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***Contents: "An interview with Bob Tucker" by Dick Lynch...p2; "Flat swords and rusty knockers" by Dennis Jarog...p7; "Sex in fandon" by Irvin Koch...p10; "A princess for the Republic" by Mike Lowery...p13; and info on N3F--info blank used when joining...p15. Artwork is by Adrienne Fein unless otherwise noted. People known to have something to do with producing this zine, as this was typed: Anji Valenza, Adrienne Fein, Arthur Hlavaty, Irvin Koch, and probably some more.

2 an Interview with Wilson (Bob) Tucker by Dick Lynch

The following is reprinted from LAN'S LANTERN #7. NJF member George Laskowski Jr gave us permission to do so since we note his zine is available for the usual including an unspecified sum of \$. Try him at: 47 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013. He in turn had reprinted it from CHAT.

CHAT is available from Nicki & Dick Lynch, 4207 Davis Ln, Chattanooga, TN 37416 for 25¢, membership in the Chattanooga SF Assn, or incredible good luck (on the order of being a big name pro whose book is reviewed). They too gave permission since this Article is COPYRIGHT 1978, by Richard & Nickilynn Lynch. That club had NJFer Mike Rogers as treasurer at the time and NJF Pres Irv Koch as Dictator-in-exile(founder).

***On Friday, February 1978, the CHAT staff had a "close encounter" with the SF author Wilson (Bob) Tucker at Roc*Kon in Little Rock, Arkansas. We found out many things about Tucker the person, from his favorite beverage ("Beam's Choice" Bourbon) to his career in SF (he started as a fan way back when, and still edits a fanzine). ((He was President of NJF ages ago. His term was noted for the adoption of the NJF's emblem. He was recently shanghaied back into the club. ...ed.)) A portion of the interview is given below. ((from CHAT #6, Mar78))

***TUCKER: Well, I started in 1896, the year of the big snow. What do you want to know?

CHAT: What was your first story, and how did you become a SF writer?

T: I started as a fan. I was about, oh, 15 years old and I didn't have a chance to go to a fan convention--no money and there were none near me, so I fell into fandom like most people do: writing letters and subscribing to the few fanzines. But every fan, I think 99% of the fans want to be a writer, if the neighbors let them grow up, and so did I. I bought a used typewriter when I was about 15 or 16 years old and immediately started writing stories: immediately began sending them to magazines. They immediately began rejecting them.

Ten years later Fred Pohl bought my first story, and that was my first sale. It was 1941, in SUPER SCIENCE NOVELS. And my first story was neither super, nor science, nor a novel. It was gotten. But the only thing you can do is to keep it up--don't quit. Dammit, if I can keep going and trying for ten years, so can anyone else.

And today they're selling a lot faster than 10 years ago. Think of all the fans you know--Lisa Tuttle is one: two or three years and bing, bing, bing: She's selling like that. You don't have to struggle for ten years today.

C: You are best known for novels such as THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN, TIME X, WARLOCK, ICE AND IRON and others. Why is this?

T: After ten years I managed to sell, oh, maybe 8 or 10 stories. I don't remember the number. But they were very few and far between because I'm a very poor short story writer, so I turned to novels. And in those days--this was the middle 1940's, near the end of the war--there was no market for science fiction novels. There was simply not a big enough readership to buy them. Probably no more than half a dozen or a dozen novels a year were being published.

So I wrote mystery novels. Mysteries were as hot in 1945 as science fiction is today. LOCUS will come out some time soon with last year's report, and I'm willing to bet that there were 1000 science fiction books published in 1977. But in 1945 or '45 maybe there were a thousand mysteries. I wrote a mystery novel, the very first novel I ever wrote, and sold it just like that. As opposed to ten years of writing and selling any short stories. So I stayed with the novel.

((Jul78 LOCUS, considering everything, reported there were 981 books pubbed in the field in 1977. At same growth rate, tho, there should be 1000 in '78....ed.))

G: Which is your favorite one?

T: Mystery or Science Fiction?

G: Take your pick.

T: All right. In mystery it's THE WARLOCK; despite the title, it's a mystery novel. Aaaand, in science fiction it's THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN.

Oh, say: Please forgive me, can I boast a teeny, teeny-tiny bit? Guess what happened to THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN? BBC Television in London has bought it for a movie--a television movie. They're going to make what they call a mini-series. It's going to run three or four nights, an hour a night--all week.

