And by the way, isn't that a neat way for a university to earn a reputation? If you only let in the very brightest people, your graduates are not likely to be rum-dums. At least one of the colleges I've attended shines as an ornament of American education for exactly this reason--and I wonder if for any other?) The most notable feature of Modern University is the "Self-Discipline Plan": at irregular intervals, an assembly is called and a failing student is chosen by lot and executed by a guillotine operated by an honors student, also chosen by lot.

The thought that came to my mind when I heard about the novel was that it was a literalization of a common campus expression for failure: "getting the axe". I have no doubt that this was the original image in my friend's mind, too. When he offered me the chance to look at his book, I pleaded lack of time. I was afraid of what I might have to say about it if I were to be honest. So I just wished him well and went on to another college, other jobs, other places.

But here the book is: No Transfer, by Stephen Walton. I was

extremely pleased when I heard it had been published, and the reviews I found of it were generally sympathetic. I have the impression that the book has sold well, and I even bought a copy for myself and enjoyed reading it.

However, I'm not at all sure that you will.

I found the book interesting because Steve wrote it. I found the book interesting because Modern University is quite obviously based on Michigan State University around which I grew up and where I eventually went to school. I found the book interesting because it indicates that Steve does have talent and may yet make a writer.

The biggest fault of the book is that it is 90 per cent dead. Steve has had the idea of a school where failing students are given the axe, but he has no notion of where to go from there. His book is not a satire, not even on education. It quite clearly takes place in the here-and-now. And Steve's hero, like Steve, is a product of White Plains High School. How the executions at Modern are allowed in our society is not explained. Why a failing student who is chosen for chopping would calmly accept his lot--and all who are chosen that we see do--is not explained. Why an honors student who is chosen to chop would calmly accept his assignment--and all that we see do--is not explained. Why there isn't organized discontent with the system on campus--and it is made explicitly clear that there is none--is not explained. Why the system exists at all is explained, but I don't think convincingly: "...it's the soul of Modern University." And: "You are treated as adults, which implies a certain risk." Ultimately it is supposed that seeing someone get his head chopped off will provide an object lesson, and, no doubt, make everybody bust his ass to get good grades and stay alive. Why the faculty would stay--in a day when professors are known to fudge grades to keep students out of the Army--is not explained. And why there is no transfer is not properly explained, either.

It is possible to take refuge in the word "allegory", but I don't think the word is appropriate. It is clear in reading this book that the executions do not inevitably result from the premises of the story. The executions are the one single premise, in actual fact, and Steve's elaboration is an obviously artificial attempt to make the premises acceptable--and because it is artificial, it is not successful.

The deadness of the story is reflected in the language. In one sense, Steve is an able writer. His syntax and vocabulary are unobjectionable. His prose reads smoothly and makes excellent sense. But nonetheless it is dead.

Steve has made an elementary mistake. Instead of precise observation, he gives endless catalogs of minutiae. He gives protracted conversations that advance the story not at all. There is no sharpness, no sense of individual vision, no humor--just words. My eye wouldn't stay still for it--it constantly moved ahead and I had to force myself to read word by word.

I thought for a time of contrasting No Transfer with another novel set at Michigan State, Alma Routson's A Gradual Joy. (And this, by Heaven, is a novel I would recommend strongly to anyone.) I won't compare them generally, but I would like to quote sample paragraphs from each to show the difference between live and dead language.

Here are two paragraphs chosen from a random page of A Gradual Joy:

"It was a three room apartment, one of four apartments in an old army barracks. There were hundreds of these tarpaper-covered buildings, laid out in neighborhoods of three along unsurfaced, frozen-rutted roads running in long curves. The land had been part of the college farm. Michigan State was an agricultural college, basically, no matter how the boys in the frat houses felt about it. The housing area was bounded by pig lots, horse barns, a strawberry patch, a railroad track, and Harrison Avenue. "The Setons apartment was near the corner where pig lot met railroad track. It was a new apartment, just finished--there was a big keg of nails in the place when they first saw it, but to Jim's sorrow the nails were gone by the time they moved in."

And here is No Transfer:

"Their patter was resumed and continued through the wedges of cheese and as they sat sipping their coffee and brandy. Anecdotes, a competition to see who had gone to the crazier high school. Stories about eccentric relatives, friends, acquaintances. A light pleasant flow, not unaided by their cumulative intake of alcohol.

"They hadn't finished with their coffees and brandies when the first show started. The pianist who had been playing right along was now reinforced by a bass and drums, and the bassist rather quietly introduced a Miss Susanne Gray. Miss Gray turned out to be a very pretty singer. She did a good long set, well varied. And when they were turned loose, for their choruses on the songs and for one number to themselves, the instrumentalists proved themselves sensitive and competent, individually and as a unit. The pianist had clearly shed his tinkly dinner music style of the earlier evening and now played some very down-to-earth things. All the performers appeared to be students.

"Gary and Joyce had both turned their chairs sideways to catch the show. Now they joined in the firm round of applause as the set ended. There was more reorganization at the bandstand after the applause and bows had ended; Gary's attention was diverted from it by the return of the waiter."

I might have quoted half-a-page more and Jim Seton would still be more immediate a character than Gary Fort. The prose of A Gradual Joy lives; the prose of No Transfer is lifeless.

No Transfer does eventually make its conclusions. One of Gary Fort's girl friends is chosen for execution. The executor, by chance, is a former girl friend. Extend the coincidences: at the next execution, Gary is chosen to pull the cord. Whether or not he actually does it, whether or not he learns to love it, we are not told. We are told that he is laughing as he goes up to the stage, which is not a completely incredible reaction.

That Steve does have talent is clear in No Transfer. He has chosen a very tricky point of view--a third person story inside a first person story--and brought it off. Some of his ideas are good ones and there are a very few individual observations. However, if I had read No Transfer in manuscript, I would have told Steve that it was not publishable.

Apparently, I would have been wrong. Nonetheless, I'm sorry this book was published. If it prevents Steve Walton from learning what he has to know, it will be a damned shame, just the same as it would have been a shame if my novel written at age 18 had ever been published.

THE VALDEZ HORSES, by Lee Hoffman; Garden City, New York, Doubleday, 1967, \$3.95

Lee Hoffman's first novel, The Legend of Blackjack Sam, was a farce that I found moderately amusing and even kept until I had to ship my books to New York or throw them out. Each of her novels since has been an improvement on the one before it. Her third novel, Bred To Kill, published by Ballantine in May, 1967, is a thoroughly professional piece of work. Her fourth novel, The Valdez Horses, is one of the best Westerns I've ever read, and a book I'll be quite pleased to keep permanently.



I've read a lot of Westerns. I started reading adult Westerns when I was nine. I can well remember flipping through one and having it fall open to a sexy passage. I immediately added it to my stack of books. In the car on the way home from the library, my mother started looking at the books I'd picked, happened to open that one, and naturally it flopped open to the same passage. "Gosh, mom, I thought it was about horses and guns and things." It turned out to be a nothing book--even the sexy passage was blah.

I've read them all. I read Zane Grey, Max Brand, Ernest Haycox, Luke Short.

And my considered opinion is that most Westerns are even more superficial, artificial, stupid, ill-written and foolish than most science fiction. And that's a pretty big thing to admit. It wouldn't be hard to trim the number of Westerns in my library to 10. I'd keep The Bubbling Spring and Cowboy by Ross Santee. I'd keep The Big Country and Smoky Valley

by Donald Hamilton. Maybe The Lone Star Ranger and West of the Pecos by Zne Grey--for sentimental reasons and because I admire the hell out of the way Grey evokes the feeling of the passage of time. The Best Western Stories of Ernest Haycox, Ride West by Frank O'Rourke. A Talent for Loving by Richard Condon. The tenth spot might go to The Kean Land by Jack Schaefer, or Little Big Man by Thomas Berger, or maybe Wagons Westward by Armstrong Sperry. That's a small list from a person who really likes Westerns, and if I reread some of the titles above, the list might be shorter.

Even though I'm jaded on science fiction right now, my essential list of stf would run at least two or three times as long, and I'd have a harder time choosing it.

The trouble with most Westerns is that, essentially, they are not novels--they are excuses for action. They lack knowledge of the subject, and honesty.

Doubleday bills The Valdez Horses as "An unusual novel of the West." They're right, and the unusual part is that The Valdez Horses is a novel. I've read it twice now and it stands rereading easily.

The narrator is a boy named Jamie Wagner, a runaway from a Georgia home to the West of 1875. He is a fairly conventional character --good-natured, eager-to-please, and naive. He winds up broke and looking for a job to tide him over the winter in Colorado. By accident he winds up on the small horse ranch of Chino Valdez, the character that Lee Hoffman really wants to talk about. Valdez is an ugly, scarred, taciturn Mexican-American. He has a taste for liquor and can't handle it. He has a bad temper which he only controls part of the time. Before settling in Colorado, he has apparently made several other states too hot for him. On the other hand, he is working hard to put his ranch together. He doesn't carry a gun. He avoids liquor when he can. And he has a gentle, knowledgeable, effective way with the horses he is raising. He fascinates young Jamie, and the boy attaches himself to Valdez and won't be shaken. Valdez is lonely enough that he eventually just lets the boy stay and work.

The center of the story is Valdez's attraction to the wrong woman--the Eastern-raised daughter of the man who is financing his ranch. She doesn't care two hoots for him--she simply finds him a strange and fascinating creature--and plays games with him. Valdez has never played social games in his life and the situation disintegrates just as strikingly as one might expect.

The Valdez Horses is proof that a Western does not have to depend on gun fights, of which there are none at all here, in order to hold interest. The story is a leisurely one that winds toward its conclusion with no forcing of pace. It has the feeling of something that actually happened. The story is immediate to me, and intelligently told first to last, and as a result, I'm convinced that it is closer to the real West than 98 per cent of the other Westerns I've read in my time.

I have only one objection to the book, and that is a very minor one. The story is told in retrospect by Jamie Wagner some 25 years

afterwards. If one were to take the framing device exactly as it seems to be presented, a kid comes wandering onto Wagner's ranch and gets the whole story told to him before he even introduces himself. I had to adjust it in my mind--maybe he got told an abbreviated version--and I don't think it was necessary to the story that I should have to do it.

The Valdez Horses is a good enough story to belong in anybody's basic Western library. It is, however, a short novel and a relatively simple narrative. If Lee Hoffman continues to develop at the same rate that she has up to now, in a year or two she may be ready to write the complex, real, intelligent, compelling, and dramatic Western novel that I'm ready to read. No other candidates to write it present themselves readily to mind, and it deserves doing.

--Alexei Panshin

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"Nehemiah Scudder is alive, and running for President under the assumed name of George Wallace." BCS  
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I do not know of anything harder in politics than to escape the coils of racial and religious opportunism. At one point in the campaign I paused long enough to observe that it had been implied by roughly the same set of people that I was anti-Catholic, anti-Protestant, anti-Jewish, and a religious fanatic.

--William F. Buckley, Jr., in The Unmaking of A Mayor

I don't often write about scientific subjects, outside of suggesting an occasional cure for the hangover, but something is happening on the Pacific Ocean.

Hundreds of scientists have set out to determine if the whale ever sleeps.

To get the answer to this question, they are going out in boats and hanging around different parts of the ocean where whales are known to congregate or appear while making their rounds.

This is of tremendous importance to the advancement of human knowledge because the last time many scientists got together on one project they invented the spray deodorant.

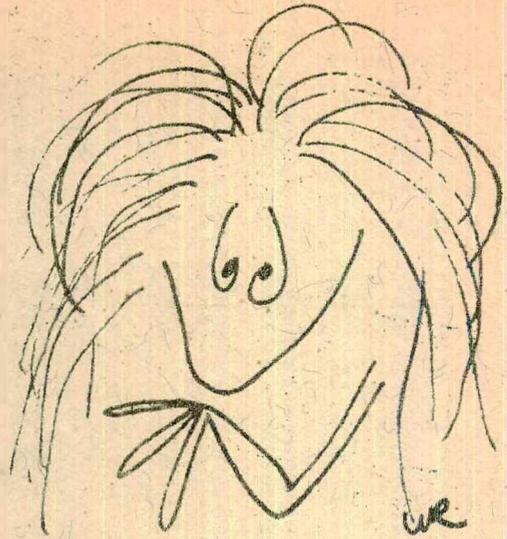
--Mike Royko, in The Chicago Daily News, March 15, 1968

This is the story of a mind that found itself. About two years ago I was moody, discontented, restless, almost a character in a Russian novel. I used to lie on my bed for days drinking tea out of a glass (I was one of the first people in this country to drink tea out of a glass; at that time fashionable people drank from their cupped hands). Underneath, I was still a lively, fun-loving American boy who liked nothing better than to fish with a bent pin. In short, I had become a remarkable combination of Raskolnikov and Mark Tidd.

--S.J. Perelman, "Somewhere A Roscoe" in The Most of S.J. Perelman

# The Man Who Wrote Titles

by Valerie Walker



I met him in some bar or other --I can't remember, as by that time they were all a bit corrugated--and we walked out into the cool night, drinking the air in gulps.

He was not quite middle-aged, tending to fat, balding. Where his hair had not gone naturally, he had shaved, leaving a faint stubble in a tonsure pattern. His glasses were black-framed and perfectly round, making him look like a fat tarsier. There was an air about him of the defrocked monk--a kind of Jewish Friar Tuck. His eyes had a certain mad light that belied the rest of his face and brought all conclusions back to their beginnings--which was why I had walked out with him. He had his own reasons for choosing my company. Polymorphous-preverse, perhaps.

We went to his hotel, one of those shabby places where people live for years, collecting empty egg-cartons and listening for whispers in the halls. We passed the caricature of a living room to the left of the lobby, never-used. The night clerk was an Egyptian mummy behind his desk. I could almost see the cobwebs.

We rose slowly in the tiny elevator, and the sweat gleamed on my companion's bald head. He looked at me.

"What's your name?" he asked, suddenly.

I told him, and the vivid light flickered in his eyes a moment before he turned to get off.

His room was small and crowded with oversized furniture--a huge bed, two armchairs, an end table with a typewriter upon it, and a monstrous console TV.

"That's mine," he said, turning it on. His face silvered as the picture came on the screen. He switched to an empty channel and turned off the sound. Then he crossed the room and turned off the overhead.

"I use it for light," he said. "Where's the stuff?"

I retrieved the foil-wrapped package and rolled a couple of sticks. He lit one and puffed, then passed it to me, sucking the smoke in short gasps. As the beautiful taste of canned pears spread through my lungs, he started to talk. We passed the joint back and forth,

finished it, finished another, and still he talked.

"My name," he said, "is Titelman. Not very unusual, perhaps, but it has affected my life. I am a writer--or I would be if I could ever finish a story. I have never managed to hold on to the thread long enough to wind it into a ball. That's Blake, you know--

'I give you the end of a string,

'Only wind it into a ball

It will--something or other--

In Jerusalem's wall--'

You see, I can't even remember the whole of a four-line verse."

"What do you write?" I asked idly, not really caring by this time. I rolled over on my back on the bed and hung my head down at the end, digging the TV.

"Well," he said between puffs, "I started out to write the Great American Novel while I was in college. My professors said I had promise, whatever that means; and I took it so seriously that I dropped out of school in my senior year to write. My parents were appalled, naturally. It is the nature of good Jewish parents to be appalled at whatever their children do, but especially something as unrewarding, financially, as sitting in a furnished room pounding on a typewriter.

"As I say, I started to write a novel. It was a marvelous work, full of fire and life and coruscating displays of verbal pyrotechnics--that's what the reviews were going to say. I had a plot figured out, except for some minor loose ends--and a title picked. The title was a real winner--Catch-22."

"But Joseph Heller wrote Catch-22," I said.

"Yes. That's the whole trouble. I had typed up fully 10 chapters of Catch-22 when I took a break to go out for a beer. I passed a bookstore--and there in the window was a display of Catch-22--Heller's, not mine. Naturally I rushed in and bought the book. It was identical with mine! The whole 10 chapters, word for word--and I swear I'd never read the thing before."

"Maybe you'd seen it and forgotten it," I suggested, "and your subconscious..."

"No!" he almost screamed. "It had just been published--it was a brand-new book."

"What did you do?"

He smiled sadly. "I went home," he said, "and got phenomenally drunk for three days. Then I burned the first 10 chapters of Catch-22, and sat down to block out another novel."

"What happened then?"

"I wrote over half of The Magic Christian before it hit the bookstores."

"You mean you did it twice?" I said.

"More than twice," he sighed. "I've done it every time. After I wrote all but the last chapter of A Mother's Kisses, I decided to go in for drama."

"And--?"

"Luv."

"What do you do now?"

"I just stick to titles," he said wryly. "Why bother typing up the whole novel when someone is going to do it before me? This way I at least save on typing paper."

"What have you written lately?"

"Oh, a lot of stuff--Cat's Cradle, The Sioux, End of the Road, The Valley of the Dolls (that was strictly hackwork), and I've been working on a movie."

"What is it?"

"Blow-up. That's rather good, isn't it?"

"Yeah. It's great, and it's at the neighborhood theaters, already," I said. Jesus, what a liar, I thought.

He looked a trifle nonplussed. "So soon? I must be slowing up. I used to be able to catch them at the downtown premiere--I did Galia when it was still in New York."

I was still pleasantly high, but this Titelman was becoming a bringdown. I got up to leave, and his hand was on my arm.

