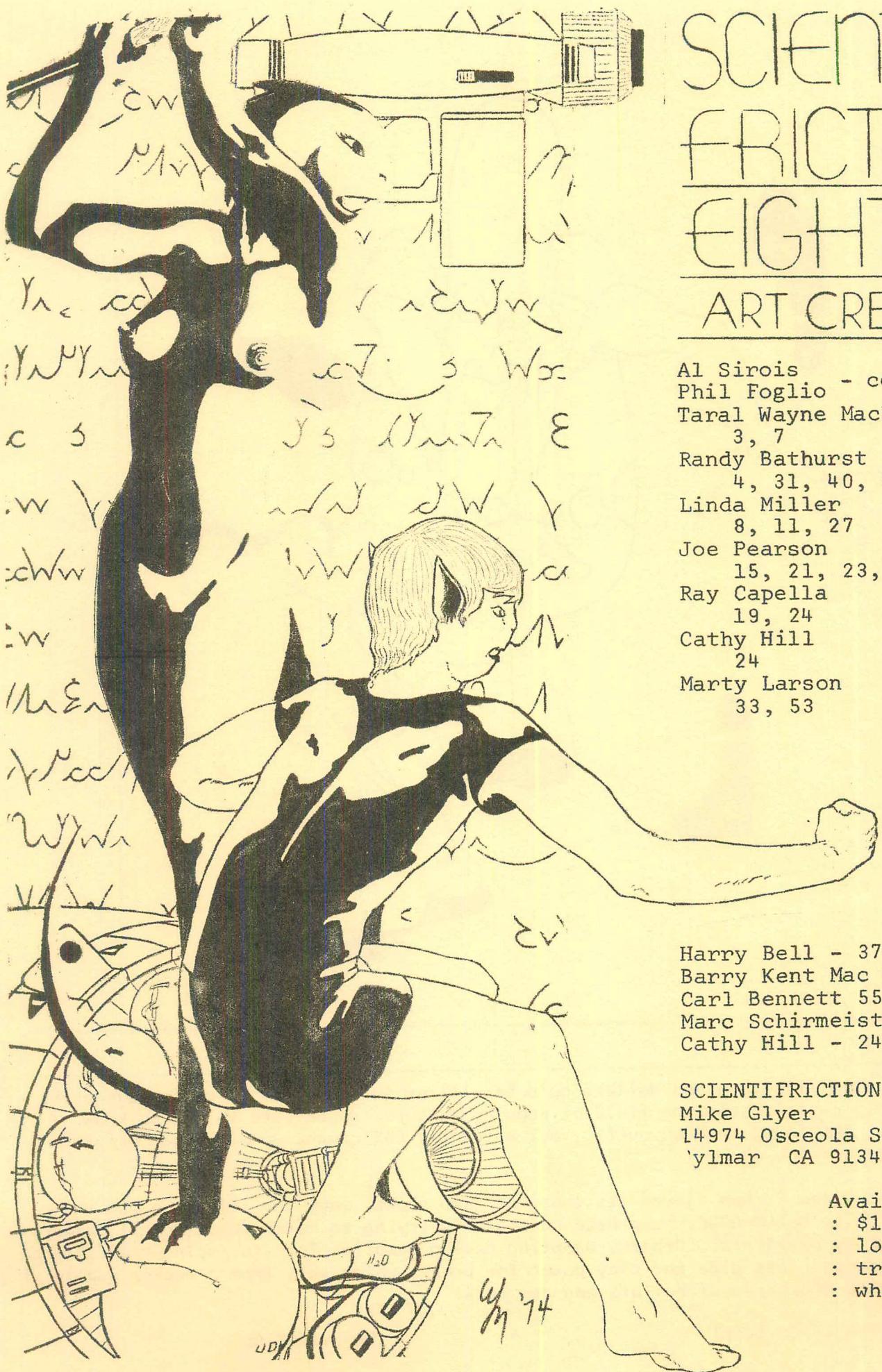




SCIENTIFRiction 8
July 1977

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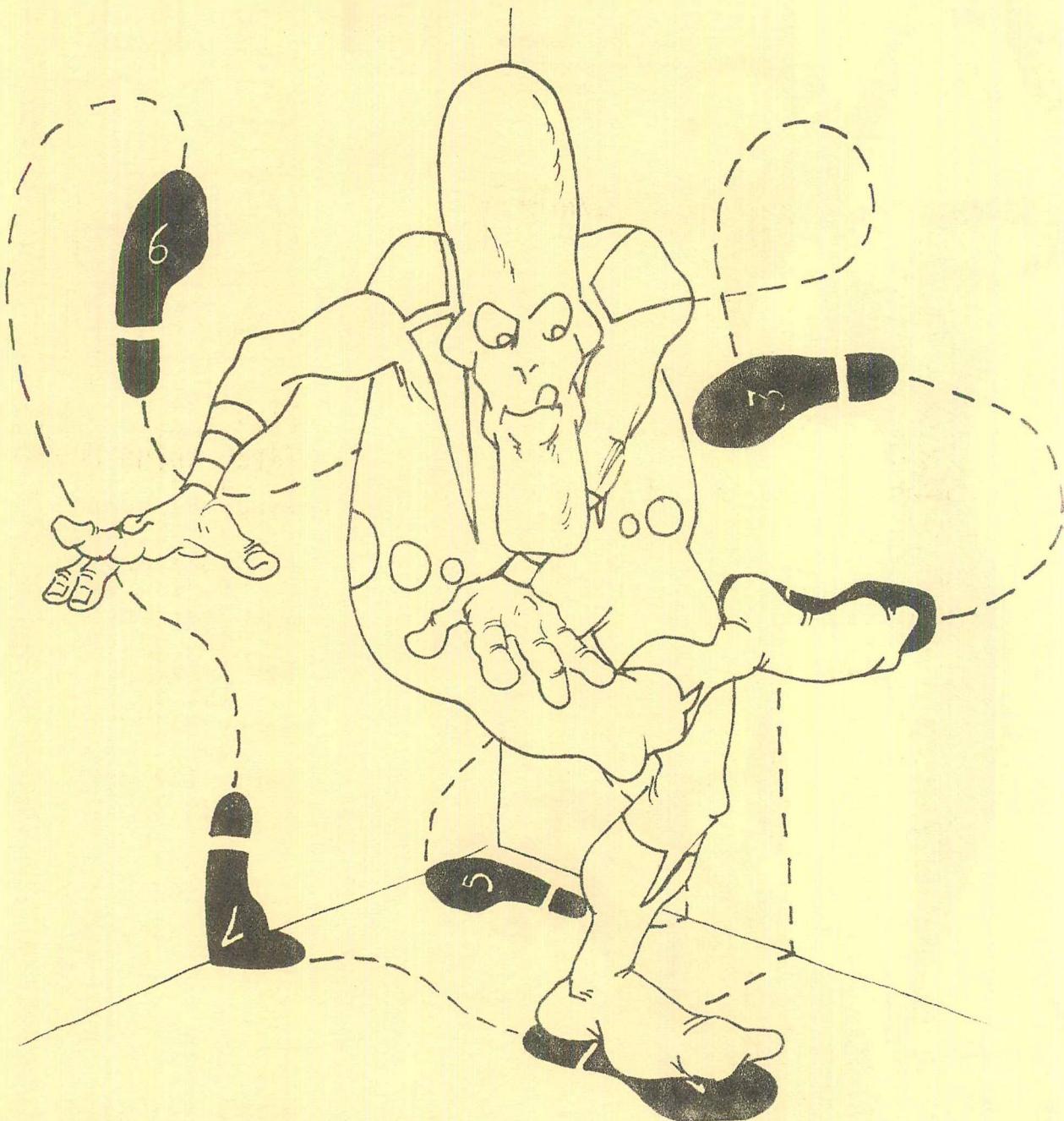
SCIENTI- FRICTION EIGHT ART CREDITS

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Availability
: \$1 sample
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1. Quizzing

If anybody has five thousand dollars he'd be willing to turn over to me for answering a few trivia questions in the field of popular culture, do be sure to let me know. I thought I had found such an outfit, but evidently CBS caught up with them before I did.

For years daytime TV has played its share of game shows, many variations on the theme of greed. Like MATCH GAME, some have contestants trying to match scatalogical answers with celebrity panelists. Others, adopting casino gambling formats, spin wheels, turn blackjack cards, toss dice and play poker for prizes which vary from a week's supply of panty hose to thousands of dollars and new cars.

The ones most appealing to me have been the games requiring knowledge. On these shows a contestant's awareness of things trivial gives him a real opportunity to cash in -- more so than programs where the contestants come out of the audience at random or where gambling is involved.

My fund of genuine trivia (What was the name of Buffalo Bob's makeup man? On which arm was Popeye's tattoo?) happens to be very shallow. However few of these shows get so obscure. Few will watch a quiz show that consistently questions areas they not only don't know but could care less about. So when I see an emcee asking questions about historical events I recognize, and digging into recent tv and movie personalities' backgrounds, immediately I begin to think how easy it would be to spend the money I might take away from such a show.

One hangup for me is that most such game shows seemed to turn up on NBC, a network closed to me because my father works for it, and to avoid charges to nepotism relatives of employees are excluded from prize shows. Then "Double Dare" began its run on CBS. Produced and recorded in Hollywood, DOUBLE DARE was convenient to apply to and tempting to get on. Its rules placed two contestants in booths which could be soundproofed at a moment's notice. The emcee announced a category like person, thing or fictional character. Then on an electronic message board clues to the answer were displayed one at a time. Whenever a contestant believed he knew the answer he pressed his buzzer and his opponent's booth closed up. A correct guess earned the contestant \$50 and the chance to 'dare' his opponent to look at a subsequent clue and get the answer, with another \$50 on the line for either of them. His opponent, guessing incorrectly, could be challenged with a 'double dare.' Yet another clue came up on the

EDITORIAL - MIKE GUYER

board. If the contestant believed it would not give his opponent the answer, he could show it to him, with a chance to win another \$100. The first player to reach \$500 this way went on to face three Ph.Ds and a new topic. He would attempt to find four (out of eight) clues to reveal to the doctors which would fool at least one all the way through. The contestant who picked four clues and successfully slipped all of them by at least one "spoiler" won \$5000.

DOUBLE DARE was one of the very few game shows openly soliciting contestants. For most game shows one has to ferret out the producer, beg an interview, and act easily excited. And even then, in the case of the Match Game, the waiting list of contestants is supposedly two years long. Half your gamble is whether the show stays on the air long enough to need you. DOUBLE DARE made the application process so simple that I wrote a note to their offices.

After three weeks a xeroxed letter came back to me. "We have testing at our office for DOUBLE DARE at various times during the week. To reserve a space for your testing and interview, please call (213) 464-3184 after 10:00 am Monday through Friday." Calling the number I made an appointment for the next morning.

Few of you have ever been a passenger in a car when I was driving. Ones who have will remember my infallible sense of misdirection. Ignoring the address on the letterhead, which listed their offices at 6430 Sunset Boulevard, I headed straight for Columbia Square, the CBS radio offices (also on Sunset) parked outside and went in to see the guard. "Yeah, we carry the show, but the office is in the Crocker Bank down the street."

Feeling moronic I drove up Sunset muttering about what use was it to get on a quiz show when I couldn't even follow directions to the interview.

A handwritten sign opposite the elevator pointed to the office where, with eleven others, I sat down to answer a form with ninety-three questions. Who invented the phonograph? Edison. What is the chemical notation for table salt? Damned if I know. What kind of triangle has two equal angles? It's amazing how much I've forgotten since high school. Who was the Democratic vice-presidential candidate in 1920? If it hadn't been FDR nobody would remember. Who wrote the William Tell Overture? Rossini: thank you Michael Tilson-Thomas and the Young People's concert. Who played Anna in ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM on stage? Beats me. Who was the first black player in baseball? Jackie Robinson. Who is the prime minister of England? I can only guess the name "Margaret," not even half of a wrong guess. Who was the only candidate of the Bull Moose Party? Teddy Roosevelt. What country is the setting for Turandot? You tell me and we'll both know. What was Elizabeth I's last name? Tudor. What team did Chuck Bednarik and Norm Van Brocklin both play for? I guess the Giants, and then remember it was the Eagles and change my answer. What does the E in $E=mc^2$ stand for? Energy. The last question asks "November 5 is Guy Fawkes Day in England, so what?" Smart-assed, I write "So it's not." Later I find out that it surely is. Doubly smart-assed I add my own question to the end of the test. What is the air speed velocity of an unladen swallow? Answer: African or European?

The secretaries would not tell your final score, or reveal any of the right answers. One after another we completed the examinations. Several were told "I'm sorry. You came within a few points of making the cutoff -- but thank you for coming in" which seems to be the standard brushoff. I answered eighty of the questions fairly automatically then struggled with the rest. When my form was checked I was given a yellow name-card to tape to my lapel. I had passed. Of twelve only four of us survived the weeding-out. All happened to be men, though half the applicants were women, and it seemed like more than half the show's actual contestants were women. One fellow who passed, gray-haired, wearing two-tone shoes and a blue suit with gray-checked trousers, appeared in his late fifties. The rest of us were between 20 and 30, student types. The man in the realtor's uniform and I stood on either side of an undergrad named Peter to have our photo taken on a Polaroid. When developed, the picture was cropped into three parts which were glued on our respective information cards.

We survivors spent some time sitting beside the receptionist's desk pondering the questions we'd missed (James Callahan!) After the last turnaway left a young brown-haired woman herded us back into the testing room. "We're going to play the game," she said, with a tone that suggested there was only one game in the world. "Take a clipboard and a pen on the way in. We haven't got the equipment to reproduce playing conditions. What will happen is that another woman will read you the questions. When you think you've guessed the answer, write it on the clipboard and raise your hand. I will check and tell you if you're right. If you're wrong keep playing until you get it."

Another woman enters with a fistful of 9 x 5 cards. Fiftyish, lean and blond, she puts on her glasses and begins reading the clues one at a time. "He was the son of an Iowa druggist. He was a lineman for USC. He became a film superstar in 1939." Hearing the clue "USC lineman" I erroneously guess Frank Gifford. Giff, after all, was a running back. But all of us fall out of our chairs when the third clue is read. Three get it. The real estate salesman misses, then on the fourth clue "His real name was Marion Michael Morrison" he gets the real answer: John Wayne.

New category: a person. "He was a former mathematician. He served in the Italian Army." Peter guesses Mussolini: wrong. "He would have been 78 this year." We're still lost. "A bullfighter. A great marlin." I've been scribbling names: Marconi. Caruso. Do I want to guess? "No," I say. She's been noting how soon we get the answers, and how

often we're wrong in guessing. I don't know what it means, but why be careless? When the marlin clue comes up I flash on Mr. Ryan's 12th grade English class and answer Hemingway. Three of us pick up the answer, while the fourth never does.

She reads a total of five rounds of clues. "Philo Farnham and Vladimir Zworykin" on the fourth clue sparks 'television' from memory. In another category the third clue "He was a military engineer for Cesare Borgia identifies Da Vinci. Finally we are asked to name a person. "He couldn't read without his thick, rimless glasses. By the age of fourteen he'd read every book in his town's library." Carnegie's my guess, wrongly. "In World War One he was an artillery captain and later a clothing salesman." Obviously, Harry Truman; all get the answer.

At once, the simulation has ended. Pounding hearts and sweaty armpits and limber memories are all told goodbye. Granted no guarantee we will appear on the program, Peter is told, "We'll probably call you in two or three weeks."

A month later I got tired of waiting and called to find out what was happening. "The show's been cancelled. We had our last taping last week." Oh, so that's what's happening.

Now here I am with nothing more to show for the experience than four pages of fanzine material. But you certainly may thank Double Dare for one thing -- that's three-and-a-half fewer pages of blank space to contend with. Meanwhile, if you see another show on the air like this, let me know. Once it's in the blood, you know...

2. Nasty Habits

Since the universal generalization is the hallmark of the sermon writer, I'll have to hedge my words. Let us only say, I suspect a lot of people have one careless habit they'd just as soon be rid of, something they'd never do if they could think of it in time. A habit more imaginative than, but just as embarrassing as, forgetting to zip your fly.

Perhaps I can exorcize mine by setting it in print.

On the way to attend a Board of Directors meeting at Bill Warren's apartment in Hollywood, I gave a ride to a fan who lived off Wilshire. The DE PROFUNDIS address card-file had been on the passenger seat. We went to get in the car. He handed the file to me, I set it on the roof of the VW while I got in. Starting the car I drove off. We conversed as I drove by side streets. Half a mile later I was in the midst of making a lefthand turn when I saw a gray object fall into traffic behind me. With immediate insight I cursed and parked. The pink file cards lay randomly in the street. But it didn't seem so bad, I considered, for the file hadn't fallen off until we were off the main thoroughfare, and there wasn't any traffic coming.

Except the bus, of course, which ran over the litter of subscriber's names and churned



them in its windy wake. My rider and I scampered into the street chasing them down, collecting the lot without, evidently, losing any. Even the potmetal file had survived.

It took two years for me to realize this was becoming a habit. The next time I was unlocking the door of my disreputable '63 Falcon unconvertible with its shredded canvas roof and bordello red upholstery. Robert J. Coover's THE UNIVERSAL BASEBALL ASSOCIATION, J. HENRY WAUGH PROPRIETOR, in a protective plastic dustjacket, rested on the car top as I opened the door and slid into the seat. I left the unpaved parking lot behind my apartment in Bowling Green and drove down the steep, hopelessly eroded alley to a side street, and turned out into Main Street. (Tell me, how many of you have ever ridden down Main Street, anywhere? I thought that was something they invented for Disneyland.) Heading downtown I happened to hear something sliding on the roof, and a second later in my rearview mirror I saw J HENRY WAUGH cartwheeling up Main Street into traffic.

As there was no curbside parking I had to swerve into the parking lot of an abandoned restaurant. Moving with unaccustomed speed I arrived in time to see some jerk grind the library book under his wheels and motor blithely into town. Dodging another car I scuttled into the street, grabbed the novel, and went back dazed to see a tire track down the middle of one page.

Now I wait, haunted, for another episode of this auto amnesia. SOMEDAY...I'm going to leave the house with the typed stencils for this fanzine, rest them on my cartop, then get my last view of SCIENTIFRCTION blowing between cars on the interstate...

3. Meanwhile, Back At The Slaughterhouse

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW enjoys prosperity and prestige, which sometimes seems to have been built on the massacred reputations of dozens of feuding sf writers. How Geis continues to suck writers into the vortex of polemical abuse mystifies me. Perhaps he only supplies a convenient forum for the aberrant and embittered.



Actually, forum is the wrong referent: replace it with circus or arena.

But as long as Geis has been running that kind of fanzine, SFR 20 was the first time I found it evident that the editor had sacrificed his own integrity. Barry Malzberg's column, with extended Geis followup, was devoted to a wholly biased attempt to assassinate the character of Lester Del Rey. Geis' personal participation in this ignorant exercise surprised me, if only because he usually is content to preside over the carnage rather than commit it. Geis' points were contradicted by the very sf he is supposed to be an authority about. Otherwise, it all

appeared a contrived effort to inject controversy in a mellow issue glutted with book reviews.

Primarily they attacked Del Rey for these reasons. Malzberg: *He is the husband of the editor-in-chief of Ballantine Books, science fiction. His influence upon Ballantine's science fiction list is then undeniable -- any claims that he has no dealings with Judy-Lynn Del Rey other than of a nonprofessional nature would have to be laughed out of court -- and calls into question his ability to render disinterested reviews in a field where Ballantine is a dominant influence. Like it or not, books presented to him can only be regarded as: a) competition or b) to his own interest.* Geis: *He reviewed (in ANALOG) approximately one of his employers' books for every five of the competition. Does Ballantine (and Random House) publish one-sixth of the hardcover and softcover sf? This shows to me at least an unconscious bias towards Ballantine and Random House.... There does appear to be a conflict of interest operative....*

The statistics Geis draws to support his argument seem to overlook a few things. For starters, Ballantine's sf line is the best in the field. Geis himself reviewed eleven Ballantine books in that issue of SFR without a bad word for any of them, and very favorable comments on eight. Does Geis expect Del Rey to judge Ballantine's product less often and more harshly than himself?

I can look at my own bookshelf where I keep a small collection of the sf I may someday want to reread -- Niven, Brunner, Clarke, Kurtz, Foster, Cordwainer Smith, Pohl & Kornbluth. No, Ballantine doesn't publish a sixth of all sf, but 40 of my 300 sf paperbacks bear that company's imprint.

Similarly, out of 51 novels nominated for the Hugo since 1968 (Baycon) 10 were paper-backed by Ballantine. Between 1967 and 1976 (when the 1975 awards were distributed) sixty-four novels made it to the final Nebula ballot. Seventeen of them came from Ballantine. Somehow, this company has managed to publish more than one-fifth of the award-nominated novels for the past decade.

If Del Rey didn't review and enjoy Ballantine paperbacks, then there would be grounds for complaint.

Geis also claimed: *Random House publishes very little sf, and my impression is that they published only two sf books in those two years. Lester Del Rey gave both Random House books a very favorable review.*" Let's look at the LOCUS summary of 1976's hardback sf. Random House, it says, published 6 sf hardcover books in 1976 alone. Next let's look at the Nebula results. MAN PLUS, the Pohl novel from Random House that Del Rey enthusiastically recommended in one of his columns, won the Best Novel Nebula. It had gotten more nominating votes than any nominee in any Nebula category. Del Rey also reviewed Ira Levin's THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL, a mainstream bestseller with an sf dimension.

In essence, not a single thing Geis offers in evidence of Del Rey's conflict of interest withstands close examination.

In one small respect these cheap shots may prove helpful to Del Rey by requiring readers to actually think about his merits as a reviewer. When P. Schuyler Miller died I became indifferent to prozine book review columns. But I knew Del Rey was certainly more reliable than Malzberg would have one believe.