G: Maybe we'll see it on MASTERPIECE THEATRE.

T: Oh, I hope so! The only chance of seeing it over here is if MASTERPIECE THEATRE on PBS picks it up.

G: That's what you want, though. You don't want to put it on commercial television where they'll hack it up.

T: No! Good Lord, no! This has been cooking since about, almost a year ago. The first letter of interest came in the spring, the contracts were signed last fall, and the money came about three days ago. You see no matter how many contracts you sign, it's never binding until the money comes because the key clause in the contract says "This contract shall not be in force and binding until the agent has the money in his hand." Last Monday, my money came.

G: All right!

T: So! (to Ken Moore, chairman of Nashville's Kubla Khan conventions, who was seated nearby) Ken, this is why I want to --can I brag just a teeny-tiny bit-- I am so goddam rich I can buy my own bus ticket to Nashville this year!

G: Wasn't QUIET SUN written under different circumstances than other books of yours? The style seems much different.

T: I'm absolutely high on THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN. I don't think I've written anything that I like as well, or as important, because it was serious. So many of my books are written as a comedy or as tongue-in-cheek, or as poking fun at someone or something, even at an old cliché or an old plot. In that one, I was serious, because I was scared when I wrote it. You remember the Watts riots about 1965-66? Following the Watts riots, a bunch of other cities--Chicago, Washington, Cleveland--they burned down large sections of the cities.

I--I got scared because I truly believed then that we were headed for a second revolution or a second civil war. On the basis of those news stories, I started that book. But by the time I finished the last revision, they were all over and safely behind us. But the book was too good to abandon, and Terry Carr finally published it in 1970. And I think it was the best thing I've written.

G: How about your novel THE LINCOLN HUNTERS?

T: I'm quite fond of THE LINCOLN HUNTERS because it was pure old out-and-out adventure --you weren't supposed to believe it. You were supposed to go along with it and have fun.



Ken Moore: I think that's the problem with most people--they don't take a book for what it is; I think most writers write something for fun or, well, obviously, to make money, but I think writers write books to, in a lot of cases, for pure fun. And Tucker's managed to pull this off more times than you can shake a stick at. Some writers write more for fun than anything else.

T: I agree. Those who are trying to make a living out of it--Van Vogt, Silverberg—you know. You can recognize who is trying to make a living out of it. And you can recognize those like me who are not making a living from it; their income comes from other sources, or did. In the past I worked in a theatre. Now I no longer have a theatre job. Now I live on Social Security pension plus what I write. There's the difference. Sometimes their stuff was good, sometimes it was merely competent. Journeymen work to earn a check that month.

C: Do you feel they were compromising themselves?

T: No, it wasn't compromise. It was the same as a mechanic or a carpenter would go out and work on a house day after day. He's simply going by with route to keep his paycheck coming in. I wasn't in that position. I could take my time. I could spend an entire year on that first book because I didn't depend on that income for a living. Whereas those guys had to work for a living, I had fun doing the same work. You can see it in THE TIME MASTERS, in THE LINCOLN HUNTERS, and in some of my mysteries. I'm doing one now, "Dick and Jane go to Mars"/[an expanded novel of a short story of the same name that will appear in Ellison's THE LAST DANGEROUS VISION. C.]. You see, when I sold that short story to Harlan, I got him to agree that I have the right to expand it into a book, which is what it was supposed to be in the first place.

C: Can you give us sort of a preview of what it's about?

T: Well, in the short story and in the book, a man and a woman go to Mars, and they're confined in this little cabin for 7 months. And there's no sex involved; it's a clean story. By the time they get to Mars they cannot stand the sight of each other. They've got cabin fever; they've reverted to bitchery. And they hate each other so much they look for a way to get revenge on each other.

I won't tell you what it is, because I want to save the ending for you, but the woman finds the perfect revenge on the guy. Now mind you, they are military officers. She's a Navy pilot; she's the pilot of the ship and she's a Commander, which is one step above a Major in the Army. He's a Major in the Army. Therefore she's his superior officer. She always gets the last word. In the end she finds the perfect revenge on him.

And in retaliation, he finds the perfect revenge on her. They both win, and they both lose. Now if I can bring this whole damn thing off, it should be the end of all those "man and woman go to Mars" stories. Nobody else should have the heart to write them. I love puncturing balloons.