"Hey!" he said, "Don't you want to know what my latest work is?"

"Yeah, sure," I said. What a flippo, I thought.

"I've written this one out--not just the title. Even the ending. It's non-fiction this time. The title is "The Man Who Wrote Titles", and it's about this guy, a writer, who picks up a kid one night and they turn on and he tells him his life story and then makes the story come true...."

I was edging my way toward the door. "How?" I asked.

"By killing him," said Titelman, and his eyes glittered.

Suddenly, I was no longer high. "Hey!" I said, and by this time I could see that he was crazy enough to kill me, "How would that make the story come true? Can't you end it some other way?"

I was almost to the door when he darted in front of me--for all

his bulk, he was amazingly quick--and stood facing me with his back to it.

"I lied when I said the story had ended," he said with a smile that chilled me. "Actually, I have paper in the typewriter all ready, and as soon as I kill you, I'll send the manuscript in."

"Send it in where?"

"To the police. It'll be a confession, you see?"

He started toward me. He was a lot bigger and heavier than I am. I was trying to remember what scraps of karate I knew when he lunged. What happened then was purest accident.

Somehow I got him in the nose with the heel of my hand. He grunted and fell to the floor like a great mass of dough. He lay there, motionless, and I thought he was just waiting to grab me as I stepped over him. But after a moment I could see that he was dead.

"He must've had a heart attack or something," I muttered. I stepped into the bathroom, flushed my stash down the john, opened the windows to get rid of the smell, then sat down to think. The typewriter. Yes, there was a story, "The Man Who Wrote Titles". Gingerly, I took the sheet out of the typewriter, tore up the manuscript and flushed the scraps down the john. Carbons? No, none I could find. God, my fingerprints must be all over the place. I went around with a piece of toilet paper, rubbing everything I could remember touching.

Now for the corpse. I dragged him to the bed and heaved him on to it--he was heavier than I'd thought. He lay on the bed with a faint smile on his face, only the trickle of blood from his left nostril to show that he wasn't asleep.

"God damn you, Titelman," I said, wiping off the blood.

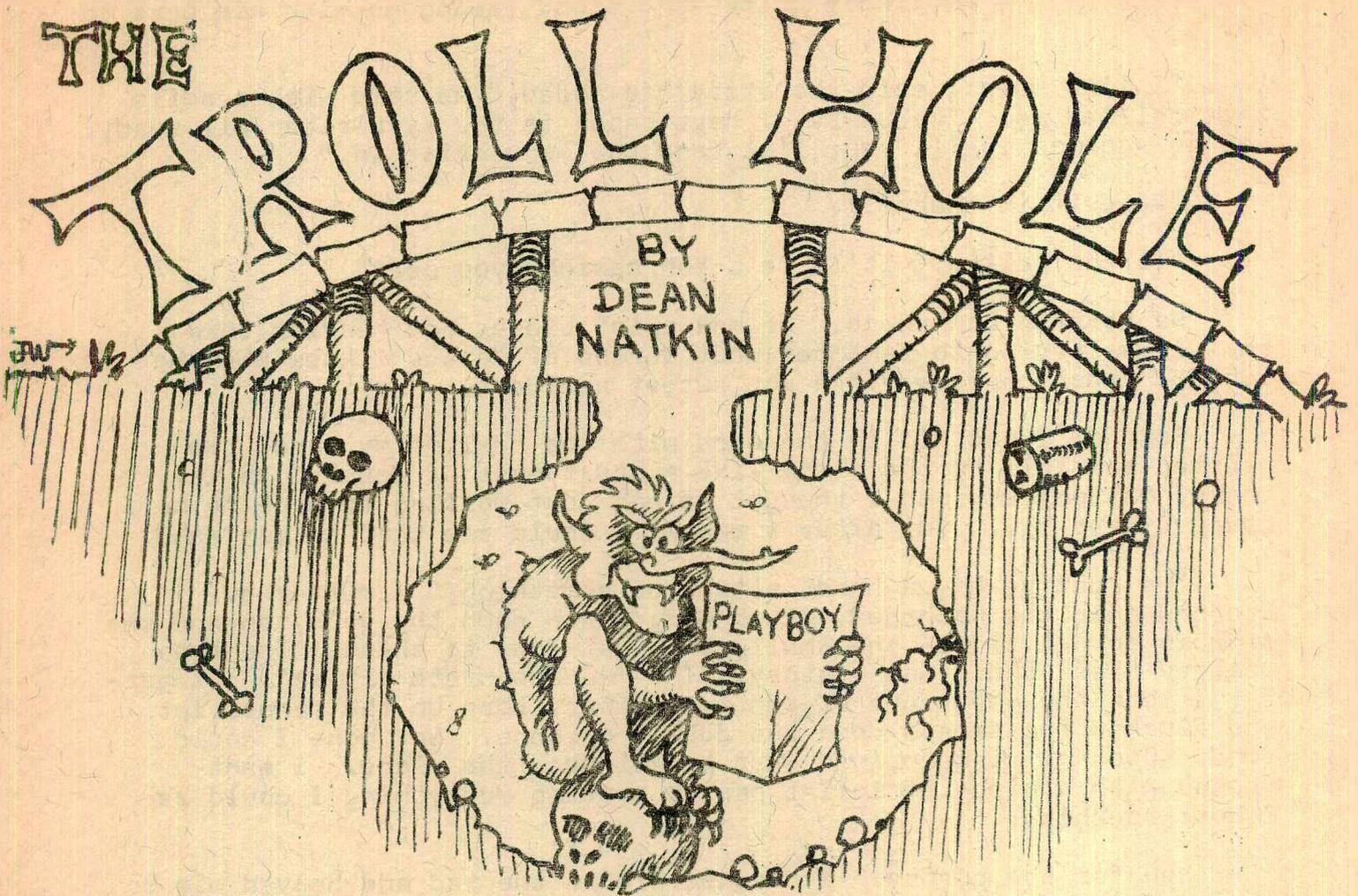
How the hell was I to get out of the hotel without the night clerk seeing me? For a moment I contemplated calling the cops myself. No--they'd never believe me in a million years. I was cooked unless I could get out.

I sat down at the typewriter and glanced over at the bed. Titelman lay there smiling vaguely. I turned away from him and inserted a fresh sheet of paper into the typewriter. Not thinking much about what I was doing, I started to type: "The Man Who Wrote Titles".

I have been typing for several hours now, and it is getting light. The whole story is here, as far as it goes. Titelman lies, still smiling, on the bed.

God, I can't think of an ending.

---Valerie Walker



EDITORIAL CONFERENCE:

SCENE: The luxuriously furnished editorial offices of Nyarlathotep. Ben Solon, editor and publisher of Nyar, is seated at his posh, Early John's Bargain Store desk, reading the final installment of "The Secret Name of God" with obvious interest as I, nervously pacing the floor, await his opinion of my work.

ME (To myself): How cluttered with suspense this moment seems  
 As I anticipate the words of Ben who at this moment dreams  
 No doubt in ecstasy of Hugos now in reach  
 And how to phrase the final words of his acceptance speech  
 Next year in St. Louis when all fandom will appear  
 To honor him as publisher: Best Fanzine of the Year.  
 His face reflects his hopes as he with glee doth read  
 My masterpiece. With what sweet words will he my ego feed?  
 Perforce I must blush when Ben comparison makes  
 To Shakespeare and Tolkien and John W. Jakes.  
 Will he my genius to fair Bloch compare?  
 Nay, no one deserves any flattery that rare.  
 That moment needs ripening in some future's womb.  
 My conceit must have emigrated from foul Barsoom.  
 But hark, he has done with his editorial chore.  
 (Aloud) Magnificent, is it not, mon editor?

BEN: I haven't read anything as bad as this in years. Who wrote it?  
Richard Shaver?

ME (Icily): And what is wrong with my words?

BEN: There's nothing wrong with your words. It's just the way you've  
organized them.

ME: I take it you don't care for far-out writing?

BEN: Only when it's good.

ME: You don't like surrealism, I gather.

BEN: I do too like surrealism.

ME: Then why don't you like my stuff?

BEN: Because it's bad.

ME: Remember what Algis Budrys said in his Galaxy column? You must  
learn to accept the "new" writers on their own terms. Otherwise  
you'll be left with nothing but a bunch of yellowing 1944 Astoundings.

BEN: I happen to agree with Budrys.

ME: You do? (Slyly) How would you like to sell me your 1944 Astound-  
ings for a quarter apiece?

BEN: How would you like a punch in the mouth?

ME: I'd be willing to go as high as 35 cents....

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+ + +  
I'm afraid that I am unable to properly conclude this report of  
our editorial conference. Ben's behavior, at this point, threatened  
to become violent; and I decided that it would be in my best interests  
to leave his offices as rapidly as possible. But at least you now  
know why the concluding installment of "The Secret Name of God" is  
not appearing in this issue of Nyar.

It's because I have a homicidal editor.

#### CONVERSATION WITH A MORAL MAN:

I know a moral man, and every now and then, I have occasion to  
talk with him. He reads the right books, joins the right causes,  
repeats the right phrases, and thinks the right thoughts. His be-  
havior is correct at all times. He always smiles--except, of course,  
when he is practicing indignation. He is a good man.

My conversations with this man are very informative. After  
talking with him, I always know the current Establishment line. I  
am always grateful to him for this, as I can then avoid reading  
Walter Lippmann.

The mind of this man is a source of perpetual amazement to me. And one day, in the midst of one of our running conversations, I asked him outright:

"How can you do it? How can you keep mouthing the word "love", when hate is oozing out of your like sweat?"

"What? Me hate? I never hate. I love everybody. I love the Hillbilly, even though he is a dirty racist bigot. I love Hubert Humphery, even though he is a dirty racist bigot. I even love you, and you are obviously a dirty racist bigot for asking me such an immoral question. Don't you know that it is immoral to accuse me of harboring hatred? Hate is what the people I hate practice."

"Ahah! The truth is out. You are a member of a religious group that determines public policy on the basis of morality. You are not a liberal. You are a Liberal. Your movement was once a secular religion, but now it has become a secular theology. Don't you realize that there are times when a man must put aside his morality and simply do the right thing?"

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"Morality is an invention of the Devil."  
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"Why you dirty little atheist! Whoops, I take that back. That's what Theodore Roosevelt is supposed to have called Tom Paine, and you are obviously no Tom Paine."

"Obviously. I can't stand the sight of blood. But why all the emphasis on morality? Are you afraid that the kids will get away from you and not pay any attention to what you are saying if you don't catch them early enough and hype them into believing that you've got a hot line to God?"

"Don't be blasphemous. Where would The Poor be if it weren't for us?"

"The Poor. That's Liberal code for Negroes. You want them on your side, don't you? You obviously need them. And why do you need them? Because they got balls."

"I told you not to be so blasphemous, but have it your own way. Where would The Negro be without our help?"

"Exactly. I could never conceive of the entity that you refer to as "The Negro". There are supposed to be around 25 million Negroes in the United States today. I am only aware of 25 million human beings who share, to a greater or lesser degree, a common problem. I am unable to perform the mental gymnastics required to roll up 25 million people--as if each were a little wad of clay--into some gigantic Golem which you have labeled "The Negro". Although you seem able to do so without any difficulty."

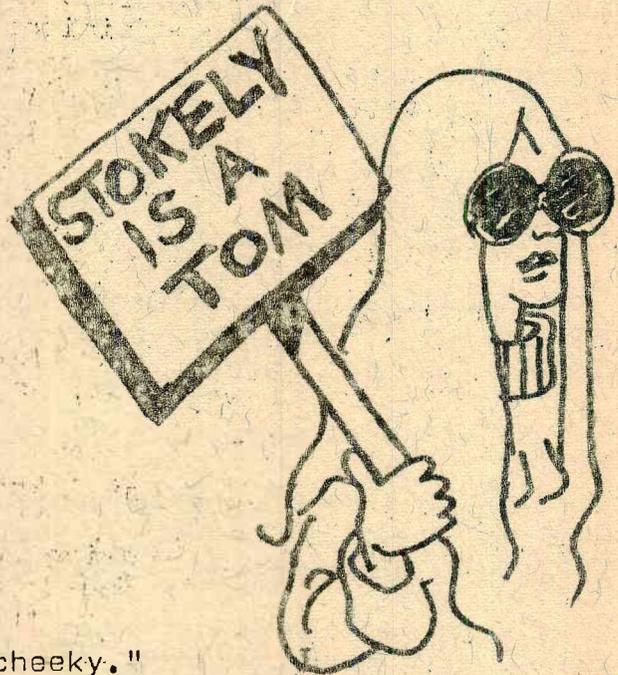
"You are a most immoral person. It took us Liberals to shame the nation into doing something about the immoral treatment accorded to The Negro."

"Yeah. The nation did something about it, all right. It passed a bunch of laws--some of which are observed now and then; and the Supreme Court handed down some decisions--some of which are understood by the lower courts now and then. And what is the result? Things are worse than ever for The Negro, as you so insultingly refer to our Negro fellow citizens (Why must you deny a man his individual identity? Do you really believe that "they all look alike"?). Why did you have to bury a bread-and-butter problem in the morality maze? It it too much for your mind to attempt thought? Try it...just once. You'll find, to your surprise, that it can be so pleasurable as to become addictive.

"The key words are desirable and undesirable. Got them? Good. Now listen closely. It is a desirable thing for our (or any other) society to make full use of its human resources. It is an undesirable thing for any society when 25 million of its citizens are routinely being shit on. It is undesirable for many reasons, but I will mention only what appears, to me, to be the main one.

"There are a few individuals in each generation that can be considered as truly outstanding. These individuals should be treasured, for it is they who expand the universe for the rest of us. They are the cream. The law of averages says some of this cream will be Negro, and if they are prevented from rising to the top, it is society--as well as they--who loses. And you know what happens to cream when it is prevented from rising to the top, don't you? It goes sour. And while sour cream is great with farmer's chop suey, I don't want it running around loose in the society in which I live. I'd rather have it sweet and at the top where it belongs.

"Your juvenile romanticism--which you like to call idealism--has made "revolution" a good word. You've also made it an "in" word. You rationalize the actions of every homicidal monomaniac who claims to be a part of The Movement in a desperate attempt to salvage something from the oncoming wreckage of your worldview; and by doing so, you have sold out every Negro who felt that the middle-class ethic made sense and who tried to better himself and his family by working for the future. Tom is what you called him. You called him an Uncle Tom. And you're a New Englander whose ancestors came over on the Mayflower. Now that's what I call cheeky."



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Idealist: Any fanatic on our payroll.

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"Oh well, they've been sold down the river before. One more time won't hurt."

"It won't hurt you, but what about them. Did you ever think that they just might get mad enough to vote Republican?"

"They wouldn't dare! After all we've done for them....

"That's why they'd dare. Because of all you've done for them. How many times must a man be sold out before he calls himself a man and does what he damn well pleases, and not what someone else thinks is best for him? Why is it the very thought of some Redneck calling a Negro "boy" will drive you into a frenzy, yet you persist in treating Negroes as though they were helpless children, unable to function without your personal guidance?"

"It's for their own good."

I had to leave. The thought that the ghost of Torquemada, his eye on the sparrow, was still busy saving souls kept intruding on my sanity.

HE MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF HIS MIND:

"Something's happening,  
but you don't know what it is.  
Do you, Mr. Zimmerman?"  
--Dylan Roberts

What is it about the Kennedy family that has made the New Left declare open season on them? Is the whole thing a symbol removing operation? One need have no opinions about either the late senator or Rev. Martin Luther King in order to be aware that both men, prior to their assassinations, were highly valued symbols of progress to the 99 per cent of our nation's Negroes who believe in working through "The Establishment" and avoiding violence as a means to an end (having seen enough of it in their own neighborhoods). Is some cynical strategist now gloating over his introduction of the politics of assassination into America? Or is the whole thing an accidental by-product of a secular religion running wild?

I don't know. I'll tell you something that I do know, though. You just can't turn a revolution, no matter how plastic it may be, on and off like tap water.

Here's something else that I know:

I know that if I were growing up, I would want to know what the adult world was all about. I would want to know this desperately, for upon that knowledge would rest my future survival.

If my parents--whom I knew were on my side--were unable to provide me with clear answers, because they didn't know what was going on or because they were too intellectually honest to saddle me with a lot of eternal truths that might become obsolete next month, I might then turn to someone readily available. Like my Sunday School teacher and my Sociology professor. And if my SS teacher and my sosh prof spoke with a conviction that denied self-doubt, then I would probably want to be like them. They knew; and I would want to know.

Oh how desperately I would want to know.

If these people were really committed to their beliefs, and if they preached how desirable a thing commitment was, I would probably respond by forming an emotional commitment to whatever brand of thought substitute they were pushing. And naturally I would keep coming back for more. Emotion is the most addictive substitute for reality on today's market--even as it was on yesterday's, and probably will be on tomorrow's.

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Commitment: Morality's excuse for keeping a closed mind. DN

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If they told me God is dead and that the parents whom I love are just a couple of ignorant slobs for still believing in Him (not that they have for the past 20 years) and not paying any attention to His morality--which He thoughtfully left in the hands of my Sunday School teacher to be properly interpreted before He kicked off, I'd believe them. Wouldn't I?

