



BANSHIE

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This is the January 1974 issue of BANSHIE, a fanzine published irregularly by Michael Gorra of 199 Great Neck Road, Waterford, CT 06385. BANSHIE can be obtained for trades, contribution of written matter or artwork, a substantial loc, whim, or 35¢ An 'A' in this space means that this is your last issue unless you take some form of action. Any uncredited writing is the editors. XX

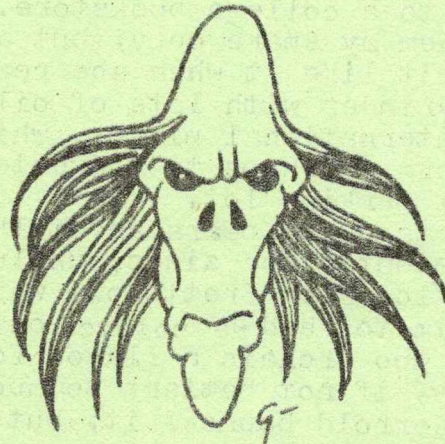
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Jim McLeod frontcover, 13,15,18
Jason Pascoe backcover
Marc Shirmeister 21

Shirmeister & Jackson illos from Mike Glycer. Pascoe from James A. Hall. Canfields from Grant, but already electrostenciled by Murray Moore. Birkhead on 23 from an envelope which fell out of her copy of WARHOON 27, which I'd borrowed.



C E S T M O J

Sunday, November 11, 1973. Quarter to nine, P.M. I've been publishing a zine for eight months now, but haven't let very much of myself come into it. So you don't know me very well. I'll attempt to alleviate this hear, with a diary that I'll keep for a week.

I just got home from a friend's house where we watched the new Perry Mason show. Afterwards I said that I'd like to see a lawyer show where he had somebody who was really guilty, but got him off the hook and put somebody else in prison instead. Then, as soon as I walked in the door, my younger brother (John, age 14) said that a fan from New Haven had called, and that he would call back at ten. We shall see.

Today was spent writing letters and reading snatches of SFC in between periods where I drowsed. It was boring. I tried to interest myself in the football games, but they were boring too- Miami or the Steelers weren't on, and the Giants aren't any good this year so...

We're still unbeaten after eight games, with only a game on Thanksgiving left to play. The day after I will be bound for Bermuda to spend a hopefully glorious weekend. Now I'll put this aside and write a portion of a story; then, it's either get to work on Pat McGuire's article, or read some of THE MARTIAL CHRONICLES, which is BORING!!

Monday, November 12, 1973: I got the call last night at five after ten. It seems that there's a new fan group in New Haven, a club, and they wanted to know if I wanted to come to some of their meetings. Sometime soon perhaps I shall. I still haven't met a fan in the flesh. They're going to publish a zine soon, offset, and they are going to be very stingy with freebies. Um. I think it would be hard to do, especially for the first ish of a clubzine. He also says they have some good artists in the group, which is another incentive to get down there. Lots of Yalies in it. I may be one someday.

We didn't have school today, so this morning I went downtown and bought ten reams of paper and a big stapler. Then I sold THE ALIEN CRITIC to a college bookstore. I think. They seemed interested, and I left them my spare copy, but a middle aged lady is in charge, so maybe she won't like it when she reads it, even though it is cleaned up now. Had a grinder with lots of oil and hot pepper before coming home, in my 1953 International pickup, which has aquired quite a reputation about Waterford, perhaps to the extent of being the best known vehicle in the student parking lot.

I ate a few pears and talked with some friends, then got the mail. FOUR decent sized zines, uncluding the new mammoth OBTUSE TRIP, and a letter/loc from Brett Cox, which also contained a story of mine that I sent him to read. He pointed out a few minor flaws in style, and said that it had too archaic a flavor for him, but that overall it was equal in quality, if not better, to much of the stuff the prozines were publishing now. Gerrold bounced it, but I'll correct it Real Soon Now and send it to somebody else.

Pat's article is coming along nicely. Four pp on stencil. I also wrote a loc to Tim C. Davison.

I just got done visiting with my next door neighbor, female, who goes to the Snooty Private Catholic High School that we destroyed on Saturday. I said that I didn't think their field was very good, as fields go. "You always have something nasty to say about our school," she exclaimed. She's right, I usually do. I actively dislike the place. It messes up kids heads, gives them a superiority complex. (the only possible attraction the place can have is snob appeal) But it's true about the field.

I seem to be writing at length here, so I think I will end this diary after tomorrow, to keep it in manageable length.

Tuesday, November 13, 1973 quarter to nine P.M. School today, but I didn't really go. Came home after the first period as I wasn't feeling well. My temperature when the school nurse checked it was 97, and I didn't fake it at all. But I feel fine now.

Spent the morning watching a half hour of kid's shows (Yogi Bear is not as good as I remembered him to be) then working on pat's article, which is all on stencil now, with only a small illo to be inserted remaining. Also finally finished THE PARTIAL CHRONICLES, and read TITLE, HWAJHIOQUA, and parts of NOEBIUS TRIP. For lunch I

had a can of chunky beef soup, which was excellent. Somehow, while chatting over lunch with my mother, I said that I have difficulty relating to people because I think I'm too sarcastic at times, and also, perhaps, too honest. It is not generally well th

thought of to tell a girl that you think she's bitchy- more than once in a single night. Also I delight in cutting down people. She said that I shouldn't be so honest, and should try to temper my sarcasm, which in many cases approaches scorn in many cases, barely concealing if at all, dislike. Usually it's directed at girls of my own age, since they generally seem to ignore me (Though I get along fine with girls a year or so younger than I. I don't know many older ones very well) Perhaps I should play The Game more. But I don't really think so. My mother did say, though, that she can understand my hostility towards certain ones. Another trait of mine that probably bugs people is that of using 'big' words and also of thinking of very logical explanations for things. Usually this is not intentional, unless I know it will bug people, and then sometimes it's planned. But again, it's usually only people my own age, and not everyone in that age group, either.

I only got one piece of mail today- John Berry and Ted White's zine EGOBOO, which I read immediately with a great deal of enjoyment, and which I also loosed. Then I dragged out HROLF KRALI'S SAGA and read the first part before dinner, which was roast pork with stuffing, gravy, and cranberry sauce. Delicious. My favorite meal at home (In a restaurant it's generally duck) I knocked off another sixty pages of Anderson's book before watching my only TV for the night, DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE, and MAUDT, which latter I don't usually watch. DOCTOR is an intact British import (as opposed to such as ALL IN THE FAMILY) and is really the best sitcom on. Anderson's book is also excellent, and has really captured me. I then tried to eat a pomegranate, but they weren't as good as I had remembered, so I didn't finish.

I really enjoyed writing this, and am tempted to keep it up for an entire week, but it would stretch on forever. Someday I'll have to do





it properly and put out a personalzine composed entirely of diary. Perhaps I will make this a regular feature here or in my apazines. Now I shall descend the stairs and see if I can con the nightcap of creme de cacao or peppermint schnapss that I was half promised. I love cordials and liquers.

I don't think this period is all that typical of my life, since it appears that more of it was spent on fanac than is usual, and I didn't go to school or practice during these three days. I've got twelve pp of this zine on stencil now, though none has been corrected. I'm going to have it ready to run off (those 12pp) Saturday, and then I can work at my leisure on the rest of the zine, even if new contribs which I want to get on stencil right away come in, which I hope they do. I may even build up a backlog....

I didn't build up a backlog. As of today, December 3, I haven't gotten any more contribs. Nor have I gotten the artwork I'd hoped to. I think this is because the repro was so bad last time that nobody's willing to take a chance. What I've done so far came out nicely, I think, so I'll send this to all the artists on my list, even if the "last issue" box was checked last time, to see if they'll respond to the better repro. Sure hop so. I'd love to get my hands on some more good art.

We finished the football season unbeaten and untied, and ranked sixth in the state. The day after Thanksgiving, I took a trip to Bermuda with my parents. The scenery there is absolutely fabulous, but the hotel was sparsely populated, for me at least, with most of the guests being newlywides or old folks. I got a lot of reading done. The sand on Bermuda is unbelievable. I picked up a handful of wet sand, squeezed most of the moisture out, molded it into a ball, and was able to have a pass with my brother with it. Just a little more cohesive than sand here.

Damndest thing was in HERBAPA 2. There was a cartoon entitled "The Magnificent Seven" showing seven faneds riding out: TAC, LOCUS, GRAND FALLOON, OUTWORLDS, ALGOL, IS, and TOMORROW AND... They're pursuing a bunch of smaller zines: PREHENSILE (Now that's on that belongs in the first group!) TITLE, SOITGOZE, and STARSHIP TRIPE. The cartoon's by somebody named Braziman. Damned if I know who Braziman is. He isn't even listed in the list of Church members in the OO. Is he a hoax? Anybody want to tell me who he is, so I can send him a copy? Glycer? It was a bit of a crogger to see my old name staring out at me like that.

From December 13 thru 17 I was in the hospital for excision of a pilonidal cyst, which is a little lump at the base of my spine which bleeds and oozes pus. Probably some of you have had them. Perversely, I rather enjoyed my stay.

Thursday, the day I entered, was uneventful. I had a blood test, X-rays, the usual things, then wandered about the floor. At night, my parents came to visit, with the day's mail, the highlight of which was a letter from Grant Canfield, which included the illo you're going to see when you turn the page.

The next day was memorable for the fact that I received at least ten injections: 3 antibiotic shots, one sedative, 2 unidentified ones, three little anesthetic shots, and then the major shot for spinal anesthetic, which meant I was conscious during the operation, which lasted about an hour. I talked to the doctors and generally enjoyed myself during it. Then I was wheeled into the postop ward for a few hours, until I could "wiggle my toes" I thought that while I wouldn't have any feeling in my legs, I would be able to move them. Nope. For over two hours, they were totally immobile. There I amused myself by listening to the babblings of those waking up from ether and by talking to the student nurses. When I finally went back to my room, I had to stay in bed until half past five that night. My mother was waiting there and we had a nice chat. During it they brought me some icecream and coke, and also a liverwurst sandwich which I disposed after one putrid bite.

My wrestling coach came to see me that night, I feel sorry for him- the team has been wracked by injuries both this year and last- injuries and sicknesses totally unconnected to wrestling. I will probably be able to wrestle, physically, towards the end of January, but I don't know whether it'll be worth it. Also, I want to make Boskone for the entire con rather than for just one day.