C: Did you ever have a period when you were writing when it was more difficult than other times to, say, force yourself to sit down and write?

T: Yeah. I fell into—you know what a writer's block is. A couple of years ago I fell into a writer's block and I didn't break it until just two or three months ago. For a period of about two years I didn't write a damn thing. I was stuck. I could not get off the dime; I couldn't do a damn thing. Until—and this is what broke it--Harlan Ellison called me and asked me for a story that I was just telling you about. He said, "Tucker, I'll give you three weeks," and I had to produce. And I did. And now that I have that short story out of the way, I'm going ahead on the book. It was the only time in my life that I've ever had



writers' block, but when it hit me, it hit me hard; I was tied up for two years. Earlier you mentioned ICE AND IRON?

C: Yeah?

T: That came out in, I think, 1974. That's the last thing I'd written; I hadn't been able to do anything since that. I'd been tied up from '74 to '77. Three years!

C: Speaking of ICE AND IRON, did you ever consider a continuance of that book?

T: No. I just don't care for sequels. People have asked me for sequels to THE LINCOLN HUNTERS; they asked me for a sequel to THE LONG LOUD SILENCE; and they asked me for, um, something else. Maybe it was ICE AND IRON. I don't like sequels myself, so I really never considered writing one. I'd rather go on to something new.

C: How do your ideas come to you, mainly?

T: I steal them:

C: That isn't quite what I had in mind.

T: All right, I'm sorry. That was a cheap shot. Go ahead.

C: Do you sort of wake up in the middle of the night and cry "Eureka!" or do they gradually come to you and you wait and wait and develop them in your own mind, or what?

T: Well, often I get an idea from something I've read. Sometimes I'll read another marks story; sometimes I'll find something in the newspaper; anything. I'm a wide reader; I'm a deep reader. I read every day. I'd rather read than watch TV or watch movies. And I'm constantly finding ideas.

One day in a newspaper now dead called THE NATIONAL OBSERVER, I was reading book reviews, and a review for a book which I no longer remember started out in this fashion--and I'll quote you the paragraph. "They're coming in like stragglers from a lost battle, like flotsam from some great unknown disaster." That was the first paragraph. And I thought, "Hey! Wow! Keen!" And the entire book was ICE AND IRON....

C: But what book was the review about?

T: I don't remember: That was five or ten years ago and I can't remember what the review was about. But that paragraph sparked the entire idea of the ICE AND IRON book. I read the paragraph and I thought, well, what would be coming in like stragglers? Who would be coming in like flotsam from an unknown disaster? And from that, I built the idea that far in the future there was a war going on, and the victors were throwing the losers back on us. We were their cemetery. And the whole damn book was sparked by one paragraph in a newspaper.

C: You did the introduction to CHARLES FORT NEVER MENTIONED WOMBATS by DeWeese and Coulson.



T: Yes I did, and there's an interesting story to tell about it. In 1975, I was one of the group of 60 fans who flew to Australia. It was not a charter flight. It was a group flight. That is, we 60 were cramed back into a cabin of 60 seats all our own going from Los Angeles to Sydney, Australia. And if you can imagine 60 fans traveling together, you can imagine what we did to the airline crew. For example have you seen the "zmooocooth" ritual we've done here....

C: Where did that come from originally, anyway?

T: It came from a Red Skeleton movie about 1935. I don't remember the title of the movie, but it's on TV now and you may see it on the late show. In one of the segments of that movie, Red Skeleton plays a huckster, a pitch man, and he's selling....

C: Gussler's Gin!

T: Gussler's Gin! And he keeps drinking it and finally falls to the floor, dead drunk, and he goes "smoooooth!" I picked it up from there, and I've been carrying it ever since.

So, in 1975, there were 60 of us, all in the same cabin, mind you, going to Australia on an Air New Zealand plane-- it's a small airline, relatively unknown. But the policy of this airline is to overwhelm their clients with attention and courtesy. For example, every two or three hours they'd pass out orange juice to everyone on the plane. They'd come down the aisle with these carts, and every time they'd pour us a glass of orange juice.

I don't know what the hell started it, just pure cunniness; they gave me a glass of orange juice and I held it in my hand, drank it down and stuck my hand up in the air, like so. And the people saw my hand, so they drank theirs and raised their arms the same way. All 60 of us drank our juice and yelled, "smoooooth!" And that continued all the way to Australia!