---

"God is not dead. He has been gelded by his priesthood." DN

---

If they told me that I was finer and nobler and much more moral than my parents...because I didn't hold the fact that my Sunday School teacher was gay against him (even though he tried to get me to)...I'd despise my parents for their bigotry, wouldn't I? And if my Sunday School teacher forgave me for the lack of love in my heart, and told me that it wasn't immoral for me to ball chicks--even though I was only 14--and it was Society's fault that I couldn't make out, I'd want to believe him. Oh how I'd want to believe him.

If they then told me that Society was controlled by a mysterious something called The Establishment that did all sorts of bad things --like sending me to Viet Nam to be killed (and me only 14!) and keeping The Negro in His Place...I'd know who to blame...wouldn't I? And if they told me that The Establishment was preventing me from making out by telling all the girls that they would be immoral if they let me (and they wouldn't be! they wouldn't!), and that it was persecuting my Sunday School teacher for practicing sodomy with his pecker group, and that it wasn't paying any attention to me even though I'm a member of the brightest generation in history, I'd know who to hate. Wouldn't I?

If the advisors--both spiritual and secular--to whom my parents had entrusted the formation of my mind recommended that I read Ram parts and Evergreen (Der Sturmer having ceased publication) so that I might learn of the exploits of the freedom-loving dry-gulchers of the National Liberation Front of Palestine in their heroic struggle against International Jewry (which, as everyone knows, controls The Establishment)...why...I'd learn how to hate properly. Wouldn't I?

And if they kept telling me that it was all The Establishment's fault until I made my commitment, and if my sosh prof--who was also taught by my Sunday School teacher--kept reinforcing that commitment, I would eventually say to myself with all the strength of that commitment: "Anything as thoroughly corrupt as The Establishment doesn't

deserves to exist. When I get older, I'm going to kill it."

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"Religion is the amphetamine of the Intellectual class. Caution:  
Speed kills." DN

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The good Liberals, decent, law-abiding, tax-paying human beings  
all, who make certain their children attend Sunday School every week  
and that they eventually matriculate at a status university just can't  
understand why the assassin would want to commit such a senseless act.

+ + +  
+ + +  
"I just can't understand why the assassin would commit such a  
senseless act. He had such a fine religious background; and he was a  
brilliant scholar, too."

"He also had a finely developed social conscience; he was deeply  
involved in the issues of the day. He was never too busy to help our  
little group."

"Yes, I don't think that the Matrons for McCarthy could have  
lasted a day without his help, and the help of others like him. He  
must have been out of his mind."

+ + +  
+ + +  
How can you not understand, Cornelia? After all, they're your  
jewels.

If the proper study of mankind is man, then let us indeed study  
man. But let us study him as he actually is, rather than that image  
of him that Marx, Freud, and our current interpreters of God present  
to us.

--Dean Natkin

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"Fanac is a poor substitute for sexac." JS

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This mailing is a record one because of the stupendous and  
stupefying output of F. Towner Laney, ex-fan.

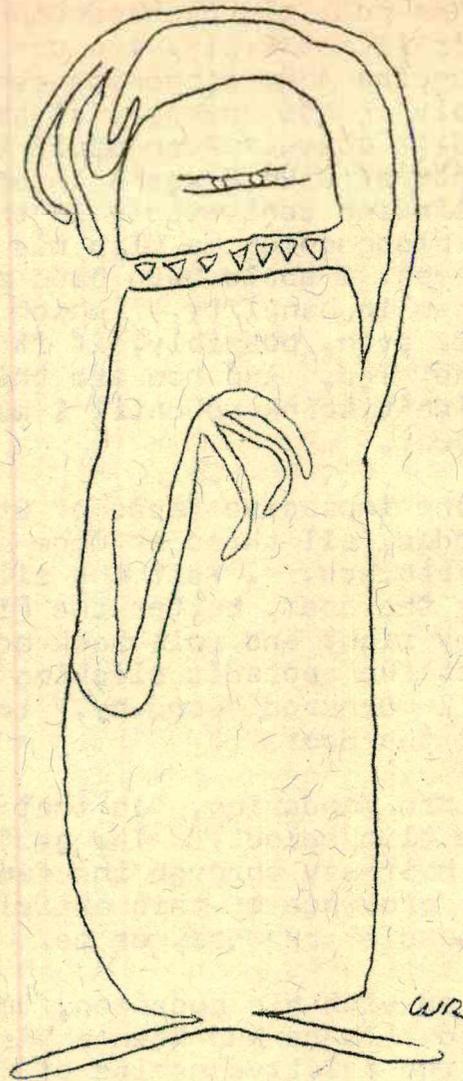
Besides 77 pages of his memoirs, he did six pages in the Amateur,  
12 pages of Fandango, five pages in Masque, and two pages in this  
restrained journal. Total: 102 pp.

Suppose the other 64 of us would jump up and quit fandom the way  
he has done. If we followed further in his steps, we would each do  
102 pages per mailing for a total of 6630 pp. If this stuff were run  
off on 20-lb. mimeo stock, it would weigh (each mailing, that is) over  
33 pounds. Plus the Amateur.

Each mailing would make a stack 17 inches high. Plus the Amateur.  
To mail such a pile of crud would cost \$168 per quarter. By  
parcel post, that is. Freight would be cheaper, I believe.

I don't know who would want to be Official Editor in such a case.  
But since dues would be around \$50 per year, I imagine we could  
afford to hire a full-time editor.

--Charles Burbee, "For Posterity"  
in Burblings 3, June, 1948



## "What's New In Fandom?"

by Arnie Katz

"Well, Arnie," Ted White said as he fixed me with his famous brow-knitted stare, "what's new in fandom?" He said the word "fandom" with his lip curled up slightly, a look of complete distaste on his face, as if he had just noticed the smell of catshit which permeated Mike McInerney's apartment that evening of June 10th. He smirked condescendingly at me. I looked back at him incredulously. In the half-light of the FISTFA meeting his eyes were impenetrable black pits shooting bolts of pure malevolence at me.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I don't know, Ted," I managed lamely, caught off balance by the inappropriateness of the question and the snideness with which it was asked. I wonder how many people lie awake nights, going over the day's conversations, inventing the Perfect Retort to deflate the pompous ass who said thus-and-such. From the surrealistic quality of much fan reportage, I would venture to

guess that quite a few fans roll old conversations around in their minds searching for the Brilliant Reply--the one Mark Twain or Walt Willis might have given in the same circumstances. I must shamefacedly admit that my reply wasn't any sort of brilliant--rather, it was precisely as I stated it above. Perhaps if the after images of the flashing colored lights of Mike Hinge's Infernal Machine, which was still flashing and clicking contentedly in the darkened room behind me, even as Ted was bludgeoning me with his question, were not still dancing before my eyes, I would have been able to come up with, "Not much, Ted. What's new in banality." which I formulated seconds after my actual reply. Or even, possibly, if it were not 12:30, I could have retorted, "Fine, Ted. And how are things in the hack writing game?" which I didn't think up until I was half way home to New Hyde Park, on the subway.

I looked around at the impassive faces of Steve Stiles, Mike McInerney, and Barbara Dodge, all three of whom were unaware that a dramatic crisis had been reached. I felt the silence after my ineffectual reply wash over the room, batter the Filmore Auditorium poster-bedecked wall to my right and roll back across the room again. The only sound was the sporadic clicking of the light machine in the next room. I murmured "Good-by," to break the silence, and slowly made my way to the door, ~~unnoticed~~.

"What," some of you are wondering, "is that nut Katz getting so excited about? Has he flipped out?" The rest of the readers, who are no doubt already half-way through the fanzine review column, are now quite outside the province of this article, and need not concern either you, the hardier readers, or me.

Until Ted shattered me with his question, the meeting had been going precisely as planned. There had been a Viewing of the Light Machine, a discussion of the relative merits of "The Grateful Dead" and "Country Joe and the Fish", a cogent analysis of the Middle-Eastern War, Army Stories by Steve Stiles, and--to add that dash of rarified intellectualism so necessary to a good evening's talk session --a bit of philosophical debate on whether or not The Fantastic Four comic book is really one of the five greatest such comic books of all time.

These topics having been dealt with for the evening, the decks were obviously cleared for Ted to bring out the Big Topic around FISTFA/Fanoclast meetings these days: "Popular Literature I Have Sold and Read". For those who have unfortunately never been present during the discussion of this topic, a little explanation is no doubt necessary. After a ritualistic preamble that goes something like, "~~Finished-Star Blood-Sucker-today-and-I-have-four-books-due-next-Wednesday-and-here-is-a-chapter-which-I-would-like-to-orate-to-you,~~" is intoned by Ted, Dave Van Arnam passes around a textual variation upon this oral litany in the form of a fanzine called First Draft. Andy Porter then announces what Lee Hoffman and other FISTFA/Fanoclast members have sold, bows low once, and is never seen again that night. The "What I've Written" part of the topic exhausted, "Popular Literature I Have Read" begins. Week after week, I have listened to interminable discussions of sf, mystery, and Western novels which have

been read by fanoclasts (primarily Ted White, who is invariably the focal point of such discussions) over the previous week. And I sit there like a lunk as Ted White and Alex Panshin discuss The Space Swimmers or World of Ptavvs. Not, allow me to assure you all, that I don't read. Besides Marvel Comic Books, I read things like the works of Eugene Ionesco and William Goldman. Neither Goldman nor Ionesco seems to fall within the sphere of the book discussions held at fanoclast meetings, I'm afraid. William Goldman was last mentioned at a Fanoclast meeting during the summer of 1965, and rich brown was careful to talk softly enough so that only I could hear. As for Eugene Ionesco, a survey has shown that most Fanoclasts do not even know who he is. When speaking of Absurdist, the majority can't think of anyone past Andy Porter. I also read sf and mysteries, but I neither intend to cover the majority of books in either field nor to treat all but a few such books as anything more than what they are: enjoyable and forgettable. That's exactly what I do with sf and mystery novels. I enjoy them and promptly dismiss them from my mind.

"Obviously," I told myself on the Monday before the fateful FISTFA meeting, "if I am to participate in the camaraderie of meetings to the fullest, I am going to have to read some Popular Literature and be able to discuss it." I picked up a copy of The Ganymede Takeover by Philip K. Dick and Ray Nelson. Phil Dick has a reputation for writing Serious and Important books, and it seemed likely that there would be something worthy of discussion in that novel as opposed to a Doc Smith yarn. Besides, Ted White is a great admirer of Phil Dick. I knew that he would either have read the book the day it went on sale or, if things went worse, at least be interested in hearing about it.

I sat down with the book and a ball point pen. I digested it slowly, underlining key phrases and making copious marginal notes. As it was a fairly enjoyable book, I had little trouble savoring it, while making notes at the same time. Because it was also a short book, I finished it in a couple of early evening reading sessions. Then, to make sure I really knew my stuff, I wrote some of it up as a critique. I had The Ganymede Takeover down pat; themes, symbolism, use of language to link characters--the whole thing.

I saw the coming meeting unfold in my mind's eye. "Well, gang," Ted White would say, casting a benign glance over the assemblage, "what have you read this week?"

"I read The Ganymede Takeover," I would burble brightly. Excited whispers would run through the group gathered around Ted.

"Well," Ted would say, dragging the word out, "what did you think of it Arnie?" Immediately, I would launch into a discussion of the ambiguity of the handling of the relationship between man and his society as thematically expressed in The Ganymede Takeover. I could envision myself being so erudite as to leave even Alex Panshin light-years behind. I could sense in advance my feeling of triumph as expressions of awe formed on the previously blank faces of my rapt audience. After a few capsule comments on the success of the collaboration between Dick and Nelson as a summation, I would have leaned

back in my seat and serenely accepted the wave of applause that would have washed over the room, battered the Filmore Auditorium poster be-decked wall to my right, and rolled back across the room again. A whole new dimension would have been added to the Katz Image by all attending: Arnie Katz--fabulous faanish wit would have been joined by Arnie Katz--highbrow literary critic.

"Well, Arnie, what's new in fandom?" said Ted White. I saw my plans, hopes, and preparations vanish into some shrouded corner of Mike McInerney's apartment, never to be seen again. I dragged my tattered psyche to the IND.

--Arnie Katz

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"He's the sort of person who drives others from drink." JS

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The White House may be a nice place to live, but it's no place to mail a letter. Ask President Johnson.

Three days ago, the President sent a special delivery letter to the 1200 delegates to the annual meeting of the National Student Assn. The hand-stamped letter bearing 45 cents in postage arrived Tuesday.

The NSA meeting is in College Park, Md., a half-hour drive from the White House.

--Chicago Daily News, Aug. 15 1967

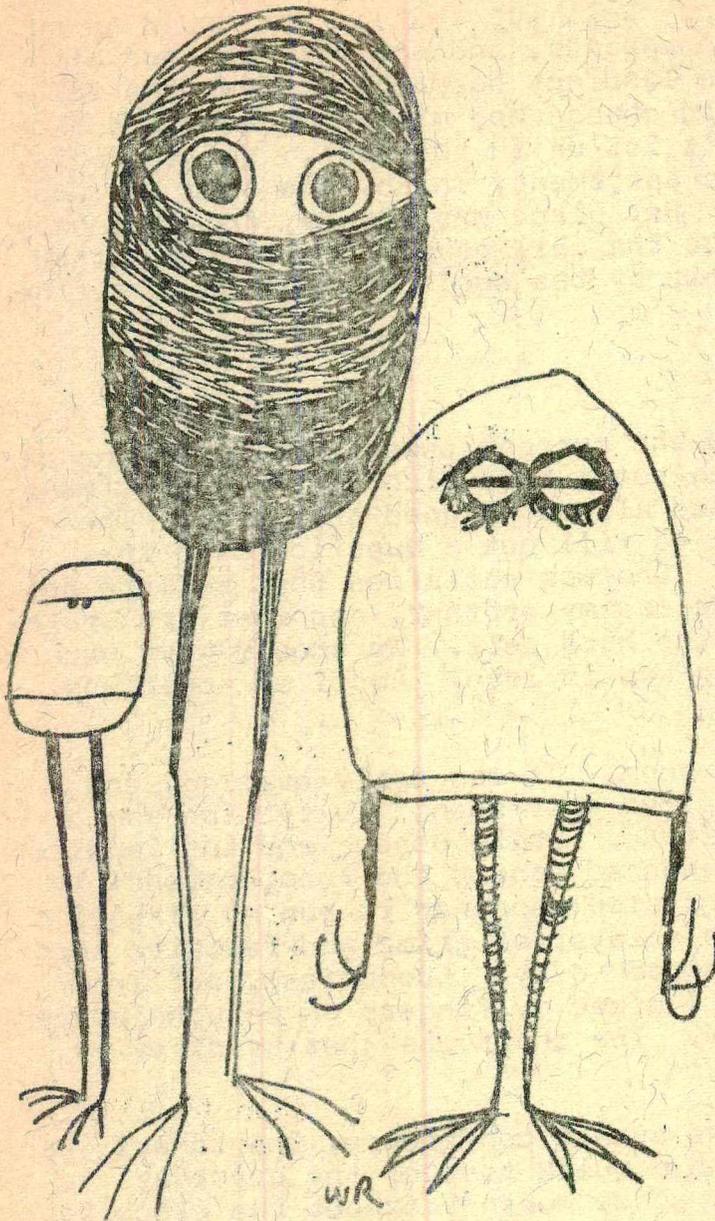
Ron and I went to a Little Man meeting a while ago, and I'm sad to report that we didn't exactly enjoy it, despite what Sneary says about "those crazy Lepr charms". There were eight or 10 people there, sitting around the Garden Library, which is a small book store and lending library with quite a bit of science fiction around. The program for the evening consisted of somebody or other vaguely connected with the University of California speaking on genitics and what it has to say about mutations. This was all presented in a quite technical manner, in semi-darkness and a monotone voice. I spent the meeting sitting by a reading lamp reading an Eric Frank Russell novel and ignoring the drone of the speaker and the static coming from Norman Metcalf's ham radio set, with which he was trying to pick up the beep-beep from Sputnik, goshwow.

After the meeting (which is to say, as soon as the speaker had wandered off onto so many side topics that he's forgotten what he'd been talking about and had given up the whole thing) I was talking to one of the people at the meeting, apparently a regular member of the Little Men. He asked me why I'd been reading a book instead of listening to the speaker. I told him I was a science fiction fan, and that I wasn't interested in science per se.

He looked suprised. "Why," he said, "I can't imagine a science fiction fan who isn't interested in science."

I raised my eyebrow right back at him. "Well," I replied, "personally, I can't imagine a science fiction fan with such a poor imagination as you have."

--Terry Carr, "inn a mist" in Innuendo 7, Feb., 1958



## PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN ROOMMATES I HAVE KNOWN AND OTHER PROSPECTS

I used to be known for my hospitality. That was back when I lived in a \$200.00 a month, nine-room Hyde Park Apartment (four bedrooms, three baths, two sunporches, living room, dining room, kitchen, and eight million closets). You may wonder what I was doing in such a luxurious place, considering that I was a full-time student at the University of Chicago in its more merciless, scholarship-withholding days, a recent orphan with a pitiable bank account, and a three-day-a-week clerk-butcher-stockboy-bookkeeper in a grocery store. The truth of the matter was that I got talked into it by a friend who had delusions of grandeur.