The food there was fairly good, and you have just about as much of it as you want. I was also inundated with gifts of food. My parents brought me some bananas, which I gave to the nurses when I left, some cookies, and some apples. My girlfriend Iris brought me a tin of cookies (Yes, things have changed since I stencilled the early parts of this editorial. But she is a year younger than I. She also seems intrigued by fandom) My grandparents supplied a two pound box of candy. I also got a box from my father when I came home (from out of the vast store of gifts he distributes to his customers each year. Now, why couldn't he have given me a bottle of Canadian Club like many of them get?) but my mother spirited it away. "Save it for company." In addition, I got a book on Salvador Dali that I've been craving, and Iris gave me one of those little statuettes you see in card and party shops.

There was this crazy lady on the floor who had been there for quite a while with a nosebleed. I was walking about my first night there, when she suddenly said, "Hey mister, come here." I walked into her room, and this greyhaired monster said, "Mister, do you have a mother?"

"Yes"

"Well, I'm a mother too, get me OUT OF HERE!!!" She would scream that all day, to the constant annoyance of the entire floor. "You wouldn't treat your own mother this way," she would say. Once she threw a cup of tea at a nurses aid. But the idiot forgot to remove the cover from the cup before she did it. I think they were going to ship her to the mental hospital a little distance away.

I stayed in bed most of the next two days: watching an enormous amount of tv and doing almost no reading. Oddly, and happily, I had no pain from the operation.

Monday morning, the doctor came in to see me fairly early, even before

breakfast. He removed all the bandages, except the one that was sewn in with my sutures (it's blood clotted and feels like a rock) and said, "Fine, you can go home tomorrow."

"Why not today," I asked. I had not a whit of pain, and could see no point in staying.

"You want to go home today? Okay, I'll tell the nurses." And four hours later I was typing up stencils, lying stomach down on the floor, because I can't sit down yet. But it's not too bad, and it looks like this will get out on schedule after all.

I am now publishing a personalzine called THE ORANGUTAN GAZETTE, which one can receive for a statement signed by seven witnesses including a public notary, signed in your own blood as well, drawn up on parchment, and further sanctified by the sacrifice of seven 25 year old virgins, saying that you promise to write me a loc on it. Or if you want to be totally unfannish about it and take the copout way, you can send me a buck. Wait a minute, what's this coming into the mailbox? 10, dammit, Juanita, I meant MONEY!

Here are my recommendations for Hugo nominating ballots. Yes, dammit, I know it's early but it's on my mind NOW. In descending order:

BEST FANZINE: PREHENSILE, SF COMMENTARY, OUTWORLDS

BEST FANWRITER: Ed Cagle, Susan Clicksohn, Arnie Patz

BEST FANARTIST: Jim McLeod Grant Canfield, Bill Rotsler (tho I will probably vote for Bill until he finally does win one.....)

No comments on the pro awards because I haven't thought about them very much yet.



Many of you, of course, queried me as to exactly what happened last time with the repro. Actually, I don't really know. All I can say is that the electrostencil machine broke down, perhaps from having to do page upon page of type. (I've been subsequently informed that electrostenciled type never looks good, and I'm not doing it any more) I hypothesized that the stylus had worn down, but like Clicksohn wrote that it looks more like it fell of altogether. I'll be content to accept his explanation and the fact that the machine is now working properly.

The covers thish were printed by Don Santos in the Waterford High School Print Shop, and cost me a grand total of five bucks for both front and back covers. I knew it would be cheaper than in a commercial printshop, but that figure astonished even me.

Nothing else to say, so read on, and WRITE!

Dear Trekkies,

My name is Richard Wadholm. I want to be your friend. I heard about what you did to George Takai at Westercon, and how you made the rest of us look like the asshole of the universe, but then, there's nothing unusual about that, is there. I mean, if I were going to be mad at you

For smothering George Takai and making the rest of us look like the asshole of the universe in San Francisco, then I'd be mad at you for stealing equicon from the real people and making us look like the assholes of the universe in the Torres too, or for walking around all the halls at LACon right in public, with your tight black pants and skinny blue shirts and pointed ears and butch haircuts and making us look like the queerest assholes in the universe in my own home town, too, wouldn't I? But I'm not. I want to be your friend.

That's why I've come up with a package deal for all Trekkies who want to get away from it all for awhile--you know, take a little vacation from the normal people, get together and go grok yourselves, paste Star Trek stickers on each other and just do what it is that Trekkies are famous for doing.

The event is the first TreblinkaCon, to be held in sunny, hospitable, Treblinka, Poland. Yes, Treblinka Poland...(*sigh) vacation paradise for six million during the war years, and still a favorite spot for the the nostalgic. Treblinka sits in an ideal location, just fifteen miles from the suntanned beaches of the Wieprz River, just minutes away from the world famous Dubowsky Fertiliser plant. Yes, you'll have something to tell your grandchildren ~~if~~ when you come back! You will visit the world's largest fertilizer plant. Amaze your friends and neighbors. Buy naturally scented Polish postcards and send them to all your relatives.

And speaking of crap, here's what you get with the deal:

A program

A free, personally autographed picture of Lassie

A nude fold out of Dave Nee

A daily newsletter, PREHENSILE

A Spock is Foxy bumper sticker

A free, personally autographed picture of Lassie

Spock's left ear

Leonard Nimoy's left ear

A candid picture of 'Boneless' McCoy, playing doctor with Majel Barret

A bottle of Wieprz River Water, good for stripping off wax and killing weeds

A free, personally autographed picture of Lassie

A map of Treblinka, with all the sites of interest (the fertilizer plant, the sporting house, the Roger W. Yzbrysky Hemmeroid Memorial) left out, and a free, autographed picture of Lassie.

For your fan guest of honor, we've invited Charles Manson, who also happens to be the camps activities director. Yes, Charles Manson, star of stage, screen, and electric chair, world renowned for his charisma and outlandish sense of humor, will divulge his witty anecdotes on, among other things, life in prison, Sharon Tate, and his social life with the

THE VIEW FROM GROUND BEET

THE ULTIMATE SOLUTION TO THE
TREKKIE PROBLEM by

RICHARD WADHOLM

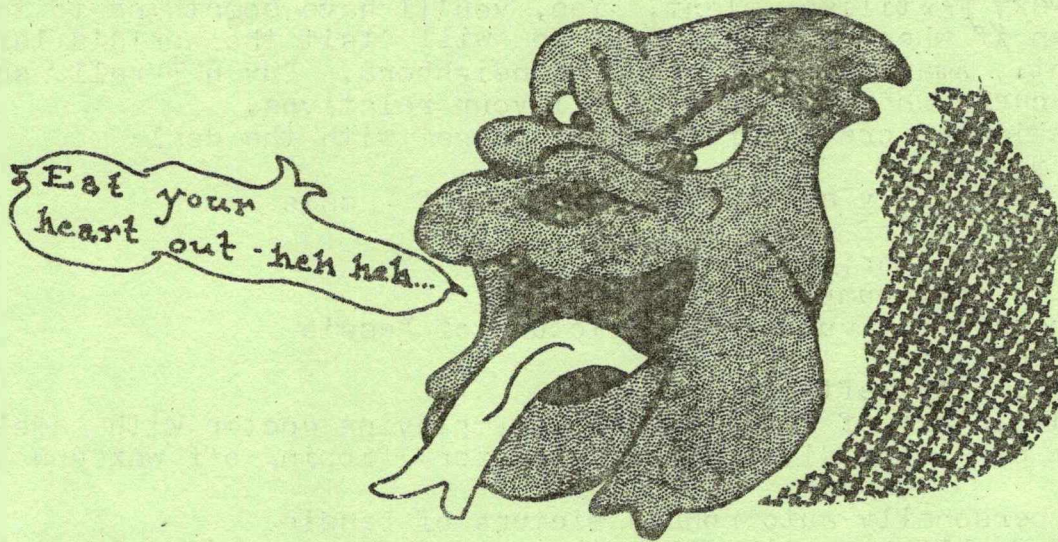
richard famous. Afterwards, he has promised to demonstrate some of the ways he has used to get dull cocktail parties scr reaming.

For pro guest of honor, we've searched the world. We've invited Leonard Nimoy, Gene Coon, Harlan Ellison, David (yum yum) Gerrold, Tonto, Ethyl Mertz, the Avon Lady, Ed Bishop, Gabrielle Drake, Gay ellis, Ed Straker, and Sam Irvin. Yes, those are just a few of the people who won't be coming. What we've come up with is Corporal Adolf Schicklegrubber, an old WW I veteran most famous for his work, IROD OF THE SWASTIKA. He too has promised to take a hand in the camp's activites.

So come see the sights, let your hair down for a weekend, go down to the Treblinka Hoffsbrau and get gassed, see the guard towers, let your children visit the Children's Zoo and pet the German Shepherds. Relax with other Trekkie freinds and talk about Trekkie things. Believe me, ~~/~~ when you get out, your friends won't know you! Trust me, I want to be your fir&end.

~~/~~ ~~/~~ ~~/~~ ~~/~~ Bon Voyage

Richard Wadholm
(The adult that likes trekkies best!)



(Some of the ideas in this essay were suggested, in the course of casual correspondance, by Sandra Liesel. Give her about 25% of the credit, and me all of the blame.

Poul Anderson has recently invented a new alien race for the Polesotechnic League/Terran Empire/Commonality future history: the Ythrians. These winged sophonts seem to have taken a powerful hold on Anderson's imagination, for he has already used them in two short stories and one novel. The novel, *THE PEOPLE OF THE WIND* (Signet, 1973) seems on the whole successful, but both the short stories are failures. And both largely for the same reason, I think. The climax of each comes in the discovery of some trait of the Ythrians, and ideas are the place to begin stories, not to finish them. The stories, in fact, read rather as if Anderson were trying to get a little more mileage out of background invented for the novel.

The first of them, "Wings of Victory" (Analog, April 1972) is fairly straightforward. Anderson has figured out a way for a flying creature large enough to maintain an intelligent brain to exist on a fairly Earthlike planet. (Actually, Anderson states that the basic idea came from John Campbell) The problem is the energy outlay necessary to maintain a being that large in flight. The common opinion has been that this is impossible in an Earthlike environment, the limiting factor apparently being the supply of sufficient oxygen to the wing muscles. Anderson's tale displays a way around this difficulty, a gill-like 'supercharger' aerating the blood immediately before it reaches the flight muscles.