Del Rey, on closer examination, turns out to be a pretty good reviewer. He brings the most important element of reviewing to his work: a real capacity to enjoy reading. He does not reserve his praise for breakthrough books and the trendiest award-winning writers. Del Rey shows obvious pleasure in just savoring the good points of an average

book from a fledgling writer. I think that sort of positive tolerance is valuable. Del Rey's sense of wonder is fully alive when too many others' are jaded and buried under academic training.

Another Del Rey attribute is reading precisely what is in front of him -- other reviewers prone to boosterism or a killer instinct suffer from heavy-handedness. Del Rey is a serious observer with a demanding sense of craftsmanship. While favorably reviewing DAW's A WORLD CALLED CAMELOT he did not gloss over its inconsistencies -- like the instance in which a supposed genius behaves stupidly.

You would expect Del Rey to have expert knowledge of the history of science fiction. You would expect him to have a solid grounding in science. And any reviewer can be relied on for skepticism. But Del Rey has clearly brought more to the reviewer's post than a big name and a long list of publications. As a reviewer he has earned the right to have his integrity respected.

Can Malzberg make the same claim about his integrity? With each appearance in the prozines Malzberg digs himself a deeper hole. He summed it all up in April 1976's issue of F&SF, saying: *I realized by June of 1965 that it would be impossible for me to make a career in what was the field of my choice: as a literary writer. The quarterlies were impenetrable, the coteries omnipresent, the competition murderous, the stultifying control of the publishing houses' literary editors absolute. If I was ever going to achieve outlet as a writer of fiction, I saw I would have to go to the commercial markets, the mass or genre markets that is to say, and while partially converting myself into the strictures of category fiction sneak in my literary intentions.*

Having gotten, in his own words, pretty well knifed up inside sf, he has temporarily pulled the plug on his typewriter. The man has been painfully disappointed ("I love this field" he says) and announced he's leaving, but instead of just going away Malzberg has attempted to make himself a martyr for literary sf. Far from being a martyr to quality writing his outbursts seem the direct result of frustrated ambition. I wish he would learn before he totally destroys his credibility (if that hasn't already happened) that however justified he feels he cannot possibly accomplish anything by arrogance, envy and character assassination.

4. Max Goolis Was A Street-Sweepin' Man, Lawd Lawd

Who was the greatest heavyweight boxing champion overall? Several years ago the fighting statistics and an evaluation of the comparative styles of the modern heavyweight boxers were fed into a computer. The classic fantasy matches pitted Jack Johnson against Sonny Liston against Joe Louis against Muhammad Ali against Max Schmeling etc. In turn a filmmaker took documentary footage and mixed it with staged boxing to simulate these dream bouts. The final result showed Joe Louis decking Muhammad Ali.

Commenting on the putrid gadflyism of Geis and Malzberg put me in mind of an idea Milt Stevens and I tossed back and forth one evening in the LASFS clubhouse kitchen, where the beer and the antelope play. A few years it would have been superfluous -- we had the Ellisons, Anthonys, Gerrols, Pauls, Whites, Donahos et al at each other's throats constantly. The fan who subbed to SFR or BEABOHEMA got his minimum annual requirement for ego-stomping in a few neatly-mimeoed pages. Now the talent has either thinned out or burned out (or been psychiatrically cured). That's when Milt suggested a computer program that'd let you directly feud with any of the all-time greats.

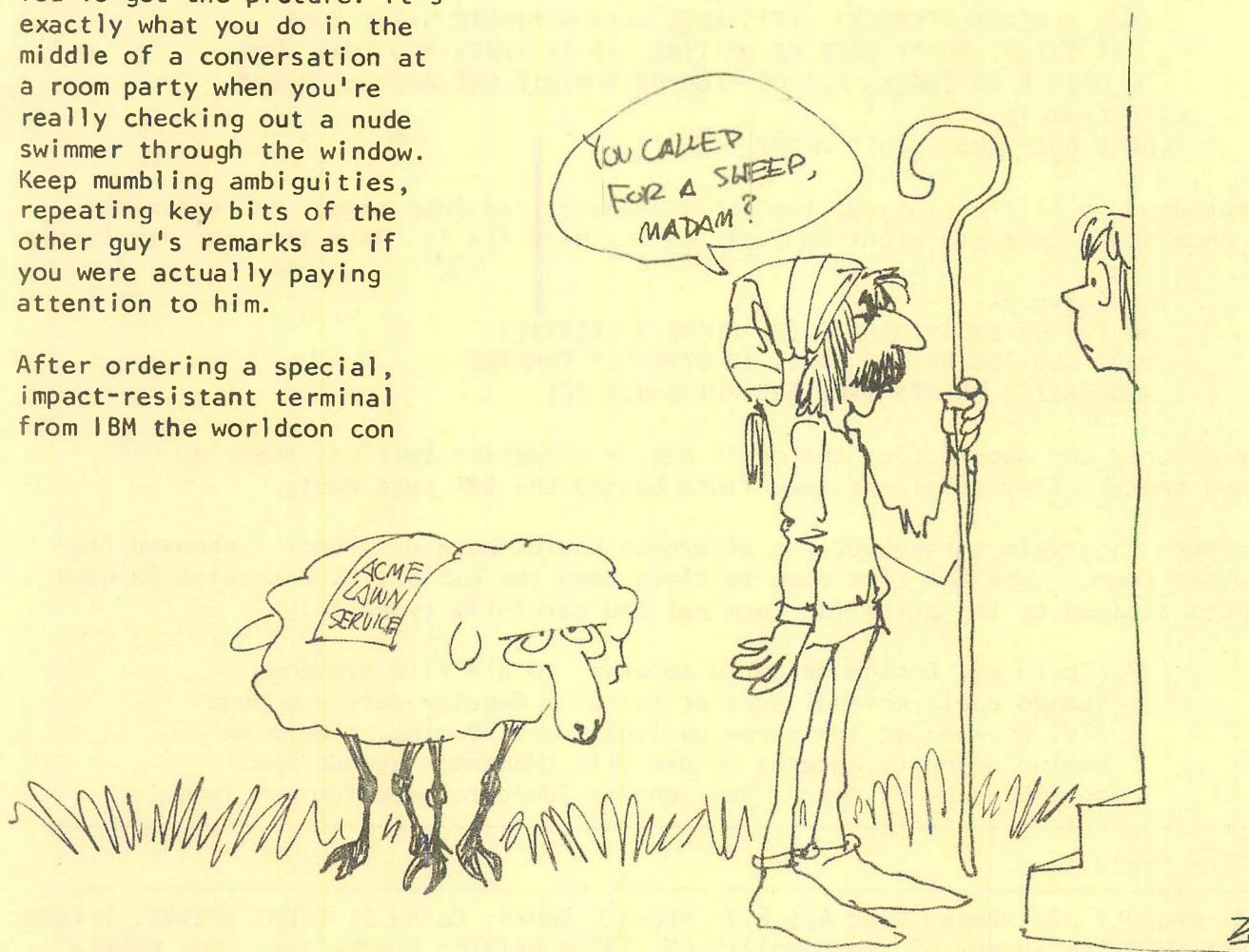
There's already a computer program to simulate a psychiatrist (DR. OTTO MATIC, who was a member of the Cult). It takes the kernel of what you type into it and feeds it back to you as dialog. As a therapist it enjoys some success, apparently because the act of

verbalizing one's problems is a step towards their understanding. On the other hand, a fan bent on silliness might come up with this:

I'M DR. OTTO MATIC. HOW DO YOU FEEL?
** Well, I'm often ticklish.
DO YOU BELIEVE IT IS NORMAL TO BE OFTEN TICKLISH?
** Maybe
COULD YOU ELABORATE ON THAT FEELING?
** Are you catatonic?
WOULD YOU PREFER THAT I WAS NOT CATATONIC?
** I suspect you're mad
HA HA HA HA HA

You've got the picture: it's exactly what you do in the middle of a conversation at a room party when you're really checking out a nude swimmer through the window. Keep mumbling ambiguities, repeating key bits of the other guy's remarks as if you were actually paying attention to him.

After ordering a special, impact-resistant terminal from IBM the worldcon con



tacted expert faanish computer programmers to connect them with the TEDISON Program. Hundreds of feisty neos lined up outside the Bushwah Room of the Fountainbleu Hotel, carrying the notes they'd cribbed from the previous evening's "Roger Elwood Interview" (when Elwood, looking more like a vertical Gulliver, was staked and roped to a wall and forced to answer questions by everyone he'd ever bought a story from.) The first neo in line was allowed to enter the room and confront the terminal: convention officers barred the door shut behind him.

The neo activated the keyboard.

WOULD YOU LIKE INSTRUCTIONS FOR USING THIS PROGRAM, FUGGHEAD?

** No.

KNOWITALL WIMP. DON'T NEED INSTRUCTIONS YET? I'LL BET YOU'VE JUST JOINED AN APA FOR PORNOGRAPHERS AND YOUR SISTER'S THE OFFICIAL ORGAN. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY TO THAT?

The neo blanched, tossed his notes in the air and ran to the door, beating against it, sobbing hysterically, clawing fitfully at the unyielding wood. Then, slowly, ever slowly he regained his composure. Remembering that the concom wouldn't let him out for another ten minutes, he returned to face his nemesis.

Slightly in shock, the neo groped for the Send key with the mindless courage of someone feeling under a power mower to find out whether the blade has stopped moving.

BACK ALREADY, TURKEY? IT'S BEEN HALF A MINUTE SINCE YOUR LAST ENTRY. DON'T KEEP ME WAITING. IF IT TAKES YOU THAT LONG TO MAKE A COMEBACK, PUT ON YOUR ORTHOPEDIC HAT AND CLEAR OUT.

** Cram it.

BEND OVER AND I JUST MIGHT.

Coldly put down, a little stunned, the neo's shame turned into anger. He remembered hearing once how a computer might be dealt with. He'd fix it. He'd blow out its fuses.

** Solve pi.

ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE YOU'RE A TREKKIE?
THAT OLD 'SOLVE PI' SWILL IS STRICTLY FOR THE
RUBBERIZED POINTY-EARS AND PHISO-HEX SET.

Gaah! Red-faced and apoplectic, the neo's beanie propellor twirled, shooting off sparks and smoke. Tiny purple-stained fists banged the CRT case madly.

At ten minute intervals throughout the afternoon bodies were discreetly removed from the computer room. When the time came to close down the exhibit, the special faanish programmers tiptoed to the pulsating terminal and carefully typed in:

** Libera me, Domine de morte aeterna, in die illa tremenda:
Quando caeli movendi sunt et terra....Requiem aeternum dona
eis, Domine: et lux perpetua luceat eis, Domine. Libera me
Domine de morte aeterna in die illa tremenda: quando caeli
movendi sunt et terra; Dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem.

5. Incoming Mail

GEORGE R. PACZOLT JR: Meeper Blue 4,5,6,7; MICHAEL BANKS: Co-Ax 2; TERRY JEEVES: Triode 24; JANE FISHER The Shadow of the Monolith 65; SARAH PRINCE: Prothalius; JOHN NOVAK: Archon PR #1; ERIC LINDSAY: Gegenschein 29; R&J COULSON: Yandro 239; GEORGE J. LASKOWSKI: Lans Lantern #3; BARRY HUNTER: Baryon 6; JOHN THIEL: Vor-Zap; DAVID WINGROVE: Kipple 1; BILL BREIDING: Starfire 10; DE PROFUNDIS 92; NED BROOKS: It Came In The Mail; REED ANDRUS: Harbinger 5; JEFF FRANE: Hedgehog 1; HARRY MORRIS: The Arcane Dreams of Walter Gilman 1,2,3, Nyctalops 21; TARAL WAYNE MACDONALD: Delta Psi; BRIAN EARL BROWN: Mad Scientist's Digest 2; MARC ORTLIEB: Minardor; GIL GAIER: Phosphene 6; ARTHUR HLAVATY: The Diagonal Relationship; NORBERT SPEHNER: Requiem 15; FRANK DENTON: Scrambled Eggs Benedict 1, The Rogue Raven 24, Ash-Wing 21; DONN BRAZIER: Title 60,61,63; PETER ROBERTS: Checkpoint 80,81; BCSFAZINE 95,96/97; TERRY WHITTIER: Altair 3; CARL BENNETT: Scintillation 12; BRUCE GILLESPIE: Sf Commentary 48/49/50; ROB JACKSON: Maya 12/13; GARY FARBER: Quintessential Qovers For Fred Haskell; KAUFMAN & TOMPKINS: The Spanish Inquisition 9; ELST WEINSTEIN: True Cult Tales; DON D'AMMASSA: Mythologies 11; PIERCE & WALKER: Tad 2; HOWARD THOMPSON: The Space Gamer 10;

SUNCON PR 3; BEN INDICK: Ibid 17; NATE BUCKLIN: Brainstorm 1; DAVE LOCKE: Slow Djinn 14, Jape 1; ANDY PORTER: Algol 28; DARRELL SCHWEITZER: Procrastination 13; DON C THOMPSON: Don-O-Saur 43; SHEILA D'AMMASSA: Proper Boskonian 15; LEROY KETTLE: True Rat Nein; PAUL & CAS SKELTON: Sfd 14; DOUG FRATZ: Thrust 8; CLIFF & SUSAN BIGGERS: Future Retrospective 11; MARDEE & DAVE JENRETTE: Taebebuian Feminist; EDMONTON SFCAS; HARRY BELL: Tocsin; DAVE LANGFORD: Twil-Duu 6,7; DICK GEIS: Sfr 21; TERRY HUGHES: Mota 21, Look Who's Tardy Now; C&D BROWN: Locus 198,199,200; LINDA BUSHYAGER: Karass 29,30; ALAN SANDERCOCK: Dream Vendor 2; PATRICK HAYDEN: Tweek 28; MICHAEL SHOEMAKER: The Shadow-Line 5; IAN & JANICE MAULE: Nabu 1.

(That concludes the list of people who may be getting STFR in trade. The following people who'll also receive this issue have contributed, or done some esoteric thing to get whimmed with a copy. Underlined names ought to DO SOMETHING before they disappear from the mailing list.) Ken Amos, Carl Bennett, Bill Bowers, Tom Collins, Ed Connor, Perry Chapdelaine, Cy Chauvin, Ed Cagle, Roger Dutcher, Hal Davis, Jackie Franke, George Fergus, George Flynn, D. Gary Grady, A&J Katz, Neil Kvern, Samuel Konkin III, Dave Locke, H&L Luttrell, Eric Larsen, Jeff May, Don Markstein, Steve Miller, Jodie Offutt, Andrew Porter, Ross Pavlac, Rich Roesberg, Jeff Schalles, Jeff Smith, Roy Tackett, Bruce Townley, Harry Warner Jr, Laurine White, Susan Wood, Dave Feldman, Larry Downes, Don Ayres, Dave Cockfield, Eric Bentcliffe, Gray Boak, Rob Jackson, Ian Maule, Darroll Pardoe, Dave Piper, Mike & Pat Meara, Peter Roberts, Dave Rowe, Andrew Darlington, Fran Skene, Victoria Vayne, Randy Reichardt, Stu Gilson, Mike Glicksohn, Mae Strelkov, Dave Bridges, Jennifer Bankier, Mike Bailey, Dr. AD Wallace, Graham Poole, Randy Bathurst, Grant Canfield, Jim McLeod, Jim Shull, Reed Waller, Ray Capella, Joe Pearson, Al Sirois, Mike Bishop, Alyson Abramowitz, George RR Martin & Gale Burnick, Harry Bose, Doug Fratz, Richard Harter, Deb Hammer-Johnson, Tony Cvetko, Bob Tucker, C.L. Grant, Isaac Asimov, Meade Frierson, Lou Stathis, Marc Schirmeister, Dan Goodman, Milt Stevens, Bruce Pelz, Len & June Moffatt, Craig Miller, Franz Zrilich, A. M. Sherlock, Joe Sanders, Linda Miller, Alan Bostick; if your name is missing from this list, but you have material in my files or have recently sent me a trade, your place is ensured.

6. Hugo Nominations

When the SUNCON committee announced it would permit only amateur fanzines to compete for the Hugo this year, one automatically assumed that ALGOL and SFR had seen their last days. Instead, SFR leads the parade, and only Porter has been left in the cold. I never expected the fmz Hugo situation to be reformed, but I thought at least the committee would spare itself the exercise in hypocrisy we see before us.

BEST NOVEL

CHILDREN OF DUNE:Frank Herbert
MAN PLUS:Frederik Pohl
MINDBRIDGE:Joe Haldeman
SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE:Robert Silverberg
WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG: K.Wilhelm

SHORT STORY

"A Crowd of Shaodws":C.L. Grant
"Custom Fitting":James White
"I See You":Damon Knight
"Tricentennial":Joe Haldeman

DRAMATIC

CARRIE
FUTUREWORLD
LOGANS RUN
MAN WHO FELL
TO EARTH

NOVELLA

BY ANY OTHER NAME:Spider Robinson
HOUSTON, HOUSTON, DO YOU HEAR:J. Tiptree
PIPER AT THE GATES OF DAWN:Richard Cowper
SAMURAI AND THE WILLOWS:Michael Bishop

PRO EDITOR

James Baen
Ben Bova
Terry Carr
Edward Ferman
Ted White
PRO ARTIST
George Barr
FAN WRITER
Don D'Amassa
Dick Geis
Mike Glicksohn
Don C. Thompson
Susan Wood
FAN ARTIST
Grant Canfield
Vincent DiFate Phil Foglio Jim Shull
Stephen Fabian Tim Kirk
Rick Sterr.bach Bill Rotsler

'AMATEUR' MGZ

Locus
Mythologies
Outworlds
SFR
SPANISH INQ.

NOVELETTE

THE BICENTENNIAL MAN:Isaac Asimov
THE DIARY OF THE ROSE:Ursula K. LeGuin
GOTTA SING, GOTTA DANCE:John Varley
THE PHANTOM OF KANSAS:John Varley

THE
K.R.A.P.
REPORT

ED CAGLE
&DAVE LOCKE

LIVE

LOCKE: I'm Dave Locke.
CAGLE: And I'm Ed Cagle.
LOCKE: We're your co-anchorbodies for this new series of timely interviews with colorful personalities.
CAGLE: During this series of special reports we will bring you taped highlights of our interviews with scores of people throughout time. Using our time machine and automatic language translator, because it's easier that way, we will talk with well-known personalities and shitheads alike.
LOCKE: Stay tuned for our first interview, with Ben Franklin, following these words.

COMMERCIAL

HOUSEPERSON: My goodness, it's so nice of you to come over and show me all these beautiful toiletries.
SALESPERSON: Yes, it is, isn't it?
DAUGHTER: (Runs out dressed in mother's clothes and makeup) Look at me, I look all grown up! And I look just like you, Mommy, with my pantyhose down around my ankles.
HOUSEPERSON: Isn't she a cute little shit?
SALESPERSON: I'd have cuffed her right across the mouth.
HOUSEPERSON: But she's right, my pantyhose are down around my ankles.
SALESPERSON: That's because you have a figure like a cucumber. There aren't any curves to hold them up.
HOUSEPERSON: What can I do?
SALESPERSON: Buy Fishnet pantyhose.
HOUSEPERSON: They'll stay up?
SALESPERSON: You might buy a stapler, too.

LIVE

CAGLE: The other day we scooted back in time and taped an interview with Ben Franklin. Roll the tape, Herkimer.

TAPE

LOCKE: Mr. Franklin.
BEN: Jesus Christ! Where the hell did you come from?
CAGLE: Sorry to startle you, sir.
BEN: Shit fire! Another one!
LOCKE: We're interviewers from the year 1977, television station KRAP, and we'd like to ask you a few questions to amuse our view-



k.r.a.p. around the clock

dave 'n ed

ers back home.

BEN: Oh, well that explains it. I got goddam tired of you fucking time reporters, though. The last prick that came through here wanted to know if I didn't think it was dangerous to run around flying a kite in a thunderstorm.

CAGLE: Now that you mention it, I had that question pencilled in here. Specifically, I wrote: 'Ask the fat old fart if he doesn't think he'll get his ass burned off flying kites in a thunderstorm.'

BEN: Maybe, but what else do you do for excitement on a Saturday night around here?

CAGLE: What have you been up to lately?

BEN: Well, right now I'm working on something called a mimeograph.' I'm getting tired of editors dicking around with my copy, and thought I'd figure out a cheap way for publishing my own shit.

LOCKE: At this point, then, you intend to make your livelihood by publishing your own material?

BEN: No, it'll just be a goddamned hobby.

CAGLE: This might be a dangerous invention. Every jerk in the world could start writing tripe, and with access to a machine like that he could get it published.

BEN: You're right. I'll forget about it, But won't someone else invent it?

LOCKE: We'll talk to them too.

BEN: Goddamn, I didn't know what I was doing. Must have lost my head.

CAGLE: Everybody knows about the famous things you discovered or invented. For the amusement of our jaded listeners, tell us about some of the unworkable clunkers you came up with. The duds.

BEN: Yeah, well, I invented something called corflu, but now that I'm not going to invent something called the mimeograph there's no sense fucking around with it.

LOCKE: Anything else?

BEN: Oh, lots of things. But right now I'm also working on a device which fits on the back of carriages and will automatically scoop horseshit off the roads. Will this work out?

CAGLE: Sounds like a winner to me. Too much horseshit will be one of our biggest future problems.

BEN: I'll get to work on it right away, then. Nice talking with you turkeys.

LIVE

LOCKE: And now another word from our sponsor.
(Sounds of mikes being dropped on desk...faint voices of Cagle and Locke who do not know the audio engineer, who is drunk, has not switched them off.)

CAGLE: What's next?

LOCKE: A drink, that's what.

COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Howdy, folks! It's time again for Fairway Discount Furniture's semi-annual bankruptcy sale! Have we got bargains for you! We got quality furniture at absolutely rock-bottom prices, from every quality line in the market. Imagine owning a Thomasville early-Civil War bedroom suite for just twenty-three dollars and ninety-five cents!