We had one leg of the flight-- on the Honolulu leg, we had a New Zealand crew-- this New Zealand crew.... There were about 10 stewardesses and one male chauvinist pig steward master, or whatever you call them; a male was in charge of the crew. He walked into the cabin just after the girls had given us our juice and there were 60 hands in the air. He walked in cold; he didn't know what was going on. He stuck one finger under his nose, the other in the air, and went "Heil! Heil! Heil!" And he was on our side from there on.

So by and by, we finally had all the passengers "Smooooothing" with us; everybody in the plane. Everytime the orange juice went around, 60 hands would go up, then 40 more would go up, and 100 voices would yell "smoooooth!"

So we decided, if these guys would go for this, let's see what else they would fall for--you know how fans are; fans are always pulling somebody's legs. So we started the rumor that there was seven inches of snow in Sydney. Everybody better get your boots and a fur hat. It's colder than hell down there! By the time we got to Sydney, stories came back to us from the other cabin where the outsiders were saying: "By God! Button up! There's seven inches of snow in Sydney!"

So now we're back to the book CHARLES FORT NEVER MENTIONED WOMBATS. Gene DeWeese and Buck Coulson asked me to write an introduction and lead into the story. So I decided to write the story of that flight to Australia. Because their book is about what happened to the fans after they got to Australia. And I recount the story I just told you.

Now, may I autograph these books for this man? Here. It's not Beam's Choice, but have some Tullamore Dew.

Ready?

"Smoooooooooooooth!" --o-o-

See,
Joanne,



Flat Swords & Rusty Knockers Dennis Jarrog

The following is reprinted from Sep 77 TIGHTROPE, the letterline of NJF. Copyright 1977 by Lynne Haldon, box 5, PomptonLakes, NJ 07442. TB is free to NJF members; membership info elsewhere in this zine. Otherwise it costs about 75¢ or whatever the editor feels like making it available for (the 75¢ is just at cons). The editor changes every so often, too.

***The loud laughing seemed to come from the other end of the inn; as I drew closer, there was no mistake, I knew it was my old friend--the trusted swordsman, Trojan.

"What have you been up to, sluggard?"

"The usual---a little swordplay, a little gambling, and a lot of wenching." He then grabbed a nearby serving woman, gave her an appreciative slap on the rump, and called for more ale. "I came at your summons, my friend, for you would never call save in great need."

I sat down at the table where he was and, after lifting the mug to my lips, I turned to him. "Yes, my friend, these are evil times here in Klapp. You must have heard of the death of the king even in your remote holdings."

He nodded and I continued, "There are those who believe that the king was murdered and that his young daughter who is now queen has fallen under some evil influence." His eyes narrowed and I went on, "Some months ago the king summoned the evil sorcerer, Climax, to him and asked his aid against the barbarians in the West. Climax agreed and after the victory, grew ever more powerful so that men now say sorcery rules the kingdom."

But even as we talked we were being watched, for high in the castle tower Climax....

* * *

Sword and sorcery, the name which encompasses various works from Conan to thousands of terrible imitations, is a curious branch of literature. Through illustrations drawn from the above, I will take a look at it---making a few comments thereon. However, first I would like to make a distinction between Heroic or Adult Fantasy as typified by THE LORD OF THE RINGS or THE WELL OF THE UNICORN and what is commonly called Sword and Sorcery and is typified by the Conan series, the Callisto series, the Gor series, ad nauseam. Such a distinction is necessary because, even though these are superficially similar; they are in fact quite different being built on dissimilar premises and usually placing emphasis on differing aspects. In S&S swordplay predominates to the exclusion of most else, while in Heroic Fantasy, the theme is usually an idea or a quest.

The reason that I believe S&S to be a lesser and in some ways deficient form is the technique of this sort of story. This is not to say that there are not some good (or at least readable) stories of this mode, but they all have a major inward fault---characterisation or the lack of it. The characters of the above mirror the primary problem of S&S; they are very stock and always cardboard.

Let us look at the swordsman, Trojan. He is known as a brawling sort--quick with a sword or in hand-to-hand combat. He owes allegiance to no one but a few fast friends. Often in times of trouble, he will sign on with some king or warlord who strikes his fancy---most often because he has found the chieftain to be his match in bed or with the sword. He the swordsman has various superman attributes; he is always victorious in battle. If he is wounded, it is due to treachery. He is reputed to be the best in skill with women. He treats them cruelly but still expects them to give him a good time in bed. He is a drinker; he is a gambler but has precious little mental ability. In short,

he is a bore.