The announcement of the piece of ingenuity is the entire story: In what I think are early Technic times, a ship of the first Terran Grand Survey lands on Ythri. A scouting expedition leader is a stereotype nineteenth century German (i.e. both overly theoretical and prone to violence, but no Nazi) As he knows there can be no winged sophonts on Ythri, he has no compunctions about shooting at the large birdlike creatures that attack the party as they go prying about deserted dwellings. Fortunately, our hero (who has what I think is an Armenian name) figures out the truth in the nick of time, the scouting party makes its escape, and hero gets the girl. She, by the way, is Japanese Russian, and has spent the story being Orientaly feminine and demure, while contradictorily being the weapons officer

There are 'human interest' elements kicking around the edges here--our German Theoretiker gives the hero such a hard time because he is unsure

SOME THOUGHTS ON ANDERSON'S 'THE PROBLEM OF PAIN'

by PATRICK L. MCGUIRE

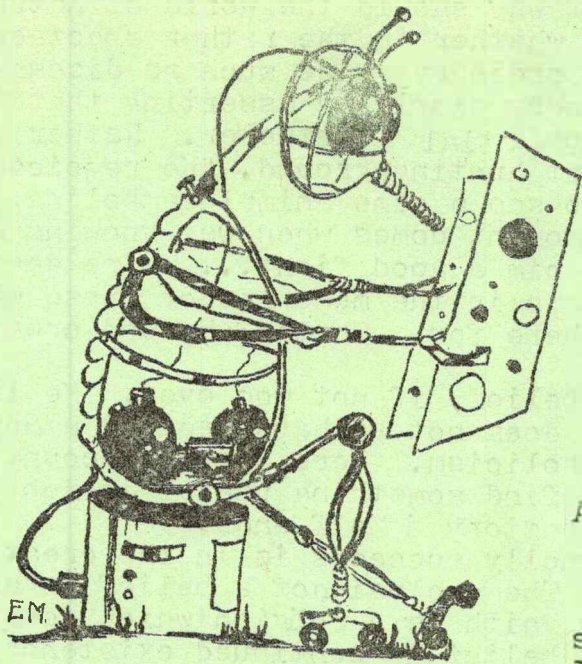
of himself and does not know how to make an impression on the girl, for instance--but these do not congeal in the parallel plot so frequent in Anderson's technical-problem stories. The style is somewhat weak too, with allusions to Simon Templar and sundry bits of archaic Modern English mixed into no obvious effect.

The next story, the one I am really concerned with here, is "The Problem of Pain" which appears in the February 1973 F&SF (and which has been subsequently anthologized in THE BEST OF F&SF, 24TH SERIES) Again, the climax of the story hinges on an interesting idea concerning the Ythrians. But this time he has also made what looks like an honest attempt to tell a moving human story.

Anderson has always been moderately fond of stories with narrative frames, and he has used a lot of these devices lately. Consider the very complicated one in THERE WILL BE TIME. "Wings of Victory" has a faceless narrator does little except to clutter up the story, but "The Problem of Pain" has a substantial narrative framework. First we are introduced to the marginally habitable planet Lucifer (a symbolic name) where the anonymous first narrator and second narrator, Peter Berg, are part of an expedition conducting a feasibility study. Berg and the first narrator are isolated from the rest of their group for months at a time, so they get to know each other quite well. The narrator is an agnostic sympathetic to religion, and Berg seems to be some sort of Catholic. Perhaps not a Roman Catholic-- in addition to existing divisions, Anderson has introduced "Jerusalem" Catholics in THE PEOPLE OF THE WIND-- but no unequivocal differences with Roman Catholic belief are expressed within the story. One night Berg and the first narrator have rather much to drink during and after dinner, and they get to discussing matters philosophical and religious. Berg lets it slip that something has made him very unsure that God is love, and once he has said that much, he determines to tell the whole story:

Just after they have gotten out of the university, Berg and his new wife ship out as technical experts as part of an Ythrian survey expedition to an Earth-like (and hence also Ythri-like) planet-- they call it Gray, but it will be renamed Avalon in THE PEOPLE OF THE WIND. Berg has developed an interest in one of the two religions with a widespread following in the predominant Ythrian culture, the "New Faith" (the "Old Faith" is described in "The Problem of Pain" only as being pagan and involving "bloody rites." In THE PEOPLE OF THE WIND a reference is made to "sacred revels" employing drugs.) Berg believes that Christianity is valid only for humans. In fact, Anderson seems to feel that this is already general Catholic teaching, since Berg says, "Way back before space travel, the Church decided Jesus had come only to Earth, to man." I presume 'space travel' started in 1961 or at least 1969. A character in an earlier story ("The Word To Space" by 'Winston P. Sanders' F&SF December 1960, says "The Vatican decided more than a hundred years ago, back when space travel was still a mere theory, that the mission of Our Lord was to Earth only, to the human race.") I have had occasion to do a moderate amount of research on the subject, and have not come across anything so conclusive as this would suggest, though this line of thinking does indeed seem to prevail among Catholic (and also among, at the least Anglican) theologians. It is hard, after all, to see what point God's becoming a man could have for nonhuman's, unless humankind is taken as representative of all material intelligent beings, which is rather a leap, and which still does nothing about the fact that certain other races would be forever separated from ours by space and time.

Anyhow, Berg suspects that the New Faith may be a revelation to the Ythrians equivalent to Christianity for humans, and he hopes that the study of the New Faith may enrich humans' knowledge of God. Degrees of religious devotion are about as various among the Ythrians as among humans, but one



of the expedition, Enherrian, is devout, and Berg hopes for some interesting exchanges.

Shortly after arrival, Berg and his wife Olga (Olga is the name of the spaceship in "Wings of Victory as well-- anyone for Significance-Hunting?) along with Enherrian, his wife, and their two grown children, set out by boat to investigate a patch of 'atlantis weed' an immense mat of vegetation forming a floating island. (Which immediately brings to mind C.S. Lewis' PERELANDRA and its various religious connotations) A hurricane blows up and sends the boat onto rocks. Enherrian's daughter dies saving Berg--and the survival equipment strapped to him. The others make it safely to land. Berg at this point learns that the New Faith holds that there is no afterlife. Nonetheless, Enherrian is satisfied that his daughter made a good end, which is to say that

she "had" deathride" and "gave God Honor" Berg puzzles over what these concepts may signify. Next, Enherrian has a wing sliced off by what is later named a surgeon tree, one of Gray's many highly developed plants. For an Ythrian, loss of a wing means a slow death; physiologically and psychologically the beings are meant to fly. Berg fears that Enherrian may attempt suicide, but when he confides this to the Ythrian's wife, she rejects the suggestion indignantly-- "He would never rob God of Honor"

As their portable radio went down with the daughter, the party decides to hack a large symbol in the vegetation to attract the attention of rescue aircraft. The symbol they choose, interestingly enough, is a cross. While they labor at this substantial task, Olga tends Enherrian. Next she falls sick, with a wrackingly painful ailment which is sure to kill her. Later the difficulty is traced to another of Gray's plants, the "hell shrub" which gives off a vapor poisonous to man though harmless to Ythrians. Berg escapes its full effects by going off to work on the signal while Olga stayed behind in camp. She is in a frenzy of pain, so Berg gives her a shot to allow her to sleep, to sleep until death comes. Then he goes off alone to confront God: "Why did You do this to her, why did You do it?" (It would probably be better Catholic theology to ask "Why did You let this happen to her?" Not perhaps, a very enormous distinction, especially considering Berg's emotional state at the time, but perhaps nonetheless a significant one.) After awhile, Berg reconciles himself to his impending loss and returns to camp. Somehow, despite the medicine, Olga has regained consciousness and is in fierce pain. After an additional period of agony she dies. But Berg is still puzzled about why Olga regained consciousness. He decides Enherrian must have given her a stimulant, brought her back to suffer more. Enherrian, when accused, admits this so freely that Berg's first thought is that the Ythrian is trying to goad Berg into putting him out of his misery. But of course it is all a cultural misunderstanding, and one which serves as the occasion for the expounding of the central tenets of the New Faith.

Berg is particularly struck by their answer to the 'problem of pain' A loving God who wishes to endow his creatures with free will may have to

permit it if they choose to do evil, but why should the world of nature also be filled with causes of suffering, whether in the rather spectacular forms they have taken on Gray or in more ordinary guise such as disease and senility? The New Faith avoids this quandry simply by asserting that God is not all-loving. But neither is he some celestial torturer. Rather, he is the Hunter, and the universe is a great hunting ground. "He rejoices in our happiness the way we might rejoice to see a game animal gamboling. Yet at last He comes after us. Our noblest moment comes when we, knowing he is irresistible, give Him a good chase, give him a good fight... We're dead, struck down, lingering at most a few years in the memories of those who escaped this time. And that's what we're here for. That's why God created the universe."

Berg finds himself impressed by this belief, if not won over. He is still, five years later, wondering if it does not perhaps present a more accurate view of things than does his Catholicism. Here Berg's account ends. The first narrator suggests that he might find something useful in Job, but that he just doesn't know. And there the story itself ends.

I think the only level on which it wholly succeeds is in the creation of a religion appropriate to the Ythrians. The exclusion of a belief in an afterlife may simply indicate that the New Faith is a religion which developed in a fairly advanced culture. On Earth, belief in continued existence after death seems very widespread, though usually the afterlife is not very pleasant. Only in rather late variants of, say, Christianity, Judaism, or Buddhism (and in modern secularism) do you get the idea that this existence is all there is to it. But the idea seems especially suited to the Ythrians, who, thanks to their generally high rate of metabolism, augmented still further when they are flying with their 'superchargers' must feel the aliveness of each moment much more than human beings can. The concept of existence away from this world- or even of resurrection in the future- might not come easily to these sophonts. While Ythrians are a hunting people more than a warrior people, it seems not inappropriate that the New Faith should emphasize the same sort of courage in the face of an ultimately hostile universe as did the barbarian-stage Germanic peoples. Finally, this is a convincing religion for the Ythrians as carnivores. They are one of the largest flying creatures on Ythri, and they co-operate socially. Consequently they must almost never know defeat in the hunt. And pursuit of game is much more ingrained into the Ythrian nature than it is in the human, despite mankind's tens of thousands of years in hunting cultures. This is illustrated in the retention of hunting motifs among the Ythrians even in THE PEOPLE OF THE WIND, after centuries of Earth given technology and centuries of Iron-Age ranching before that. And yet, the Ythrians are a sophont, social species. Like humans, they have some conception of the unity of life, and probably have passed through a period of animism. In short, they are quite likely to identify (perhaps subconsciously) with their prey, and to feel guilty about killing it. Similar feelings on Earth have led sometimes to religious vegetarianism, sometimes to rituals of apology to an animal totem, in which the hunter explains that he must kill for food, offers some sort of compensation, etc. For the Ythrian, the problem is more acute. As he has superior natural endowments plus tool-making ability, he can almost never come to harm in a hunt- certainly not often enough to rationalize it as a fair fight, as a human might with, say, a bear. And the Ythrian physiologically cannot shift any significant part of his diet to plants. For, it seems, is he psychologically capable of sweeping the fact of slaughter under the rug as we do in our present day so-