Her name was Doreen. She didn't have much money either, but she had better prospects than I did. Besides, being a graduate student with a scholarship, she cut up rats for the Physiology Department on

weekends (and believe me, they pay well for that). She found an ad for the Apartment in the local newspaper, and she fell in love with the place while listening to the landlady describe it over the telephone. After that, nothing could change her mind; not even the fact that the current tenants wouldn't let us in the door. We were able, however, to visit the landlady's apartment, which, she told us, was identical to the one we wanted. Her place was lovely, from the baby grand piano in the living room to the wall of mirrors in the master bedroom. Our tour was marred only by the dog's attempt to devour me. Doreen's mind was made up.

But, after all, said I....

The landlady finally talked the current tenants into letting us in, but only as far as the living room; they didn't want things messed. By this time Doreen and I had all but signed the lease. The landlady had required each of us to fill out a questionnaire that would have put the CIA to shame. She was satisfied that we were solvent (my boss lied; but, then, he was my brother, and what are brothers for?) and she was giving up the hard sell. We should have been suspicious but, as I said, Doreen was in love. And I am sometimes not too bright.

There we were in the living room. It was early evening, and that was the darkest living room I've ever seen. Everything was dark grey: walls, ceiling, rug, furniture. While Doreen and the landlady were talking to the tenants, I wandered around the room, ostensibly to look for electrical outlets. I also happened to run my fingers along a wall; they came away with a layer of grime and revealed that under the dirt the wall paper was dark gray. Economical, but less than esthetic. Surreptitiously, I wiped my fingers on an upholstered chair, but that didn't clean them. The chair was just as dirty as the walls.

By the time I returned to the summit conference, the tenants had grudgingly consented to take us on a quick tour of the premises. They said they had five children, so we mustn't expect the place to be spotless.

That turned out to be a bit of an understatement.

Imagine a flock of particularly destructive children, armed with crayons, gum, candy, and dirt. Imagine what they could do to the big empty walls of a nine room Apartment. Imagine that your buddy Doreen has got to have that Apartment or die in the attempt.

We signed the lease that night. On that basis alone, any court would have ruled us legally insane.

We spent a month and a half cleaning, painting, and scraping gum off the floors. Doreen fell off a ladder while papering the kitchen walls, so acrophobic me had to paint all the ceilings she hadn't done yet (perched precariously on that same unstable ladder, of course. Raw courage there.) We scoured Chicago for second-hand furniture, spending all the money we had and promising some we didn't have (it

was such a nice round coffee table, and the woman was willing to wait a couple of months...). Kind relatives donated such tidbits as a sofa afflicted with dry rot. Ultimately, the place became livable.

Doreen had the back bedroom, and I had the front one. That left two empty ones, smaller than ours. \$200.00 a month was clearly more than we could afford, but with two more people, the burden would become bearable. Besides, there was all that housecleaning to think of, and what did two of us need with nine rooms anyway. So the Room-mate Hunt began. We put little signs on various bulletin boards around the University. We weren't picky. We grabbed the first two that came along: Shari and Judy.

Which simply proves that Doreen was still blind and I was still not too bright.

The first odd thing that I noticed was that Shari was a prostitute. Two or three times a week, she and a male friend would disappear into her room in the evening and reappear in the morning. Often she left the door that connected her bedroom with our (her's and mine) mutual bathroom open, and if I happened into the bathroom at two or three A.M., I would see the pair sleeping blissfully. Soon I lost count of how many male friends she had. When I casually broached the subject--with the utmost tact and reticence--she told me that she only accepted gifts, like the \$350.00 stereo set that had mysteriously appeared in the living room one evening. For money, she had a daytime job at the University. So I guess I really shouldn't call her a prostitute.

Doreen and Judy disapproved of Shari. They worried that her activities would adversely affect my as yet unformed personality. (I was the youngest member of the group). That each of them had a sleeping partner didn't seem to matter. After all, they were in love, which made a big difference. Anyway, it wasn't sex but promiscuity that was dangerous.

There were times when I felt like I lived in a brothel.

Doreen must have thought I felt left out, because as soon as her chance came, she foisted her favorite cousin, Tommy, off on me.

Tommy was an Air Force troop, stationed near Chicago. As soon as he discovered that Doreen and I had a comfortable sofa and a full refrigerator, he began spending weekends with us. All weekends. He became a fixture. And Doreen, with tact born of some ulterior motive, left him entirely in my care. Which was nice, but had detrimental effects on my studies.

Tommy was gung-ho Air Force. He liked to do push-ups on the living room floor, and he liked to spend hours polishing the brim of his hat with candle wax. Fortunately, he did not spend all of his time doing such dull things. Unfortunately, he was passionately in love with Doreen (so everyone, including Doreen, could tell, though no one ever let on to Tommy), and in his good, Catholic way, considered her inviolable. Somehow, he got me mixed up with her in his mind--

she and I were such good buddies--so I was inviolable, too. Thus, Doreen's assertion that he had been enjoying the country girls since he was 11 (he said 13) never got tested first hand. Ah, well, it was fun anyway.

One night Shari and a new friend came home drunk. It was five A.M., and Tommy and I had been kibitzing and drinking a last cup of tea before he had to leave for his Base. She turned on the stereo full blast and began to dance around the room by herself. Her friend stared at Tommy and me (we stared back), and at last pointed a shaky finger in our general direction and said (lewdly), "We know what you've been doing!" Whereupon, he and Shari disappeared into her bedroom, giggling all the while.

A few weeks later, Shari decided that the status quo was no good. She loved us all dearly, but she loved her privacy more. So she moved across the street, leaving us with her broken-down piano, an empty bedroom, and \$50.00 worth of rent to split up between us (and no, we couldn't sell that piano for a fantastic profit; we couldn't give that piano away until a year and a half later, when one of my more gullible cousins decided her fingers itched for a keyboard, even if it was out of tune, with two keys missing entirely.) Doreen and I resigned ourselves to a couple of months of starvation and we began to cast about for a new roommate.

The financial situation must have triggered latent insanity in Judy. She became paranoid. She had always shown signs of thinking the world was after her, but I had attributed that to the break-up of her great romance, just before I met her. Now, suddenly, she decided Doreen and I were Out To Get Her. She started complaining that although the three of us were supposed to be sharing the Apartment equally, she was getting the short end. She had to do all the housework (even though she never seemed to know where the vacuum cleaner was), we snubbed her (all the evening I spent listening to her Problems didn't count), and worst of all, we were cheating her out of money; since she had the smallest bedroom, she should obviously pay the least for rent and utilities (she denied using the communal rooms--except for cooking, eating, company, and studying). Yes sir, share and share alike. Judy had a very logical mind.

Eventually, she tacked an ultimatum on the door of Doreen's bedroom, stating her dislikes and the amount of money she was going to pay in the future (which didn't jibe with our figures by several miles), so Doreen and I decided to take action. The lease was in our names, and technically, Judy was our boarder; we could ask her to leave on the first of the month. I was elected to break the news. Doreen said it would be a good experience for me (she was always looking out for my personality), but I knew that down deep she was chicken.

I caught Judy in the living room one evening, and I relished giving her a vituperative little note in reply to her ultimatum. She read it and then, with tears in her eyes, she explained that I was only an unwitting pawn, that I should side with her against the Evil Doreen, and that no, she wouldn't leave. I was stunned, and my usu-

ally slow brain slowed even more in order to digest her words.

Meanwhile, Evil Doreen was listening hungrily from behind the nearest door; I could almost hear her gnashing her teeth. She was a devil, all right--a penny-pinching, mercenary little thing, a tooth and nail fighter, a doer, a pusher, an organizer. But sickeningly honest and, withal, my good buddy--the devil I knew.

Judy never had a chance. But to explain all this to her would be folly--double folly, considering who was behind that door. After all, I didn't want Doreen to know that I knew...so I just told Judy she was wrong and she'd better leave by the first of the month.

She didn't. She tried to pay her rent for the following month, but we gave it back to her. She still didn't take the hint. Maybe she thought we'd relent.

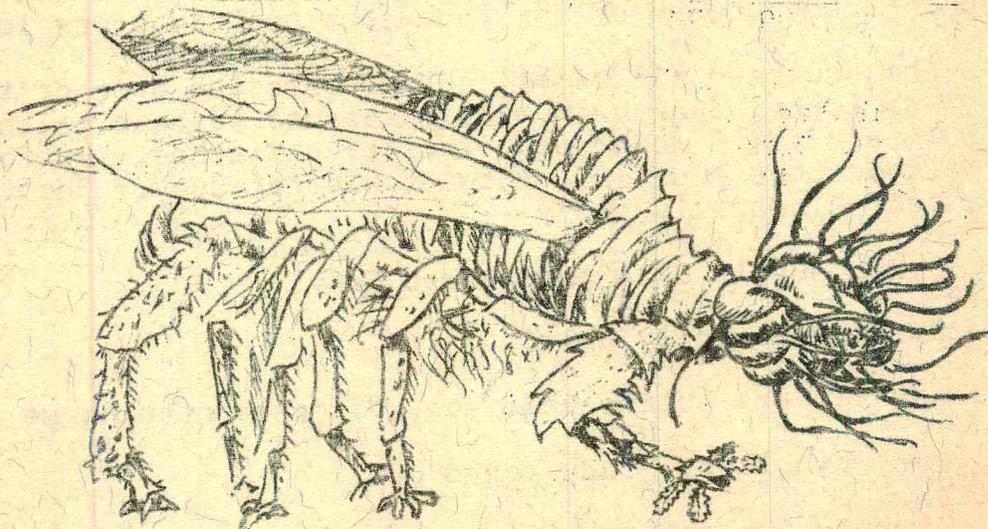
We decided to lock her out.

Easier said than done. She knew something was up, so she stayed in the Apartment, avoiding us (an easy thing to do in nine rooms) for four days. She kept her current boyfriend with her, perhaps in case we decided to get rough. He scared Doreen. He was about three times as large as she (which only made him twice as large as myself), well-muscled and, to top it off, an ex-con with a record of burglary and assault. Until the trouble started, I had liked him muchly in spite of his past, which I, in my inimitable manner, had ferreted out. He had brightened my loneliest birthday by taking me out for ice cream, and we had always been on excellent terms. But now he was on Judy's side, and he was big. Of course, we had Doreen's boyfriend, who was big, too, but he kept saying that he didn't want to get involved. And Tommy hadn't turned up in a couple of weeks.

It got to the point where I locked my bedroom door at night.

I bought a new lock for the front door and prepared to pit my carpenterial skill against the unknown process of lock changing. My chance came on the fifth of the month. Judy and friend stepped out. Quick as a wink, I brought out my tools and went to work. Deftly I removed the old lock. Deftly, I inserted the new one. Upside down.

I was still fid-



dling with the damn thing when Judy came home. I closed the door in her face and slid the hasp into place. Unfortunately, there was a large, round hole where the old lock had been and the new lock was not yet, and soon she would get the idea that she could poke her fingers through it and undo the hasp. (They tell me lunatics are very clever.) I debated putting my hand over the hole, but there was always the chance that she would stick me with a pin or something equally obnoxious. I looked around wildly.

At that moment I heard a familiar voice outside the door: Tommy. Oh, great. Of course, he knew nothing of what was going on, and I couldn't very well explain things while Judy was standing there--she'd deny it all and maybe even get Tommy on her side! I wanted to tell him to go around to the back door and not to let Judy follow him, but I knew it wouldn't work. She'd just tag along with him, and he was too much of a gentleman to prevent her from doing so. I opened the door a crack and told him to slip in before Judy could. I should have known better. He let her push past him and practically knock me over as she threw the door open. After she stormed off to her room, he walked in.

"I don't want any part of it," he said, and headed straight for the kitchen, where he spent the rest of the day.

Doreen appeared from the inner sanctum of her room to inform me that Judy was using the telephone. This seemed to me to be bad form since she hadn't paid her share of the last phone bill. I went into the kitchen and picked up an extension (we had six) and said, "This phone no longer belongs to you. Hang up!" In a very nasty voice.

How was I supposed to know she was talking to the police?

Ten minutes later, two cops, Doreen, Judy, and I were sitting around the living room, eyeing each other. I was determined to enjoy the scene. Several days before, I had talked to both the police and my brother's lawyer (a slow mind but clear), and I knew that what Doreen and I were attempting to do was A-O.K. Now I was going to relish watching Judy squirm as she found out her Cause was lost.

She squirmed all right. She fabricated some of the most beautiful lies it has ever been my displeasure to hear. I hadn't realized that Doreen and I were such vindictive bitches. We formed a two-member clique that made life intolerable for Judy. She treated the police to a real Cinderella story.

I was purple with suppressed fury.

Doreen was icily calm.

And all the police said was, "There's nothing we can do."

Two days later, Judy moved out.

Shortly thereafter, life changed. U. of C. gave me a scholarship, and I was no longer quite as poor as I had been. Doreen got married,

and the three of us stayed on in the Apartment for six months. Then she and her husband decided that living with a married couple was no good for me (always thoughtful), so they moved out, and two girls moved in.

Two girls and their entourages. One of the girls had a philosophy major boyfriend who could talk for hours without saying anything. The other had a Columbian boyfriend who would tell me how wonderful I was in Spanish and ask me to go to bed with him in French--all in front of here. She didn't understand any language but English, and he always figured that what she didn't know wouldn't hurt her

And then there was my entourage: Tommy was gone, but he had been replaced by a veritable army of overnight and weekend guests of both sexes; visitors at one A.M.; Monopoly, pizza, booze, and Sparkling Catawba Grape Juice. The landlady kept asking how many people lived with me (she wanted them all to fill out questionnaires). I always said two. I only counted the people who paid rent.

And now there was a sign near the front door that read: "Madame Klein's Den Of Iniquity--Admission Free!" (Klein being one of my nicknames--a hacked-off version of my maiden name, Kleinstein). Amazing how much gratitude a truly hospitable person can evoke.

An idyllic life. Judy hadn't killed my love for homo sapiens. And there was no one around to look after my maturity.

But, those happy days ended: I got married and moved to Germany to be an Air Force wife (no, not Tommy), and it's hard to be hospitable 5000 miles from anyone you know. I had one last chance, though, the day before I left the States:

I was leaving the Apartment for the last time. I swung down the street, bound for temporary quarters in another part of the city. Suddenly, I heard a voice behind me.

"Hey girl, you want to buy a fertility flower?"

I looked back and saw a tall, slim, ugly Negro fellow with a wide, toothy grin. He held a yellow chrysanthemum in his left hand, which he extended toward me. I shook my head and kept walking. He followed, exhorting me to buy the flower, then to accept it as a gift. I ignored him.

At last: "You have the body of a woman and the mind of a child!"

People were still looking out for my maturity!

To hell with hospitality.

---Phyllis Eisenstein

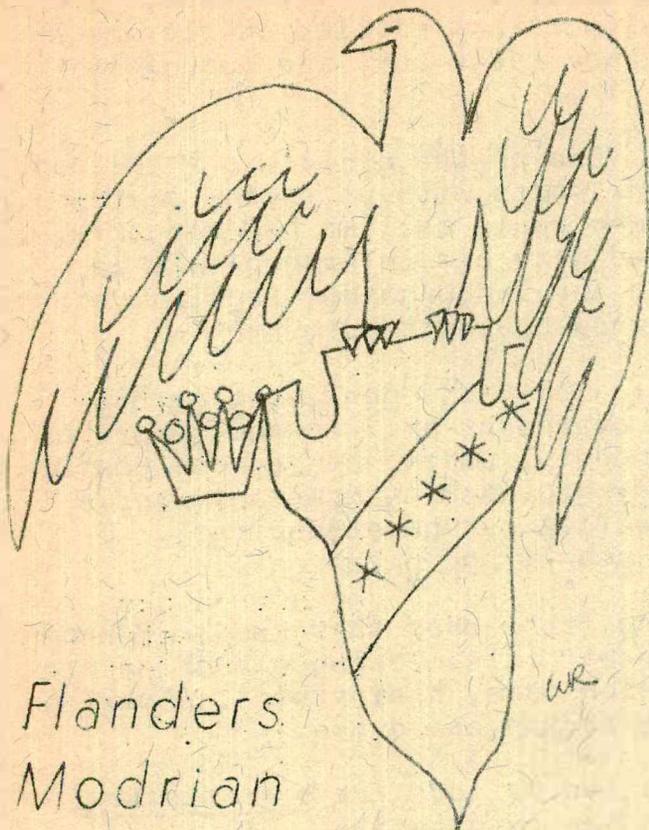
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"Buttons are the interlineations of the masses."

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BCS

# Wild Pigeon Herding



Flanders  
Modrian

I, like most people, have always had the dream of inventing something new and significant, that, although my name might never be associated with it, would still become adopted as part of the general human tradition. I am, I think, on the verge of such a discovery, namely, that of a sport: the sport of wild pigeon herding.

There is, however, a lack. Thus far, the sport is one that pits single men against the brute forces of nature. Though this is enough for some sports, I have the feeling that wild pigeon herding might be improved as a sport if the element of competition were to be added. However, experimentation here is necessary, and since one of the potential appeals of the sport is that it requires no particular investment of time, money, or effort, it is almost of necessity that such a solution be a simple one. Consequently, I am throwing the discussion open to the body of the readership of Nyarlathotep in the hopes that adequate methods may be suggested. There will be prizes awarded for the most fruitful suggestions: copies of a collection of my poems in the original Armenian when such a collection is finally published.

The basis of the sport is that fact that pigeons, like most animals have an interspecies spacing mechanism, in Hediger's term, a "flight distance". If one approaches a pigeon too closely, it will walk away. Approach even closer, and one passes a "critical distance" and it will take to flight.