The master swordsman is a bore because his mold changes very slightly from story to story. Oh, occasionally some of the externals may change. For example, the swordsman may be the lost heir to the council of tribes but, by and large, if you have met one hairy swordsman, you have met them all.

The next group of characters present in the story above and in most S&S stories are the women---or what passes for the same. They are rarely treated kindly here, except in the case of high-born women where they are protected until they can be off in marriage to another princeling. In most cases they are whores and little better. As far as the story teller is concerned, they don't even have names. They are useful for wenching, waiting on tables, and the like. Little more can be said; they are not points of interest and are not intended to be. After all aside from swordplay, rape is the chief amusement in these societies. Our hero is usually a most willing participant especially after he has shocked a few people into various states of dismemberment. Certainly not the sort of situations which inspire interest unless you are a closet sadist or have other hangups.

The next regular feature of S&S is the evil necromancer. Besides being evil and opposing all the aims and goals of our hero, he is leering, physically ugly, old, craves personal power and believes himself much better than the common nerd---most especially, our hero. He wears black, lives in a tower and performs all sorts of nefarious experiments, often with various netherworld creatures to assist. He worships and communicates with Gods not in accordance with the wishes of the local community.

He is rarely seen often enough to reveal what little character he has. Generally he is stopped when he is about to launch the crowning achievement of his evil plan. He is shown mixing various potions together in order to do away with our noble hero. Also present is a hunchbacked assistant---not the kind of humanist you would want to snuggle up in bed with. Nevertheless he is deadly familiar to those who enjoy this. On second thought perhaps the popularity of S&S is the result of the necromancer's union bewitching the public into buying this pap.

In addition there are usually an assortment of minor characters who pop up here and there---the faithful companion of the master swordsman who always strived for but could never match the bravado of our hero. Then there is the doddering king or chieftain; he usually takes his final bow early in the first act. The fawning princess who is left behind to rule usually fails miserably. For some reason kings in these stories seem unable to father sons. Perhaps the Gods could help. Artificial insemination would be a great blessing here.

The second major flaw lies in the plotting. In reality there is only one plot in this sort of novel. Something has gone sour in the society: either the evil magician lusts for power or some group of barbarians threatens to invade. It's a sort of "I am not going to let some foreigner rape my women, I will do it myself" sort of plot. In certain cases---such as Moorcock's Eternal Champion series---the focus is such that it raises the books above the general garbage level, but this is rare.

The basic flow of the story runs from the initial glimmerings of evil abroad in the land---change from the normal. This is sometimes manifested by oppression of the peasantry. It usually takes a while for our hero to recognize the change; he is after all rather dull mentally. The faithful companion usually brings the problem to the hero's attention. Then our hero, after a particularly successful night in bed, leads the charge against the evildoer. Depending on the story, he either sneaks into the stronghold of the evildoer or leads the charge of knights and swordsmen. After spilling of considerable blood and numerous escapes from the jaws of defeat; our hero manages to turn some agent of evil against itself---thus thwarting its desire. The last scene usually takes place back in the tavern.

Reflecting for a moment---the plot is inevitably the same because of the nature of the characters. Our hero would be of little use elsewhere because his talents, such as they are, are one-dimensional. Thus we come again to the problem of character.

Looking to another theme, "the search for the hero," we have heroes here:ghod we have more heroes than one would know what to do with. Still from this vantage point, they are no more viable than the "heroes" in those books without them. I don't care much for cardboard. Nothing ever happens to them. They are never wounded except by treachery. In a drawn fight they are invincible. They don't get ulcers, hangovers or social diseases. They are never tired; never have body odor despite long hours. They never have a second thought---often not even a first one. They are, in short, unbelievable in their own worlds. That is critical. Even in their own sphere they are unreal. They violate Tolkien's rule of fantasy worlds because they deny the reality of their own worlds.

Do you remember the little story at the beginning of this? Probably not; not just because it is a poor imitation of the S&S story, which it is; but also because it is illustrative of the genre as a whole. One master barbarian is just the same as the next. How many leering necromancers can you take before falling asleep? How many mental dimwits, fawning princesses, etc. can you take? One minor point not touched on before might also be mentioned.