FLEE!
FLEE!
CWR

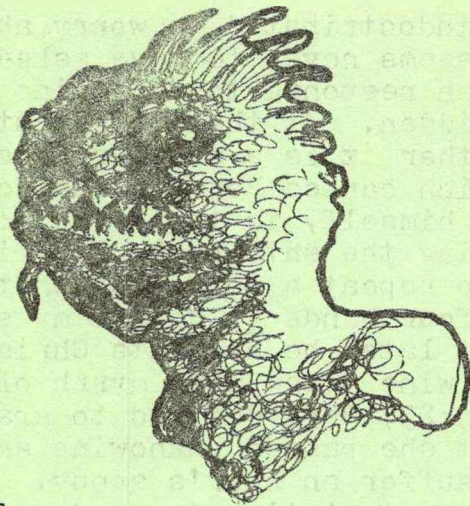
ciety. (For that matter, butchers have low social status in many cultures.) The Ythrian, shortly, may well be burdened with guilt not only for actions which seem inevitable in the aggregate, but which are individually preventable (as is the case with humans) but for what he must do simply to live. (The case of humans who feel guilty over simply being alive after a disaster which has killed most of their friends and family is rather similar.) It is a false guilt of course, but that makes it no less pressing.

In *THERE WILL BE TIME*, a woman from a hunting and raiding culture expounds her philosophy of life. "'Sides,' Leonce said candidly, 'the weak go down less they're lucky an' got somebody strong to guard them. An' in the end, come the Ol'Man, we're all weak.' She thought for a moment. 'Could be,' she mused, 'was I undyin', I'd never kill more'n spud an' it only for food. But I will die. I'm in the game too.'" It is this philosophy which the new Faith elaborates. For their mental stability, it is helpful that the Ythrians see themselves as "in the game." But their prey certainly does not hunt the Ythrians, nor do other Ythrians do so with sufficient frequency to make this a fundament of philosophy. So qualities of a hunter must be impressed upon God so that he will balance the scales. If every one of life's mishaps can be ascribed to a divine Hunter who will strike each Ythrian down more surely than the Ythrian seizes his own prey, then Ythrians too are in the game, and not exercising an unfair advantage.

This we can regard as Anderson's "bright idea," and it is a good one. However, as in "Wings of Victory" the idea comes at the end of the story and does not receive much development. Other elements are much weaker. Anderson seems to have set the story up as a "theological problem story" analogous to his technical problem stories. Blish's *A CASE OF CONSCIENCE*, Clarke's "The Star" and Miller's "Conditionally Human" would be genuine examples of this type. That Anderson has such an intention is suggested by the story's title, and by the fact that both Berg and the first narrator discuss it in these terms. But on this level it won't work. Consider how much the story depends on Berg's substantial spiritual immaturity.

A man nearly thirty, experienced and well read, who must share a one-room hut with a nonbeliever for months, and who still says morning and evening prayers aloud? It is hardly, after all, as if Berg were a Moslem and had a potentially annoying custom imposed upon him by religious law. Perhaps, of course, we see here the result of simply a different culture. The first narrator does make a point of Berg's backwoods upbringing. But there are other instances. When Berg says a prayer for the soul of Enherrian's daughter, he asks himself if she 'would truly want rest,' as if a state of spiritual peace were incompatible with vigorous activity. For the question even to arise in the mind of someone (at this time) well into his twenties calls into deep question the quality of his religious education... Or the orthodoxy of his sect (as we have seen, it might be schismatic) in which latter case it certainly is not representative of Christianity as a whole, as it would have to be for a good problem story.

Berg's anxiousness to avoid the sight of suffering, to hide from himself aspects of the nature of the universe, blinds him to certain elements of overlap which do exist between Catholicism and the New Faith. He is well



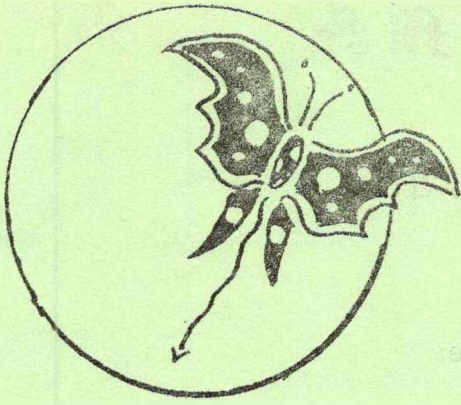
enough indoctrinated to worry about the possibility of Enherrian's suicide, but he seems never to have asked himself whether any conclusions about the Christian response to suffering could be drawn from the fact that this act is forbidden. At the risk of stretching this point too far, one could even ask whether it is a subconscious judgement on what he would do in a like case which causes Berg to suspect that Enherrian, forbidden by his religion to kill himself, is trying to goad Berg into doing the job for him.

During the shipwreck, Berg is mindful enough of the example of Christ's death to repeat a snatch of what according to Luke were His dying words: "'Into Your hands I commit my spirit'" (Christ in turn is quoting Psalm 31) But later he neglects Christ's previous example of refusing the pain-killing wine mixed with myrrh offered to him just before the Crucifixion. (Mark 15:23) Berg desires to spare his wife pain at all costs: he would rather that she passed unknowing and unprepared into death than that she should suffer an hour's agony. This antiseptic near-euthanasia would seem more characteristic of a modern technocracy (and has been portrayed as such within science fiction by, say, Bradbury or Miller) than of any orthodox form of Christianity.

A degree of spiritual immaturity, though in this case of a nearly universal sort, can also be seen in Berg's particularistic approach to suffering. Despite a commitment both before and after his experiences on Gray to the brotherhood of men--to the brotherhood of sophonts, for that matter-- Berg has not been driven to the point of "not forgiving God" by the continued sufferings of people he does not know--although, once having been disturbed, he does include them in his argument. Rather, what drives him to the point of crisis is the pain of his wife, and perhaps more particularly, his own pain at her loss. This does not, of course, destroy the forces of his rational argument. Berg may be saying, in effect, that he did not know what real suffering was until it happened to him and to his friends and his wife, and that he finds a God who would allow it to be unacceptable. Still, as a general argument, this is rather weak.

Berg's acceptance of the superiority of the New Faith response to the "problem of pain" then, would seem to stem mostly from an inability to understand, much less accept, what it is that his own tradition says on the subject. Berg admits, "'What I couldn't do was forgive God.'" If he had progressed from this point to 'open warfare' if he allowed his resentment to come out in the open, perhaps it might have burnt itself out, and in any case it would have been there to examine. But Berg finds this course unacceptable, perhaps too much at variance with what appears to be signs of God's goodness. Consequently, he turns to an uneasy compromise. Instead of God the Torturer, he accepts the Ythrian concept of God the Hunter, and apparent signs of goodness in the world can be explained as the result of God's gamekeeping.

A final reason why this will not work as a 'problem story' is that Anderson ignores whole areas of argumentation. Despite alleged years of reading and discussion, Berg seems ignorant of numerous lines of speculation. Even an omnipotent God cannot make a round triangle, for (as C.S. Lewis says) a meaningless statement does not take on meaning just because someone puts "God can" in front of it. It is at least conceivable that a universe with sophonts but without suffering entails a similar logical impossibility. (After all, squaring the circle looked possible to generations of mathematicians before it was proved a contradiction in terms.) There are arguments based on the "autonomy of nature." For example, it can be proposed that natural calamities will arise in any universe according to consistent natural laws, and that if God intervened to stop each one of them, it would be in essence taking away sophont's freedom of action: You can't act effectively if the rules keep changing on you. There are ana-



lyses tracing almost all of the 'problem of pain to the 'problem of evil' which Berg finds satisfactorily explained by Christianity (and not by the New Faith, which seems to be one reason why he does remain within the Church) If it were not for the activities of generations of sometimes-evil humans, Ythrians, and sophonts, Berg might never have found himself in a small boat in the middle of a hurricane on an unfamiliar planet. Much of the disease in primitive cultures would disappear if their populations had any regard for the minor virtue of cleanliness. Very few calamiteis do not have a human element in them somewhere.

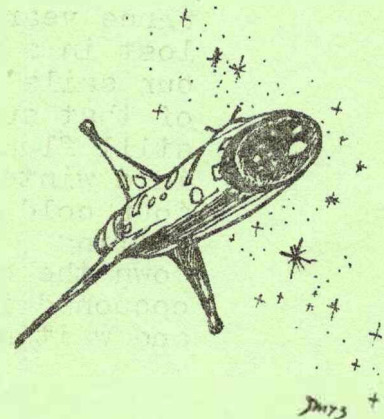
Finally (so long as he does remain a Christian) Berg should have the example of God himself in the person of Christ that however suffering may have gotten into the world, once it is there, it can be put to redemptive use.

This is not to say that any of these lines of argument are intellectually convincing or emotionally satisfying. That must remain a matter for individual decision. It is, however, to assert that 1) on a 'plot level' it is implausible that Berg has been searching for years without encountering such arguments, and 2) that on a thematic level, Anderson has not created a theological problem on the order of (to repeat previous examples) Blish's A CASE OF CONSCIENCE, or even Clarke's "The Star." (it takes about ten seconds to 'solve' the problem posed by the latter: The star was going to go nova anyhow--that had been settled since its condensation billions of years before--and what better way to go than in signaling the redemption of fellow sophonts?...But the first impact is universal and profound, which is not the case in Anderson's story.)

What Anderson does have is the makings of an excellent character study--compare Freda in THE BROKEN SWORD, whose Christianity is also sincere but confused, and who, like Berg, must contend with an alien belief system--that of the elves and the pagan humans. But, thanks to the emphasis Anderson gives to problematic elements, in "The Problem of Pain" this character study does not really emerge.

The Morals of this essay are, first, that bright ideas, particularly those that look like spinoffs from one's latest novel, should be developed throughout a story, not dropped into the end; and second, that if the problem in one's 'problem story' is problematic only to the hero, then what you really have is a tale of character, and you would do well to write it as such.

Anderson has the integrity to take on, within a framework which can be appreciated at some level by almost every reader, the really important questions of existence which too many other sf writers are content to ignore. It is this which make his successes so extremely valuable, and his failures so disappointing.