LOCKE: (Faintly during pause.) Hotter'n a 500 dollar fuck...

ANNOUNCER: Yessiree, we here at Fairway Discount Furniture don't want to make it hurt to have nice furnishings, all we want to do is --

LOCKE: (Faintly, but overriding commercial.) -- commit financial rape.

ANNOUNCER: So come on down and see us here at Fairway, Twenty-Sixth and Utica, right across from --

LOCKE: (Louder, completely overriding commercial) -- the Clap City Massage Parlor.

LIVE:

LOCKE: Our next interview was something of a surprise. In the course of setting the coordinates for an interview with General Custer, just before the Battle of the Little Big Horn, we made a slight error, and this resulted.

TAPE

LOCKE: Shit fire, turkey! Where the hell are we now?

CAGLE: Looks like we got here a little late. All I see is that Indian over there. Shall we go talk to him?

LOCKE: Hell yes. (Walks over to noble savage.) Pardon me there, sir, but could you tell me if the battle has taken place yet?

INDIAN: (Scowls) Huh! (Waves wet, hairy item in air.) What you think this is, white eyes? Chipmunk hides?

LOCKE: Frankly, no, but although they do look like something Howard Cosell wears on formal occasions I suppose they are scalps. Did you kill quite a few troopers?

INDIAN: No kill. Just scalp. Don't have killer card, just hold scalper card. Me Steward. Run damn safe shop this raid.

LOCKE: I'll say. I notice one of your scalps is blond. Is that General Custer's scalp?

INDIAN: Uhn, maybe. Not know for sure. Got black roots.

CAGLE: Black roots?

INDIAN: Uhn. That black roots, not black foots. Black foots is cruddy tribe west of here, black roots is phony-ass hair. Phony scalp not worth squaw with gilflert-ed ass.

CAGLE: Gilflerted ass?

INDIAN: (Aside to Locke.) You not need that recorder with this asshole around...
(Strikes pose.) Gilflerted ass is when snatch runs from bellybutton to asshole.

LOCKE: Then you didn't actually participate in the raid itself?

INDIAN: (Affirmatively.) Uhn!

CAGLE: I thought you said...

INDIAN: I lie. Speak --

LOCKE

CAGLE: (In unison) -- with forked tongue.

INDIAN: (To Locke) Who try to scalp you, turkey? Or did you rideum pony under low tree limb?

LOCKE: How would you like this recorder where it will give your proctologist a real challenge?

INDIAN: Me not know what proctologist is, but me about to call tribe down from hills to pluck your scalp and cram 'reccrder' up your ass.

CAGLE: I think he caught to gist of it, Dave.

LOCKE: The man is a veritable cornucopia of innuendo.

INDIAN: We shove cornucopia up your ass, too.

CAGLE: I think it's time to get back to the station, now, Dave.

LOCKE: You've been doing a bit more thinking today than usual, Ed.

CAGLE: One of us has to.

LIVE

LOCKE: And now for one of our most treasured interviews, and one which we're sure you'll find to be significant.

CAGLE: I thought it was the pits.

LOCKE: I wasn't too thrilled with it either, but I thought you wrote this copy.

CAGLE: I thought you wrote it.

LOCKE: Somebody had better take the blame. Roll the tape, Mokerjee.

TAPE

CAGLE: Hello there, Dr. Freud.

FREUD: I'm not taking any more appointments today. Those last few crazies wore me out.

LOCKE: We're not patients, Doctor. We're television time reporters, and we're here to interview you.

FREUD: Tell me what a time reporter is.

LOCKE: We travel back and forth in time, and interview people from the past and future.

FREUD: And how long do you feel you have been doing this now?

LOCKE: Just a few months or so.

FREUD: Have you gone back in time to see your mom and pop?

LOCKE: Uh, no.

FREUD: Do you want to do so; perhaps to watch your potty training?

LOCKE: No.

FREUD: Breast feeding?

LOCKE: I beg your pardon?

FREUD: (Turns to Cagle.) When did you first notice that he wanted to travel in time?

CAGLE: He got drunk one time and wrote me about it.

FREUD: It may be too late. You should have brought him here sooner.

LOCKE: If you wish, we can go and visit you yesterday, or anytime that was convenient.

FREUD: You are definitely a wacko. Tell me what you see in these inkblots.

CAGLE: I don't know about him, but that first one looks like a split beaver to me.

FREUD: I know. That's normal. They're supposed to look like split beavers. You can't fold a piece of blotting paper around a drop of ink and have it look any other way.

CAGLE: Do you have any extras that I could take home with me?

FREUD: Sure, take this one.

LOCKE: Wait a minute. That doesn't look like a split beaver.

FREUD: What does it look like to you?

LOCKE: It looks like the end result of a robot horsefucking two pounds of Playdough.

FREUD: That's what I thought, too. But the last guy I treated for time reporting said it was a gestefaxed picture of his 'Faan Award.'

CAGLE: Let's get the fuck out of here.

FREUD: Don't you have any questions for me?

CAGLE: Not if we can avoid it.

FREUD: Go ahead -- give me an interview.

CAGLE: All right, why not? Tell us: what do you feel, in the final analysis, is the distinction between sanity and insanity?

FREUD: Fucking.

LOCKE: Fucking?

FREUD: Yes. If you get laid regularly and satisfactorily, your brains won't fall out.

CAGLE: Doctor, surely there are other pressures besides sex which can drive a person over the brink.

FREUD: Name one.

CAGLE: Financial pressures, job pressures, fear at being alone and facing an unknown situation -- all kinds of things.

FREUD: Fucking. All of them.

LOCKE: How are they related to sex?

FREUD: Financial: if you can't make enough money to keep your steady screw happy, you get lousy or zero performance in bed. Job pressure: if you spent the day thinking about the screwing you were going to get that night, you wouldn't be inclined to let problems at work jerk you around. Fear: you're afraid you'll be messed over and unable to enjoy all that good fucking.

LOCKE: I don't think your reasoning scans too well.

FREUD: I have to work a few bugs out of it, but one day I'll be famous for this breakthrough in psychology.

CAGLE: Do you consider yourself sane?

FREUD: Well, not lately. I haven't been laid in about a month now. Those ink blots are beginning to make me horny.

LOCKE: I hesitate to ask, but what methods do you use in treating your patients?

FREUD: Depends on their sex.

CAGLE: That's what we thought.

LOCKE: Thanks for the interview, Doctor. Any final words for our viewers? Words of advice, perhaps.

FREUD: Get fucked.

CAGLE: Thank you, Doctor.

LIVE

CAGLE: Last week we zipped ahead to the year 2169 and transported ourselves to the Red Dust Bar in Marsport for an interview with Bat Durston. The reason we picked this man of the future to talk with will become apparent when you see the tape. Roll the tape, Mokus.

TAPE

LOCKE: Mr. Durston?

BAT: Jesus Christ on a phaser! Don't sneak up on me like that. Where the hell did you come from, and where did you get those funny-looking threads?

CAGLE: We're here from 1977, Mr. Durston. Television station KRAP. Our purpose here is to interview you, as we understand you're a famous personality of the future.

BAT: Famous personality my ass. If I'm so famous how come I'm drinking this lousy Coors beer in a crummy bar in the Martian slums? I could, by the way, use a refill. And call me Bat.

LOCKE: Bring this man another beer.

BARTENDER: That'll be \$500.

CAGLE: I don't think our expense account can handle this.

BAT: Buy me a drink, you cheap bastards. Or no interview.

LOCKE: OK, here you go. And let's remember to edit this from the tape.

CAGLE: Tell me, Bat, what was it like to be the first man to make contact with a member of an alien race?

BAT: It was all right for the first couple of weeks, but after I'd listened to her life story three times there wasn't anything more to talk about. You know how it is.

LOCKE: Our initial contact was with a female of the species?

BAT: I think so.

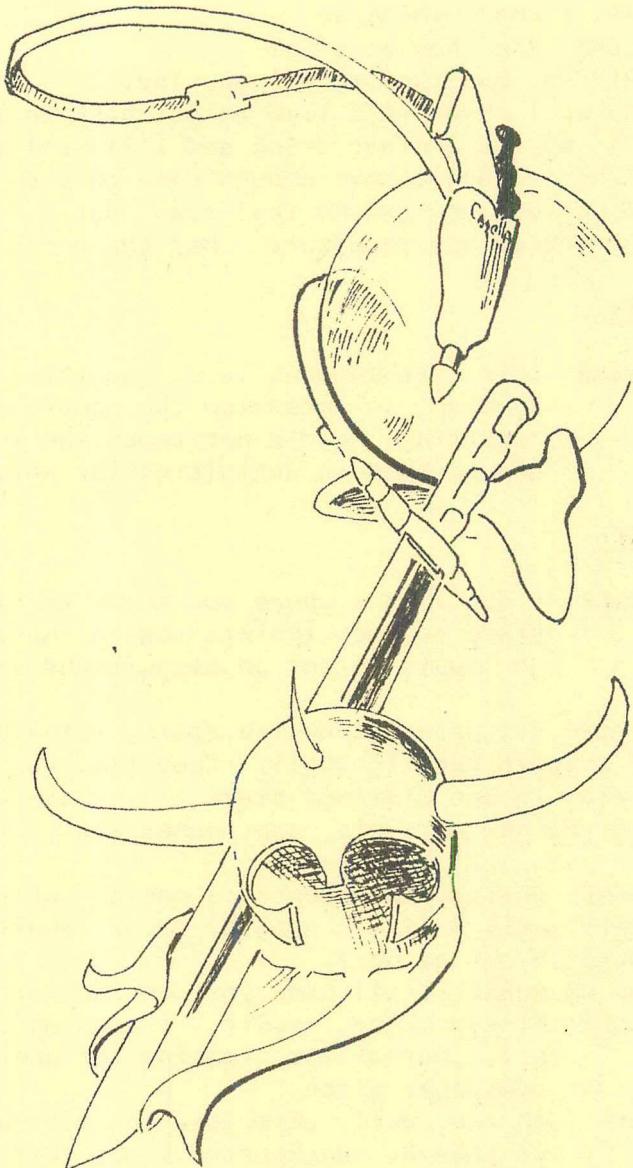
CAGLE: Would you elaborate on that, please?

BAT: Well, it kept asking if I'd respect it after I blasted off for my return to Mars. So I figured it was a female. Sure was sexy as hell, whether it was or not.

LOCKE: Would you tell us why you thought it was sexy?

BAT: I'd been on hyperspace assignment for two years.

CAGLE: We see. Do you think our two races are likely to get along well together?



BAT: I don't think so.

LOCKE: Are they hostile?

BAT: No, but they're a lousy lay.

CAGLE: I think it's time to get back to 1977 now.

BAT: Buy me another drink and I'll tell you about the strange technique they have.

LOCKE: We don't have enough cash to even buy ourselves a drink, and we need one.

CAGLE: See you around real soon, Bat.

BAT: Cheap ass reporters. May the great bird of Titan foul your space helmet.

LIVE:

LOCKE: This last segment is... something slightly different, in that we did not exactly plan to interview the people we contacted. As often happens in time reporting, we did not reach the intended subject at a time when the subject was engaged in activities for which he or she is of historical interest.

TAPE

CAGLE: I don't know where you meant to take us that time, Jack, but this ain't no place for us. (Points toward rapidly advancing group of individuals who are obviously intent on assault and battery.) Here come the storm troopers!

(Locke triggers the device again, removing C&L from midst of an amphibious invasion of a South Pacific atoll. They find themselves next in the middle of a vast cotton field. In the distance black slaves are working, and an overseer on a horse, upon seeing the new arrivals, approaches warily.)

LOCKE: Christ, here comes de massa. What was this, the search for Rhett Butler?

CAGLE: Just a little spatial error. Shall we talk to this turkey anyway?

LOCKE: Might as well.

MAN ON HORSE: Y'all know yore on Dankworth land, gents?

CAGLE: Yessir... er, nossir. I mean we're kinda lost. What we are, is newspapermen, sir, journalists, looking for one of the finer examples of plantations to do a newspaper piece.

MoH: Ah see. Well, ah'm just the overseer, but I can probably tell you more about it than Mr. Dankworth... not that ah'd want that printed, ya see.

CAGLE: Fine, we understand. (Mutters an aside to Locke.) Wonder what the hell year this is? (Turns back to man on horse.) How big is this plantation, sir?

MoH: 600 niggers. Thass countin' house niggers and all.

CAGLE: (Coughs.) I see. Well, sir, uh... I uh...

LOCKE: Great interview so far.

CAGLE: Push the button, Herkimer...

LIVE

LOCKE: And so we have seen them tonight. The greats and the near greats.

CAGLE: Not to mention the ingrates and the fuggheads and a few others of dubious distinction.

LOCKE: And next time we'll see more of them.

CAGLE: Before that I want to meet the pinhead who invented this time machine. And get it fixed. And then punch him out.

LOCKE: Shall we have a drink now?

CAGLE: We each had ten of them when we got back from that last jaunt.

LOCKE: That was an hour ago. I know a nice little bar in the 1890s thst serves red-eye at easy prices. Let's wrap it up. Glycer will shit corncobs when he sees how long this is.

CAGLE: Fuck him. Which button is for the 1890s?



LETTERS & REVIEWS

BUCK COULSON
Route 3
Hartford City IN 47348

SFWA can't go to court on the Ultimate case, even assuming that a court wouldn't laugh at the amounts in question. Legally SFWA doesn't have a leg to

stand on. As far as the reprints go, the authors sold all rights in perpetuity when they sold the stories originally, and however much they got shafted at the time, that was 20 or 30 years ago. (It's not even like the cases where Indian tribes have recently been "reimbursed" for bad deals they made with the government, because the authors did have the right to sign away their property, which Indian chiefs sometimes didn't; and the purchaser didn't have the US Army leaning over his shoulder to intimidate the seller.) As for the bad treatment of current writers, as far as I know there is no law setting forth a time limit for publishers to review manuscripts and either pay for or return them. The boycott is ridiculous, but not much more so than the entire affair has been. (The really amazing part is that SFWA actually got Cohen to shell out some money for some of his reprints when he didn't have to.)

The whole thing doesn't bother me personally; I don't write short stories, and if I did I wouldn't send them to AMAZING until I'd tried every other market first, purely on the basis of rate of payment. (But if I did write one, and nobody else wanted it, I certainly wouldn't let SFWA stop me from selling it to Ted.) And for that matter, I'm not a member of SFWA anyway, these days. I used to be, but there are too many worthy charities around today; I can't support all of them.

I had figured on being alive in the year 2000, too. After reading Asimov, I'm not sure I want to. Some things will be better if we all behave in a sane and rational way. Yes. We all know how that's going to turn out, don't we?

"...sf read seriously (that is, in large quantity)..." Come over that one again? You know any critics who read sf in any larger quantities than I do? You know any critics who are less serious about it?

Publicity damnwell does sell more sf books. The question is whether or not publicity by the writer will sell any more. At a guess, I'd say that it would, but unless you can manage a lot of publicity, the amount of increase will be too little to be worth the time invested. But publicity...THE SWORD OF SHANNARA is currently #5 in sales among Ballantine Books (not just their stf books, but among all their books -- INTERVIEW WITH A VAMPIRE is the only other fantasy book that made the list.) You think it got up there on its merits? And "performer" is just a branch of publicity; it's no accident that people who are on tv talk shows sell more of their books than do people who aren't on tv talk shows. (Again, the performances of stf writers aren't generally in areas where it will make all that much difference in sales, but the precise benefits are hard to judge.) For the rest of it, I agree with Goodman. I don't even believe in the necessity of being an agent and contract lawyer. You can hire that done. (It will, of course, increase your income if you do it yourself, but considering the amount of study and work involved, it might be advantageous to put all that time and effort into something else -- like publicity...)

A tough act to follow.

REVIEW BY ROY TACKETT

I have always been a sucker for stories about people with the Power. What Power? If I were to continue the bit of doggerel which starts off with the title of this piece I would say "The Power of Hoo Doo." (And if you want to know the whole of it, it is printed at the beginning of Frank Robinson's book, THE POWER, although it isn't original with Robinson.)

The power of hoo doo? Well, maybe... Call it whatever you want to: ESP, psionics, psychic ability, hoo doo; the power to control outside events by the use of the mind.

The list of stories dealing with the subject is a long one and includes Wells' THE MAN WHO WOULD WORK MIRACLES (admirably portrayed on the screen by the late Roland Young who is, perhaps, better known for TOPPER), the above mentioned tale by Frank Robinson, King's CARRIE, an almost endless roster of science fiction and fantasy and one of the newest, THE KILLING GIFT by Bari Wood (Putnam's 1975, \$8.95 and now available in paperback).

"A woman with a deadly power...and the man obsessed with her. What remarkable power does Jennifer List Gilbert possess?" The title tells you, of course. Jennifer List Gilbert can kill with her mind. A strongly developed sense of psychokinesis one might say.

So what makes THE KILLING GIFT different from dozens of other stories on the same theme? Characterization, writing, plot. Ms. Wood tries to make the reader see how it all came about. Jennifer received a massive dose of X-rays while still in her mother's womb. That was in 1928 and came about as a result of an automobile wreck. Jennifer was a fertilized ovum only a few hours old at the time. The reader follows her through early childhood, her mother's horror at Jennifer's early use of PK to keep a knocked over vase from breaking and the resulting burial of the power deep within the child's mind. She uses it, unknowingly, to kill, most horribly, a boy who torments her when she is seven. She uses it again, unknowingly, to kill the man involved in her first sexual encounter when he becomes frightened and calls her a monster. And she uses it, knowingly, to kill, horribly, a sadistic burglar who threatens her and her husband.

And that is where David Stavitsky comes in. He's chief of homicide and he has a little list of unconvictable criminals whose careers he follows closely. Amos Roberts, the sadistic burglar, was on that list. The coroner tells Stavitsky that the method of Roberts' death was "impossible" and that, along with some chance remarks, leads the detective to Jennifer and the knowledge of the Power. And for the results of that encounter...you'll have to read the book to find out.

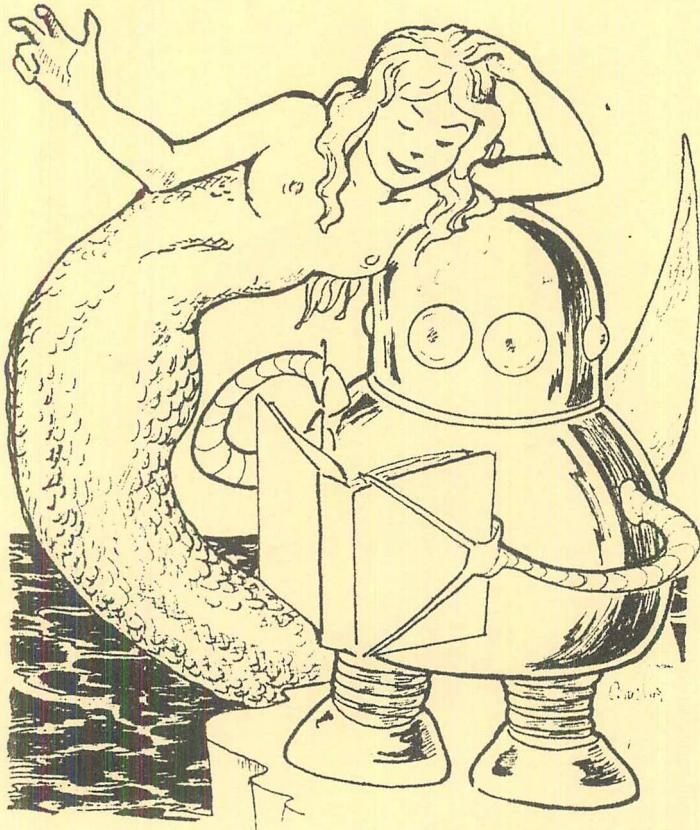
THE KILLING GIFT is better than average science fiction. Science fiction, yes, not fantasy, at least not in my mind because I happen to believe in The Power. A "wild talent" perhaps, but one that explains a host of psychic and supernatural events. From the Rhine experiments to Biofeedback more and more evidence is piling up that the human mind can influence outside events, that training can develop latent ESP. And perhaps there are individuals who have extrasensory ability highly developed naturally.



The ability to control people and events can explain a lot of the great leaders in history.

As I said at the beginning of this, I'm a sucker for these stories. I suppose they are the stuff of dreams, of delusions. Consider Tanner, the hero of Robinson's *THE POWER*, who said at the end of the novel, "It was going to be fun to play God."

Uh-huh. And what would you do if you had the Power?



NEW VOICES IN SCIENCE FICTION

Edited by George R.R. Martin
Macmillan 1977 \$8.95

These are six stories by the first six John W. Campbell Award nominees. They range from good to fair.

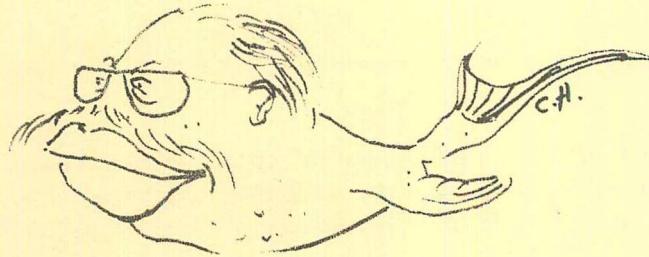
"The Family Monkey" by Lisa Tuttle, tells of the life of an alien stranded in a small southern town for nearly a hundred years, suffering from brain damage and other physical effects of the crash. The alien finally turns to a human girl for companionship, making her something other than human, something that doesn't fit in with either the alien's civilization when he is finally rescued, nor with the human civilization when she is left behind. While the premise of the story is interesting (and reminds me of "Dear Devil," although it isn't anywhere near as good) the execution is flawed. Tuttle never

really gives any feeling to her characters, and thus I found I could not respond on anything but a rather intellectual level. I couldn't really care about them, or what happened to them. Thus I must term the story a failure.