S&S is heavy with phallic symbols. The sword is obvious and need not be mentioned except for the fact that it too becomes boring. Not wishing to get into the sexual hangups of people who read or write S&S, still the fact of the sword as phallus is there. Similarly with the opposite of the sword in the story; the magician is a phallic symbol too.

It seems to me that S&S as opposed to Heroic Fantasy is a deficient form of literature. It is this way primarily because of the limits imposed by the characters therein. The swordsman, the magician, and all the rest are stereotyped so much that the characters are no longer real in their own worlds. They are cardboard. They impose further limits on the plot which handicaps the plot still further. All of these combine to make the story boring and unreadable due to the sameness from one story to the next. As for the search for a hero, we can chalkup yet another failure on the board.

-oOo-

((Dennis is Head of the N3F Welcomcommittee, and this was part of a series of pieces in TB related to the subject. In one of the following issues he was turned into a cardboard phallus via a piece of faan fiction.))

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***N3F members run "private projects" which they can advertise in TNFF, etc. One is: THE PROJECT is endeavoring to utilize the evaluative judgement of some of the most knowledgeable sf&f readers in the world--- fandom. If you're reading this, you're most likely already a fan. Would you be willing to help THE PROJECT by evaluating the SF/F novels you've read and remember well. The process((of rating from 100 perfect, to 20minus--the worst unreadable))is often enlightening and usually enjoyable.

The basic purpose is to help the new highschool teacher of SF/F and the one who "got stuck" with the class and knows little about the reading in the field to do the best job they can. My fansine GUYING GYRE is publishing all material relating to THE PROJ

If you'd like further information, write , Gil Galer, 1016 Beech Av, Torrance, CA 90501. If you'd like a copy of GUYING GYRE (3/\$2 or evaluation contributions),ditto.

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Sex in fandom Irvin Koch

The following is Copyright 1978, Irvin M. Koch, from MAYBE 49/CHATTANOOGA 3 PROGRAM 300E. For info, his permanent address is c/o 535 Chatt. Bank Bldg, Chattanooga, TN 37402. Securing his permission was no problem as he is President of N3F.

***Sex in fandom exists. That wasn't always so. Fandom started via the lettercolumns of pulp magazines read mostly by lonely young males, in the early '30s. The subculture is different today. The newcomer can well use an introduction to this microcosm, and fandom could use some fast thinking before it becomes "just another part of the mundane (non-fannish) world."

The jargon is sometimes called fanspeak, fanslang, slanguage, or similar terms. You may expect the use of this sporadically without warning. It may change rapidly from place to place and time to time, but some things remain relatively constant. Contractions, suffixes, infixes, prefixes, deliberate misspellings, derivatives of words and phrases used in popular books, and...sadder, puns, are frequently used.

A con is a convention (or conference or conclave); guess what a concon is? right; the committee that runs the thing. A huckster is anyone dealing--selling or trading--most often in an attempt to pay their expenses to the con, but some for a living. A "minimum bid" is part of the process by which most of the art is sold/auctioned; you can meet it or bid above the other bidders on the sheet.

A consuite is a hospitality semi-permanent party run by the concon. Larger cons will not have such, but parties by any group with any or no excuse are so rife that some cons are nothing else. Open parties have more or less open doors and may or may not be posted on message boards and such. Closed parties are self-explanatory, while those inbetween are very difficult to explain. The best advice is to act nice, keep your ears and eyes open, and if all else fails, throw your own. SF fandom is as shot full of cliques as anything else, but it is much easier to start a new circle of friends of your own.

APA's and fanzine form the base of amateur publishing. After the ancient fan (plural of fan) had written to each other, the urge overcame them to publish things themselves. Only lately, with the proliferation of cons, local clubs, and non-reading fandom (of movies, TV, etc) have these become less important. They have also been phased into a lower birth rate by the advent of zines (remember what was said about suffixes and contractions) which look and act like prozines, have circulations in the thousands, and draw the talent to them.

If you run into an APA, it won't bite. It's an Amateur Press Association (alliance, or similar style). The basic idea is that one produces X number of copies of one's zine with Y minimum frequency and every period Z, the OE (official editor, also known as CM, CA, etc, for Central Mailer, Official Anarch, etc.) collates all the contrbs into bundles (mailings, disties (distributions) or some such...one group calls theirs Chicken Salads) and sends one to each member. Dues are usually required. Rules vary greatly from group to group.