TWO POEMS

by ANGUS TAYLOR

COLLAGE

everyone's nipples are erect today
like the periodic table from which
I wade hip deep into the cold jade sea
a savage with a recoilless memory

old mythologies come to mind
guerrillas leave the jungles
of underground necessities

in the core city
ancient center of corruption
as random bureaucracy dictates
the children chant advertisements from the playgrounds

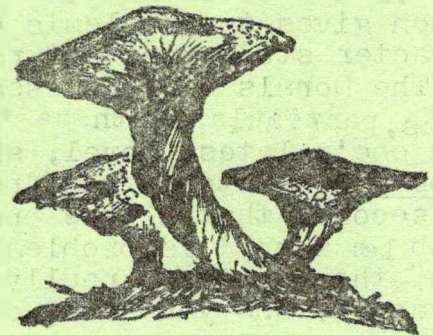
we are naked so pale cold
we are like minnows caught in a crystal vase

stay with me says the lady
she is waiting for the warriors
and crying

the first sixteen lines of this poem are plagiarized
from various poems in writ number two
the last three are not

THE PHARAOH'S DREAM

three years beyond the dog star
lost in a tangled sky
our sails' remembrance
of that summer sun
still flung us headlong
into winter and the night
four cold kings
falling
down the convex side of time
cocooned in gold
and waiting for rebirth



FROM 'THE MEMOIRS OF SIR LOYD'

by JAMES A. HALL

Yes, we knights are a hardy lot, but we do have our own peculiar brand of problems that ordinary folk don't even suspect. They see a knight and they say, "He's got it made." Permit me a sarcastic laugh here. Still, I think that these problems of ours bring us closer to the commoners in a strange way; this, I suppose, is Nature's way of equalizing all men.

For instance, we, being heroes and knights and all, have no privacy to speak of; and can you possibly imagine being on one of those three-day marches in that hot, all-encompassing armour? (I was mortal glad when they brought out the new models that could be removed within a few hours. That was the real problem of armour--it couldn't be removed readily; we ruined more horses that way. But really, the big problem was our love life.

It is, in this time, customary to find and marr one's lady-love by rescuing her from an evil (black, usually) knight, depraved knight (any color, most of we knights are) troll, ogre, dragon, demented wart-hog, lice or any of sundry other poorly intentioned creatures. This obvious difficulty cost many knights their love life plus their life. Such is our lot; we live as we must.

I, of course, was not as unfortunate as some of the other poor chaps. It is a well documented fact that my lady Gert is one of the fairest (if not the fairest) damsel in all of Camelot. Oh! how well do I remember our first meeting...

It was on a bleak November day. The sun shone bitter in the sky, casting faint shadows and aspirations upon the dead leaves that littered the forest floor. I remember the pungent sickly aroma of my horse. I was alone going home after slaying a rather enormous giant sunflower that had been terrorizing the local populace with shade. Proudly, I carried its head as a trophy on the end of my lance. Suddenly, from my right side, I thought I had detected a loud scream for help. Swiftly, I swerved to the left, but I had misjudged the echo from my armour-- I found myself in dire straits, a creek.

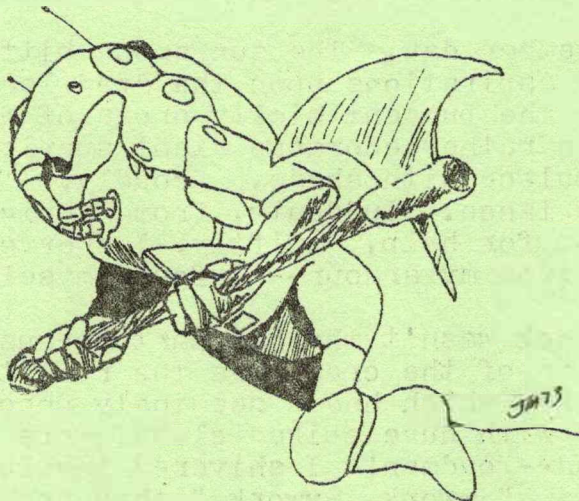
Well, being in the creek wasn't the bad part because we needed a bath anyways. On the other side of the creek was the real trouble. There was lovely Gert tied to a stake, which had a seemingly uncomfortable proximity to a bonfire. And, armed with huge spiked clubs, were three of the most feared denizens of England--Toadmen! I shivered involuntarily. They had seen me, and were waiting. "Sywork, Sywork," they croaked obscenely. I had to fight them. I had my pride and reputation to live up to, besides it's almost impossible to run in armour, and my stupid horse (that's the last time I bought a thoroughbred) had gotten stuck in the mud. I drew my sword, and advanced.

And advanced. Fifteen minutes later I engaged them. With a tree at my back to prevent attack from the rear, and spurred on by words of en-

couragement from the lady ("Kill the little bastards!") I fought well. Had the Toadmen been any bigger, I might not have won; as it was, their eleven inch stature gave me one hell of a time. Still, I won; picked up my prize; unloosed the damn horse, and set out for home.

The ride back wasn't much fun, damn armour. Once home, though, we were wedded in accordance with the law, and lived happily ever after until the following year when I finally got out of the armour that had rusted on me. Well, all I can say is how the hell did I know that she wanted a platonic relationship?

Don't see much of Gert these days, we're separated. I have enlisted in the crusades and expect to be ordered into action soon to rape and loot. Am hoping this new 'snap-off' armour works. If it doesn't, well that's the breaks.



I no longer know exactly when it was that I read the N3f magazine that started me off- it was most probably about mid-June 1973. Anyway, someone happened to mention that there hadn't been a fannish "Who's Who" for a looong time.

Being a relative newcome to fandom then (as I still am) the notion of a 'Who's Who' struck me as being a great idea. It still does.

I was on a train when I read the N3f zine, and before the end of the journey, I had convinced myself that nobody could be better suited to remedy the deficit than I. After all, I was then writing as many letters as anyone in fandom (I still am) Since the whole thing would manifestly have to be handled by letters, no other qualification seemed necessary.

A day or two after that train journey, I was telling Eric Lindsay about my great idea. He was very skeptical, but agreed to run off the questionnaire for me, provided I would include what became question 12. I think he had some vague idea of seeing that my labours would be used in the future even if the immensity of the project overcame my enthusiasm.

Anyway, Eric asked me what I intended to use in the way of questions. That was a little further than I had thought, but I begged a piece of paper and jotted down the questionnaire that follows. With only minor alterations in wording, that was the questionnaire I used:

1. Name
2. Adress (may be withheld if desired)
3. Age (may be withheld if desired)
4. Year you started reading S
5. Year you entered fandom
6. Fannish activities.
7. Fannish claims to fame (if any)
8. Name as many BNFs as you can (minumum ten)
9. Which prozines do you read?
10. How many fanzines do you get?
11. Are you willing to reply to casual correspondence? YES/NO/

MAYBE

12. Are you wlling to fill out a more detailed questionnaire?

YES/NO

13. Add anything else you wish known.

Results of this questionnaire will be used to compile and interim 'Who's Who in Fandom'. It is hoped to include all actifen- but if you don't reply you don't get included. Faneds are asked to repeat this questionnaire in their zines, but please, nobody respond more than once. And no hoaxes, folkses. Deadline is 31-12-1973, but please reply sooner for possibly earlier publication.

Those readers who have been around fandom for long enough to remember the 1961 questionnaire for the last 'Who's Who' and probably just about everyone else, will see that there are some glaring omissions from the questions I asked. Believe it or not, I wasn't quite stupid enough



PROGRESS REPORT ON THE
"WHO'S WHO IN FANDOM"

by KEN W. OZANNA

to think I had a definitive questionnaire. Nor did I think it likely that many fans would be willing to take the time and trouble to fill out a long questionnaire with so little guarantee of seeing anything come of it as I could provide. My idea was, and is, to get out some kind of an interim "Who's Who" in a reasonably short time. Armed with that, I intend to take a considerably longer period to produce a much more substantial volume. In between, all going well, I should be able to put out one or more supplementary booklets.

That is for the future, however. Let's get back to June.

On the day after I had conceived the questionnaire, I had silk-screened it onto a bunch of aerograms. The silk-screening was necessary because it turned out that Eric's mimeo would not handle Australian aerograms. They are too wide. Those of you who have seen one of those aerograms will remember the poor job I made of them. I learned to loathe the task of silk-screening, particularly on Eric's make-shift equipment.

It seemed obvious to me that I should aim to get my questionnaire printed in as many fanzines as possible. Having had all the aerograms I possessed silk-screened with the questionnaire, it was not difficult to include it with every letter I sent out.

Of course my usual circle of acquaintances was not wide enough, so I wrote a lot of begging letters, asking fans to include the thing in their zines and usually asking for a sample copy of their zine as well. The surprising thing is that so many did both. There were only two who refused to run the questionnaire, both for what I considered excellent reasons. No doubt there were others who simply treated me by ignoring it - that was only to be expected.

In the course of several weeks, I gradually expanded my vision of the number of zines I would shoot for. I think I may have started with about fifty, which sight I raised to 100 and then to 200. But I was not to reach the last target, though I think I reached the first two (I lost count of the number of begging letters somewhere in the 90s)

I have always tried to respond to every letter I have received. It just seemed a matter of common courtesy. Unfortunately, I continued that attitude as responses to the questionnaire began to trickle in. That meant that a steadily increasing proportion of my correspondence was with people who had already responded. (Actually, unfortunately is a poor choice of words here. I have come to correspond with a lot of fine people and I don't regret that for a moment.) Also, I began to get delusions of grandeur as I found how easy it was to have material published in



fanzines. I began to write 'for money.' The fact that I have yet to obtain any for my writing hasn't meant that I haven't spent a lot of time trying.

In short, my available time began to grow limited and then non-existent. A situation that will be familiar to every fan that has been active for much more than five minutes.