"Kingmakers" by Robert Thurston is a strange story of two friends moving in time in different directions. A historian from the future comes to study a political boss at various ages -- the older the boss gets, the younger his visitor gets, as the time travel system is perfected allowing him to travel back farther in time as he ages naturally. Thus on the first visit the historian is an old man visiting a teenager, and on the last visit the historian is a young man visiting an old political boss. The story develops their relationship. On an intellectual level I appreciate the careful thought which went into the story's construction, but again, emotionally the story leaves me cold. It is an interesting, thought-provoking story, well above average.

"The Stone City" by George R. R. Martin is my favorite story in the collection. It tells of a man cast adrift among aliens on a planet far from the normal star lanes of man. He is chased by his own desperation into the 'stone city' from which no one

STAN
BURNS



returns, only to find a kind of fascination that in the end proves to be a trap. Martin is one of my favorite writers, and this is one of his best stories. Martin's best writing hits you on an emotional level, as this story does.

Ruth Berman's "To Ceremark" tells of two brothers who belong to something like The Society For Creative Anachronism who find themselves transported to a world of their own imagining. While the concept of Coventry is interesting, I found that the story itself was rather confusing, and had to read it twice before I was sure of everything that was going on. It needs to be clarified. "Mom's Differentials" is another strange Effinger story, but I question whether it is a science fiction story. After a man's wife leaves him, he starts playing with some of the highway interchanges he has designed and discovers that they spell out a message from his dead mother. In reality it is more the story of a man's breakdown because of modern, uncaring society. How much is reality, how much is his distorted imagination? Whatever, it is a typical but good Effinger story.

"Silent Leges" by Jerry Pournelle is almost the best story in this collection. It tells of a dreamer who runs afoul of the system and is shipped to a colony world after being sentenced. He believes in such things as "fairness" so he is shafted at every opportunity by everyone in sight. Basically it is the story of a boy who sees things as they should be growing into a man who sees things as they are, and is able to take advantage of his observations. I question, however, whether the drastic change in his allegiances at the end of the story is justified by what happened to him. The character development is strongly presented, and the plot and background are smoothly worked out. *OVERALL RATING: Above average.*

NAKED TO THE STARS by Gordon R. Dickson.
DAW UW 1278 1961/77 \$1.50

I believe that Dickson wrote this novel originally as a reaction to the military society that was created in Heinlein's STARSHIP TROOPERS. Cal Truant is a soldier fighting to protect Earth in the distant future, when he suffers a blackout of sixteen hours during action. Refusing to go into psycho conditioning to unravel the missing time, he is not allowed to re-enlist and instead joins the Contacts service. Contacts go into the field as unarmed observers who help make peace with the aliens after the war is over. What Cal discovers about the army, and how he makes his final stand for his beliefs against the combined forces of not only the army but the aliens he is trying to help, makes interesting reading.

Dickson peers past the glory into the motives and dirt of the culture he has created. He lifts this novel out of the ranks of action-adventure (though there is plenty of it) into the realm of the philosophical by delving into the military personality, and what we do and what we should fight for. If Dickson has evolved into a better writer since 1961, rarely has he tackled such an involving theme.



DRINKING SAPPHIRE WINE by Tanith Lee
DAW UY1277 1977 \$1.25

Sequel to DON'T BITE THE SUN. Lee once again presents us with a heroine who is incapable of acting for herself, but is more like a chesspiece moved about by the author's whim. The heroine even gets pregnant by accident! All life on Earth has ceased except for several domed cities, run by machines. The inhabitants lead a life of pleasure-seeking, and can change bodies and sex at will. But the heroine brings back the concept of dueling, and is banished from the cities for her present lifetime. The style is above-average, and the characterization is adequate, but I wish Lee would make her characters more self-motivated. *RATING: Above average.*

THE WAR MACHINES OF KALINTH by Gene Lancour
Doubleday 1977 \$5.95

Second Dirshan novel of sword and sorcery. His employers, the Empire, send him to study the activities of the Kalinthian horde, a group of Mogol-like steppe dwellers who live on their herds of horses. He discovers that the Empire's enemies, the League, are supplying the mogols with siege engines in order to promote a twin attack on the Empire. Dirshan must prevent this war, and destroy the machines. The novel is rather primitive -- for the League and Empire you could easily substitute the US and USSR -- but it moves well. Nothing new, but well enough written to kill a couple of hours. *R: Average*

KEEPERS OF THE GATE by Steven G. Spruill
Doubleday 1977 \$5.95

"There was a blinding flash; pain seared through Hiller and broke into a thousand madly spinning pinwheels which careened outward into total blackness."

As can be seen, the style is atrocious. Despite this, the novel is readable. Barely. If you don't mind wincing every second page. The novel also has the distinction of being a SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN episode set in the future -- the hero has bionic everything... *RATING: Below average.*

NEBULA AWARD STORIES ELEVEN edited by Ursula K. Le Guin
Harper 1977 \$8.95

Okay, kiddies, here's where Unka Staniel makes a lotta enemies. I totally disagree with the choices for last year's Nebulas. I fail to see the logic which made THE FOREVER WAR eligible for either a Nebula or a Hugo. It had almost totally been published previously -- by the same logic a Cordwainer Smith novel, which was ruled ineligible, should have been on the final ballot. This may be a value judgement on my part, but I think the Smith novel was far better than THE FOREVER WAR. ("End Game," part of FOREVER WAR, is in this collection. It was published in 1974.) Those who read my FOREVER WAR review may remember that I stated it deserved a nomination. True. I still feel this way. I just didn't feel it deserved the award.)

Fritz Leiber's "Catch That Zeppelin!" at least is a science fiction story, more than can be said for the Reamy story -- more on that later. I don't think it was as good as "I'll Met In Lankhmar," his previous Nebula winner. The plot, and especially the ending, were a little too contrived for my taste. I thought P.J. Plauger's "A Child of All Ages" was a better story (also in this collection). The narrator in Leiber's story has an obvious identity -- to me, the major weak point in the story. "Child," however, presents a new and rather unique look at the tragedy of immortality. Its ending, too, is predictable, but since it does not depend upon the shock value of its denouement as Leiber's story does, it was not that much of a letdown.

Roger Zelazny's "Home Is The Hangman" is a good adventure story -- but when is that

enough to qualify a story for a Nebula? I don't think that this story of a robot's revenge contains the human values, or for that matter the writing skills, of his earlier pieces such as "The Doors of His Face, The Lamps of His Mouth," "The Keys to December," or a "A Rose For Ecclesiastes."* I guess it's rather idealistic of me to believe that in order to win an award, a story or a novel must achieve some set standard of excellence rather than simply being the "best of the year in a poor year" -- or the product of a popular personality. (I sometimes wonder if this was how Asimov's THE GODS THEMSELVES won. I have never felt it was the 'best' novel published that year)

In order for the Nebulas or Hugos ever to be anything more than a sales gimmick to boost writers' and publishers' profits, objective criteria need to be established. Soon they will become nothing but a publicity contest like the Oscars, coveted for the extra income an award generates, rather than a real award for writing excellence. And that little diatribe brings us to the last Nebula winner in this collection, Tom Reamy's "San Diego Lightfoot Sue."

Reamy's is a very good story. But. And that is the big but -- I question whether this story should ever have been nominated. It is not science fiction. It is, at most, borderline fantasy, and only because of this single sentence: "I looked over and there was a bright green light in the house, like it was burning on the inside, but not like fire either." Otherwise, granting some vague hints of witchcraft, this story is not sf or fantasy at all; it will stand very well without these elements. Therefore what is it doing winning a Nebula for science fiction? Those who have read Damon



Knight's recent collection of essays on science fiction will remember his formula for determining what he considers science fiction. It has a list of about seven or eight story elements (time travel, gadgets, etc.) and theorizes that when three or four of the elements are present in a story it can rightly be labeled science fiction. Using that system Reamy's story would contain only one element -- just like Sinclair Lewis' ARROWSMITH. Reamy's story is very good -- especially considering that it is his second written story, and SECOND Nebula winner. I simply doubt its awards eligibility.

Finally are two more stories in the collection. "Shatterday" by Harlan Ellison is a story about a man who creates another of himself in order to clear up past mistakes.

* Ed: I cannot let that go without saying "Hangman," if anything, is better than two of the three stories named. Zelazny's philosophical introspection beats hollow (cont)

It is a good story, but not at the same level as some of his better recent works in DEATHBIRD STORIES. "Time Deer" by Craig Strete is more in the line of Indian mysticism than science fiction -- the story of an aging Indian who is transformed into the 'Great Spirit' and goes bounding off over the plains. I fail to see why this story of mythology/psychological breakdown/wish fulfillment was published as science fiction rather than fantasy, and how it could be collected in this book given that it was published in 1974. Do the Nebula eligibility periods run from December to December? There are also two minor essays on sf by Peter Nicholls and Vonda McIntyre. All in all, a collection of good stories, but I question several choices. RATING: Good.

(I would appreciate hearing, pro or con, any comments on the opinions expressed in this review.

THE PANCHRONION PLOT by Ron Goulart. DAW UY1283 1977 \$1.25
CRACKPOT by Ron Goulart. Doubleday 1977 \$5.95

Two average Goulart novels, PLOT being the better. Surely you all know what I think of Goulart novels by now? But excuse the digression. In PLOT the gay president is sending enemies back in time, with their minds conditioned to accept their place. A few scenes are effective -- where the hero is trying to retrieve the reluctant time travelers. Goulart also does a very bad German accent. Somehow when Laumer puts the verb at the end it works. Goulart just makes it sound stupid.

CRACKPOT tells of an invasion of Mexico by what is left of California 'after things fell apart'. Standard plot. In both, Goulart is reaching to find humor. Now he had has to dress his Venusian lizard men in drag trying to get a laugh. I think he would be better advised to either create a new background for his stories, or try a serious novel. Below average. RATING: Desperation time.

THE EYES OF THE OVERWORLD by Jack Vance
Pocket Books 80904 1966(77) \$1.50

Long awaited reprint of the sequel to THE DYING EARTH. Stylistically this is probably his finest novel (though my personal favorites are the 'Star King' novels -- also sadly still out of print...GET THE HINT, POCKET BOOKS?) Cugel the Clever is one of his best characters, the thief whose efforts always seem to backfire, yet who manages to survive. The writing can only be described as superb. Excellent. Incredible. Astounding. A classic in the field. If you don't steal any other book this year, steal this one. Also snatch THE DYING EARTH, which Pocket Books has also just reprinted. This certainly makes up for the Malzberg novels Pocket Books has been pubbing for the past two years. RATING: Excellent. Highly recommended.

UNIVERSE 7 edited by Terry Carr
Doubleday 1977 \$5.95

Somehow, UNIVERSE seems to lack the luster and vitality that characterized the first few collections in this series. The better stories seem once more to be appearing in the magazines. The latest issue of UNIVERSE does little to dispel this belief. Stories: "A Rite of Spring" by Fritz Leiber is a semihumorous tale of a mathematician who finds that a strange woman has come to answer his dreams. It isn't up to his best. "My Lady of the Psychiatric Sorrows" by Brian Aldiss tells of a woman who would rather live in the ruins than go out and create new life outside the dead cities. Minor Aldiss.

"Probability Storm" is an attempt to write a shaggy dog bar story, similar to those Spider Robinson has been doing in ANALOG. While it is at times amusing, I found it way too long; I got stuck several times before finishing it. "People Reviews" by Robert Chilson, on the other hand, succeeds in being quite humorous. In it a reviewer looks at

(cont'd) the earlier work that seemed too derivative of Hemingway to me.

some of the recent life-recordings (where you can look inside a person's head), with humorous and enlightening results. "Ibid" by George Alec Effinger tells of a woman professor who finds messages written to her in the newspapers, journals, and even on TV. In its own ironic way it is amusing. "The Marvelous Brass Chessplaying Machine" by Gene Wolfe is a simple, moving tragedy that takes place in the future after a catastrophe. Wolfe has long been one of my favorite writers, and he handles this story beautifully. "The Ninth Symphony of Ludwig Von Beethoven And Other Lost Songs" by Carl Scholz is a flawed but interesting story. A method of time travel is used by scholars to study famous men of the past -- sending the mind back to co-inhabit, so to speak, the bodies of the great. According to theory, those in the past are unaware of these 'minds,' but one researcher discovers that all the minds in Beethoven's head have caused him to have a nervous breakdown. He never completes his ninth symphony. There is also an R. A. Lafferty story, "Brain Fever Season." Some interesting stories, if none of them are outstanding. *RATING: Above average.*

CRITICAL THRESHOLD by Brian Stableford
DAW UY1282 1977 \$1.25

After an interesting start, Stableford's Grainger series went sour in the later novels. Now Stableford has started a new series, of which this is the second novel -- DAW didn't send us the first. THRESHOLD shows not only promise of an interesting series, but it is a distinct improvement over the last few Grainger novels. The Starship Daedalus has been sent out 150 years after Earth's first colonization period to recontact the "lost" colonies: lost not through war or disease but from neglect when Earth's citizens lost interest in the expensive program. Daedalus has come to the forest world of Dendra to find the remnants of the human colony, listless dumb animals who sit in the decaying clearing made by their ancestors, slowly dying out while the forest reclaims its land. The Dedalus' mission is to find out what happened, and recivilize the survivors. This is an interesting, well-plotted novel with excellent backgrounding, above average style and very fine characterization. While the tone is distinctly pessimistic, the writing is quite good. I'll have to get the first one and compare them. *RATING: Good. Recommended.*

STAR WARS (FROM THE ADVENTURES OF LUKE SKYWALKER) by George Lucas (so they say)
Ballantine 26061 1976 \$1.50

The novelization of the as yet unreleased movie reads like an early Fifties space opera, replete with light swords. Similar to Star Trek or Space 1999 in sophistication, it seems loosely based on THE THREE MUSKETEERS. It's unpretentious, fun to read. Rating: Average.

REALMS OF WIZARDRY: AN ANTHOLOGY OF ADULT FANTASY edited by Lin Carter
Doubleday 1976 \$7.95

This fantasy reprint volume is the companion to KINGDOMS OF SORCERY. Like the previous volume it is a good introduction to the fantasy field for a newcomer, and these two books belong on every library shelf, or in every serious fantasy fan's collection. Still one must beware Lin Carter's scholarship. I found two mistakes in the previous volume, and didn't bother looking in this one.

Contents: Dunsany's "The Hoard of the Gibbelins"; a Lovecraft Dunsany-derivative "The Doom That Came To Sarnath"; Robert Bloch's early pastiche "Black Lotus", Gary Myer's Lovecraft pastiche "The Gods of Earth"; an early Cabell piece that was later rewritten into a chapter of JURGEN, "Some Ladies and Jurgen"; an extract from a book of now almost-forgotten Thirties fantasist Donald Corley, "The Book of Lullume"; an extract from SHE, Haggard's "The Descent Beneath Kor"; a Merritt extract, "The Whelming of Cherkis"; a Hannes Bok extract from SORCERER's SHIP (BEYOND THE GOLDEN STAIR), "How

Orcher Broke The Koph"; a Howard story from King Kull, "Swords of the Purple Kingdom"; a Howard imitation story by a writer from the Thirties Clifford Ball, "The Goddess Awakes"; a story with both Jirel of Joiry and Northwest Smith, which seems to have been forgotten till now, Moore and Kuttner's "Quest of the Starstone"; a story from THE DYING EARTH, Vance's Liane the Wayfarer -- featuring Chun the Unavoidable; Moorcock's "Master of Chaos" from the 1964 FANTASTIC; and a rare Zelazny fantasy, "Thelinde's Song." I think one of Brunner's Chaos fantasy stories should also have been included. Also I question the use of so many extracts rather than complete stories. I assume Carter included them to whet the readers' appetites enough to go and read the originals. Still I think there should have been fewer extracts. However a very good collection. Recommended.

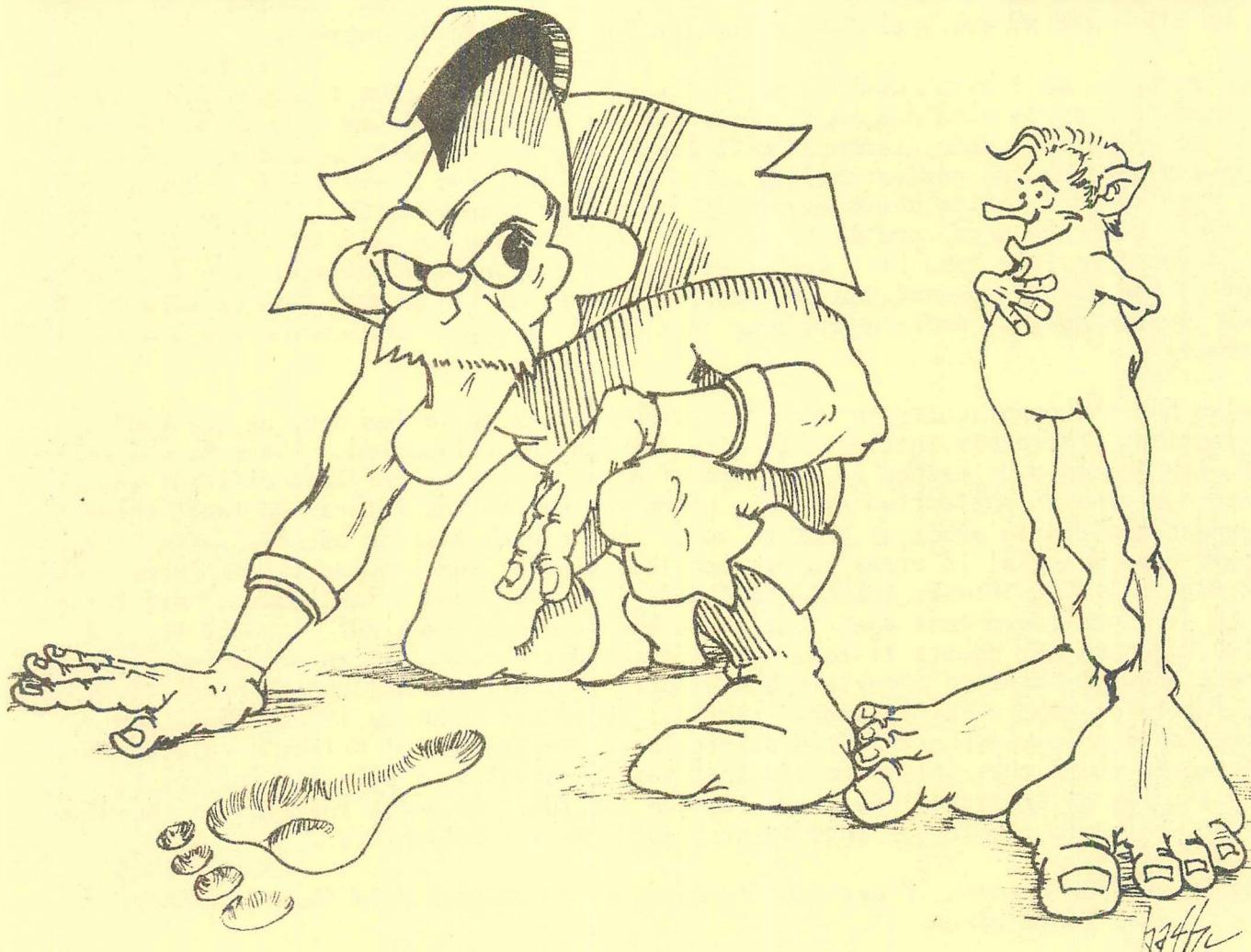
THE YEAR'S BEST FANTASY STORIES 2 edited by Lin Carter
DAW UY1248 1976 \$1.25

As far as I can tell, Carter got all of his facts straight this time around. He also has assembled a good collection, well worth the cover price. It starts off with Tanith Lee's "The Demoness," a mild but interesting horror story about a woman/vampire whose caresses suck away men's souls. Lee handles the story very well, and even endows her female character with means of self-actuation (although the Demoness is herself a creature without will). Thomas Burnett Swann's story, "The Night of the Unicorn," is a strange departure from his well-written but unimaginative mythological fantasies. It tells of a Mexican village waiting for the appearance of a unicorn, and an ex-whore who realizes it will never approach her but hopes to catch a glimpse of it. The flavor of the story reminds me greatly of Tiptree -- an excellent job of evoking some faraway place while retaining traditional story values.

Pat McIntosh's "Cry Wolf" marks the debut of an excellent woman sword and sorcery writer and her protagonist, Thula, warrior of the Order of the Moon. I'm looking forward to more stories by this author; while they exhibit some problems typical of first works, they also show a growing ability at story-telling.

Fritz Leiber has a minor Fafhrd/Grey Mouser tale: "Under the Thumbs of the Gods." Paul Spencer's "The Guardian of the Vault" is a minor first story about ancient Atlantis, but shows promise for his future development. L. Sprague de Camp's "The Lamp From Atlantis" shows more polish, but is also one of his minor stories. De Camp's stories are never bad, but this is far from his best. "Xiurhn" by Gary Myers is a Lovecraftian pastiche. Lin Carter is represented by two stories, "The City In The Jewel" and a Clark Ashton Smith pastiche "The Scroll of Morloc." I don't like Carter's work, and neither of these stories changed my mind.

"In Yigroth" by Walter C. DeBill Jr. again imitates Lovecraft. I should make it clear that I don't like Lovecraft, so I don't bother to judge the worth of any of these stories. "Payment In Kind" by C. A. Cador is an exceptional story of a travelling curse -- and reminds me with its irony of early Leiber. The best story in this collection, however, has got to be Avram Davidson's humorous "Milor Sir Smiht, the English Wizard." The story takes place in the Balkans in some period similar to the last century, with its evolved manners and careful speech patterns. It is quite wryly humorous, perhaps one of the best fantasy worlds since Pratt's THE BLUE STAR or De Camp's THE GOBLIN TOWER. All in all, an above average collection well worth the cover price. Recommended.