The essence of pigeon herding is to force a pigeon to walk down the street ahead of one, neither stopping, nor hopping over the curb into the street, nor slipping past one, nor taking to flight. Today I walked a pigeon to the end of a block, across the street, and down the next block.

This is simple, of course, but not nearly as simple as it sounds. In the first place, other people walking down the sidewalk interfere with the pigeon's perception of danger so that one must use extreme

care in weaving the pigeon through traffic. One must make it know who its real master is. Secondly, there are pigeons and there are pigeons. It is not uncommon to encounter an intransigent pigeon, a bronco, who has his own notions of what he would do and where he would go. Such a pigeon must be broken to one's will--it is necessary to use its instincts to conquer its desires, but so carefully that the pigeon does not become disgusted and take to its wings.

To this time, I have concentrated mainly on distance records, but it seems to me that there is room for competition. Speed records over a given distance are a possibility, or races of two pigeons. These are perhaps oversimple; more sophisticated possibilities remain to be proposed. In the months before the next issue of Nyarlathotep, I expect to experiment further. The potentialities of hurdles now cross my mind. We shall have to see what comes of it.

I trust others will experiment as well. I await their suggestions eagerly.

--Flanders Modrian

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"A heathen is a man who doesn't believe in your religion." GP  
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Hear about the mad scientist who (sit down, you haven't heard this one) invented a time machine? It was so unreliable and dangerous that the only volunteer he could find willing to risk his life in the contraption was a little moron (sit down, I told you!) we'll call Kleinkopf.

The time machine could transport a person only 42 years into the future when it was working perfectly, and hold him there only 17 hours, 19 minutes.

But Professor P.P. Putterfuss--that was the mad scientist's name, Prof. P.P. Putterfuss--carefully briefed Kleinkopf to learn as much as he could about 1999 in a few hours. Even a little moron, he thought, could learn a little lesson and make a good observer in 1999.

Kleinkopf returned from the brink of 2000 making loud noises of satisfaction that sounded like a Reader's Digest condensation of a spindizzy going sour. The mad scientist faunched visibly.

"Duh you asked," Kleinkopf finally wheezed between satisfied chortles and strangling sounds he made because of Putterfuss' grasp on his collar, "me to find duh difference between duh our period and duh period of 19hunner'99, professor."

The scientist faunched visibly. He had used those very words in giving the man his final instruction. "Well? Well? What did you find out? Yes?"

"Duh. I can tell you, professor, that there ain't no differ'nce at all between 'em--our period and duh period of 1999. Nope. None at all."

"What! In 42 years? No change?"

"Duh. No," said Kleinkopf, "and I did some innerpendant research"--he preened himself invisibly--"you didn't ask me to, professor. And I can tell you for sure that there ain't no change in the semicolon, either.

--Redd Boggs, "Twippletop" in Skyhook 25, Autumn, 1957

THE VOICE FROM ABOVE:

I would perhaps be greatly admitt if I did not here admit that I was more than slightly pleased by the response garnered by the first installment of this semi-pretentious column. Appreciative or nay--at least someone read the damn thing. And while plaudits such as those given by another columnist native to these pages are certainly soul-satisfying and eagerly faunched for...Dean may find a little more food for his parlor psychoanalysis (if he will also forgive me) in that I received even more pleasure--strike that! 'amusement'--from the incisive and penetrating comments offered by the Bard of Hollywood.

It is indeed a sense-of-wonderish thing to be on the receiving end of a Harlan Ellison diatribe...and I can only prostrate myself in awe of the fact that I have received this distinction so early in my fannish career.

And with so little effort on my part.

I'm truly sorry. But one of my very few faults lies in the fact that while I can get rather hung up on such things as Angeles City bargirls and my discharge date, I simply can't approach such things as the Pongs and Mr. Ellison with any great degree of seriousness. Still the fact that Mr. Ellison does exist is self-evident. Seeing as how such is the case, I can do no less than to award him at least the same consideration that I bestowed upon the Pongs--since they never even existed, except in name and in the fertile if misguided imaginations of a few New York fans.

Harlan-baiting is the name of the game; JWC, Jr. has attained immunity through having, in the long run, proved to be his own best detractor.

In the beginning--as most stories of this type begin--I must abjectly apologize for inadvertantly lumping Mr. Ellison in the same sentence (or even in the same comparison) in the company of the Marching Morons of ERB. The difference is clear; the gap is wide-spaced; this much is obvious to even such an uninformed fink as myself. Upon belatedly closer inspection, I can see now that while neither of the various types of fiction they represent send me into any great spasms of elation, Mr. Ellison advocatiomg Mr. Ellison is very much preferable to all those hairy-faced think-alikes who worship the Gospel According to Edgar Rice.

Mr. Ellison is, at the least, articulate.  
(At times, he is even understandable.)

Those others do not have even this solitary redeeming feature--so they are hereby dismissed to go back to their vine-swinging and scratching under the armpits...as well as each other's backs.

BILL BOWERS  
THE  
LOVELY  
LEMON  
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Before we become too deeply emeshed in this panoramic inquiry into the finkhood of myself, let us get one thing straight: I don't give a finker's damn what he thinks of me...I like Harlan Ellison. I think he's one of the most exciting things that have ever entered the science fiction stage; he's definitely What's Happening at a Convention. he is also a damn medicore writer; a competent hack, if you will.

And I--please believe me--say that not as an aspiring writer envious of another's financial success and critical acclaim...but simply as a humble and solitary reader of science fiction. One whose opinion don't matter a damn, but one whose opinions dictate what is said in this column....

...said column being at least as exciting as 90 per-cent of Mr. Ellison's Knight-type stories.

If you care to check it.

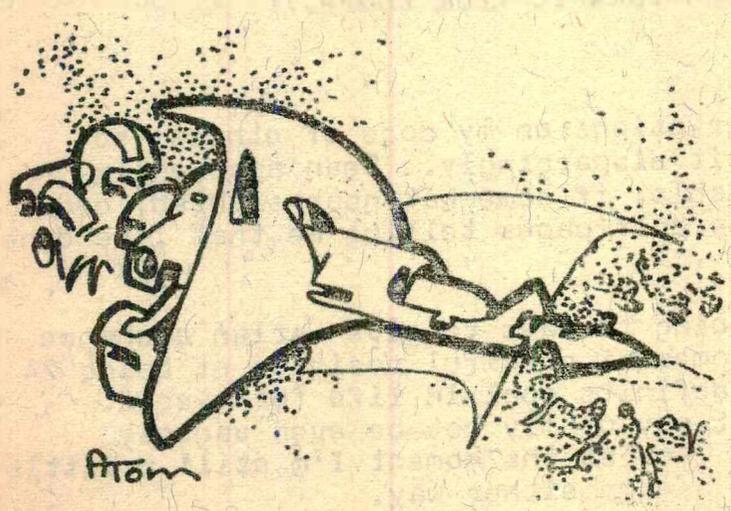
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It may well be interpreted as begging the question, but in saying that both Mr. Ellison and the Burroughs contingent personally asked for their Hugos, I did not intend to imply that the manner in which they asked the same/same (I've acquired a number of P.I.isms in the last four months). The ERB-dom ad was a blatant come-on, and one which I did personally find to be distasteful. Pardon my laughter, but there are ways in which to advise potential voters of one's eligibility, without loudly shouting: "Gimme! Gimme!"

The asking for something intensely desired need not necessarily be vocal, or even put forth in mimeo-print. A certain look; the careful avoidance of saying something when it is expected; the doing of things done... there are many way in which the desired impression can be conveyed by a skilled player, without coming out and saying (as ERB-dom found it necessary to do): "Give me a Hugo. I deserve it."



And yet....

You can do this and still remain within the bounds of good taste--as defined by my (of necessity) somewhat old-fashioned ideas along those lines. For several years,

one of the things that made Isaac Asimov so enjoyable a toastmaster were his not-so-subtle hints re who had been neglected most in the Hugo Sweepstakes. He even edited a book of Hugo winners--commercially aimed for non-fan consumption--and his come-on was no less concealed. But whether or not he was really that hung-up on having one --or the whole thing was strictly a 'bit' from the beginning--Mr. Asimov managed his campaign in such a manner that when he finally did receive a special Hugo at the DisCon...well, I've not heard a word of complaint then or since.

What I am saying is this: It is well known in fandom that, if it were to his advantage, Harlan Ellison could persuade Ted White to kiss Chris Moskowitz...and have SaM applauding sans voice in the background. Mr. Ellison is a super salesman/showman of the type they tell us abounded in the Good Old Daze. He shouldn't be a writer. He should be a politician and show all these second-rate actors and rancid hams what showmanship really is. It'd be worth watching.

But a writer he is--or at least he seems to desire such a label. It is my contention that he pulled a snow job on fandom. He may not have...he probably didn't do it intentionally. But Harlan usually gets what Harlan wants, one way or the other. And everybody knew that Harlan Ellison...a boy from the ranks, one who made good in spite of...wanted a Hugo. He didn't have to boldly ask for it; all he had to do was just to be Harlan Ellison.

Eventually that had to be enough to lick any obstacle.

I name no names--I admit that I have none to name--but during the TriCon banquet, I received a distinct impression from several people: "Thank God, he finally got one." Perhaps there were not enough to comprise even a sizable minority...perhaps the story did win on its own merits. But that was the impression that I received from several; this was the impression I had; and that was the impression under which I wrote that blasted one sentence 'That'.

Sorry 'bout that, but you can take it from there.

#### ETHICALLY SPEAKING:

Dean Natkin makes some observations on my code of ethics; so does Harlan Ellison...albeit a bit disparagingly. Dean apparently thinks that I have a fairly laudable, if somewhat near-sighted, code --while Harlan spends two and one half pages telling me that I've done him dirt.

As much as I hate to, I'm going to have to give Harlan a chance to crow. I find myself in the somewhat godawful position of being 24 and not having yet formulated a definite goal in life for myself. This may or may not be unique; it may or may not be even vaguely interesting to you. I know not. And at the moment I'm still a little too self-centered to really give a damn either way.

But for The Record: I am the product of factors over which I had null control, over which I lazily chose to assert no control--even if

it had been possible for me to accomplish such.

I was raised for 17 years in a Protestant Holy Roller church... a church which made most other Holy Roller churches seem like the Devil's very own. So I've spent the last seven years struggling to live down, to somehow get out from under those first 17. On the surface I've had a fair degree of success...but then, even Judas could play the role.

Is this what governs what I am?

The Church of my Parents forbids: drinking, smoking, cursing, dancing, tv, pre-martial sex...ad infinitum, ad nauseam. Naturally, I rebelled--blindly. I became a science fiction fan: I read Godless literature and attend wild, promiscuous conventions. I take pride in the fact that I refused to let the service drive me to drink...but let a gaga girl do it. I smoke two and one half packs a day, although a doctor has ordered me to stop completely. I still don't dance...walking a straight line is achievement enough. Television has lost its novelty. My language is diluted G.I. And I lived for over three months in a blissful state of un-matrimonial hapiness with a P.I. bargirl.

Naturally I got burnt. Some people always do.

You see, I had a code of ethics. It's one that I don't necessarily desire, but, by the same token, it is one that I thus far haven't been able to circumvent.

Thus far....

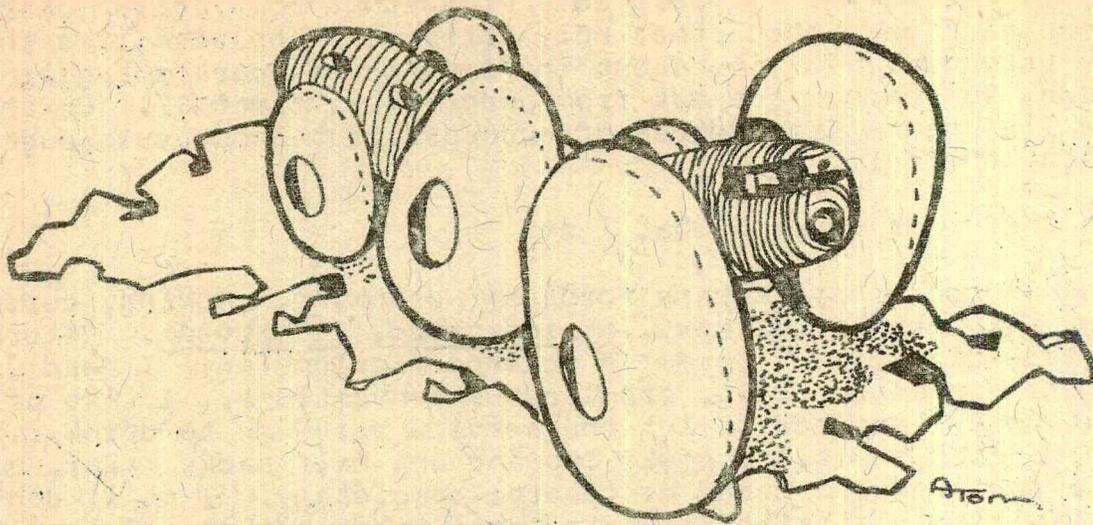
Someday, perhaps, I will finally figure out what it's all about; someday I may know what I am, where I'm going...and WHY. And beyond a shadow of a doubt, I'll be the most bored person alive--if the very term 'alive' can be assigned to such a state of being.

In the meantime, I'm just a stupid, rather gullible, GI. I'm a nice guy (even though I do make half-assed statements), an easy touch...and, believe me, I'm having one hell of a good time between tenures in the hospital from ignoring my always precarious state of health.

Yes, Harlan--I am unsure of my written work. I have the utmost envy and admiration for one who can hold a completed MS. in his hands, and in all honesty say: "This is the best I can achieve...and it pleases me." But I can't help thinking that such must be a state of boredom on a par with the above. Still, maybe with perseverance, I'll attain this state sometime also...and then we can all go around happily telling each other: "How great I am!"

Won't that be an absolute gas?

Not being in that state yet, my memory may be playing me false ...but to the best of my knowledge, I in no manner whatsoever solicited votes for a Double:Bill Hugo last year. My main reason was



simple laziness...although I knew D:B didn't deserve the award. But then, neither did any of the other candidates; i.e., just as a final ballot this year, in so densely populated a field is little more than an out-and-out farce.

Screw you, Harlan Ellison, for chaining me to a typewriter when I could just as well be downtown in Angeles City with the whores, the Huks, and the jeepnys, getting rid of my delightful all-Uncle Sam, purtianistic, midwestern up-bringing...that which we all know and love so well!

Faith of Our Fathers, yes! (I may puke.)

ON A VERY MINOR NOTE:

The Question arises as to whether a columnist who occasionally is disposed to comment on personalities and semi-concrete institutions, rather than equally intriguing but libel-safe abstracts...the Question being whether response and rebuttal is necessary or even desirable.. Certainly if our hypothetical columnist performs his function with a fair degree of competence and presents his thesis with clarity and completeness, neither 'r' is required of him. But then, of course, neither is extended response required of his readers--although such is a Very Nice Thing.

What it boils down to is in the author deciding whether each installment of his column is to be a one-shot, an open-and-shut article or sub-groupings thereof; or whether perhaps, with a little luck, the column attains a continuing personality, a pseudo-life of its own, in part (but not entirely ) interrelated to that which has gone before.

Assuming that the columnist does chose to respond to the responce, three courses of rebuttal lie open to him: direct communication with the individual(s) concerned; a letter to the editor who runs the column for his lettercolumn; or a reply within the body of the next installment of the column itself. The first is used less than it should

be; the second lends itself to hasty and ill-thought-out backbiting; and the third runs the risk of becoming an incestuous cancer--an undesirable apeing of apa mailing comments within the pages of a supposed genzine.

You see before you an example of No. Three.

Sometimes you just can't win...nohow!

Perhaps it would be best for our hypothetical columnist to simply ignore any sort of response. But then, that would be the easy way out.

Or would it?

#### A FEW MORE AWARDS:

"The Fanzine Playpen Rubber Bone" to one who got out, but who keeps returning as if lost: Harlan Ellison. A "Plaster of Paris Three-D Chess Set" to Juanita Coulson for single-minded dedication above and beyond...to Star Trek. A plushly furnished "Suspended Animation Crypt" to Terry Carr...who has just now suspected my writing talents. A "Slightly Tarnished Mailing List" to Leland Sapiro. And a "Where Angels Fear To Tred" banner to Ben Solon...

...for publishing the immortal words of your humble servant.

--Bill Bowers

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"If Harlan Ellison were two inches taller, he wouldn't be a well known writer."  
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"Isn't this the greatest con you've ever been to?" asked Walt Bowart, Co-Chairman of the 1957 Oklacon.

I sat and thought about it for awhile, and came to a conclusion. "No," I said, "I've been to better cons."

I could see right away that such a reply was not resting well on the mind of my host. For one thing, he was munching his beard, which was a bad sign. "Well," he said, "you can't compare it to a big thing like the New York Con last Sept., of course. I know you were at the New York Con, and you'd naturally compare this Oklacon to it, wouldn't you?"