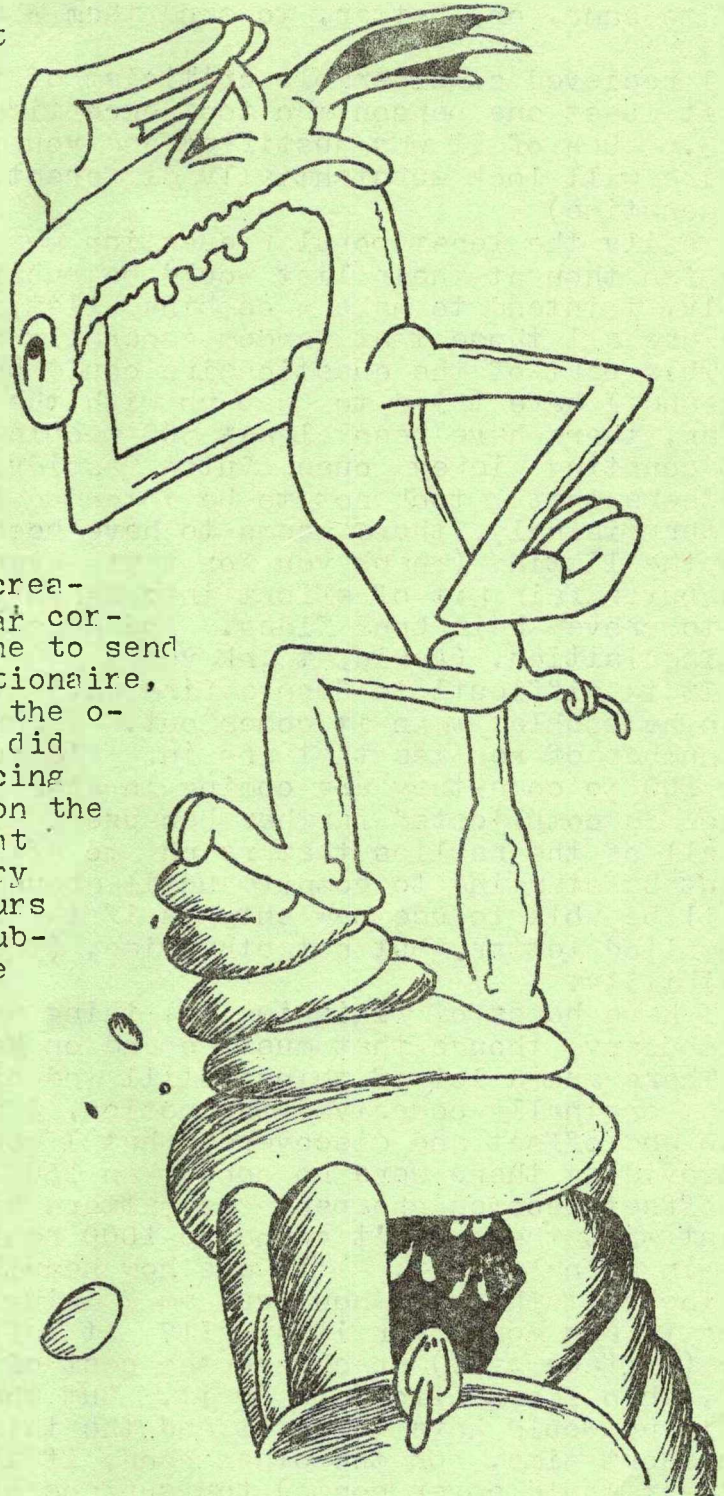
Naturally, it was new to me. I think I went the best part of a month without writing to any new fanzines before I realized what was happening.

It was when I did realize this that I stopped boasting about replying to every letter I got on the day I got it. Increasing my time to reply to regular correspondants did buy me some time to send out further copies of the questionnaire, but I was never able to regain the original momentum. Moreover, I did not relinquish my boast of locating every fanzine I have received on the day I received it, although that has now changed to locating every fanzine I receive within 24 hours of getting it, that boast is substantially intact. (That change was forced on me when my mail delivery changed from the early morning to an hour which ensured that I did not get it until my return from work, which is often at 10:00 PM)

But time continued to slip away until suddenly there was little point in trying to have the questionnaire published anywhere else. It is now probably too close to the deadline to expect to get it in any more fmz. The following figures may therefore be taken as final:

I sent the questionnaire to about 75-100 faneds in the US
 10-20 in Australia
 10-20 in the UK
 5-10 in Canada
 1 in South Africa
 1 on the European continent.

There were also a few individuals I sent it to, on the grounds that



that I especially wanted to include them. Anyone having addresses for Claude Degler, Walt Willis, or Charles Burbee is cordially invited to give me same, or, better, to send them a copy of the questionnaire yourself.

I recieved considerable criticism of the questionnaire; indeed, there was at least one person who took exception to every question except 1, 2, & 3. Much of it was justified and you may expect that the next questionnaire will look substantially different. (Assuming I don't gaffiate in the meantime)

Easily the least popular question was 8, largely, I think, because many fen thought their list would be published next to their name. Actually, I intend to make a combined list, in order of number of votes. BNFs are all those that fandom generally regards as such and no others.

This part of the questionnaire could be handled independently of the rest and I have tried to keep up with the big list as replies came in. So far, there have been almost 300 people listed as BNFs at least once. (Not counting Pickey House, Butch Cassidy, Barry Humphries and a variety of others that I took not to be intended in full seriousness.)

Surprisingly, there seems to have been no effort to introduce a hoax into the listing (Thank you for that, everyone) On the other hand, I have put a fair bit of effort into asking several perfectly respectable fen to prove their bona fides. And none of them have turned nasty about the inquisition. (Again, thank you!)

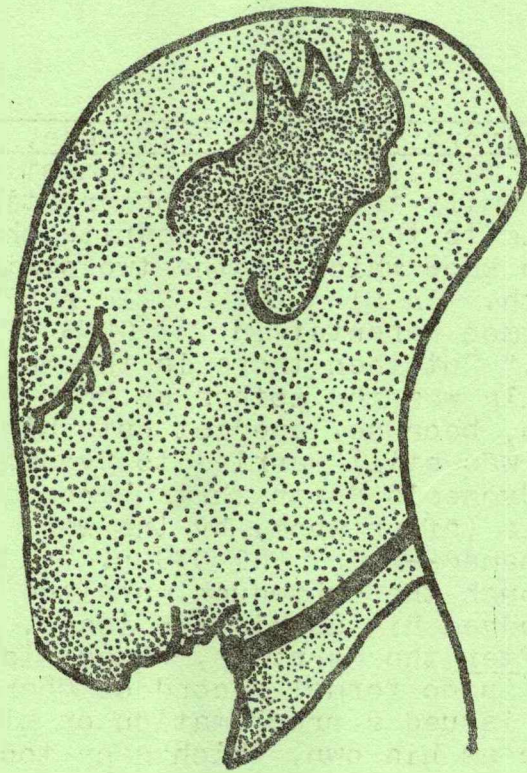
It is difficult to form a firm estimate of the number of fen who will be in the booklet when it comes out. I don't even have a good estimate of the number of replies that are in. I'd guess about 150 in, and probably 100 to come--they are coming in at about 20 per week now. The position is complicated further because I will be able to use some, but not all of the replies that reach me after the deadline. In any case, I won't be starting to compile until around the 10th of January. Then, I will be able to use new entries if their surname begins with an as yet uncompiled letter, but not otherwise. (Though I guess an addendum is a possibility.

I have hopes of finishing the thing up by the end of January or early february, though that must depend on the pressure of other work.

There are a lot of things still undecided about the 'who's who' When I originally conceived the notion, I did a rough costing for both mimeo and offset and discovered that I would be able to afford to produce it providing there were no more than 1500 replies. Over 1000 replies and offset becomes cheaper. As matters stand, I can be reasonably confident that there ain't gonna be 1000 replies. But there is a lot less work in going offset. I'll see how heavily I'm committed, come January.

The next thing is how much am I going to ask for it? Indeed, am I going to ask money for it at all? It boils down to this: If I give it away (surface mail) or charge the cost of postage (maybe 50¢) for airmail, then I can afford to do it. But that would mean that the first print run would have to be it and the thing would go out of print within a short time. On the other hand, if I charged say a dollar (or whatever would cover costs) for surface mail and 50¢ more for airmail, then I could afford to keep it in print. The apparent intermediate case of giving it to contributors but not others tends to degenerate into the first alternative, since my aim must be to include everybody (or nearly everybody) in some future edition. Anyone care to offer advice?

To anyone contemplating any such considerable work, let me offer some advice. The satisfaction in a thing like this comes very largely from having done--there are almost bound to be times along the way when



you feel that you must have been mad to get into it in the first place, and if you had any sense at all, you would quit it right now. (Although there do tend to be nice bits, like words of encouragement and (especially) help) Although I may be new to fandom, I have had a good deal of experience at completing projects, several of them much bigger than this (no, Virginia, you won't find me heavily represented at your local bookstore. Two of the projects I refer to were theses, others have been large sets of notes for subjects I teach, only one was a book as such. Even that was a mathematics text, and it's not even out yet) If you can complete the work, the glow of satisfaction at the end is a feeling obtainable in no other way. Of course, if you are a compulsive writer, the feeling only lasts a couple of weeks before you find yourself immersed in your next project.

POU

Roger Zelazny 574 W. University Pkwy. Baltimore, MD 21210

Thanks for STARSHIP TRIP #5, wherein you mention the apparent inconsistency in the Amber family tree. Your observation touches upon the matter of Corwin's claim to the throne, despite the fact that Eric was his elder. You want to know which of the two statements is correct. The answer is: Possibly both. In NINE PRINCES IN AMBER, Corwin said that they had not shared common parents; in THE GUNS OF AVALON, he said "mother to Eric and myself." But then there is the matter of paternity. This is the situation: Paiella was the mother of both Eric and Corwin. What Corwin does not mention, because Benedict cuts him off, is that Paiella bore Eric while Oberon was still married to Cymnea (Benedict's mother) and it was only after Cymnea's death that Oberon apparently made an honest woman out of Paiella (after whom, by the way, Paiella-bionin, the stairway to Rebmia was named-- NINE PRINCES p. 75) So Eric was technically a bastard at birth, though the subsequent marriage should have legitimized him had Oberon acknowledged him as his own issue. Corwin, who was born of Paiella by Oberon after the marriage, bases his claim to the throne on the fact that there is no formal record of Oberon's acknowledgement. But while Oberon never issued a proclamation or statement to that effect, he did raise Eric as his own, which many took to represent a de facto acknowledgement. So, while Eric had the family look about him, had obviously walked the Baattern and was treated as a son by the king, Corwin's case against him involved casting a legal shadow over his paternity--even though this also involved impugning his own mother's virtue. Some of this will probably come out later in the series. It is the reason for the wisecracks about technical bastards, though, also.

By the way, you are the only person to have spotted this. Thanks again for the chance to explain it.

F.H. Busby 2852 14th Ave. West Seattle WA 98119

Thanks to Warren Johnson for his appreciation of CAGE A MAN. Warren catches the main point very well, and I hope he won't mind if, in self defense, I clarify a few factual garbles that crept into his review.

Hishtoo is not "king of the lobsters" or even "the planet's ruler" but merely the director of a Demu reserache station on an otherwise uninhabited planet.