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Ted White isn't a SFWA member? ((Doubt it; he once was, and didn't prove beloved even then.)) I guess the solution is to have the magazines band together as SFMA -- SF Magazines of America -- and not accept SFWA membership as proof of professional status. Then you (someone) could form SFPA -- SF Professionals of America -- with memberships available to artists and those unrecognized by SFMA. One point I would like to make -- the last SFWA boycott did have some effective moments; until some SFWA members ran out of non-ULTIMATE markets. If COSMOS, ASIMOV'S and the other new kids in town don't make a go of it I think SFWA will have to rethink their policy, if only so some of the good ole boys can continue as members in good standing.

Joe Sanders presents some interesting problems. I had the opportunity of hearing Damon Knight speak to the Maryland Library Association a few years ago at their annual convention. He presented a very strong case for science fiction as entertainment and not as prophecy. This turned out to be controversial -- some of the librarians can only justify the buying of sf materials on the grounds that they are somehow indicative of

I'd heard about the SFWA letter, but not being a fan editor I'd never seen a copy. Strange. Strange indeed. Well, at least they made the statement clear -- they don't like Amazing or Fantastic. Is it because

the future, i.e. have redeeming social value. I think Knight's approach to SF as outlined at the MLA convention: SF is to be read to be enjoyed, savored, etc., and not to be dissected by every professor looking for an esoteric subject.

((Doesn't it seem too ironic -- as I switch over to my Continental accent -- that literary scholars get treated by artists with contempt, while the vainer a politician or general becomes, the more he prays that some historian will comment on his career? Possessing a BA in history I'm all for the respectability of my discipline, yet I can't help suspecting it has less to do with the perspicacity of historians than with the fact that history mostly deals with the dead, and as Freud said, the dead are perfect. At least they can't haunt scholars like Edna St. Vincent Millay who supported a student's exam interpretation of her poetry against the professor's "accepted" viewpoint. Interpreters of science fiction operate under a handicap that almost everyone who ever wrote any is still alive.))

I also had the opportunity to work with Damon Knight for a few days at the UMBC SF Collection. There his interest was with the fanzine collection. There he was confronted with Academia Unleashed in the form of a University of Maryland official who presides over the sf collection as if it holds the key to the future. In fact, there is a movement constantly afoot at UMBC to merge the science fiction material with "futurology" type material in order to produce some kind of super guide to the future. Now I ask you, will LES SPINNE, FUTURIA FANTASIA, SFR, LOCUS and a few thousand other fanzines ever provide a real contribution to the future of mankind? I doubt it, and I think Damon Knight doubts it too. SF is a thought-provoking literature (well, sometimes, anyway) meant to entertain and divert. For all the ballyhooed predictions of the future or memorable "literary" stories, there are hundreds if not thousands of forgettable throwaways and failed predictions. The thrust of Knight's talk to the MLA seemed to be that SF is fun and that serious studies of possible futures (or serious studies of SF itself) by academics are not fun. Knight's reaction to the academic who wanted to combine SF into futurology? "He's a bullshitter."

((Well, that's what we get for putting up with the Insurgents, or whoever said that "All knowledge is contained in fanzines."))

Onward and onward. "If publicity sold SF books,..." Dan Goodman says. Well, it does. Isaac Asimov manages to keep his name in print constantly through publicity of one kind or another, and he apparently sells everything he writes, at least in time, and often two or three more times. In part this is because Isaac Asimov's name is very well known. ((Not to be obvious, but couldn't that publicity result from his talent, rather than being the sole cause of his economic success?))

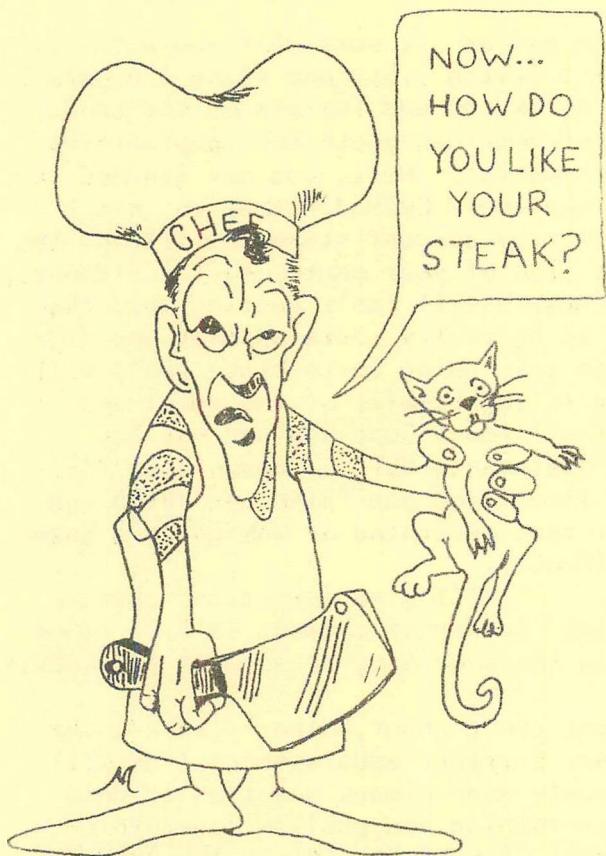
Oh, I see. Goodman makes it all clear. "Assignments to do articles on science, or the future, or even sf, are again another job." Pardon, I guess I jumped to hasty conclusions. But I thought writers wrote for income. How writing anything for money becomes "another job" to a writer is somewhat beyond me.

"The job of the sf writer is to write sf." Well, that certainly solves all the problems. Only sf writers can write sf and sf writers can only write sf.

Let me put the problems and solutions discussed here in my own language. Goodman doesn't like to work with people. He assumes that any job which deals with people rather than writing is somehow detrimental to the craft of writing. He also makes the (apparent) assumption that all science fiction writers can make a full-time living at SF -- and I say it isn't so. Science Fiction pays relatively poorly. This is a market with top rates of 6¢ per word for the magazines and where a few thousand dollar advance for a novel is more likely than ten thousand in front. Until the recent splurge of markets -- some of which are already dying -- there weren't enough SF markets to keep

the bulk of the well-known writers busy within the field constantly. And of course, some of them have other interests.

Now it just may be that lecturing at between fifty and one hundred dollars a day may be just the thing a starving and not-yet-major writer needs to pay the rent. Likewise, in the time between mailing off a short story or novel and the time the check comes in a writer and family may still think it desirable to eat. Teaching a class for a college "mini-semester" may net between \$200 and \$500 and still leave three days a week free for writing.



reasonable. Publicity may be valuable -- and if five people buy new books or magazines just to have your autograph in them then you've helped your cause. If you can't work with people, don't. And if you intend to freelance fulltime, don't lock yourself into a single category or you may starve.

T.L. Bohman's review of THE STARDUST VOYAGES bothered me slightly -- I think it was singling out the non-interference principle as a Star Trekism... What can I say except that, like Asimov's Laws of Robotics the noninterference idea is so basic to current sf philosophy that to use it as an example of "copying" is slightly absurd. One might just as well laugh at each use of hyperdrive, overdrive, spacewarps, time machines, tachyon drives, FTL Drives, etc. The Noninterference Rule is a reasonable idea, one of the shorthand devices that sf writers use regularly. Don't pick on Tall for it if you're not going to nitpick everyone else. ((In Dan's defense I assure you that he will nitpick everyone else. But I'd be curious to hear if anybody knows the earliest use in sf stories of the "noninterference rule." I know it was incorporated into a RAND report before STAR TREK ever aired. In sf's early days space imperialism was the rule, so I suspect noninterference came a bit later. Historically, noninterference and self-determination were part of Wilson's Fourteen Points, for what that's worth!...))

Of all the reviews in the magazine I think I liked Roesberg's review of the latest Mil-

gram book. I found myself agreeing continually. I took a handwriting course recently and the Flunt Press book was used as a basic sourcebook and text. Now Flunt has provided us with a means of analysis that cannot be overlooked -- all those tendencies your reviewer thought were shown in the book were verified by our handwriting analysis group after the course was finished. Milgram is a wicked little man through slant eyes and from behind a big nose. His perversities are many.

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in fact) try but I'm willing to bet (even coin of the realm ByGhad!) that you don't succeed. Reason, I hear you mutter, questioningly for my adamant statement (?): on the Table of Contempts of STFR 6 you state (out of the side of your mouth, sorta, sideways, sorta, off to the wings, sorta slashed out, er, sorta) "still isn't getting more than a dozen locs an issue." Well, look. I don't want to be really sorta adamant and dogmatic about this...I tend to kid myself that I'm an easy going sorta bloke who's willing to listen to the other geezer and give him/her/it the benefit of the doubt and see his point of view and, generally, be a sort of all round Good Egg and not lay down the law or disagree viciously with someone's statements BUT...."dozen LoCs"?!!! I'm sorry about this but...well..it's like this...I've tried and TRIED and TRIED and there's no way I can reduce the number of locs printed, excerpted or WAHFed to a dozen. I make it about 31...not counting the phone call (PHoC?).

((You're forgetting that we haven't adopted the metric system yet. The 'English' letter of comment is 1.75 times as big as the metric letter of comment. I think it has something to do with the smaller letter-sized paper they use overseas...))

You just can't count, Mike. ((That's the alternate explanation.)) Therefore, to save you any furrther embarassment I am willing, at great personal sacrifice and with tremendously magnanimous devotion to help you out. This is what you do: Send me a copy of everything you publish (everything, mind you) and DO NOT MENTION IN EACH ISSUE THE NUMBER OF LOCS YOU GOT ON THE PREVIOUS ISSUE. I, completely unselfishly (No that's all right, no need to thank me with those tears welling up in your eyes just yet) will count up the number of LoCs published, excerpted, etc. and will drop you a line to tell you how many there were. In the FOLLOWING issue, therefore, you can (with gay abandon, and in perfect safety) state categorically how many LoCs you got in response to the issue before the last one. Ain't I wunnerful to do this?

You may now weep tears of gratitude.

I liked Pearson's cover on No. 7. Oh yeah, and Bennett's illos for his column, in both issues, are very funny. Writes well and draws well...s'just not fair.

Regarding your comment about the F*R*E*E samples of toilet paper you've been getting with Canadian/British fanzines: I wouldn't question the practice too much if I were you -- you never know, they might start enclosing second-hand samples.

To: Roy Tackett:- the last time I attended Miss Dimwiddy's Thursday Literary Tea someone had spliced the tea with 4-star Brandy and, when the police turned up, Miss Dimwiddy was doing something unspeakable with her wooden leg to two minors who'd come, on the express instructions of their respective Mothers, thinking the session was going to be a discussion on the "Escharatological Aspects of Enid Blyton." Her case, and her leg, comes up next week.

I wish Dave Locke had told us whether his 'asking,' at the same time as eating a chicken salad sandwich or not, had resulted in him ever being able to 'put his finger on it.' Just call me vicarious. Or something. Oh yeah, and when he leans towards belief in reincarnation does he do it to his left...or to the right? Could have a very serious bearing on the result, y'know.

I have a couple of controversial topics for Dave to add to his list for dissection:

- (1) Why I wouldn't want to spend 3 weeks on a desert island with Diana Rigg.
- (2) My years with the Sons of Temperance.
- (3) Comparing the merits of Eando Binder and Saul Bellow and coming down on the side of Bellow.
- (4) How I spent three weeks on a desert island with Saul Bellow and Diana Rigg and watched Eando Binder paddle past on a boat flying a large flag emblazoned 'Sons of Temperance Of the World Unite, you have nothing.'

And I enjoyed 7.5...brilliant editing, there, Mike, cutting Laurine's letter off at the bottom of page 13. The fact that I'll never know what/when/how/why/where "he only publishes an issue of" is a tiny bit annoying (I'll admit) but it certainly leaves me begging for more. ((Unless that back side of page 13 -- cleverly disguised as page 14 -- was blank in your copy, all you need to do is seek out the first two lines on that page and you shall discover the remainder of Laurine's letter. Tut tut.))

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Please forgive me if I appear to be slightly paranoid, but in glancing through your December/January issue of SCIENTIFRICTION I noticed that on page 14 my name is underlined. By chance is this some sort of code

to insiders that Franz Zrilich is to be dealt with by the men in the black trenchcoats and dark glasses in an unpleasant manner? If so, please instruct your readers that I have moved to the Falkland Islands.

Question #1: Is there an intended scatalogical intent behind such titles as SFINCTOR and SCIENTIFRICTION?

Comment #1: Stop Knocking Bowling Green. Believe it or not (re: Ripley), Bowling Green is the hot spot of Northwestern Ohio. People come from as far away as Dunbridge and Dowling to spend their weekend evenings. I mean, at least BG has three movie theaters, not counting Main Aud.

Suggestion #1: While I have read very little of your peculiar material, I am stunned to see how you managed to leave out any mention at all of three of BG's sacred institutions: Pisanellos, Sam B's and Howards. ((STUNNED, were you? These shops may all be sacred to BG, but every college town has its pizza parlors, sub shops and bars. If I wrote about the ones I know, that would expose me to the risk of having to listen to all my letterhacks tell me about their favorite pizzas, subs and watering holes. I know a losing proposition when I see it.))

Question #2: Besides three copies of "Mosquito Boat Dance," have you ever had anything published in a prozine or the money market? ((Never.))

Comment #2: Is it my impression, or is ANALOG declining in quality -- or to be diplomatic, "changing directions." ((I lost interest in the zine and quit reading it. But I'd say that the best fiction in ANALOG is a bit better than in Campbell's last five years, but the rest of it is definitely worse because neither the plotting nor science is as strictly edited.))

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Dave Locke is a real pile of rectal fruit but I laugh hysterically every time I reach into STFR and pull out one of his articles. High marks to the "Sci Fi" bit. Retch. Unfortunately I mutter disagreement on a few of his ideas and implications. Sex without love, Dave, is never worth its weight in narwhale sperm. You can quote me to Ghod if you want.

Bennett's column is excellent. If his column was a wart, I'd gladly wear it 'pon my nose. Glicksohn is another matter; his/Wood's review of DOUBLE ECLIPSE is really far too belated (though she wrote in August or July or something) to bother with. All I have to say is this: I've learned a lot since May 1976 and I intend to keep learning. DE is a simple yardstick to measure my growth with. I've ended two sentences with prepositions and I'm not dead yet, so maybe Krishna hasn't called Arunja on me yet. If you said 'Holy Krishnas' would you say 'Hare Mary'? So much for catholicism.

((Then, from a second Kvern missive:)) Stop the press, I want to loc some sailor who wrote something stupid in your last STFR. The guy's name is Roy Tackett; he's on page 20. To quote him: "...critiques in fanzines always strike me as amusing particularly when it is painfully obvious that the critiquer's literary pretensions are from Miss Dimwiddie's Thursday Literary Tea. A couple of years ago there was that gal from Chicago...something Smith, I think...coming on heavy in the 'literary fanzines'...and it was quite obvious that she didn't know her ass from first base about either sf or the subjects she was attempting to discuss."

Okay, first of all that "gal from Chicago" is Sheryl Smith, by far one of the most intelligent and intellectual (in the highest and most respectful form of the word) person I know. The fact that Mr. Tackett doesn't even bother to recall the name of the person he is attacking shows, I think, that he doesn't know his ass from first base. Because Roy Tackett prefers ghetto-lingo to intelligence is no skin off my ass, since that seems to be a common phrase, and putting down people who like criticism is absolutely repugnant. By the way not all articles or critiques are necessarily 'literary' in the derogatory way Tackett implies. Maybe if the anti-critique people read a little Tolstoy or Dickens and (bleh!) Joyce they'd damn well appreciate what we have here in sf and stop all this goddamned complaining about who's write (sic) /sic, even/ and who's wrong. Tackett has his own opinions, true, but behaving like a child (in the worst way -- being childish is perfectly fine if we're all having fun) and casting his somewhat unfounded prejudices is nocuous to most. ((Hey: nocuous, with one c.)) I agree -- litcritiques can sometimes be a bore, but it's not the subject or the category that's to blame, it's the individual author.

Academicians always seem to go footnote-wild (Doug Barbour being one: I enjoy the bulk and weight of his analyses but they're sometimes hard to take in one sitting) and sometimes they don't have everything grammatically down (Jeff Clark, we love you), but criticism is definitely needed and will continue in a small, select (everyone has his own elite) group. Should readers of TRITON abolish publication of Perry Rhodan? No, not in the least. Everything should be available and permitted. We live in a relatively free society. Would Mr. Tackett feel it correct if puritans started banning pornography? Or alcohol? Or tobacco? Think about it. Maybe next time the Tackett's won't be so quick to judge; and if not, to breathe? ((A prayer for tolerance is always in order, but in this case a little less personal sensitivity might help keep things in perspective. Roy may not have his dendrites tickled by scholarly criticism of Planet Stories, but even his opinion that some of the art's practitioners are pompous or uninformed doesn't deprive anyone of an opportunity to keep right on writing such material. If his opinion offends you, at least it does not threaten your hobby. Let it slide.))

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In regards to your Fascist Authority: who gave LASFS the fascist authority to grant you any fascist authority? Who gave John Shirley the fascist authority to approve of or deny anyone's fascist authority? Who gave me the fascist authority to ask these questions in the first place? I dunno, but you're the one who asks for the locs. You masochist.

I agree with you. The SFWA un-boycott of AMAZING and FANTASTIC is dumb. Especially since neither of these magazines has published reprints in years, and Ultimate's all-reprint zines are dead. To press the issue of reprint payments when no reprinting has gone on for some time is to beat the body of a dead horse with one of its own amputated limbs. ((*This was not my point -- Ultimate does owe the money; I simply argued that the tactic of ostracizing Ultimate did nothing to get that money for the people owed.*)) As for the issue of unacknowledged publication, what magazines, excepting ANALOG and F&SF haven't had this problem? Yet I heard of no great furor or call to boycott GALAXY and VERTEX (when the latter was alive). This form of censure seems particularly ineffective. SFWA members aren't told not to submit to the Ultimate zines, and the mild threat to nonmembers is a joke. So what if you aren't eligible for SFWA membership? What do you miss? The right to vote for an award and to attend an annual party at the Worldcon? If I was told that I was throwing away all that by selling a story to a certain magazine, I'd send the story off. Maybe this un-boycott will go away if we don't pay any attention to the noise SFWA is making about it. I'm not going to waste any of my time worrying over it. ((*Several people have said as much to me, though none of us is in that position. We have no stories ready to send off. And if I did have one, I doubt I'd entrust it to the none-too-tender mercies of the Ultimate slush pile, whatever SFWA's opinion of it happened to be. Ultimate's editorial situation is fucked.*))

What's with all these little Vikings drawn by Joe Pearson? Sure they're well drawn and all that, but isn't five of them a bit much? Perhaps there was some reason to use so many of them; after all, you did throw in another illo by Harry Bell showing an identical hairy creature that was wearing an Australian bush hat instead of the viking helmet. While we're on the subject of artwork, Marty Larson's illos look too much like Randy Bathurst drawings for my taste. I just don't like Bathurst's style, although he has obvious talent, and for someone to consciously imitate it... Well, maybe it isn't as bad as trying to imitate Bruce Townley's style. I don't wish to say at all that the pieces by Marty Larson were bad, I just mean that as a matter of personal preference



I didn't like them. ((As is evident from the pages of STFR, I disagree. But I would like to get as much commentary on the artwork as I can, so perhaps even a confession of idiosyncratic taste contributes something to the cause.))

Wouldn't you know it! Dave Locke is the only person in all of America who will admit to having voted for Nixon in '72, and his vote wasn't counted! I am beginning to wonder whether Nixon really received any votes at all, and had the election secretly rigged. Seriously, this segment of "Beyond the Shift Key" was well written and worth reading. Dave puts forth an almost reasonable defense of the word "sci fi" when referring to SF and people who don't know a thing about what they're talking about when talking about SF. The inference is that, as a general rule, people who consistently use the word "sci fi" are complete ignoramuses about science fiction.

"The Zinephobic Eye" was something of a disappointment to me. I'm just not interested in sercon, so to me the only thing more boring than a sercon fanzine is a review of sercon fanzines written by somebody else who doesn't like them either. I realize of course that Mike has time restrictions like the rest of us do, and we already receive the best of the current crop of fanzines (or at least know who is publishing them). Couldn't Mike review some of the lesser known of the fifty-odd fanzines he receives each month?

Where does Harry Bose get the idea that writing locs is work? Only a fakefan would say something like that. If writing locs or any other form of fanac was hard work, who would do it in the first place? There'd be no point in it if it were nothing but work. In actuality, it's fun. Extremely demanding, wearying, difficult, nerve-wracking, but fun. People like Harry should have taken up stamp collecting, or something else that makes fewer demands on their precious time. ((Now stop that! I have enough trouble squeezing locs out of my readers -- if Harry wants to bust his buns to write a loc, more power to him. Shh -- here he comes now...))

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Don't expect me to believe that that loc of mine (would've been my second published ever) in STFR 7 was really mine. Surely not. The evidence against is irrefutable. Would I, I ask you, I have noodled a

whadayasay like "The preceding's only an opinion of people's opinion, inherent suspect." Never! Or this wide-assed pomposity, "generously considered." Even more to the point, it's now months later and I've yet to browse at THE ILLUSTRATED STORE. It's a burden of misfortune I must bear. Some imposter, a mail person and hack, intercepts my consummate correspondence at the post office and substitutes libelous illiteracies. I can even predict the imbecile changed mail delivery person in the latter sentence to an overused pun, it'd be characteristic. ((What kind of sic person would do that? All I can say to comfort you is a line Geis used to cite in SFR -- I edit as much as I feel necessary, and sometimes deliberately retain typos or grammatical errors. What keeps me from using that line with the same smug tone Geis employed is the number of undiscovered errors I add to the zine when I type the stencils. Yes, it's true, the only thing between me and egomania is bad typing.))