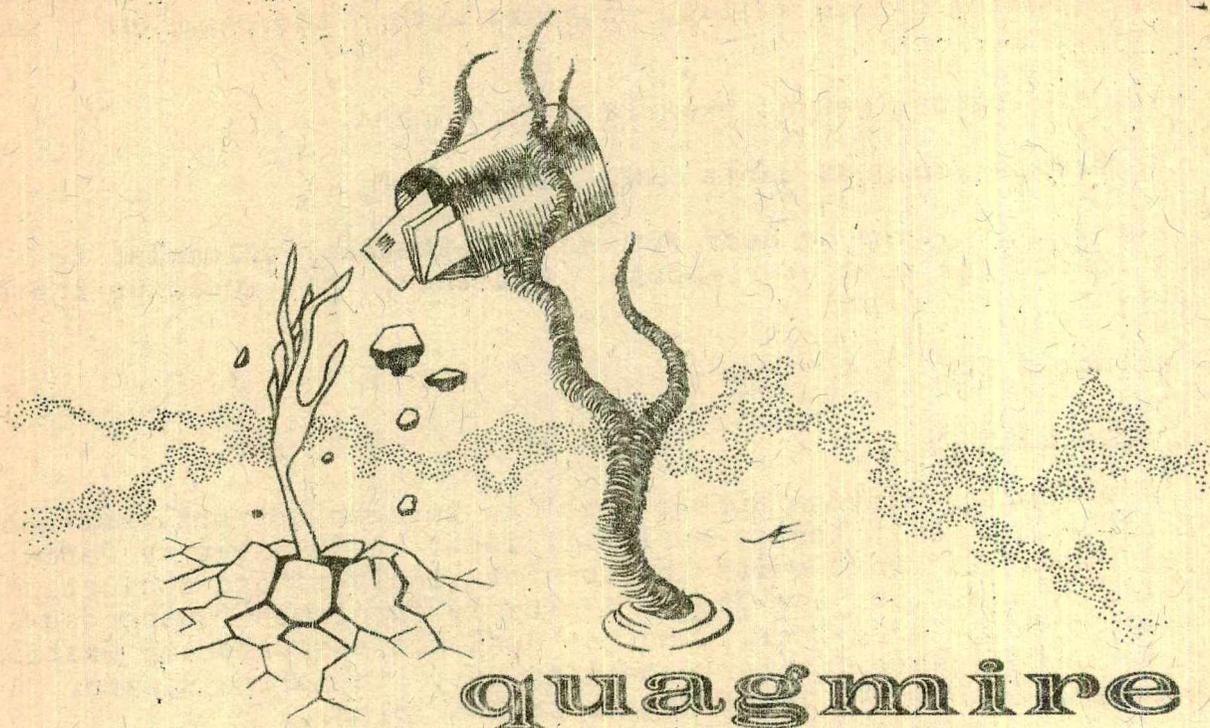
"Well, no, I'm afraid your wrong," I said. He looked aghast. "Actually," I continued, "I was thinking more of the Westercons. Those are just little regional conventions, you know, but there's usually a better-planned program, a livelier auction, and more people."

He thought about it for a moment, masticating his chin-fuzz, and turned and asked Lynn Hickman if this wasn't the best con HE'd ever been to.

Lynn answered him straight-forwardly. "The parties are certainly a lot of fun," he answered, "and there are a lot of people here I've enjoyed meeting, like Dan McPhail and Sam Martinez."

This seemed to satisfy Bowart, who turned back to me triumphantly and said, "There, you see, Ron?"

--Ron Elik, "Oklacon Potpourri"  
in Innuendo 6



ALEXEI PANSHIN: Harlan Ellison's confusion of the disciplines of grammar and spelling is typical of the man--who could possibly take seriously anyone who suspects that my mild manner and merry heart are anything but the real me? As an editor, you seem to have a real talent for juxtaposition--I enjoyed your paring of Harlan's attack on Bill Bowers with Bowers' article, and, of course, I appreciated your coupling of Zelazny's very generous remarks with my own column. I was touched by both Roger's comments and the response of James Schmitz to my review of his novel. Since my comment was far from favorable, I think I should point out that The Witches of Karres has been nominated for a Hugo, and that several people, including Terry Carr, have told me that they enjoyed it hugely. My assessments in "Kasha" are not intended to be anything like the final word on any give book, delivered from on high. They are merely my own critical opinions. I liked Roger's characterization of the critic's role--the offering of a point of departure.

JOHN BOSTON: Yes, it is the teen-age girls who read nurse stories--in part. It is also women up to and through middle-age. Most of the nurse stories found on the news-stands are reprints of Avalon and Arcadia hardcovers; between the two of them, they put about about six a month, and they've been at it for God knows how long. There were Arcadia nurse stories in the library where I worked that dated back to the early '40s. I remember there were several women who came to the library every two weeks, as regularly as clock-work, and took out their limit of the things. When they had read them all, they started over again. However, when they reached that stage, we could usually suggest something on a slightly

John Boston, concl.:

Higher level--Dorothy Eden, perhaps, or Phyllis Whitney. Slightly higher, I said.

I note the lofty tone of Grant's article: "McLuhan is obviously of high intelligence, but it may be that this analysis is too tough for the 10 most intelligent men in the world--and McLuhan is perhaps only 110th. Only time will tell." One thing that does irritate me about the article is Grant's assumption that IQ and intelligence are synonymous. So many factors enter into any kind of objective test that it is impossible to say that an IQ score is anything more than a general indication of an "order of magnitude" of intelligence, if that. I remember the battery of tests I took in high school as a requirement for college application.... A friend of mine...consistently made higher grades than I did, in every subject that we both took; I scored higher on the tests than he did, in every section of every test. Who was better qualified for college? Those tests certainly show nothing except, possibly, that when we took them, he was nervous as a cat, and I was reasonably calm. Or, taking IQ tests specifically: people have taken tests two or three weeks apart and their scores have varied by 10 or 15 points.

Panshin's reviews are as good as ever, but I sometimes wonder how useful they really are. I was completely taken in by World of Ptavvs. Now that Panshin points out all the myriad things that are wrong with it, I see them; but I didn't notice them when I read the book. I'll certainly never reread it and note all the little flaws (and big ones) that Panshin designates. I do hope, however, that Niven read this review and profits by it.

BOB SILVERBERG: Panshin was the top performer this time--particularly his piece on Niven. It happens that I read the magazine version of Ptavvs, thought it superb, and came to regard Niven as one of the best of the new writers. Now here's Alex doing a thorough demolition job, with documentation. I think he's much too harsh with Niven and Ptavvs, but it's refreshing to see an opinion so contrary to my own stated with such force and conviction...though I still don't agree.

andrew offutt: ...alexei panshin doesn't pick 'em small, does he? First a prize-winner, zelazny, then he snaffles up robert a. kipling! I managed to remain with your reviewer throughout his anarthrous brisance and found myself right in the midst of a plangent, gold-plated Killer Review of larry niven's book about the ptavv feller before i realized it. (Actually, i thought i was still reading the review of sirens of titan!)

There are undoubtedly some things lower than Killer reviews. I can't think of any (unless they're cleveland amory's somniferous sophomorisms), but there must be some. Reviewers and critics, like poets are not born. They pullulate.

And he failed to render backwards niven's strange little word tnucnips. Amazing.

Still the gentleman (a rapist and a child-murderer? Really? I'd like to shake his hand!--and i'll bet sirens was published by ace!) does eschew the amory-type contumely of attempting to be clever at the expense of someone gifted with creativity. (Panshin, of course, has proven creativity.) And perhaps the calcination of his book will

andrew offutt, concl.:

persuade niven to try harder. Or to take up something else.

Criticism, maybe.

It is a problem: what to say about bad books without succumbing to the innate and hard-to-resist Killer instinct. I remember a while back a writer of note sent with his new sf novel a self-addressed postcard, requesting comments. I did not read with the usual care; i merely used my yellow marker to highlight the bad stuff, rather than the good. By the time i had finished, i had a long list of items beginning with a purblind plot and proceeding through a churlishly childish hero and footling dialog and interminable cliches to a nugatory and predictable ending. Write him? To have rendered proper judicature would have been to send the guy a bomb.

I burned the postcard (thus charging him 4¢ for reading his be-nighted book) and traded the novel for two T.H.U.N.D.E.R. Agents comic books for the kids. The plots were better. And the dialog.

Amazing! roger zelazny actually bit on your evil invitation to provide contraputnal comments to panshin's review of his ability. I finished the article without being certain whether or not z. hadn't pulled my leg right off; either that or he quixotically hoisted panshin to theantropic heights. And the extrapolation: 10 years hence we see \*Alexei\* \*Panshin\* who doth bestride the narrow world of sf like a mighty criticolossus.

Yipe!

[ At this point, I'd like to clear up a misconception: Alexei Panshin is not now nor has he ever been a rapist and a child-murderer. For his entire adult life, Alexei Panshin has been a cannibal and a white-slaver.--BCS ]

BOB BLOCH: Nyar 5 arrived and presents a pretty problem for us both --in the future either you must put out a smaller fanzine or I must buy a bigger mailbox. After reading the issue, I'm willing to settle for the latter solution.

I can't help but be impressed by your sapient comments on the correspondence column. In principle, I agree with your policy...although I can't see how you would be more interested in an erudite discussion of the John Birch Society than in several pages discussing the number of semi-colons in my article. However, I can dispose of the latter in a few brief words that will set your mind at rest; the reason I use semi-colons in preference to colons is that I don't have to make the extra typing movement of going to upper-case; the semi-colon is easier. Why not use a comma instead? Well, as my urologist says, half a colon is better than none.

Of course, I would find use for a colon if I was writing about the John Birch Society; in my mind there's a definite association between the two.

HARRY WARNER: I'd be willing to participate in bloc voting for a fanzine Hugo in your favor because of your reprint of the Vernon McCain article. Here was one of the most talented writers fandom has ever known, and he is becoming forgotten because he wasn't an active fan in the social sense. People don't remember how old Vern threw firecrackers and threw up beer at worldcons...because he didn't go to worldcons. All he did was sit in a

Harry Warner, concl.:

cally Adkins creature on the front cover and in the circular sort of composition on the back cover. Fortunately, ATom himself keeps developing and doesn't repeat himself as often as you'd expect of a man whose creations are so instantly recognizable. According to my calculations, his total number of sketches will exceed Picasso's before the end of next year. We should start now to look for a properly studious young fan, not more than 18 years of age, and assign him the task of indexing all the ATom illustrations, because it's going to be a lifetime task. I'm absolutely certain that the art world of the future will eventually discover ATom, and I hope it happens within two lifetimes: his so he can get the egoboo, and mine so I can go around yelling that I told you so.

GEORGE SCITHERS: Somewhere along the line, O Nyar, the bloc vote myth seems to have gotten entirely out of hand. Doesn't anybody realize that, because of the rules adopted at LonCon II, TriCon counted the Hugo ballots on an automatic run-off system? Specifically, TriCon laid out the ballots for --among other categories--Best Amateur Magazine--in piles, one heap for each nominee. The nominee getting the least votes was eliminated and the ballots of the people voting for that fanzine were redistributed according to what those people had put down as their second choice for Best Amateur Magazine--and so on, with nominees being eliminated, and the eliminated nominee's ballots redistributed repeatedly until one nominee got a majority of the votes. Thus, a minority simply cannot control the balloting results--and "splitting the fannish vote" has no evil effects on the ultimate outcome.

For an example of the automatic run-off: if one nominee, Alpha, got 24 per cent of the votes, and the remaining nominees, Beta, Delta, Gamma, and Omega split the remaining votes 20, 19, 19, and 18 per cent respectively, then Omega would be eliminated--but, if the people voting for Omega first, liked, say, Beta almost as much, and so voted, then their votes aren't "lost" by being split or like that --on the next round, Beta will have about 38 per cent of the vote--and on the successive recounts, Delta and Gamma votes will be similarly redistributed according to how the second places on them are marked.

Since ERB-dom did win, you simply gotta face the fact that a majority of those who voted did pick it as their first choice--or their first choice after their first choice was eliminated--and so on. What does represent an honest gripe, however, is that ERB-dom campaigned for itself in progress report ads, and we of the TriCon Committee do apologize for not putting a stop to that.

FRANZ ROTTENSTEINER: ...Panshin is mistaken if he thinks I said that "moral judgment is the real heart of literary criticism." I had claimed in that letter that "most American critics seem to be afraid to take a firm moral or esthetical standpoint," in a specific comment upon Panshin's criticism of Heinlein's latest books.

Panshin seems to think that I regard "moral judgment" as sufficient in itself; that it would absolve the critic from any necessity to recognize technique. Nothing could be farther from the truth. I think that any man who has no grasp of technique would be impossible as a literary critic, no matter on what grounds he also judges; but I

Franz Rottensteiner, cont.:

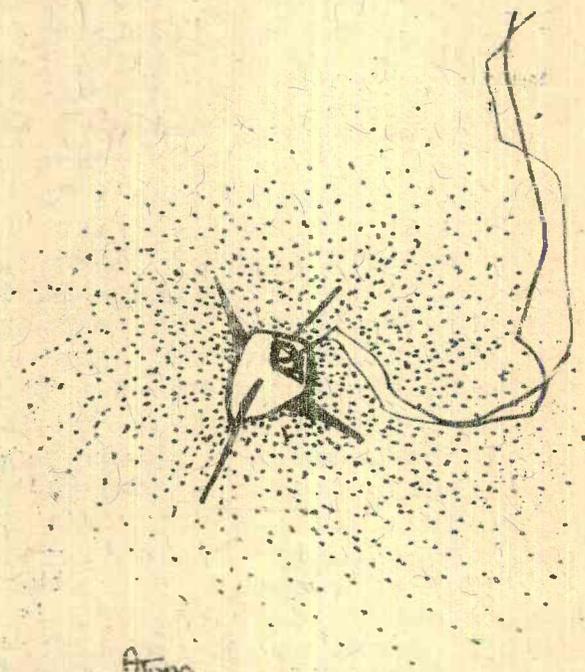
believe, also, that mere technique is not enough. Remember John Baxter's "A Hornbook for Critics" in Niekas 9 in which he stated that true criticism stems from the heart and the soul, and not from mere technique? And James Blish, after writing a book of technical criticism, realized that technique is not enough.

My comment in RQ was directed specifically at a passage in Heinlein's Farnham's Freehold: Karen, an unmarried girl, returns home from college with child. Fearing that her father might criticize her morals, she thinks it wise to prepare him for the things to come, and does so by offering herself to him. This is the kind of psychology that would require someone suspecting and fearing that he might be called a thief, to say that he is quite willing to commit murder--in order to avoid being called a thief.

There is something human in a man loving several women at the same time; in a man loving a little child; in a father physically loving his own daughter; and in a daughter physically loving her father. But for that particular passage, I have only one denotation: filthy writing. Indeed, I will even go farther, in order to illustrate what I consider to be moral and amoral: A touching story might have been written about incest, and there needn't have been anything filthy in the act; and if Farnham had really been able to sleep with his daughter, it might have proved him a human being.

Farnham's Freehold seems to call for moral judgment; but I'll not restrict myself to morals and generalize my argument: it might be judgment on political, historical, psychological, social grounds, etc. All these points of view have their justification, and they may vary from critic to critic or even in the same critic from work to work: he may believe that every piece of fiction calls for those methods of analysis best suited to it. All these points of view are not separable from technique; but they go beyond it. Any of the critics using some or all of these criteria will tell you more about a particular work than Alexei Panshin or any other writer of purely technical criticism does--even if you do not share the critic's weltanschauung.

I for one am an atheist; nevertheless, I find the reviews of the Catholic "Filmkommission" very useful: I know the critic's standards. I know my own standards. And knowing them both, it is fairly easy to extrapolate whether or not I'll find a particular movie interesting. When I see Panshin writing this or that is "Something a critic cannot afford," I have always the vision of him talking to Dr. Johnson and lecturing him. And his mild manners do not make this sight more agreeable to me. I am for a criticism of love and hate; a critic should use a harp--David's harp--and a whip; and he



Franz Rottensteiner, cont.:

should have views on what is important, beautiful, and true in life and in art--and he should not hang his views "up in a closet." The final evaluation of any work will always depend on what the author has to say; and, of course, a writer without technical skill cannot possibly have anything to say.

"What has the writer tried to do?" "What has he actually done?" and "Was it all worth doing?" are the questions Panshin asks himself. Let's translate the third statement. Provided he is writing technical criticism (and nothing else), it can only mean the amount of technique put into the work. This work required a good deal of technique, therefore it is important and respect-worthy; that work required less technique, therefore it is not respect-worthy. And I might expect a writer or purely technical criticism to write: "The writer tried to say nothing; and by using the appropriate technique, he has succeeded brilliantly."

Brian Aldiss (who, to my mind is the leading stf critic) says in SF Horizons 1: "Discover the purpose; judge its worth; criticize the technique." And he is, as his comments on Williamson's Legion of Time and on the characters in Lan Wright's stories show, far from being a writer of ordinary technical criticism.

But I'll make one concession to Panshin--though, perhaps it isn't a concession: It is often difficult to discuss stf on other than technical grounds. Asimov's robot stories, for example, with their robots out of the pages of The Reader's Digest ("Robots Like You and Me") have no emotional or intellectual depth whatsoever. Once you have seen the metaphysical basis common to them all (including their imitators), you can only proceed to discuss Asimov's technique; there is nothing else to discuss; they provide nothing save the mild intellectual stimulation of a puzzle that has as much relation to real thinking as solving a cross-word puzzle. And I am inclined to think that if you discuss such a story purely technically, it is an implicit admission that it cannot be discussed in any other manner.