Teshta is Hishtoo's egg child, not "daughter"; the Demu are bisexual (hermaphroditic) as well as exoskeletal.

Despite the Book Club's blurb sheet, Barton is not pursued when he escapes (once he has commandeered the ship, that is) I admit that the non-pursuit is not as believable as it should be, because a paragraph insert in which Barton disables the other Demu ships (at the station) got lost, and I didn't notice until too late. There's a lot of it going around...

Barton's lady-love who gets all the surgery is not the young Demu but a humanoid woman: Limila the Tilaren, who had been mutilated by the Demu, and is somewhat restored, not transformed. (See "The Learning of Teshta" in the Oct '73 IF, if it's available.)

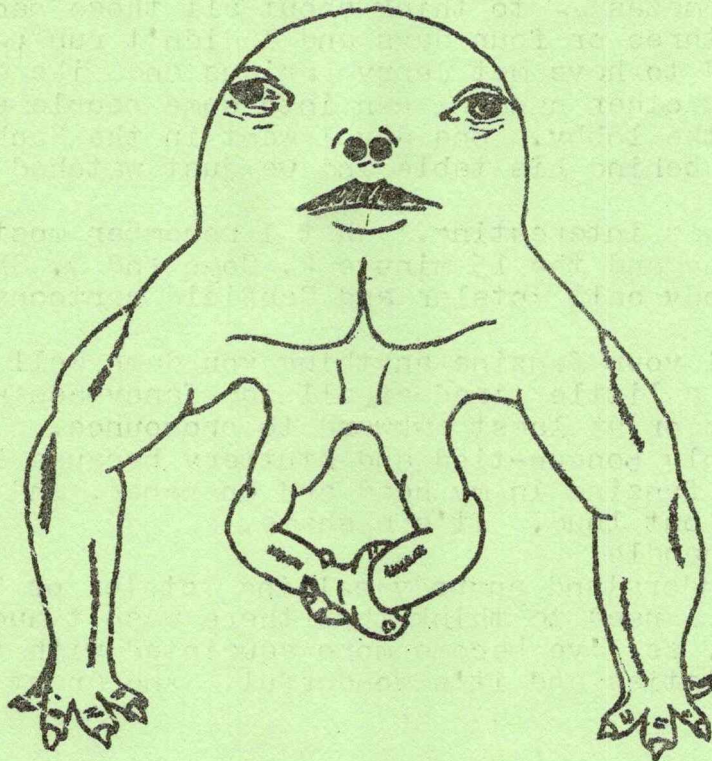
However, these are minor quibbles; no sweat. It's the thought that counts.

THE PROUD ENEMY, which is the second and longer portion of the Barton/Demu story, is sitting in a couple of editorail offices that are giving me a fine grade of non-response, to date. Stay tuned. (NAL/Signet is the non-responsive book publisher. But they do have scheduling problems, and are waiting to see how CAGP does, salewise.

I read Cy and Sheryl's Torcon reports and as always I found that they and I had attended Cons in alternate universes. I'm glad they had fun, anyway. For my part, Worldcons are getting too damned big--but I have no answers to that problem, except stay home, which is not exactly a satisfactory solution.

((I must admit that, upon rereading Warren's review, I had to agree with many Loccers who said that the review made the book sound impossibly bad, from the plot synopsis given. But you cleared up that feeling very nicely, Buz, and now it sounds like a good book. I haven't seen it on the stands yet, but when I do I'll pick it up. I can't understand how Warren could make such mistakes though.... Damned inattentive of him.

All of you who have NEW DIMENSIONS III, or who are planning on getting it, are urged to do so, to read Buz' excellent story there. Along with many other fine works by Tiptree, Tafferty, Pfinger, Eklund, and several others.))



Cy Chauvin 17829 Peters Roseville Michigan 48066

One of the things about a con report that make it never finished is that you can always add more things to it, things you forget to put down while writing it. Such as the incongruity of me walking in the All Our Yesterdays room at Torcon and buying a copy of Bob Tucker's "Peofan Guide" (From Linda Bushvager, no less, who I did not recognize at the time) Or John Benson telling me about this weird character walking around with a boa-constrictor late at night in the halls (and of course we all know who that was, don't we?) Or Isaac Asimov crossing off David Gerrold's autograph in John Benson's program book (in fun) I see that I also made one big error in my worldcon report- Don Keller doesn't know Geroge R.R. Martin, but rather Gardner Bozois Big Difference, as I'm sure Don will tell you.

Roger Sween's article looked very boring when I first glanced at it, but then I began reading his categories and started chuckling madly. He makes his point, and very humorously too.

I can see now that my proposal was unrealistic. I only wish some way could be found so that the Hugo voters would become familiar with all the nominees in a category before they vote. If everyone is familiar with all the nominees on the ballot, though, then it doesn't matter to me if LOCUS wins 100 Hugos.

Jodie Offut Funny Farm Haldeman, KY 40329

I love to read con reports. And a big one like Torcon... Cy's and Sheryl's are different and I could read a dozen more and they'd be different still. It amazes me to think about all those people being in the same building for three or four days and I didn't run into so many of them. (I would have liked to have met Jerry Lapidus and Mike Glycer and Cy himself) On the other other hand, I ran into some people several times- on the elevators, in the lobby. One day I went in the Huckster room and sat with Rusty Hevelin behind his table and we just watched people. Cons are marvelous.

John Robinson was interesting. What I remember most about early TV is endless wrestling and the 15 minute P. Como and D. Shore shows.

How could anybody call Rotsler and Canfield cartoons imbecilic. They're brilliant.

You should call your fanzine anything you damn well please. To tell you the truth, I'm a little tired of all the fancy-ass names that are either unpronounceable or at least awkward to pronounce. I have found myself at cons suddenly tongue-tied and stuttery because I realize I've only said the name of a fanzine in my head and on paper, and I don't know for sure how to say it out loud. It's a shame.

BANSHEE I can handle.

((I can't understand anybody calling Rotsler or Canfield cartoons imbecilic either. I used to think that there wasn't much to one of Bill's, but lately, as I've become more acquainted with them, I'm starting to learn their subtleties and it's wonderful. And Grant does the best BEM around...))

Loren MacGregor Box 636 Seattle WA 98111

Ah yes. I remember my first tourney. It was also my last, for various reasons, most notably my ideas of self-preservation and my lack of self transportation. I had attended, in my homemade costume, as an unidentified dwarf. At one point, a gentleman in the bleachers began to comment loudly that he had placed second in the most recent horse show

I made an idle comment that he didn't look quite fast enough to place, but that he certainly had the face to show.

"Are you insulting my horse?" sirrah?" quoth he

"Your pardon, sir," said I. "I had thought but to insult his owner."

And so I found myself divested of glasses, in possession of a pen and paper, and thence whisked away to do battle. From somewhere nearby, a helmet materialized. I saw materialized because without my glasses, I'm nearly blind. It may have come from Arthur's castle, for all I know.

Ah, and what happened then?--you might ask. I got killed, of course. Thrice. Vengeful bastard, that's what he was.

After that, I stuck to bread and cheese, and commenced issuing odd bits of doggeral. It's safer to be a bard than a warrior.

It's page 4. I know it is, because the next page is five. That I can read clearly. I haven't the slightest idea of what page 4 says. It kind of makes me nostalgic-- it looks like a couple of issues of my fanzine.

But somehow the patchy electro added considerably to Cleod's drawing. It really looked nice. I wish I could do that on purpose, somehow.

I missed Cy Chauvin, and have no idea what he looks like. He says he exists, but I'm not sure I believe him. He didn't come to Michicon, and I was there. I went to Toronto and didn't see him. ergo, he doesn't exist. It's as simple as that.

Ah, now I feel much more expansive about Warren Johnson. He's right, that is Buz's first book, it is good, and I recommend it, too. It's new wave, old wave-- and Buz just might turn into the Heinlein successor that people have been looking for--their styles are somewhat similar. And I bet I'll be sorry I said that...

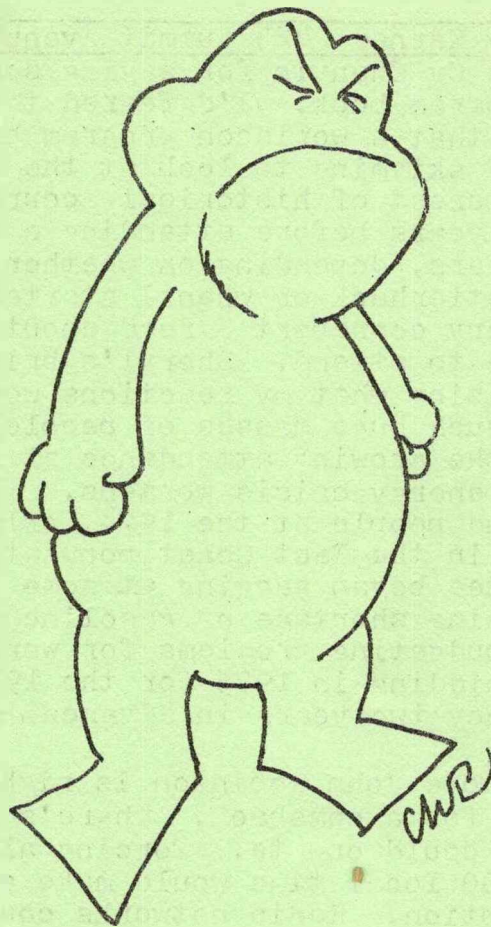
I'm kind of glad Mike C. brought up the subject of small circulation/big circulation troubles. You see, back in 1959 (I believe) CRY was said to be the last of the small circ zines to win a Hugo. No one else would ever be able to do it. Gone, forever, the carefree days.

But it didn't work that way. And I don't think it will ever really work that way. If enough fans really like a small zine, or enough of them have heard of it-- a telling point, too-- a small zine will win, again. Like--cough, TAILING STOCK. Nominate me! I deserve it! I'm great, I'm ~~*num*~~

This Loren MacGregor character sure is a fugghead. An intolerant fugghead, that's what he is.

((I don't know much about old zine circulation, but I think WARHOO and XERO were probably also small circulation zines-- as opposed to LOCUS, etc.

Somehow I don't think this Loren MacGregor character is a fugghead. No, he's really a very interesting, engaging, and amusing writer.))