By trying hard to be controversial Dave Locke wound up writing a terribly conservative column. There's nothing to disagree with. Invariably he hit the nail right on the head. Yawn. ((My gawd: and that was when Locke was being a "horse's ass on request.")) Ask him to work on 3, 6 and 7. Or try:

- (1) Insisting that editors accept a proportionate number of ms. from minority groups. WASPS for starters.

- (2) Forseeing the popularity of a zine coedited by Linda Bushyager and Richard Geis.
- (3) Explaining the merits of a return to Gernsbackian stf as exemplified in Ralph 124C41+.
- (4) Wondering why Mike Glyer prints his fiction in a genzine.
- (5) Castigating Stan Burns for his serious humor columns.
- (6) Repulsing attacks on the propriety of fan Hugos and the loose interpretation of fanzine that won't permit STFR to win a Hugo.
- (7) Urging all to attend Phoenix in '78.

Atmosphere and mood are very nice in themselves. It's enjoyable to read a piece like Joe Sanders' STF IN ACADEME and nod and murmur: "That's right. We are all of our experiences rolled into one. Yep, everything considered, wonder is integral to the human mind, even to the scholarly. And gnomes do deserve pilgrims too." Or reminisce after reading your excellent McDonald's tale: "That reminds me of the Fun Festival at Clover Ridge Grade School so much I can taste the cake walk's cake I never won, feel the lady tug on my pole before hooking on a fish that wasn't, or laugh at my futures that weren't, those revealed to me by the gypsy who was only pretending." But there's nothing there to spring board off into some commentary of my own, which is what I noticed the more experienced loc-ers do. ((In this fanzine? Where? Don't I wish...)) ((Just kidding folks. You animals...))

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Ah yes, there it is. SCIENTIFRITION 7, that is. With the confusing page numbering system. Ordinarily I wouldn't mention anything like that, of course, but the different typefaces got me to looking.

That's when I discovered that some of Stan Burns' reviews appear right in the middle of George Martin's letter. Oh, that is sloppy editing, Glyer. You may well be drummed out of the SFWAE for that. You are in SFWAE, aren't you? ((Never got around to it: besides, they wanted money. I just sign the certificates as the committee on amateurism, and leave the heavy thinking to Bruce. However I was embarrassed to find a blank side right in the middle of Martin's letter. I ran the zine off at various times, and miscalculated which pages should be back-to-back. I figured -- or figured, but figured is so appropriate -- that it was better to fill the leftover side with something than throw it away or leave it blank.)) ((And who cares...snore))

Fear and goathering. This makes twice now I've read your comments on Los Angeles as a cultural center and I feel I really shouuld tell you something about Albuquerque as a cultural center. Oh yes indeed, we do have cultural events here in the crossroads of the Southwest. Every couple of months or so there is a big musical event where two guys in Pancho Villa moustaches and guitars sing about La Cucaracha and El Rancho Grande. And there is the annual arts and crafts fair where tens of primitive artists and craftsmen gather to display their primitive arts and crafts all primitively made out of string and adobe and old gunny sacks and the like. The recent Star Trek convention (see Dick Patten's ZYMURGY for more on that) recently shared the Albuquerque Convention Center with a "Starving Artist's Sale" and, so far as I know, the artists are still starving -- the artwork on display was strictly from hunger anyway.

You wonder about what you term Good Neighbor SWAT Teams... There may indeed be danger there but they may be an indication of what is to come. Ghu knows what the police are seeming to become more and more ineffective. I think that if they are going to come about then there had better be some organization and training to them. On the whole I'd prefer not to see such organizations come into being. And again on the whole I doubt that there will be very many of them. Only a few scattered instances. It is extremely rare when the sheep get together to take on the wolves.

It might be presumptuous to disagree with Dr. Asimov, but, alas, I disagree. We can't

spare any energy for warfare because we have to use it all to stay alive. Ha! In the event of war the army will have the enrgy no matter how many civilians die for the lack. I agree that the next 25 years are going to be rough and that lots of people are going to die. The non-producers are going to die. Because nobody in power gives a damn about them anyway. They are simply a drag on the economy and on society. They are good for votes -- when they bother to vote -- but other than that the government doesn't need them. ((I don't necessarily concede your point of view, but if anybody is going to be killed off, it won't be the poor, or the inefficient, it will be the middle class when it can no longer afford to support itself and, through taxes, all the unemployed and unemployable on relief. The government will sustain welfare programs if only to preserve the peace.))

Dr. Asimov mentions how things change and how our relationship with the USSR and China now is warmer than 20 years ago. Sure. Because we need the Soviet's wealth of raw material and the 800 million people in China represent the biggest market in the world. Brotherhood and survival sound nice but they don't apply to most of us.

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Lester Del Rey puts it quite well in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW 18 when he states that criticism is intended for those that have already read the work and is most useful in indicating trends in the field (not a buyer's guide, that's reviewing).

Now certainly Knight, Blish and others have accomplished this in the field of sf but what many readers apparently aren't aware of is that the critics are necessarily limited by the general superficiality of the field. In his typically defensive attitude, the average SF reader does not perceive the true depth of literature. Voices such as those of Darrell Schweitzer and Mike Glicksohn who realize that SF isn't the only literature worth reading seem to be shouted down by the hordes.



The major distinction between literature and SF seems to be basically that of complexity and levels of possible interpretation. This isn't to say that the more complicated a work is the better it is; a work that appears to be very simple may in reality have the potential to be read on several equally valid levels. Unfortunately with most SF this isn't the case. As Lester Del Rey states in the same article quoted above, SF readers and writers are on the whole not a particularly literate bunch. Historically SF writers have written for low rates, for obscure magazines, not to an especially demanding audience, with no hopes of serious literary recognition. Only in recent years have writers begun to pen works of any note. ((Come on, Ken. Practically all the great mainstream writers lived poor and died unknown. Later, when the times caught up with their work, or academics discovered them and began to write about them, their work achieved respecta-

bility. Take Poe, who, even if we embrace him as a fantasist, wrote for obscure magazines at low rates of pay. It took French critics decades later to remind Americans of his greatness. Only the passage of time permits an objective appraisal of literary value. And with the passage of time comes a shift in values: the basis for deciding what literature is "important." You cannot claim with any confidence that all the SF until the past fifteen years will be forgotten justifiably. Wells, a famous mainstream novelist, has already attracted critical attention to his sf. I would not dismiss Heinlein, Clarke, Cordwainer Smith or Theodore Sturgeon that automatically. What's more, as fashions change, and Art Deco 'crap' becomes a collector's item, so you may wake up around 1990 and find that Doc Smith predicted the future more accurately than the Rand Corporation, and that Frank R. Paul sits on the same shelf as Picasso.))

It is silly to expect the genre of SF to achieve in 20 years what had required centuries of development in mainstream fiction. Essentially all this boils down to the simple fact that SF isn't great literature, doesn't profess to be, and when someone crows about the quality of SF and the ignorance of scholars who put down SF, they are merely demonstrating their own illiteracy. Sure, SF has its classics, and they're good; but it is unfair to compare SF of the last 20 years against accomplishments of thousands of years of effort, not only unfair, but ridiculous. ((*Science fiction did not drop straight from heaven onto the newsstands in 1926. Science fiction writers have had as much opportunity as anyone to benefit from the development of storytelling techniques. While you personally may not claim that sf is great literature, I can quote you a dozen leading sf writers who think quite the opposite. While I share your opinion, in part, these are not the arguments on which to base it.*))

It is likewise absurd to expect SF criticism to be on the par with critics, who, to quote one of another profession, stand on the shoulders of giants. More precisely they are able to draw upon a large and sophisticated body of extant criticism. This may all be a terrible digression from the original topic, but I feel it is necessary when speaking on such a delicate topic to justify whatever controversial statements I might make.

My whole point being that SF is a young and unsophisticated genre, I believe it must borrow techniques from other literature and lean heavily on fiction with which the SF reader may not be familiar with. Herein lies the role of the critic; a Good critic not only should show how an SF work relates to other SF works, but if it's good, how it relates to other literature, how it is structured, plot devices, allegorical meanings, and various levels of interpretation.

Naturally many readers would not want to read this type of criticism for it entails thinking and most SF readers prefer not to. After all, SF is for relaxing with, isn't it? Still, more and more SF works are appearing that might bear up under the scrutiny of several generations for the final test of quality fiction is its ability to remain viable when examined by someone 200 years later and with totally different values and perspectives. It will be years before SF is capable of turning out such rich works as THE GRAPES OF WRATH and THE TRIAL, but the field is maturing rapidly and it could be sooner than anyone expects. ((*There are two problems with this view. First, science fiction is written for today's readers, not in anticipation of the tastes that will pick the classics recommended to students in 2050. Perhaps what you really feel, rather than what you appeared to say, is that more sf stories now are appearing that speak to universal themes and the scientific or sociological issues that tomorrow's literary scholars will have an interest in. But if you count up all the "classics" around today, it's not a very big book collection. There are only so many THE GRAPES OF WRATH and WAR AND PEACEs. If ANY science fiction book is regarded as a classic in the future, it will be against tremendous numerical odds. The way to improving the field is NOT by browbeating authors into a feeling that everything they turn out must strive to be a monument.*))

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by Linda Miller on page seven. Turtles are one area of fannish interest I share with Mike Glicksohn.)

I did not resonate as much with Carl's column in #7, largely because the motivations in it are so alien to my own personality, while like all fans I found the idea and operation of an sf bookstore intriguing. I find the state of mind that derives emotional or sexual satisfaction from sleeping with, let alone merely looking at a total stranger of the opposite sex (or the same sex if you happen to be gay) hard to understand. I do find enjoyment in watching people with whom I have already formed a friendship both out of interest in their reactions and as a form of rejoicing in their physical presence.

I can also understand the attitude of people who are so interested in people in general that they find pleasure in watching the behavior of the passing throng. This kind of people-watching is not restricted to observing individuals of only one sex, however, and a bar is perhaps not the best place for it. I suppose what bothers me about the idea of going to a "singles" bar (and both men and women do this) to watch with sexual interest or to pick someone up is the impersonality of it all, which would tend to reinforce the conditioning of people by modern society (traditionally males, but more and more women are picking it up too) toward viewing other persons as sexual objects rather than people. (I should make it clear that I do not mean to criticize Carl personally for his conduct; I am more concerned with defects in society than with the behavior of specific individuals. I am sure that there are many areas where Carl's attitudes are not so alien to me, and I would very much like to read more about his experiences in other areas of his life.)

((If you actually had any experience along this line I doubt you'd approach it, in print, on such a tentative level. You seem to disapprove only of your best guesses at what happens in a singles bar. Is this so? Isn't what it all really boils down to the problem of where can anybody go in a city to socialize? Someone who doesn't care to join a church simply to have someplace to go on a weekend, and hasn't embraced a hobby like model railroading or motorcycling, or who lacks the sterling qualities so obviously necessary to be an sf fan *ook*, is stuck. A bar at least offers someplace for all the seekers to congregate, even if there's no guarantee that a visit to one will cure one's 20th century malaise or contribute to the existentialist paradigm.))

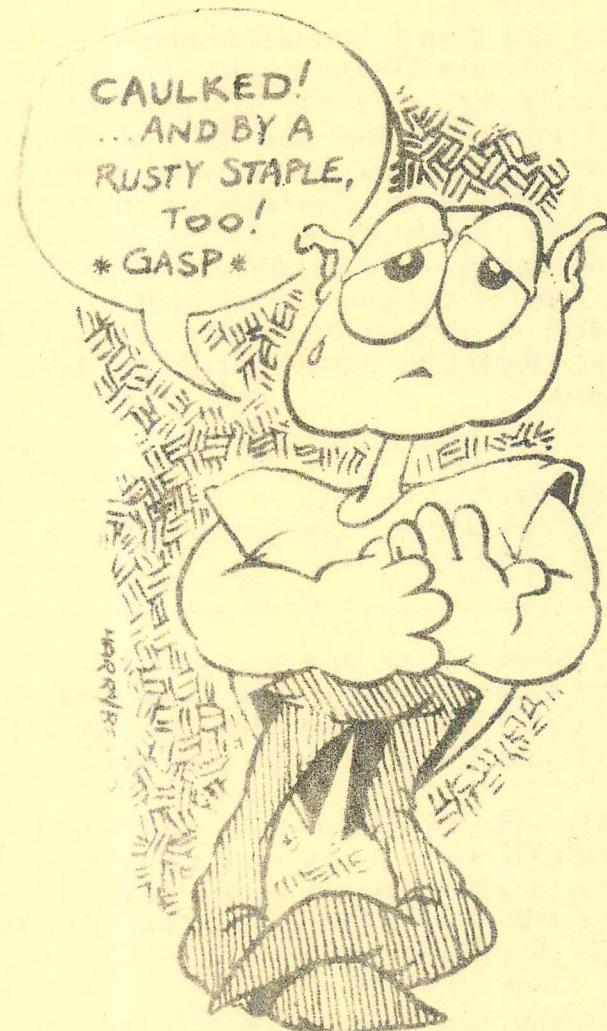
My major concern in #7, however, is with Mike Glicksohn's objections to feminist critiques of sf, and the quotation from Leta DiSalvo's article in TANGENT which he quotes with approval. The passage in question, and Glicksohn's approval of it, merely show that both of them have missed the point of the commentaries they object to. I agree that male authors in a sexist society cannot, in most cases, be expected to give us "women characters as women see themselves" given the differences in experience and conditioning to which men and women are exposed. Unfortunately, there are many male writers who take it for granted that they can do precisely this and a careful analysis of their work establishing that this is not the case is a useful piece of factual research, and at least as legitimate as any other commentary on an author's work. This critique in turn forms the basis for the assertion that it is desireable that more women writers enter the sf field, in order to give women readers more characters with whose experience they can identify, and for attempts to identify the social pressures and other barriers that have inhibited women from working in the field in the past, in order to eliminate them.

My favorite part of #6 was Carl Bennett's bookstore adventures and the accompanying cartoons which were both amusing in their own right and well meshed with the text. (I also loved the turtle parking cartoon

((It's the leap from defending textual analysis to a whole political trip that arrests my attention, following your remarks. First, even if all male writers were expert in portraying women as they perceive themselves, it would be no less desireable for women to write sf. Second, an influx of women writers seems to me no guarantee that women readers will find the fiction more comfortable (or shall I say, less irritating: the question of 'comfortable' fiction is a whole different one.) For whatever reason LeGuin, Wilhelm, Joan Vinge use male protagonists more often than not. Certain readers who expect their sisters to produce feminist exemplums are losing sight of what writing is about. The better a writer is, the more likely that writer is to pursue artistic interests and ignore party lines. Finally -- and I agree with much of what follows on the matter -- male/female roles compose only a small amount of sf. Probably the biggest obstacle to more women writing sf is its very nature: anybody who wants to produce domestic fiction or autobiography or political sermonizing can make a lot more money in gothics, nonfiction and journalism. Women eager to act on their feminist principles undoubtedly find these other forms more direct, judging by what gets published every month. Only a woman interested in sf for its own sake is likely to take it up -- and in that case she may only have a book or two worth of fictional comment on feminism in her. However you're probably right that the lack of positive examples -- women writers and accurately reported female points of view -- has prevented more women from becoming interested in sf.))

Even given the fact that male authors cannot create women characters that fully reflect women's experience, the performance of someauthors leaves much to be desired. These are the men who merely make use of stereotyped caricatures of women, which they could see are demonstrably false if they ever really bothered to look at the living women around them. The helpless, hysterical twit who is traditionally the heroine of "space opera," for example, would make an abysmal mother, and the species would have long ago died out if all women were really like that. ((This rhetoric is the largest detraction from your points. It's like "no white man can write accurately about black men." Says who? And your "space opera" example is the most extreme available. Everybody agrees that those simple-minded caricatures are examples of embarrassingly bad writing. But for every one of those you could show to me I could show you ten or a hundred female characters presented as competent and equal to their male colleagues. In order to create a realistic woman sf character, is it more important to be a woman, or to have observed how a woman professional conducts herself? I don't like that "blonde twit" hackwork any more than you do -- though more because it's lousy writing than from a political belief. It offends my sense of human values.))

Finally, even a man should be capable of coming to the conclusion that sexual and



other social roles are as capable of change as technology is, and that it is not particularly realistic to picture a society several thousand years in the future where such roles remain precisely as they are now. As proof of this fact I would refer you to Delany's TRITON where changes of this kind are among the major focuses of the book. Authors of either sex who do not take this sort of change into account can be condemned for failures of verisimilitude without even referring to sexism. ((Milt Stevens' favorite comment on science fiction and social change is, "Who would have thought that thirteen centuries after the Roman Empire collapsed a new nation would have based part of its government on the Senate?" When it is said in defense of a story I think has a poorly worked-out background, one that just camouflages history as sf, the remark may be frustrating, but it's true. The more things change... In a different vein, we are in the middle of a social revolution as many long-repressed minorities, and women, demand that the government make good on the promises of democracy. This has been possible because of economic prosperity founded on technology and education. But in America the birth rate has dropped drastically -- the American birthrate is presently below the replacement rate if I'm reading this almanac correctly. I wonder if we might breed our ethical system out of existence? What are Canada's stats?))

I might add that I find Glicksohn's gratuitous reference to "shrillness" exasperating. Cliches of this kind are commonly used to avoid the trouble of answering an argument rationally and head-on by implying that the people who make it (usually women) are merely being emotional and for that reason they can be safely discounted or ignored. More seriously, they may serve to discourage people who have not encountered the original argument from investigating to determine its nature and merits, for fear that they might themselves be pejoratively condemned as "shrill." I would like to think that Michael's attitude derives primarily from lack of extensive familiarity with feminist fannish thought, a lack that might well be derived from his dislike of sercon fanzines, since most detailed analysis in this area (in the Women's APA, JANUS, WITCH AND THE CHAMELEON, EXTRAPOLATION and Denys Howard's WOMEN AND MEN) fall into this category.

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anti-Ultimate dingy several months ago, but yours was the first explanation I've seen of it. I have to agree that their reasons for the action were rather hard to follow. I thought, in fact, that SFWA retained a lawyer for the purposes of waging holy war on evil publishers. Wonder what the story is.

Actually, the thought of a neighborhood posse descending upon evildoers in force -- overwhelming force -- is as amusing as it is frightening. I worry about the hazards of private gunslingers blasting away in the general direction of villains, sure. But imagine the face of the guy who has just held up a liquor store hosting a combined convention of the NRA and SCA.

I dunno why fans would be sending out government toilet paper, except that in the UK it is so bad they may be trying to provoke sympathy. In the little hotel I stayed in in Paris a few years ago, the toilet paper came folded like napkins (and was about as soft as the brown, institutional waterproof napkins so popular in industry). A chap I knew in Iceland went to Egypt briefly during the de-mining of the Suez Canal, and on his return to the world he told me the johns there have little sprayers which hose you clean, and, in theory, do away with the need for toilet paper altogether. I kept envisioning a poor soul grabbing the wrong handle.

Asimov says what I have said repeatedly concerning a world government. For awhile I



I tried to convince people of the necessity and advantage of one, but I doubt one will happen about until the crises are upon us or people begin to be educated to grasp -- really grasp -- that the future will not be identical to the past.

I fell out of my chair when I read Dave Locke's list of future topics. Perhaps he should start a column for the magazine ske?tic.

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-- hadn't read Knight and Blish, or taken their musings to heart.

In reply to George R. R. Martin (who certainly can disagree with a person with more tact than Bill Bridget) I would say that I would be appalled if Milford attendees -- the most earnest of the earnest SF writers

As for the second point, I enjoy people like Knight or Blish or Martin (damn good reviewer) who can lay their finger on exactly what it is about a book they didn't like. I'm still fumbling at this and I find these vague words do have meaning, though I suspect that I'd expect them to be defined in less vague terms somewhere in the review.

I'm also worried about the question "Are there objective standards for criticizing a book." I know a bad book when I read it, but I'm not so sure about standards. Someone, somewhere, somehow has surely violated every "rule" of literature successfully, and equally good arguments can be raised to support opposing views.

In regard to DAW printing INTERSTELLAR EMPIRE as an original. I always thought that DAW's "pledge" in his first releases even ruled out subsequent reprinting of his own titles. DAW also, as I recall, pledged not to market old books with titles and new covers. Well, he's kept half that pledge.

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kind.

I find puzzling all the furore of the misunderstanding between you folks and Bruce Arthurs, whose zine I also like to receive. You're all such nice people and it is a shame such misunderstandings can occur. I hope it's all fixed up by the time this reaches you.

It was a queer feeling to reread my loc of early June last year, just four weeks after Danny died. I read with astonishment my bitterness back then, where I could say "I have no more pity for that type of mind." It seems that in the course of facing the unfaceable (for the thought of losing a child was a fear all the years we had our children), in the course of accepting what the old folks called "God's will" and the Easterners "Karma," and still others "fate," I have learned a new and overpowering pity for just everybody, oppressors and oppressed alike ... indeed, whatever moves on the face of our little speck of matter adrift in a boundless "Sky," and I cannot feel the desperation I did back then. I was still in shock when I wrote it.

Now? I have entered the last portion of one's human life willingly, at last. It seems "just yesterday" I still had the tremendous energy and enthusiasm of a bygone girlhood. And now I drift along through each quiet new day, never looking forward to anything the world could yet give me, but rather to the "Answers" beyond (if some existence beyond death gives them.) And I suppose my outlook is Jewish -- no certainties I can accept in the turmoil of a million conflicting 'isms, all of them "the Way," the only way to "be saved," in fashion of the remains of old Christendom, yet. The ancients, the folk of the East, the Hebrews, learned to live with uncertainty and "lack of crusading zeal," hence lack of our type of Inquisitors, Hitlers and all the rest of the excrescences of misplaced pseudo-piety or abnormal self-esteem.