To illustrate my views, I'll state why I consider some books/authors ultimately bad or good, matters of technique set aside (of course Blish is a much better craftsman than Piper!): Heinlein is ultimately bad because his spiritual heritage is that of the proto-fascist Oswald Spengler--"man is ennobled by being a beast of prey," --if this was ever worth saying in a book it is certainly not worth saying in over a dozen novels. Piper, while being a writer of mediocre adventure novels, is bad because he thinks that war is fun and that a crime committed by Queen Victoria's soldiers excuses all other crimes committed since then. I, being a humanist-moralist, can say: even if all the other peoples of the world killed their Jews and some other millions of people beside, this would not make the crimes of the Nazis any the less. A writer of technical criticism just has to shut up. James Blish's The Seedling Stars is bad because of its excessive genetical thinking to the virtual exclusion of psychological, historical, and even economic thinking. Perhaps Blish never intended anything more than he accomplished; but a good book would and should have attempted more. Zelazny is an important writer because he says that life is something beautiful, that it is a joy to be alive (except in those cases where he says nothing at all). And finally, Philip K. Dick is a genius because his novels, for all their

Franz Rottensteiner, concl.:

distortion of reality and their ugliness (an ugliness that is, however, wholly functional) present a truer picture of our human condition than many a contemporary mainstream novel.

So Panshin thinks it a compliment that I know him for what he is? But then, I still have not said whether he is a good writer or a bad writer of technical criticism. And, although he has some things to recommend him: industry, for instance, and mild manners for those as like them, I do not think he is a very good critic, and I wonder why so many people profess a liking for his criticism?

To prove my point, I'll take Panshin to task on a purely technical matter: Panshin believes that "By His Bootstraps" proves that Heinlein can plot. I do not think it is permissible to make such a generalization for a story of time-travel paradox, which requires its own particular type of plotting.

A.J. Cox thinks that the source of motivation is that which distinguishes a science fiction story from ordinary fiction. There is much to be said for this view, although it is not entirely correct. It is especially apt for a story of time-travel paradox, however. The characters need only be motivated by one thing: a wish to travel in time. Everything else is then a paradox, and, in many cases, the result is akin to Oedipus Rex: the very thing you wish to prevent is brought about by time travel. A time-travel story can be motivated wholly externally; a novel, on the other hand, where the characters have other volitions, is actually much more complex and difficult to plot. And I think Robert Sheckley, a writer whose plots--like Heinlein's--are also weak, proves my point: He has also written several good time-travel stories (although I must concede that they are (1) not in a class with "By His Bootstraps" and (2) Sheckley had the benefit of Heinlein's example to follow).

PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN: Re chivalry in Chicago: you think you have problems on busses? What about me? When I was a little kid, people always let me have their places because little kids get tired easily and start to scream and crab. Later, my mother instructed me to relinquish my spot for anyone who looked old enough to be my parent. Still later, when I was around 17 or so, men began to consider it good form to give me their seats, but women were very likely to step on my toes or "accidentally" jab me with their umbrellas if I didn't give them mine. I had a girl-friend who solved this problem by wearing clothes that made her look pregnant whenever she had to use public transportation. Myself, I came up with two solutions, neither as good as her's but both more useful to males: (1) I read, meanwhile scrawling meaningless but erudite-looking notes in a little notebook--people think that I'm studying. (2) I put on a haggard ill-treated face and pretend to sleep as if I'm exhausted--the only trouble with this is that, occasionally, I do fall asleep--like the time I rode two miles past my stop.

TED WHITE: You're not the first to wrestle with the problems of editing a fanzine lettercol. When editing Void's, I followed Benford's lead and The Boyd Raeburn Rules, which resulted in a usually very taut column. Print the interesting stuff. If that's one line, print that one line. If it's a full letter,

Ted White, cont.:

print the full letter. Egoboo for contributors is publishable (if not dully written) but egoboo for the editor(s) should be cut. Only an insecure editor needs to publish praise for himself. A good fanzine doesn't need boosting from within its own pages. If you find you've cut, for one reason or another, a lot of egoboo for contributors, try the Dick Geis method: clip the individual comments from the letters and send them directly to the contributors. This usually results in a nice little packet for him and makes him feel personally pampered by you. He loves it.

Regarding Natkin's Open Letter to Bill Bowers, it's all water under the bridge now, but you'll notice there are not five but seven nominees for the fanzine award this year, and that ERB-dom wasn't nominated. It received very few if any nominations, in fact. So I would guess that the Bibliophiles, having gotten what they wanted, are happy and content to retire once more to their own weedy corner of fandom. So one needn't worry about ballot stuffing from that quarter. But how about the organized campaign of Yandro and Karen Anderson to see that Star Trek wins a Hugo? They both admit the episode they're pumping for, "The Managerie", is second-rate (I agree), but want it to win so that Roddenberry Hissel can carry the little rocketship home. In other words, even though they honestly believe that Star Trek is the best stf drama around, they don't want the award to go to the best of the eligible Star Trek shows. Is that intelligent, or is that intelligent? And how about that for an openly conducted pressure campaign? Why, if the Bibliophiles did that, all fandom would be Up In Arms!

I don't think Harlan's story was all that good myself, and Harlan knows my feelings on the subject, but I'll agree with him that he certainly was not at any fault in winning the Hugo. So 'everyone knew Harlan wanted a Hugo,' so what? Lots of people have wanted Hugos, and this has not often had much effect upon fandom. Harlan's win signifies to me that fandom wanted Harlan to have a Hugo. Which strikes me as completely legitimate.

Bill Bowers manages to poke some fun at the notion of Fan Achievement Awards without raising but one legitimate objection that I can see: It might be they will be a one-shot award. This is a rough break, and I sympathize with him deeply on this, but rumor has it they will not be one-shot awards...and I look forward to the point, perhaps five years from now, when some new committee tries another set of improvements in the Awards structure, and the double-Bills of the world set to jumping up and down again and screaming about the Tradition, fer ghod's sake! of the Fan Achievement Awards and how they must not be tampered with.

Sometimes I begin to wonder if (a) fans aren't the most reactionary people I know, and (b) if they can remember back to the day before yesterday, when today's Traditions hadn't yet been dreamed up. My ghod, how did the World Science Fiction Convention exist without Hugos?

I only wish that "Atheling" and Knight were silent, as Roger Zelazny supposes, "for lack of decent vehicles." I understand that Blish is reviving "Atheling" for Lin Carter's revived Spectrum Annual, but I know that both were approached by F&SF before Judy Merril agreed to do the book review column therein, and Knight makes it rather clear in his foreward to the second edition of In Search of Wonder that he has no plans to take up the task again. Pity.

Ted White, cont.:

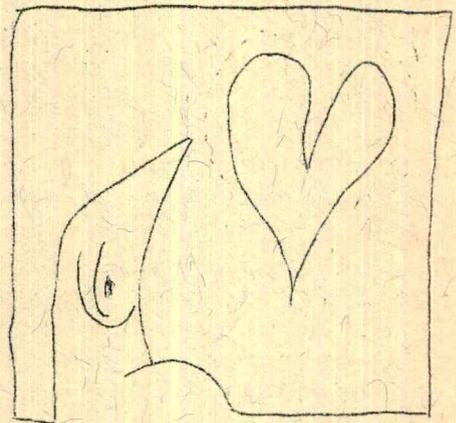
I am indebted to Alex for a fine review of my book, The Secret of the Marauder Satellite. I only wish he'd pointed out the bit about Russian names to me in time for me to have made a correction in the book, but that's life. It's the one goof that stems purely from my own ignorance.

One thing about Alex's review puzzles me, and this is the inside view it affords me into the differences between the way an author attempts to conceive his work, and the way a critic thinks he conceives of it. For instance, Alex sees the first-person narration as "a limitation." I think this is his general view of first-vs. third-person narration. It is not mine. Since I usually follow my protagonist's viewpoint in third-person, the only difference is that with first-person I can, as narrator, speak directly to my audience, effectively writing on two levels instead of one. I've always admired this in Heinlein, and it has never struck me as a limitation. (However, in another sense, it is a limitation. Holt, Rinehart & Winston rejected the book because it was told in first-person, with the claim--which I've since heard from librarians--that 'kids won't read first-person books'. I disagree, but have only my own experience to go on. I liked first person books fine as a kid. Alex is a librarian, however....)

Then Alex states that I was "underplaying", contrasting the book with my others, which he considers "overwritten", and then suggests that I now know "how to write with greater control", and that "this book may have required considerable effort for (me) to bring off".

To me this is all jargon. I have never consciously underwritten or overwritten in my life. My feeling of "control" was no greater on that book than on several others--as a matter of fact, it was with a real feeling of horror that I discovered I'd underplotted the book in outline, and would require more than I'd expected--and the greatest effort required of me to "bring off" the book was that I'd run up against a deadline again, and had less than two weeks in which to finish it. (This has been a recurring problem with me, \*sigh\*)

Actually, Alex's praise to the contrary notwithstanding, that book was one of the easiest I ever wrote. It was easy because, for the most part, I was intuitively on top of it. I was writing a book that I really liked, and although I labored over several scenes, most of the book flowed out of my typewriter with greater ease than anything else I'd written--especially the middle and latter parts. I knew no more about my hero (Paul Williams--a fan name Alex overlooked) at the opening of the book than does the reader, but I kept finding out about him as I wrote. It was marvelous. It was also rather unplanned, uncontrolled--at least consciously. It came out well, I think, because I was really in affinity with the book and the protagonist.



Ted White, cont.:

Both Sam Delany and Terry Carr have made suggestions, upon reading the book, which would have improved it. Both saw directions and themes of which I was only semi-aware when writing it. Had I had the conscious control over these elements which Alex suggests I had, I could've written a yet better book.

Sadly, each book I attack is a fresh challenge, and I greet each with a fresh feeling and mood for writing. After writing Marauder Satellite, I next wrote Sorceress of Qar, which has been roundly panned, and after that Jewels of Elsewhen, which some people have liked. I wish I'd really had that control.

This only points up a perennial problem for a writer, I think: we've all read a lot, talked a lot, heard a lot about what distinguishes good writing from bad, a successful book (or story) from the unsuccessful. But knowing it and applying it are two different things entirely. Most of us are not really in control, and from where I sit, I can only envy those who really are.

I'm glad Alex said, "Its major virtue is a pervading feel of realism." I'm glad he caught that, because that is the one thing I did set out to do with the book: a hard, unmelodramatic, realistic look at how space-travel might be within 15 years or so. And I'm glad I succeeded at the one thing I deliberately tried for.

Your review of Lighthouse: You credit Terry Carr with "a layout-designing talent...in a class with Redd Boggs, Bill Donaho, and Ted White." I agree with you that Terry is fine at layout; we've admired each other's talents at this for the past 10 years, and have had a lot of fun collaborating on layouts for each other's zines since Terry came to New York. I will also agree that Redd Boggs was (and still is, on those infrequent occasions when he publishes something) a high mark to shoot at. But I really think Bill Donaho would be the first to agree that he has no special abilities at layout. Bill's designs are derivative and functional, not so different from your own (if that good), and indicative of a level most fanzines had reached by the late '50s, before present-day dry-rot had had a chance to set in. Also, regarding the repro on Lths, I can take no credit. It's my mimeo, but I taught Terry how to run it after the previous issue of Lths fell panting upon the last-minute deadline and I stood cursing over the machine for hours.

Letters:

Harry Warner is out of date: "I learned what a microscopically small proportion of the worldcon members vote (for a Hugo) each year..." Least year close to 90 per cent of the members eligible to vote for a Hugo did so. And I expect a high turnout this year as well. But after all, quality of vote counts for as much as quantity. 400 uninformed votes (by voters who haven't read but a couple of the nominees, for instance) don't add up to one informed vote, when all is said and over with. I can't see encouraging sheer volume in the voting; and this year, I specifically discouraged uninformed voting.

I don't want to contradict Walt Willis, but I doubt very much that Willis Conover's jazz shows on the Voice of America are mere duplicates of material available in Europe. At least it would seem from his fantastic popularity that they are not. However, the idea of dumping our junk AM radio wholesale on Europe is intriguing, and just might finish our overseas reputation off for good.

It's good to hear that Felice Rolfe wants a Hugo "(or whatever

Ted White, concl.:

they may be called)". Last I'd heard she was spurning one on the grounds that while a Hugo would give her a possible pay raise, an award by any other name would not. Funny thing, Felice, I wanted a Hugo the year Void came in #2 in the Fanac Poll, and you know what? It wasn't even nominated. I guess lotsa people want Hugos. But that's not why they're awarded.

I like your notion that teachers are being paid to "teach, not preach." Now, if you could have that applied to all the flaming patriots teaching falsified American History and Am. Gov't., and to the teachers speaking out against sex-education and all the other pet notions which teachers like to get off their chests during class time, I'd be happy at least with the idea that my (prospective) kids might have it better than I did.

BUCK COULSON: ...the value of a Hugo has been vastly over-rated by a number of people (...) and if it is occasionally awarded to a recipient one feels is undeserving, so what? In the first place, if ERB-dom is more popular than Double: Bill, that's the way the ball bounces. The fact is that the Hugo is a popularity poll, and ERB-dom is popular. This may indicate bad taste on the part of fandom, but the Hugo is fandom's award; if fans want to indulge in bad taste, that's their privilege. If anyone wants to go to the expense of setting up independent fan trophies to be awarded by a panel of judges, the field is open. The professionals did it with the Nebulas. In fact, I might even contribute a bit towards a Fan Award Trophy myself, just to see the bitching over who gets to be on the judge's panel. (Oh yes; just to make my case clear, I might also say that unlike Bowers, I believe that the Burroughs' Bibliophiles are fans.)

Note to Bowers: who the hell cares whether or not his mundane acquaintances know what a "Hugo" or a "Pong" is? Anyway, if you don't go around shoving it under their noses, they won't bother to ask, so what's the difference? Personally, I've always thought the entire idea should have been named after Campbell. You get a "John" award and, bighod, you've got something.

I like George Price's reasoning; if one takes the Fifth Amendment, one is obviously guilty and it's a shame it can't be proved. Sort of negates the purpose of the Fifth Amendment, doesn't it? Of course, he is right about preventing Marxists from teaching history or sociology. Obviously, the politically aware, whether they be Marxists or Birchers will color their teaching with their personal views, so the only safe teacher of such subjects is a man with no opinions of his own. However, until we program enough robots, we seem to be stuck with opinionated teachers. There isn't really much that can be done about it (except maybe firing a few of the more zealous who let their opinions interfere with their facts.)

BILL ROTSLER: Don't let Alexei Panshin out of your grasp. Best reviews of stf I've read anywhere. Stuff with punch and bite and other pungently harsh words. More, more.

JACK GAUGHAN: I see that the Pong thing has bounced out of play, so to speak, but I gather there are now objections to the Fan Achievement Awards. My two cents are: why not call a Hugo a Hugo? It makes good sense (to me, at any rate) to

Jack Gaughan, concl.:

establish a fan writer and fan artist award. Especially as there are enough of both who are prolific and widespread that the voting would be valid...not just for a favorite son or whomever one may have remembered. Steve Stiles, for example, is to be found (via his drawings) in almost ALL the fanzines I've seen and there are enough writers who submit to miny miny places that their work has been seen, I'm sure, by a majority of the voters. But to my thinking the award should be a Hugo. No amount of reasoning, conniving, cool persuasion or what-have-you will change my mind. The mechanics of establishing this at the TriCon business meeting should have been performed by the NyCon Committee but weren't. If the committee is indeed autonomous enough to make Pongs then, indeed, there are autonomous enough to make Hugos outside the business meetings. If it is (due to some law or rule I'm not aware of) that Hugos cannot be established outside such meetings, then I guess we'll just have to settle for Fan Achievement Awards. It just sounds like the kind of thing one gets at a county fair for having raised the third best black-and-white rabbit.

Incidentally, like some others I've heard of (I have not seen anything in print regarding the matter) I'm of the opinion that it is unfair to the other fan artists who, unlike myself, don't have the advantage of also being a so-called-pro that I've been nominated in the Best Fan Artist category. It's not that I think I'm better than they are nor that I look down upon any Fan Achievement Award as being beneath me, it's just that my own stuff is so widely distributed that I think I enjoy an unfair advantage over the others in this respect. I AM a fan, and I don't think being a pro cancels my fannishness out, but I do think my being a pro should let me out of a category of awards which seem to be designed as much to reward as to encourage the next generation. I don't need any encouragement... god knows I'm COMMITTED to this and enjoy my commitment.

I see Fritz Leiber via article or letter in numerous fanzines; I've seen notes or articles by Andre Norton, Poul Anderson, and numerous other pros in the fanzines. Does this mean that they are eligible to be nominated best fan writer? If it does, why weren't they nominated? I'm of two minds about my nomination: Although it is an incontrovertable fact that I am a pro, I'm like Chun the Unavoidable: Good, bad, or indifferent, my work is all over the place. But even so, I constantly feel like a fan who, through some lucky accident, finds himself in print professionally. So, I do not knock my nomination as a fan artist, but I DO think it a little unrealistic and unfair to the REAL fan artists.

As for my mother-in-law, she's pretty esoteric herself.

RAY FISHER: ...funny that fandom screamed at the bloc-vote by the Burroughs Bibliophiles, and now (in a zine recently received) the most fhannish souls of all express the suggestion that fandom bloc-vote for some specific episode of Star Trek. ...'That Sir, is a different and highly personal matter'...to paraphrase from Pogo.... Possibly. But, it still seems to me that bloc-voting by another name is still crap....