Harry Warner 423 Summit Avenue Hagerstown Maryland 21740

Bless Cy Chauvin for saying something nice about my article in the Torcon program book. I'd feared that nobody had read it, since there is a theory that a worldcon program book never gets read by anyone, except for a brief skimming to look at the program listing and the artwork. But in the interest of historical accuracy, I must deny the rumor that I waited twenty years before attending a con. It was either twenty two or twenty four years, depending on whether you start counting when I became a pro-zine letterhack or when I started publishing fanzines.

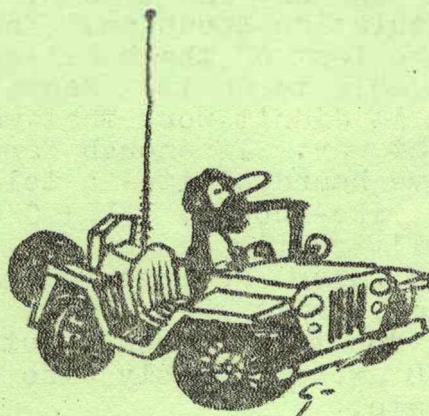
Every conreport I read about Torcon makes me agrier with myself for failure to attend. Sheryl's brief description probably comes close to summarizing what my reactions would have been, since I'm as uncomfortable around such huge masses of people as Sheryl. Of course, all these worries about the growing attendance at worldcons may turn out to be unnecessary, if the energy crisis worsens. There will undoubtedly be a couple of hundred thousand people at the 1974 Worldcon, because of Washington's central location in the East Coast population belt. But I wouldn't be surprised if attendance began sagging at some of the regional cons by next year, and a continuing shortage of gasoline plus higher transportation costs could cause budgeting problems for worldcon bidders starting in 1976: how can a group bidding in 1975 for the 1977 con estimate probable income and hotel occupancy two years in advance during a fluctuating transportation situation.

I hope John Robinson is right in his hint that radio networks may be trying for a comeback. There's another potential change that the energy crisis could create. Forcing all tv stations to leave the air at 10:30 or 11:00 local time would make a noticeable decline in late hour power consumption. Radio networks could begin programming at that hour; much radio listening is done nowadays on battery operated transistor receivers, and those which use AC current draw only a fraction of the power required by television sets.

You know, I think I'd approve of Roger Sween's radical proposal, if it ever came up for a serious vote among fans. I don't think this multiplicity of Hugos for fan activity is any more absurd than the present system of trying to reward accomplishments in fandom at the rate of three Hugos per year. Besides, I like to see people win awards. I watch almost all the televised award shows, even those in fields that I have little acquaintance with, like the Tonys, just because I get this warm feeling from seeing people made happy when their names are called out and because I love to hear the wild melange of prepared and unprepared remarks that they make during acceptance.

I hope BASHEE as a fanzine name brings you the luck that it seemed to create for the first fan who used it three decades ago. He went on to become a BNF, then a prominent figure in book and magazine editing: Larry Shaw. Chances are that he's forgotten by now that he ever published a half-dozen issues or so of a fanzine with that title.

((I only listen to the radio while driving, but if they put things like THE GOON SHOW, which I know only by reputation, on, I'd listen to it some more. Maybe things like that are coming up. Hope so))



Dave Locke 915 t. Olive Drive 9 Duarte California 91010

Yes, of course, Mike Clicksohn's reasoning is superb. However, his arguments against turning the Best Fan Writer Hugo into an award for the best single piece of writing doesn't actually contain any points which weren't brought to light at the time I originally introduced the subject. You see, it isn't a matter of there being drawbacks to the idea. Of course there are drawbacks, and they are rather obvious ones. Mike is beating a horse which I killed, myself. What this subject is a matter of, really, is weighing the disadvantages against the advantages. Even sex has disadvantages...(if only my idea had that many advantages)

Mike hasn't even gone far enough. He doesn't list all of the disadvantages. For one thing, he neglected to mention that this kind of a change in the award would likely result in all of the better articles going to the fanzines with the largest circulations. And, as we are already on the verge of being in the age of the mass-market fanzine, this might push us right into the middle of it. Not much doubt about it; the small-circulation fanzines would have a much tougher job in locating good material to be published.

Now let's look at the advantages. The main virtue of the idea is that everyone has a shot at the Hugo based on the quality of his work. The fan of low output would have a good shot at it, due to the shift from quantity and general quality to a judging based on specific quality. We are already tying down professional authors to a specific submission (Best Short Story, Best Novella etc.) and it would be consistent to do much the same with the Best Fan Writer category. The 'best' of the year is much easier to pinpoint if the category is changed to acknowledge that this is really what the award is for. The fan writers who are most familiar to the voters are not necessarily those who have contributed the best writing within the year in question or, for that matter, within any year.

Also, by tying the award to a particular manuscript, as opposed to the total of a fan's writing output, I have the feeling that the quality of fan writing would overall be raised. More fans would turn to discipline and form when executing an article or review, knowing they could not win the award based on an aggregate quality level. If the general quality of fan writing were to improve as the result of such a change, wouldn't that be as exciting as all hell.

Now let's analyze just how bad the disadvantages really are (I'll leave it to someone else to analyze just how good the advantages are) It's altogether true that some of the 'best' articles may be buried in low-circulation fanzines, and consequently wouldn't get enough votes to win any award. So maybe the best article wouldn't win the award. But what does the award mean now? Is it really given to the best writer? Or is it given to the best of those writers who are the most familiar to the majority of the voters? Frankly, I don't really feel that this is a disadvantage; at least not a new disadvantage- it's only an old one that would be carried over.

And how about the award for best fanzine? ENERGIZER didn't have the circulation of LOCUS, but it was by no means a small-circulation zine. Most zines are in the 100-200 circulation class; ENERGIZER was quite a bit beyond that.

So we're really saying that familiarity with the field is a problem with both the best fanzine and the Best Fan Writer categories, and that the problem would still exist were Best Fan Writer to be changed to best Fan Article (or Best Fanwriting, or whatever) So, in this respect, the idea is no better or worse than what we already have.

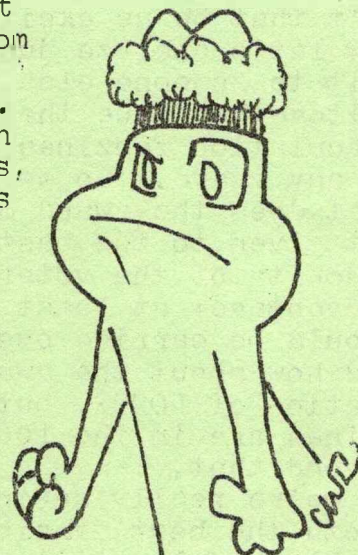
But at least the goal is there: we would be getting to the point

where the best has the best chance of getting the award. We would be looking for a specific example of the best writing, instead of looking to bestow the award upon an ill-defined aggregate quality level. Look at what we have now: I like both Charlie Brown and Milt Stevens, but Charlie got on the ballot because his writing is familiar to a great number of people who see very little fan writing. Milt Stevens did not get on the ballot, despite three or four truly excellent articles and one brilliant convention report, because few if any of the fringe fan voters got to see his material. I also like a lot of the other people who get nominated, but how many got nominated for superior writing, how many because their material was familiar to a lot of people, and how many for achievements which took place prior to the year of eligibility? I have nothing against popularity contests, and I don't say that the most popular isn't always the best. But Most Popular Fan would be a more apt title for the award which we have now. If we really wish to honor the best writing (Or even the best writer) we really have to tie the award to specific examples of writing. Just like the awards for professional writing

((Obviously you've thought this out in great detail, and it's a nice job. To me, the advantages do seem to outweigh the disadvantages, when looked at from this light. Especially if the quality of fan writing would be raised in the process. When I first came into fandom, I didn't know what everybody was talking about when they said that fanwriting was in a sorry state now. But, now that I've had a chance to read a few of the Old Timers, tho in, sadly, very small quantities, I see what they were talking about

As to your queries in the last paragraph, I think that Geis, Glicksohn, Ullyot, and maybe Siegel (from a sercon freak in say I've changed into a disciple of Fabulous Fannish Fandom) were nominated because of superior writing (in reasonable quantity, that is) Geis, Carr, and Brown because their writing was familiar to lots of folk, and Carr because of, by and large, past achievements. But I do think that Terry deserves a fan writer award- what he writes is brilliant, and I wish there was more of it. Perhaps a comparison could be made between he and Rotsler, tho Bill's output has not, as far as I know, decreased through the years. At any rate, I'm eagerly awaiting the arrival of THE INCOMPLETE TERRY CARR))

((There were many more good letters, but space and time (it's December 17, I returned from the hospital 4 hours ago, and I want to get this out!) forbids me printing the rest of them. Anways, I also heard from Bruce D. Arthurs, with stories about submarine sandwiches, or grinders, as we call them here, Chris Sherman, Tom Roberts, Don Ayres, Dave Sell, Larry Nielson, Len Camage, Warren Johnson, Eric Aver, Emil Stecher, Mike Glicksohn, who explained how to slingsheet and who offered repro hints, Len Ozanne, Eric Lindsay, Tony Cvetko, Steve Porter, John Berry with one of the most enjoyable locs I've ever gotten, Brett Cox, John Carl, Ben Indick, Cheryl Birkhead, Jeff Smith, Jerry Laufman, Mike Glycer, George Fergus, and Brad Parks))



THE LAST FETTERED BREATH

First, I think this went a long way towards fulfilling my goal of publishing a fancy genzine. I think all the written matter is good, there's lots of good art-even some that is excellent. The repro seems quite passable thus far, tho not as good as I could hope for. Interesting letters: I wish I had the time to print more-over thirty of you locced. I even think I wrote a good editorial.

And the part that I had nothing at all to do with, the frontcover, I'm proudest of. It came out so well, it stunned me when I got it from the printer yesterday.

Okay, so I'm proud of this. So why do I sound unhappy as well?

Because it's not really the type of material I'd like to publish. I told Pat McGuire in a letter that I wanted to publish lots of good sercon, and he sent me his article. But my goals have changed since then. I've had the chance to read a bit of really good fannish stuff, and I love it. WARMOOD 27 was about the best, the most enjoyable issue of any zine I've ever seen. So, tho I doubt I'll ever ignore sercon here, I'd like to make BANSHEE f fancy, fannish, genzine.

I need your help of course. Some of you I've already asked for contr'bs of fannish material. Others I will when this goes out. But even if I don't ask you in a letter or a note, please keep me in mind, and, if you're feeling fannish, and want to write something, don't forget BANSHEE.

Of course, as usual, I used up all my artwork, and need more for #7, which will probably appear in early March, probably the weekend after Poskone. But there's also a chance of it coming out the weekend before the con, in late Bebruary.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

Mite