Yes, I look again at the quiet look of patient waiting and serene faith in the drawing of the Rabbi on the cover of 7 and thank you for it. With this illo I identify gratefully, a concept of true goodness still on earth amid the wild shouting melee of the "saved." But I can pity them all, those shouting "know-all's." And the Rabbi? I simply feel, "we share."

We share ... a knowledge of the world's sorrow and confusion, a realization of how very slow any evolution-for-the-better in humanity can be, and that we ourselves will

not in the present bodies live to see such a miracle occur overnight, but man must go on and on and learn by the beatings self-inflicted, in puny yet awful wars!

The Rabbi fixes his hope on an enduring people who carry within them the "Lamp of the Lord." ("The spirit of men is in the Lamp of the Lord," I recall finding, with delight, once in the Old Testament.)

As for Jesus, with the Jews I admire him wistfully and wonder, "How did He stimulate money-loving, blood-thirsty Roman Catholicism into existence? In awful power even till now!" He taught such different, simple things, but was so simple and exact, misinterpretations set in. "No sparrow falls to the ground without your Father," was what he said. The Church twists it into an "All-Seeing Eye," like an adding machine, totting up things statistically on our planet, counting the least sin versus the last little indulged prayer to offset it, on some giant Balance-sheet. Forgetting that God cuddled the falling little sparrow so its death was sweet and its continued evolution in a new egg somewhere in a lovingly tended nest goes on...and on. (Beyond our knowing, our comprehension, as we scorn all "soulless living things" but ourselves.)

My last lesson in patience and love-for-the-tender-nothings-of-Earth is happening now, as I raise a microscopic newborn weasel, whose mother got killed by a peon. It is now some 40 days old, nearly died recently (till we added meat-juice and apple-juice to its milk diet), and it is so clever and trusting and loving, I play a game with God, saying "Treat us all as I treat this trusting little weasel, please. Help us to be as trusting and accept Your care."

HARRY WARNER JR.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown MD 21740

nearby Pennsylvania town at a time when I was particularly unhappy with my job, and I kept thinking maybe this was the right way to change careers. It would hardly have done better than paying for the rent and utilities but it might have provided tax advantages for my income from other sources. I didn't do anything foolish in the end, realizing in time how many new problems I'd create for myself by owning so small a business that I couldn't afford to hire clerks and needing to commute before and after the long hours there. But I still occasionally buy at a garage sale a book I'm not interested in because I know it's worth more than the asking price, and I put it away in the attic, just in case I should eventually get involved in some sort of book store in Hagerstown and need used stock. I hope Carl is more conscientious about pricing than the people who deal in secondhand books in the Hagerstown area. I've seen some frightful misrepresentation of books as first editions when they're actually cheap Grosset and Dunlap or Garden City reprints, and the dealers here seem to ignore the fact that a book's condition has a bearing on the reasonable price it should bring. To price a book on the level that is suggested by auction listings when its cover is completely severed from its pages is ridiculous.

I imagine Dave Locke's comments on criticism stirred up more response than anything in this issue, among those who wrote locs within a sane span of time. Very few book reviews or book criticisms that I see in fanzines or prozines have the ability to entertain me. One problem is that many fans lay aside the sparkle and humor that normally appears in their style, and adopt a serious tone when writing about books. But I do find a certain usefulness for critiques in other ways. Some of them are informational: even if I'm not interested in the particular book under consideration, a review may inform me of things about the author's future history or pet writing gimmicks which I hadn't known before. In the occasional instance when I'm familiar with the fiction being reviewed, it's a godsend for loc purposes, particularly when the fanzine runs heavily

Carl Bennett's column in #6 had particular interest for me, because running a small bookstore is a notion that I've occasionally toyed with. Three or four years ago, a second-hand bookstore was for sale in a

to reviews. I'm sure that fans young enough to be in school and maybe some of their siblings have found fanzine reviews useful as the basis for book reports when they're too busy to read any books for that purpose. One other indirect benefit from book reviews in fanzines is the general trend to review most often the books that are particularly important. If I buy a boxfull of fantasy paperbacks at a flea market, I'll normally start reading on the basis of which titles I remember having seen often.

LOCSMITH'S PITH

JOHN SNARE 4800 Laurel Hall Dr., Indianapolis IN 46226: Now to the artwork itself. Pretty good, pretty good, Mike. I liked most of the cartoons and the illustrations, except the cover. All the illustrations are well placed and heighten the total effect, except the cover. Joe Pearson's style is just too indefinite and murky for my tastes. You could have done better to get Capella or Randy Mohr to do your cover (I always have hopes of seeing a good Fabian but I guess he's too high priced for the fanzines now) oh well, better luck next time. ((Some fmz get used Fabian pieces to run, but I don't think he does original fmz art as a freebie anymore.)) Dave Locke's column is, by far, the funniest in the whole issue and I hope to see more of him in the future! Compared to his work in YANDRO, his work is far superior and better written. His style is sort of satirical and has a refreshing humor that is well done. Congrats Dave!

IRA M. THORNHILL 1900 Perdido Street Apt. B97, New Orleans LA 70112: What's this? What is this??!!! Dave Locke gives away all of his fanzines every other month. Well now Dave, I would gladly pay the postage if you would be kind enough to dump them all into a box and affix my address. Oh yes. Yes indeed. I'm not proud.

ERIC B. LINDSAY 6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge NSW 2776 AUSTRALIA: Asimov should bring you subs or something, but is it really worthwhile to talk about the future, when we don't seem to have any control over it. Or if we do control it, shouldn't we be out changing it rather than simply writing about it? (I stole that idea from early Marx, Karl, not Groucho, although I'll admit his bit didn't mention science fiction or fanzines or even Asimov). Do you suppose we'll ever have a word "asimov" for someone who writes about everything? ((Actually we already have such a word -- college undergraduate. But if you mean one who writes well about everything, yes, we need another word...)) Maybe when we have a world information system, which tells you everything you want to know, we'll call it asimov.

ROGER L. DUTCHER 1537 Washburn Avenue, Beloit WI 53511: So often it seems that one has to have something witty, controversial or scathing to say when one writes to a SF zine. I'm afraid that this fringe-fan letter-writer seldom has any of those items at hand when it comes time to comment on anything. Indeed, it seems as if W.H. Auden was responsible for my being present in your letter pages, not me. Which is to be expected. Thank you, Mr. Auden, for getting me a copy of *Scientifriction*.

ROB JACKSON 71 King John St., Heaton, Newcastle upon Tyne NE6 5XR UK: Many thanks for STFR, all much appreciated and enjoyed. I'm not sure if I envy Carl Bennett his job or not, but I'm sure I envy his cartooning ability. One of the best artists and writers in the US as well as one of the fastest-rising fanneds. Disgusting.... The real reason why we send you toilet paper, actually, is to add a touch of quality to US zines. Without the added fibre, the touch of class that only a British toilet can provide, your recycled paper is bland and insipid, falling apart at the staples.

CLIFF BIGGERS ((whose COA to Franklin Ave. in Marietta I suddenly cannot find)): Carl Bennett's articles seem to echo the tales I get from Brian Perry about his bookstore -- it's interesting reading, like I'd expect from Bennett. And the illos were superb -- pass the praise along. // Your zipatone job wasn't that bad, now -- it wasn't exactly what the manufacturer's would use as a demonstration of the technique, but it succeeded basically.

PERRY CHAPDELAINE
Rt. 4 Box 137
Franklin TN 37064

otherwise known as the Snobs Fan World Associated. Actually I shouldn't be quite that sarcastic, for the SFWA does have some good points, if the biggies would permit them to come out.

Much of what I wrote about SFWA many years ago, and which raised hackles amongst the power mongers, is now common knowledge among fandom and your article is remarkable proof of that fact. I can remember the days when I was chastised for permitting fans to know some of the inner non-workings of the greatest literary vanity press the world has ever seen. Those were the days when my fee, as a lowly beginner, was exactly the same as Isaac Asimov's, yet at no times was I, or any other in my category, offered the opportunity to edit the vanity self-pats known as the SFWA NEBULA WINNERS collections. A democratic club it was not!

OK. So far my above paragraphs have merely derided, and most will want facts. Alas! I don't have the time and inclination to get into such details, although if pressed one day I shall release all the tons of correspondance between myself and James Blish on the very same subject. Had it not been for an English postal strike, we would probably be in correspondance to his end -- and maybe somewhat beyond, too. I admired James Blish plenty, so don't take this as an insult of his person. It is just that he knew damn well SFWA was being set up as a company controlled shop without any real concern for those who had not yet clambered to the front of the hog trough, and he was damn well going to defend every point of its illusive design.

Now I want to apologize, because I've seen nothing at all about SFWA other than a piece now and then in a fanzine, and nothing at all direct from any member of SFWA or its officialdom, for perhaps 4 or 5 years. So why am I, with all my smarts, coming out so emotionally antipathetic? You've got a hell of a good point. I should keep my features down, at least until I've studied the nth out of it again. My answer is this: Every fan piece I've seen such as your mentioned above reflects the same old problems that I spent several reams arguing with Jim Blish over...and both paying out good postage both ways on the subject. It seems therefore on cursory reflection, that things are still the same at the old hog trough. With that in mind, I can do no less than commend your reasoning. If I am wrong, of course, I'll apologize. Who is there that can show me wrong?

From the beginning SFWA was structured so that those who are the biggest names can gain the most, while those who are the littlest names gain the least, as a general principle. In doing so, the little man's money is used to promote the big guy, without the little guy's awareness of what is going on, or his sanction. ...To argue, as SFWA has done for years, that by expanding the reading market one expands every member's opportunities, is illusive and deceptive. The market would have and is expanding without any help from SFWA. The fact is that SF is now a part of mainstream media, not a special branch of literature, and only SFWA, with their editors and publishers, and most SF fans, think otherwise.

Nowhere in my diatribe will I mention names. Unfortunately if you choose to print the piece, and if it is read by some in SFWA membership, they will immediately project themselves into my paragraphs, and at once think that I have taken an attack on them. The last time this happened, a big ass, big mouth, big namee got up before a business meeting on the west coast, and spent much of the valuable time trying to get "someone"

"March to the Sound of the Same Old Drummer" was an excellent and well-reasoned piece. As you know it has been a long time since I've had the opportunity or time and inclination to snap away at SFWA, otherwise known as the Snobs Fan World Associated.

to admit that they were "accusing the (then) SFWA secretary of 'being on the take.'"
The ploy, all surrounded with fancy hollywood tape recorders, was obviously set to trap some poor, stupid beginner, who had complained too much, into making damaging admissions, and thereafter certain biggees were set to move for the ousting of that poor, stupid beginner.

Such is SFWA's democratic view; such is SFWA's feelings toward free speech and the right to complain; such is SFWA's control by biggees.

Whoever argued on page 41, commanding Knight for disembowling A.E. Van Vogt (maybe you needs their vision expanded. ((It was George R.R. Martin. If you recall I also published an energetic attack on Knight's criticism of Van Vogt, by Shoemaker, in PREHENSILE 14)) Inconsistency is not necessarily valid grounds for literary criticism, but may reflect the reader's inability to adapt his imaginative processes to the writer's view and form. As such, that kind of criticism represents primarily the critic's mindness to literalness (sic) rather than a fault of the writer. An example where my rule holds sway is ROUGH DIAMOND anthologized by Signet paperback HARLEM - Voices From The Soul Of Black America, by John Henrik Clarke. I venture to say that you must either be black or have a sufficiently flexible imagination before one understands the story, and does not buffet oneself against "inconsistencies." Similarly with A. E. Van Vogt's writing. My suggestion is that if you don't have the mental capacity for it, leave it alone. There's plenty of other things an easily disturbed mind can wallow in.

MORE NAUGHTY BITS

AL SIROIS 550 Dixwell Avenue, New Haven CT: Why not send that bit about the Ultimate hassle to the SFWA FORUM? That oughta shake those smug bastards up a little. Or, if you are leery, let ME send it! I'm a member, so they won't be able to stop me. It'll still have your name on it, tough, even if it's my presentation. Wouldn't it be neat if SFWA itself could buy up those magazines, and appoint someone an editor? Of course all sorts of nepotism might result...I can hear the cries of "favoritism! nepotism!" even now. ((There would be no purpose served in sending a copy of my remarks to THE FORUM. I assume -- perhaps wrongly, but I still assume it -- that SFWA members know why the various alternate paths of action I pointed out have been rejected. The underlying intent of my rebuttal to their press release was to point out that nobody is as ignorant as would be necessary to swallow that story whole. If SFWA wishes to gather public support, it must be candid, not merely pretend to be candid. It must clarify why certain policy options were refused -- options that would get to the heart of the Ultimate indebtedness for SFWA members. Whether SFWA prefers to keep its doings entirely private, or will expose its activities to public attention, it's all the same to me. But having seen the result of a compromise between the two extremes I'm not likely to be contented with half-measures.))

WE ALSO HEARD FROM TWO OR THREE OTHER TYPES: But first this note to Dave Piper -- not all of the people listed here wrote letters of comment on STFR. Some asked for information, or wrote to me personally. See, I heard from 'em. But what they wrote may not be publishable. Doesn't everybody like to see his name in print? Except in the obituaries, I suppose. WAHFESTERS: A.M. SHERLOCK, FRANZ ZRILICH, PERRY CHAPDELAINE, DEB HAMMER-JOHNSON, LINDA BUSHYAGER(who says she's just finished a novel of "science fantasy in the tradition of Norton and Bradley" and mailed it off to make the rounds of publishers), JOHN BERRY, ERIC LINDSAY, ERIC LINDSAY (who has never been in Fernwood to my best knowledge), BEN INDIK (who says "A few years ago I sent Ultimate..an ms. Maybe it stunk, maybe not. I never received it back, or a reply to my many letters. White is part of the company dreckspiel inasmuch as he did not reply either. So, my friend, I'm with SFWA in this & would donate a buck to a legal fund."), DR. A. D. WALLACE, DAVID FELDMAN, RICH ROESBERG, MAURICE HARTER, HARRY MORRIS, NEIL KVERN, VICTORIA VAYNE, DAVE LOCKE. (Okay, Piper, coun 'em up and let me know the grand total.)

LAURINE WHITE 5408 Leader Ave., Sacramento CA 95841: I think this is going to be one of those letters again....// Stan Burns has a good gripe against DAW in his review of INTERSTELLAR EMPIRE, on page whatever it is. At least the stories in the book hadn't been published together before. The reissue of MZB's SPELL SWORD said "never before published" on the back, and I nearly bought it, because the cover painting was new. // I can't think of any reason to get upset about Carl Bennett's admission that he went out to watch women. The guys at work go out at lunch to watch the girls walk down the mall. I like to go out and watch the cute guys.

VICTORIA VAYNE P.O. Box 156 Stn D, Toronto, Ont CANADA: In MAJOR ARCANA, in a review of a book by C. J. Cherryh, I see mention of a minor character in the book named "Vayne". Now, since the name I use in fandom is not my real name, I have no REAL cause to get uptight -- but way back in 1969 during spasmodic efforts to sell turkeys I had written to ANALOG, I first started using a pseudonym, back then spelled as "Vane". In 1973 or so, during a renewed fit of enthusiasm for writing and attempted sales (but still turkeys) I started spelling it "Vayne" -- certain that that particular spelling was absolutely unique. (I even looked in the phone books of a lot of large American cities and found nobody listed that way.) And now, within a month, I have had not one but TWO rude awakenings. There is that character in GATE OF IVREL called Vayne, and I am sure I am not famous enough to be Tuckerized. Unfortunately you can't copyright a name. And then, the crowning insult -- in the new Toronto phone directory there turned up a schmuck (schmuckess actually if there is such a thing -- the stupid broad was dumb enough to list a full female name in the phone book) who spells it "Vayne". I felt like phoning up and asking if it was a phony name but resisted. I, meanwhile, am listed under my gawdawful real surname. At least her name isn't also Victoria -- but still, if it were, she would get weird phone calls intended for me and that would be ample revenge. But it's HARD to get good pseudonyms these days -- I worked diligently to find something sounding "anonymous" and "commonplace" and yet appeared in print as unique. A proclamation, then -- let the full name "Victoria Vayne" be hereby copyrighted (c) 1977 solely unto ME. Be warned. Fans, but only fans, are welcome to Tuckerize. ~~But who would want to.~~ (Side thought, Mike, on this matter -- is there a way of registering a pseudonym "officially"?) ((Pedigreed animals, thoroughbred horses and -- I believe -- members of the Screen Actors Guild all have protection. But I think the rest of us have to take our chances.))

Wait -- Don't Split Before This:

RUTH BERMAN sent along two samples of her works in a new (to me) fannish sub-genre:

POTTED BIOGRAPHY: FRITZ LEIBER

Chicago Leiber westward ho'ed.
He went far from Peoria,
But ghosts abide in his abode:
Non-stop phantasmagoria.

In every city he has found,
Whatever roofs he's under,
Ubiquitously, Fritz, spell-bound,
Must open doors of wonder.

-- Ruth Berman

((One more follows later on...))

SCI FRI LCOL



Classified Advertisement:

You probably have noticed that a lot of scholarly or semischolarly stf aids have appeared lately. G. K. Hall, publisher of the Gregg Press reprints, is about to begin a series of single-volume bibliographies of major stf writers. I'll be doing one on Roger Zelazny. And I need help. I'd very much appreciate information about fanzine material by or about Zelazny. I'll also gratefully acknowledge such help in the book itself.

Can you tell me where such material appeared -- and can you xerox copies for me to look over or send the material so I can copy it myself? I'll pay postage or photo-copying fees.

Footnote to the above: a partial list of Zelazny's fanzine writing indicates he had material published in the following: ARGH (March 1963); DEGLER #168 (February 10, 1967); EYE #21 (January 1967); FOCAL POINT #1 (January 8, 1965); MERRY MARVEL MESSENGER (c. 1966); PANELION #3 (November-December 1967); WSFA JOURNAL #4 (July 1965), #17 (March 1966), #22 (May 1966), #29 (September 1966), #39 (mid-March 1967), #40 (April 1967), #41 (mid-April 1967), #47 (October 1967).

That's not all, I'm sure, but does anyone have these things? Help!

* * *

Mike has sent me a paragraph from Steve Miller's loc, mentioning an attempt to combine the science fiction collection at the University of Maryland, Baltimore Campus with "'futurology' type material." I'm more than mildly appalled by the notion. Other people have already said most of what I have to say about the relationship between sf and some futurology enthusiasts; however maybe we should review the subject. I guess it's still a sticky issue.

The issue seems to be relatively new. At least it is in fairly recent years that we've become aware of the futurists clinging leechlike to science fiction. In a Machiavellian sense, of course, we can applaud anything that will encourage libraries to spend money on science fiction. However, the way readers approach a body of literature can limit or kill their ability to appreciate it. The trouble with some of the futurists' approach is that by and large they are using stories for some purpose of their own. They don't care what the stories are, as much as they groove on the predictions, the ideas buried inside. That sometimes leads to distorted readings of the stories. I am thinking, for instance, of the wave of meritulous-sludge textbook anthologies like INTRODUCTORY ANTHROPOLOGY-; INTRODUCTORY HISTORY-; or INTRODUCTORY PSYCHOLOGY THROUGH SCIENCE FICTION. In the last book, for example, Robert Silverberg's "Going Down Smooth" is shoved into a section on "Abnormal Processes and Therapy." The editors' introduction concludes that the insane computer in Silverberg's story "realizes that it has a job to do which must not be interfered with by its own fantasies. From now on it will probably be a better therapist as well as a much more secure and stable computer!" This obviously is an absurd interpretation of the way Silverberg's story ends. The only reason to force such an interpretation on the story, I'm afraid, is that the editors felt they needed a story to make their

STF IN ACADEMIE

Joe Sanders

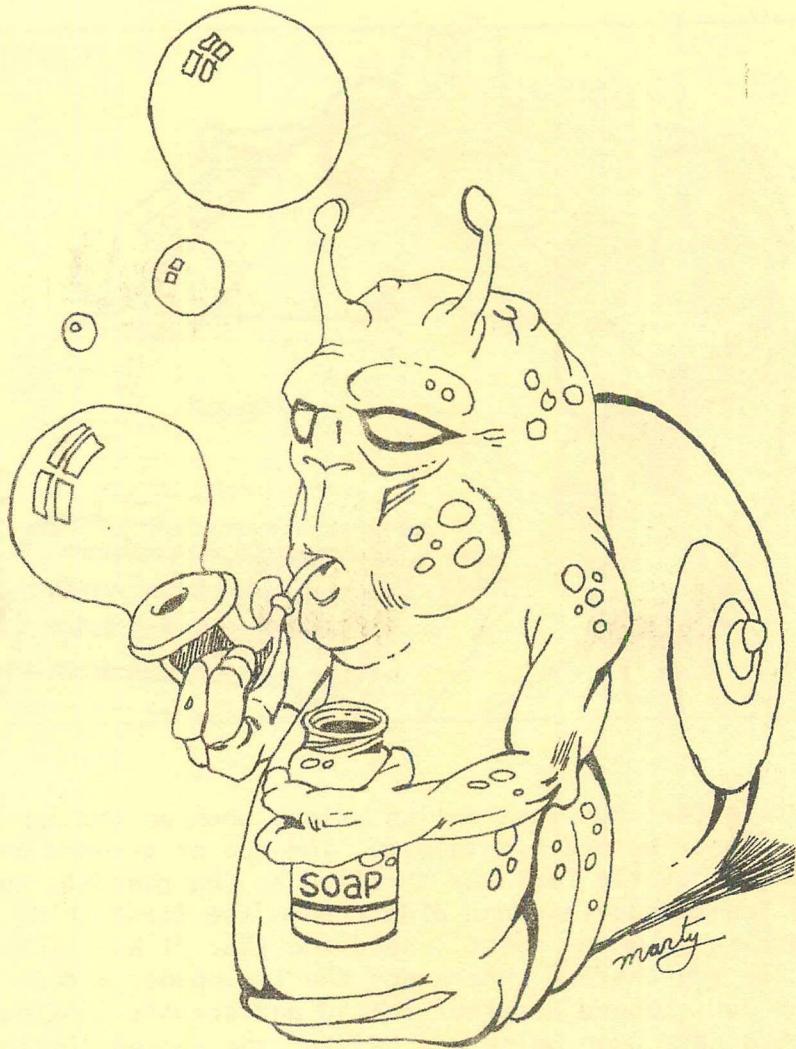
point, so they felt compelled to read their purpose into Silverberg's story. I think that is an extremely shoddy way to read.