CREATH THORNE: I don't like Lew Grant's division of the three types of creativity for the following reasons: (1) His first type. "logical creativity or problem-solving

Creath Thorne, cont.:

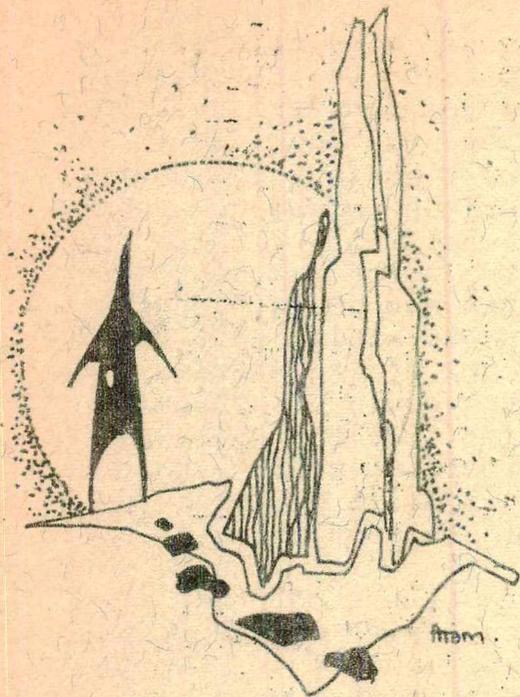
activity", is not a measure of creativity at all. As Lew points out, people who have this quality do well on IQ tests. IQ tests do not measure creativity. When you take an IQ test, you are trying to find the answer that the person who wrote the test wants. You are conforming in that you are trying to find the same answer as everyone else who is taking the test. But in the creative process, the artist or creator diverges from other people and tries to find an answer that is different from others. (2) Lew's division of "intuitive creativity" and "serendipity" is an artifact. I don't think you'll find a division like this if you examine creative people. Perhaps the reason Lewis divided the quality is that "intuitive creativity" is often associated with the arts, while "serendipity" is often associated with the sciences. But the actual quality of creativity is the same. The difference occurs in the end-product.

Lewis mentions the test for observation in which the subject is shown a Negro dressed in a business suit with a white man dressed in overalls and holding a razor standing over him. This test was first used in the early 1940s and is normally used in the game "Rumor" which Lewis describes later in his article. Lew says, "I don't know the percentage of times the gentleman in the overalls develops a fast tan, but I imagine it is fairly high." About half a year ago, I did some research on this picture and test using normal college students as subjects. I found that the subjects were quite accurate in their description of the color of the various people in the picture. Not once did "the gentleman in the overalls develop a fast tan." Part of the time, the subject gave his recollection in front of a small class. Whenever there was a Negro in the audience, the subject almost always avoided mentioning the color of the individuals at all. My results might have been different, though, if I'd done the experiment at some university in the deep South, or if I'd used a different segment of the population besides college students.

I liked the film Fahrenheit 451. Therefore I disagree with Jerry DeMuth's article. I think I can point out some errors in his thinking, but I should point out that I wouldn't be doing this unless the film had moved me emotionally. Jerry's criticism didn't convince me that the film was bad, and I'm sure my criticism won't change his opinion. The main reason I'm writing this is that I don't think the film should go undefended.

Truffaut has said that too many critics criticize without first trying to see what the film-maker was trying to do. I think this statement can apply to Jerry DeMuth's article. For instance, Jerry says it was a mistake for Linda and Clarisse to be so much alike. I disagree. I think that Truffaut is trying to show the effect that books can have on one. Take two people, completely alike physically and mentally. Expose one to books, the other to wall-screens. Then compare them. Linda is slow and lethargic. She responds sensually but not intellectually. She lives only for the moment. Clarisse, on the other hand, is lively. At the same time, she does not give all of her soul to Montag. There is so much more to her, she is so much more of a person, that she cannot completely give herself to Montag, as Linda can. So in this respect, I think Truffaut's casting and direction was quite competent.

DeMuth says Clarisse does not have much influence on Montag, indicating that she had more in the original novel. I disagree. In



Creath Thorne, concl.:

the original novel, Montag has been collecting books for over a year before he met Clarisse. She was the catalyst that set him off. I think Truffaut says the same thing in the film version.

I don't know where DeMuth got the idea that "each book person has suppressed all individuality because of a book." Certainly this is no more true than it was in the original novel. In the novel, remember, people were also referred to as books. The fact that a book is memorized does not mean that a person has given up his complete personality; rather, it means that his personality has been complimented by a great book which appeals to his basic nature. As Truffaut indicates all the book people eventually hear all the other books. In this sense, there are really two communities existing among the book people. One is the Great Conversation--the Great Books down

through the centuries as they play and develop on each other, and the other is the people themselves enriching and developing their lives far more than they would if they did not have books.

I don't think it's frightening at all. Our culture might be much more civilized if we were more like the book people. The step to the barren future society portrayed in Fahrenheit 451 is not as long as some might think. In this sense, the film can be construed as a warning--and it is a particularly brilliant one.

GEORGE PRICE: This is hardly the place for a blanket defense of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, but the comment on my letter in the last issue requires a little rebuttal. Essentially, you charge that the Committee's public questioning of witnesses is not really intended to elicit information but rather to pillory the witnesses through accusations embedded in the questions. To a certain extent, this is true. What is overlooked is that almost invariably the witnesses are first given the opportunity to testify in private, in "executive session". If they refuse to cooperate, then the public hearing is held and the fact of their non-cooperation is made dramatically evident to all. I consider that "exposure" of subversives is a perfectly legitimate function for the Committee; it would be wrong only if the person being exposed was innocent, or had not been given a chance to come clean. This is very rarely the case. You might find it instructive to look up a random selection of HCUA's "victims" and judge just how many of them could have avoided being "pilloried" simply by answering the questions freely and honestly.

Anyone who really wants to understand the operations of the HCUA should read two books: The Committee and Its Critics, edited by William F. Buckley, Jr., and The Un-Americans, by Frank Donner. The Buckley book is, as one would expect, favorable to the Committee, though with some criticisms and reservations. The Donner book is more pertinent here, because it is a professionally thorough hatchet job on the

George Price, concl:

HCUA. Mr. Donner is a lawyer who has represented many alleged Communists before the Committee, and has himself taken the Fifth on the question of Party membership. I mention this to emphasize that Donner is 100 per-cent hostile to the Committee and his book can therefore be presumed to make the worst possible case against the Committee. Bearing this in mind, the book has a curious omission. Donner describes at great and emotional length the awful fate of those accused of being Communists by the Committee--the ostracism, the loss of jobs, the smirched reputations, and so forth and so on, ad nauseam. What he omits is any attempt to prove, or even to claim, that the accused were not Communists. Surely the innocence of its victims would be the most damning and effective evidence that could be brought against the Committee. Yet Donner never claims that the "victims" were not, in fact, "guilty as charged". Neither, of course, does he admit it. He just ignores the subject. His implicit position is that it is wrong to embarrass anyone by accusing him of being a Communist, even if he is one.

Of course I don't buy that. Like it or not, the Cold War is a fact, and it is surely legitimate to ask if one is an active or potential agent of the enemy. The logic which so many of the Committee's enemies use would be considered ludicrous if it were applied in some other area. For example, if a bank clerk were asked to answer an accusation of having associated with known bank robbers, it would be considered very suspicious if he refused to answer, and instead began screaming that the very question was an insult and an invasion of his rights. Yet when a witness before HCUA behaves this way, we are supposed to consider him a martyr. I don't. I count to the Committee's credit all those witnesses who scream, walk out, refuse to testify, or otherwise fail to give forthright and responsive answers.

[ My principal objection to HCUA is not that it "exposes subversives" but that its conduct is, as often as not, in direct opposition to the basic principle of American jurisprudence--that a man is innocent until proven guilty. Hostile witnesses, such as Jerimah Saddler, are assumed to be guilty for no apparent reason other than the fact that they have gone on record as being opposed to the Committee. I think that if Congress is going to conduct investigations, it should conduct them in a manner similar to grand jury inquests, in confidence and without exposing the accusations against the individuals unless it finds sufficient evidence to hand down an indictment.--BCS ]

RICK BROOKS: I have the answer to your problem on busses. Just offer to let the sweet young things sit on your lap. This will get rid of all but the more interesting girls...and the cops.

BOB BLOCH: About the Star Trek situation; as you probably know, I wrote an episode for the '66-'67 season and have written two teleplays for the '67-'68 season. All the scripts were shot with changes I didn't make--as you know, a writer's con-

Bob Bloch, concl.:

tract carries no protection in this area except for his election to remove his name from the script, and the changes made in my work were not so drastic. But to what degree such changes were and are instituted by the production staff as opposed to their carrying out directives from the networks is problematical. It is a matter of record that the networks have final approval of every phase of production and a producer may very well not agree with network demands--however, he usually complies if he wants to remain a producer.

As to the degree in which this affects Star Trek episodes, I can only refer you to Gene Roddenberry (...). His is a problem I'd not care to face; the networks want him to put on material which they arbitrarily decide might interest a potential audience of 30,000,000 people, and the hard-core sf fans want him to put on material which would interest them--a potential audience which might most generously be estimated at 300,000. It's not too often that a script comes along which will appeal to both groups, so the producer is constantly in a position where he's damned if he does and damned if he doesn't. As for solutions, I wish I had one--and so does everybody who tries to do creative work in the TV or film field. Money talks, and in the form of direct command; there seems to be no way of getting around this situation.

I sympathize with writers, producers, directors, actors who feel their work is arbitrarily mauled--but I cannot go as far as some who assume a posture of injured innocence; anybody who has worked in these media for more than a few weeks knows that his work may be subject to drastic alterations. I'm all for protest, and admire those who--finding no hope of improvement in the situation--walk away rather than compromise their principles. But to affect an attitude of surprised outrage over such a situation just doesn't make sense. Personally, I believe it's just as sensible to work within the confines of the field and keep trying to do one's best--with hope of occasional and/or partial success--than to turn one's back on the problem and thus make no effort to contribute anything except a superior sneer. Particularly when some of the sneers are making changes in their work at the behest of paperback editors and publishers or magazine editors and publishers--or writing admittedly inferior material "to order" in these areas. There are few writers who haven't done this, particularly if they're totally dependant on their writing for existence--and most of them, I think, compromise in hopes that in some cases they will be allowed to write as they feel is indicated.

LEWIS GRANT: My feelings toward the fan awards is that they are, in general, a good idea but very poorly promoted. I agree ...that there is a multiplicity of awards, but the need is not for fewer awards but for better, more meaningful, awards. There are too many awards of the "Big Man of the Year" type. But, for instance, suppose the readers of the Hugo-winning fanzine voted a special award to the best single item in the fanzine. This, in my opinion, would be a meaningful award. Or, besides as award for the Best Fan Artist, suppose we had a small award for the best single piece of art appearing in a fanzine. What we need are small, specific awards instead of large, diffuse ones.

Ted White, at the Midwestcon, irritated me by talking about fanzine editors as the winners of the Hugo, and implying that this short-

Lewis Grant, concl.:

changed the writers and artists who had contributed to the success of the magazine. Possibly. However, I feel it is the magazine that wins the Hugo; and while the editors are very important, the writers and artists share equally in the magazine's success.

The fan world set-up the Hugos; and it initiated the Fanzine Hugo because it was felt that fanzines contributed to the science fiction field in a more important way than most other fannish ventures, which, generally contribute to FIAWOL rather than to stf. Specifically, fanzines are the microcosm's equivalent of The Saturday Review of Literature and other magazines of letters.

AND I ALSO HEARD FROM: Ronald Whittington, John Zaszczurynski, Bob Greenberg, Roger Clegg, Ray Nelson, and Keith Laumer, Vile Pro, whose brief missive could not be quoted in a family fanzine or even Nyar. #Larry and Noreen Shaw subscribe, as do Gordon Phillips, Bruce Robbins, and Steve Johnson. #Richard Flinchbaugh, Bob Gaines, Fred Phillips, Doug Lovenstein and Garry Pullins send Filthy Lucre for Nyar 6. #Thanks everyone; please keep writing.

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"The only Jewish thing about balling is Vaseline."  
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LB

People began arriving for the party. Some of them brought their costumes in bags and changed after arriving, but most just wore their costumes on the subway. You can do anything in New York. One summer day, a naked man got on the subway and nobody even noticed him for several stops. If he had done it during rush hour he would have probably got away with it.

--Bill Donaho, "Adventures in Fandom 5: Hallowe'en" in Innuendo 11

For me, there's nothing quite so pleasant as talking or writing about myself. My interest in this subject is deep, fascinated, and inexhaustible; and no other activity is quite so rewarding as that of communicating to others the myriad entrancing facets of my personality. The "I" key on my typer has had to be replaced three times, so often is it used. Surprisingly, the audiences that can be persuaded to stand still for such discourse are few and far between, and most of the time I am reduced to talking to myself.

--Royal Drummond, "...And Nothing But the Truth" in Duckspeak, May, 1952

After Bill went home that night he got to thinking about how horrified I had been at his article. So he rewrote it. The next evening he came visiting again.

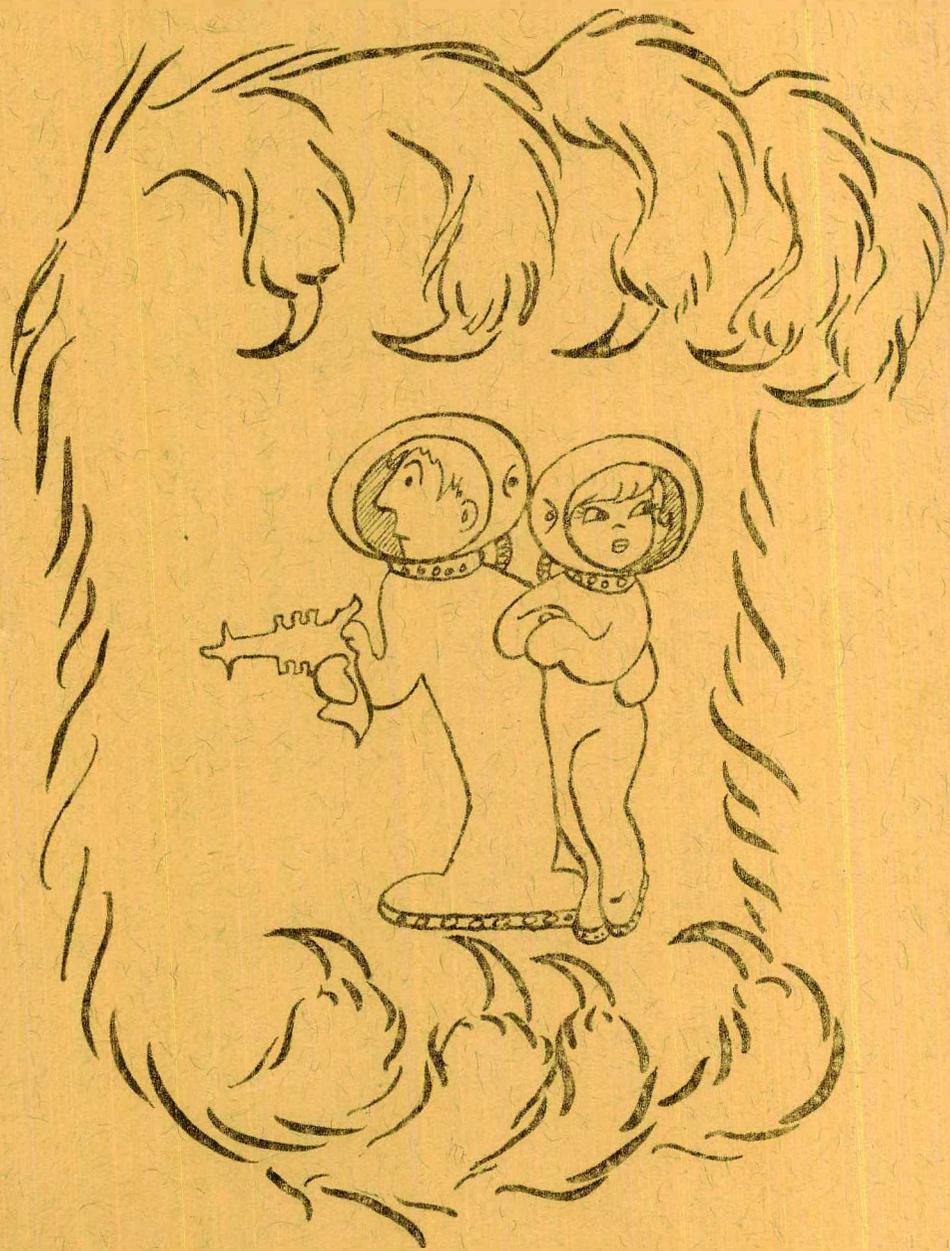
"I rewrote that article," he said. "I defined all the terms that weren't clear, I cut out all the emotionally loaded words and phrases, I ommitted all the things that were beside the point, and generally tightened it up to where it was really a relevant discussion of the subject."

"That's fine," I said. "Can I read it?"

"Oh, I think I'll throw it out," said Bill. "When I got it boiled down to its essentials it turned out it wasn't worth reading."

--Terry Carr, "Fandom Harvest" in Cry 147, Feb., 1961





"THIS IS THE LAST TIME WE'LL TAKE ONE OF *YOUR* SHORTCUTS!"