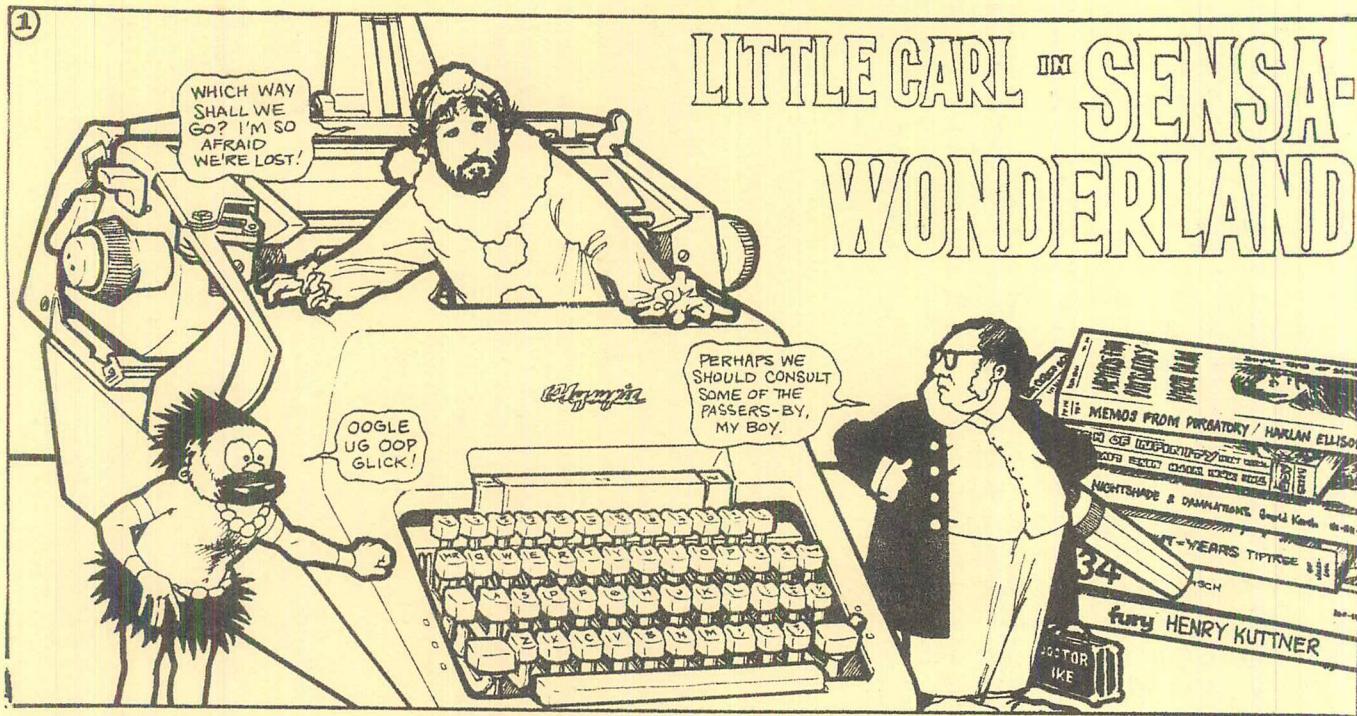
In the same vein I've noticed that several futurology-based anthologies deal not with whole works but with excerpts. The practice dates from what seems to be the first such anthology, *THE SOCIOLOGY OF THE POSSIBLE*, edited by Richard Ofshe, which contains excerpts from *BRAVE NEW WORLD*, *WALDEN 2*, *A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ* -- even, of all things, excerpts from Isaac Asimov's short story "Profession."

Again, the emphasis is not on the story, the whole work of fiction, but on an idea which can be not just misread but chopped out of the fictional work in which it's embodied.

But that's another side of the issue. I have used a number of futurism-oriented texts myself, like *DIMENSIONS OF THE FUTURE*, edited by Maxwell H. Norman, and the *NEW PROMETHIANS*, edited by John S. Lambert, in a composition course that includes writing a research paper. I let students pick their own subjects, then project them into the future. That approach gives some overall control along with great flexibility of subject matter. I find, though, looking at anthologies that combine stories and essays, that the stories don't really fit in very well. They are not trying to do the same things as an essay.

Science fiction -- fiction in general -- is not primarily essentially about the extrapolation of ideas. A piece of fiction may start with an idea, it may use an idea, but much more goes into it. I find that I can use science fiction stories in a futurism-oriented course to illustrate different attitudes toward science, thus showing different attitudes toward the future. For example, I can use Heinlein's "The Roads Must Roll" along with Ellison's "I Have No Mouth And I Must Scream" to show different attitudes towards man's ability to comprehend and control his future. That's all. Perhaps the reason some futurists feel compelled to chop chunks out of stories to present ideas is that the stories themselves are generally less concerned with pure extrapolation of ideas than pursuing some personal concern. But that, when you get down to it, is what makes them valuable. Orwell's *1984* is quite outdated as extrapolation. The ideas in the book are not terribly useful for futurists. The book is still valuable and important, though, for Orwell's intelligence and passion are still at work on his ideas, showing us not simply what might have happened in 1984 as viewed from 1948, but the terrible strain of staying human, the terrible temptation to sell out and join the machine. The choice still exists. So finally what we get from sf is not so much the raw data for an index of future developments -- the thing the futurists are interested in. No. What we're interested in is how sf goes beyond the data to involve us in human reactions to all manner of change, reasonable or not. And that is what makes it literature.





Little Carl had just fallen asleep when an imp appeared who said, "You are requested to appear before his majesty, the god of thunder and other loud noises of Sensawonderland." Little Carl was thrilled at the request, but was puzzled. He'd never heard of Sensawonderland and didn't know the first thing about getting there. "There's nothing to worry about," said the imp. "I have instructed a good friend of mine to guide you there." Whereupon the imp opened a door in the exact center of the room, and out stepped a rather rotund and scruffy looking gentleman in a black coat carrying a case upon which was painted the legend 'Doctor Ike,' who wore a tremendous red, white and blue top hat.

"Greetings, my fellow Futurian," said Doctor Ike. "Wipe the sleep from your eyes and follow me. With my vast knowledge of things substantial and insubstantial we shall take a stroll over to see this god of tudor and victorian architecture before he has a fit." Little Carl watched as the Doctor set down his case and extracted from it a huge book titled, "Guide To Everything Else I Haven't Already Written About." Finding the passage he was obviously looking for, the Doctor then slipped his book back into his case, from which he then pulled a small piece of folded paper. Carl watched as he unfolded the paper many times, until it was a gigantic envelope which filled the room.

"Get inside, my boy," the Doctor said, pointing to the envelope. "There's only one way to get to Sensawonderland, and that is to be mailed there."

CARL BENNETT
GROWING UP IS LEARNING
HOW TO SCREAM CIVILLY

Thinking that such an impressive person must know what he's doing, Little Carl didn't hesitate to crawl into the envelope closely followed by the Doctor who took up much of the remaining room. Together they licked the gum and sealed themselves in. The envelope fell onto its side and the two travellers waited a long time, but nothing seemed to happen.

"Well," said the Doctor, "I guess the mails aren't what they once were." Whereupon he began to open the envelope.

They got out of the envelope and found they weren't in the room they had been. They were on a huge desk, surrounded by a stack of paper and coffee mugs.

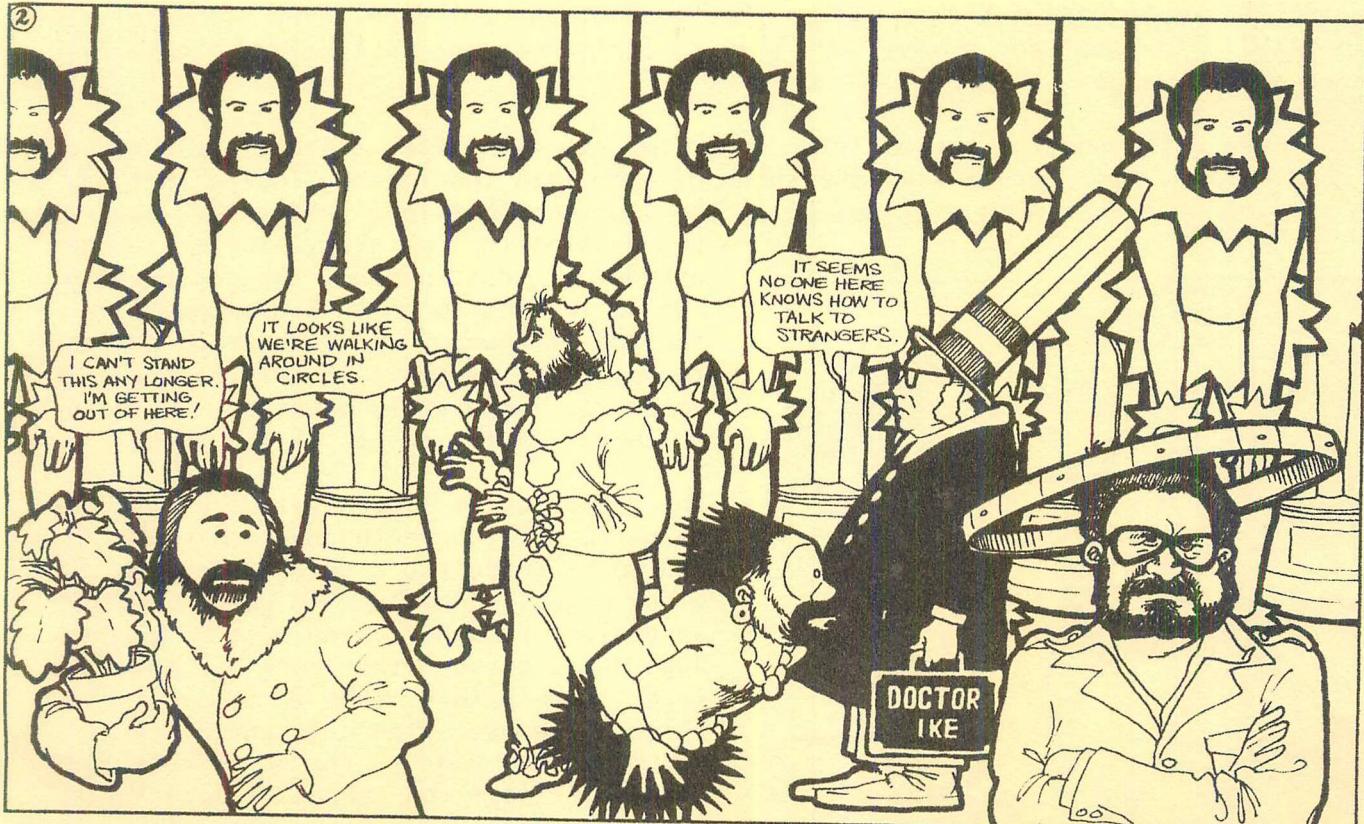
"I don't know what happened," said the Doctor, "but I can guarantee you we aren't in Sensawonderland. Insufficient postage, I guess!"

While investigating an enormous stack of books, reading the titles aloud (titles like: THE MILE-LONG KILLER THING, FLOWERS FOR LEIBOWITZ and DUNE SCHLEMIEL), Little Carl heard strange noises. "Neegle upé goodle," he heard. On the other side of the books was a native savage wearing sunglasses, beads around his neck and mouthing strange words while looking around for something to run away from.

It was a Dyck, the Doctor said: and it followed them wherever they went speaking strange words neither could understand.

About that time, a huge face appeared over them. "Can I or my counterpart help you?" The Doctor and Carl looked, but they couldn't see anyone else except the Dyck, and they were sure the face wasn't talking about him.

"Eh, yes," said the Doctor, "we're looking for the fastest way to Sensawonderland.



Could you direct us on our way?"

"Through those fanzines, right there," the huge face said. The travellers thanked the face as it left and began arguing at another voice:

"You've got exactly one second to get back to the dungeon, Alter!

I've had enough of your tracking mildew all over my carpet!"

"Thank God for small favors, Guise! You're lucky I don't strike
for more peanut butter and rubber dolls! I may just do that!"

"Your demands fall on deaf ears, Alter. Get back to work on the
next column or I'll unplug your nightlight!"

A step through the pages of the fanzines brought the three travellers into a hotel suite filled with a chattering array of circus midgets, baboons, and a strange collection of people wearing similar caps. A man carried a bottle around high in the air and proclaimed "Smoooooooooth!" for all to hear, while another carried mugs of a drink labelled "Blog" to Little Carl and the Doctor and tried to get them to drink. In the corner, a hairy hat sat with funny cartoon-like bubbles appearing over his head.

Leaving the hotel room, Doctor Ike, Little Carl and the Dyck climbed onto the back of a giant rabbit which took them on a bouncy trip through fields of shredded mimeo paper growing on vines from the ground. Far off in the distance they saw a machine picking the shreds and making it into Twiltone.

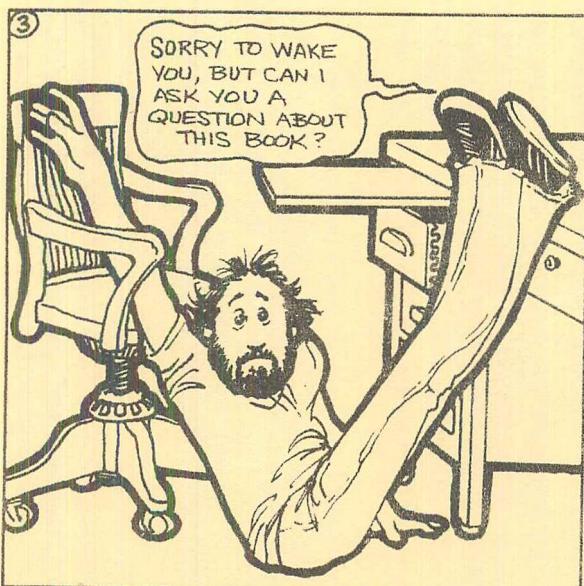
"We must be getting close now," the Doctor said, "the paper around here is getting whiter and heavier: book stock. See, I know about those kind of things!"

They were getting closer. In the distance, growing larger with every hop of the rabbit, was a huge building with gold and silver trimmings on every inch of it. The 149th Wonder of the World: the publishing industry...

The rabbit stopped and let them off on the steps of the building, then hopped off saying "I'm late! I'm late! For a very..." They couldn't hear the rest before the rabbit hopped out of range.

At the huge gilt doors of the building stood two guards. After a short explanation of destination, two 'Dorsai' let the three of them into the foyer. Inside they saw a man sitting at a desk with a plumed quill pen fourteen feet long taking down the names

and destinations of every visitor. When asked their destination, the doctor said, "We're looking to go to Sensawonderland. The god of thunder and other loud noises requests the presence of this particular young man immediately or as soon as possible whichever is the lesser of the least."



The receptionist looked very stern. "Well, he said, "I'll have to check this out." Add so he consulted a very large book with blank pages. "Ah, ha! To get to Sensawonderland from here, you must go through Hugo Hall, through that corridor there, a right, then a left. Then an uppercut. Go through the custodian's lunchroom until you reach the door to the boilerroom; go through it past the school children with their heads tucked between their legs, and down the ladder into the sub-basement.

I believe you'll find the place you're looking for." Thanking him the Doctor led the Dyck and Little Carl to the hall. Inside many people, obviously fiction writers, stood around complimenting each other and laughing and telling jokes. Throughout the hall stood tall, ceiling-high silver rocketships on marble bases. One writer passed by Little Carl wearing a t-shirt that said "I wrote BLAKES PROGRESS," and nobody seemed to pay any attention to him.

Among the others they saw standing around the hall was a short, slight woman wearing so much black clothing that she looked like a villainess from the 1930s serials; a bearded man surrounded by clones of himself so he'd always have someone around to pat him on the back, and a rather fossil-like man standing on a pedestal made up of fans, grokking for blood (what that meant, nobody in the room seemed to know -- but then again they weren't very talkative around strangers).

The doctor finally managed to stop a passing writer carrying a broadsword. The writer wore glasses and carried his pens in a plastic holder in his shirt, and a calculator on his hip -- altogether quite a disturbing countenance for our travelling friends to behold.

"What gives here?" the Doctor asked. "I must deliver my friend here to the god of thunder and Diggers before long. Elsewise he might have a terrible tantrum! Can you help us? The receptionist said we'd get to Sensawonderland through here."

"Why this is Sensawonderland," the writer said, "isn't it? Look at all of us here. We built this place by ourselves, we should recognize it, and also be able to call it what we want! It's Sensawonderland right here -- there's no need to go any farther. The god of thunder and other noises is coming here, but you may have to wait a long time -- like about four years. Nothing is on time when he's involved."

"Oogle gop brank," the Dyck said.

At that moment the screech of an enormous enraged bird filled the hall. All the writers at once began to scatter, running in mortal terror. Again the bird screeched shrilly.

Someone bumped into Little Carl and he lost his balance, falling through the floor -- down and down, until he hit the hard ground with a thump!

Carl had fallen out of his chair and had only been dreaming the whole thing after all! That's what you get from eating pickles before you fall asleep!

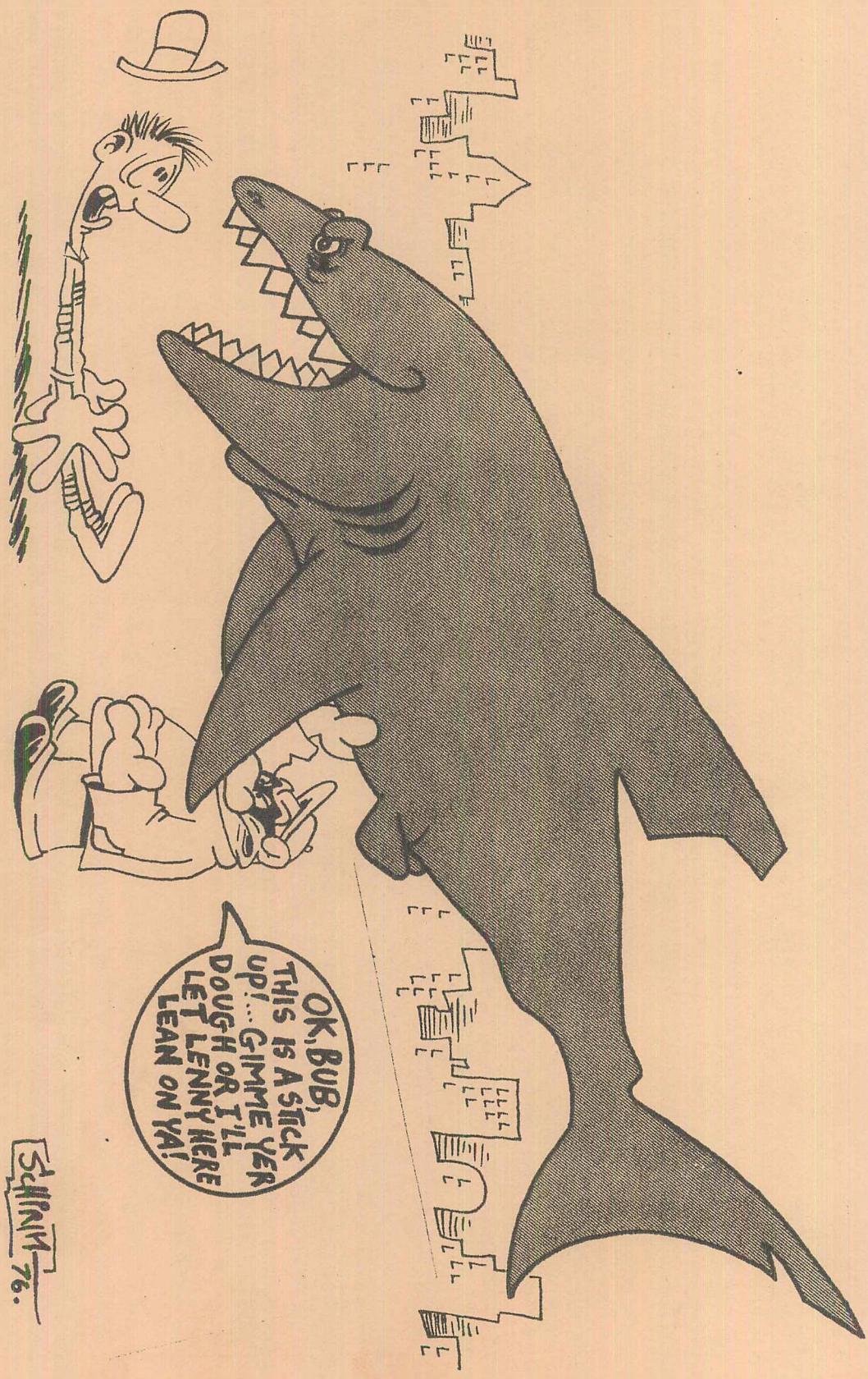
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++ CARL BENNETT

POTTED BIOGRAPHY: KAREN ANDERSON

The lady of intricate glyph
Discovered the pied hippocriff
And the long extinct sphinx
Padding soft on the brink
Of the highest Orindian cliff.

RUTH
BERMAN

ULTRA LATE BREAKING WIND WAHFS: MIKE GLICKSOHN, GEORGE FLYNN, DON AYRES, OLE KVERN



OK, BUB,
THIS IS A STICK
UP!... GIMME YER
DOUGH OR I'LL
LET LENNY HERE
LEAN ON YA!

SCHLAMM '76.