APA's may or may not be specialized on some subject or by some class of person allowed to join. The chief variation of interest is the letterapa. Instead of zines, one produces dupletters; often the OR rotates among all the members and there are no dues.

Fanzines also may be specialized. Some are: genzine, fictionzine, perzine (personal zines alone can stand the glare of imitation prozines and big newszines; they ignore everything but themselves), clubzines, and CO. (Official organ, a clubzine of some sort.) Fan magazines are frequently available for "the usual" instead of money. This is a contrib, loc (letter of comment), or "trade" for your zine. Those may or may not get you an ish (issue). Be warned that zine pubbing is even more expensive a hobby than putting on cons.

If someone tells you they are going to start a zine "RealSoonNow", the chances are 80% they won't. Mortality after that doesn't improve. If you send in money,

x used types, and mistakes, and -- of

expect to get anything (the poor slob doing the sine probably will lose more than you do).

You may also run into a collector. If they are somewhat shy, try the "I'm an accumulator myself" bit and see if they open up. Most fen don't collect; they just accumulate with more or less specialized taste.

But back to sex in fandom. None of the recent attempts at describing the social activity in fandom (or lack of it) have even scratched the surface. But there are enough fen now in many areas to not only form slant shacks, but have regular communities of sorts, tho spread over several states. Fans have done everything normal people have... sort of.

Fen at one time were said to be slants (superhumans invented in a book called SLANT written by A.E. Van Vogt). A slant shack therefore is any dwelling housing several fen.

Fen, once at least, used to have somewhat different personality from mundanes. The sexactivity patterns as near as can be told, when they emerged, however, were straight mundane... with a few less hangups... maybe. But first there must be gathering.

To start a fazine only takes rounding up material and finding some way to reproduce it. Addressees/names of recipients can be from those printed in other sines or anyplace you find. This assumes it's a true fansine, such don't worry about making money or even breaking even. If you want to be an imitation prozine--you may have to consider things besides having fun doing it. APA's, tho, guarantee a (limited) readership.

A club is a little harder. Some program is usually needed to make it hang together. The best bet may be 1/3 socializing/parties, 1/3 book/author/topic discussion, speakers, or other "serious" activity, and 1/3 fund raising incl by dues, food functions, and auctions. The last is used for big projects like renting a film or bringing in a pro speaker.

An important factor in your group (or subgroup if the main one is large enuf) is that people get to know each other. If the group is large enough and lasts long enough there will be marriages and other social/subculture happenings.

Cons are MUCH harder. There are such problems I would not advise starting one unless you are prepared to lose a LARGE sum of money and have enough help, organization, and--at least--observations of other cons' operations to avoid MUNDANE problems. A one-day event or an "open club meeting" is much easier.

Above all, any "life" in this subculture depends on YOU being able to go up to a person (or by letter or phone), and start communication. Your chances of a meaningful or pleasant response are greater since you are both fen.

What distinguishes an SF fan from a reader is that the fan is interested in something besides reading. Except for incurable sole-interest collectors, some major part of this will be other fen. Usually everyone else "here" is as crazy as you. If the first person isn't into what you're looking for, try the next. You may not start talking about oriental fantasy and end up engaged, but you may make a few friends.

Take down addresses and phone #'s to keep in touch. If you do run up on someone unpleasant--ignore them. Fandom is fairly large and dispersed. If you want to keep in touch, an effort is required. A problem person can be avoided.

Most "customs" have been skipped as they vary greatly with time and place. A few pointers may substitute for a book of explanations.

1. Assume NOTHING. Assuming you DON'T know something may stop communication. There may BE nothing to know on whatever is afoot. No one ELSE may know anything, and above all--you'll never find out if you don't ask. Ask politely and preferably in the split nanosecond between other talkative fen speaking.

2. Keeping eyes and ears open before jumping into something is a very good idea. If you don't see or hear what you're looking for, find someone who knows. Most fen have special/limited interests and may be as new as you are. There are some trustworthy more or less oldtimers tho that specialize in info. Find 'em. The best place to find these is not the people running a con or club, but their friends with sense enough not to be doing the work. By mail--try N3P or SFC.

3. Find a conversation (zine, etc.). When they get talking about your interest after you've edged in and waited for them to get to it--drop your 2¢ worth. They'll listen since you're on their interest too. After you've talked a bit (don't overdo), THEN introduce yourself. If they never get to "your thing", skip to the next group.

4. The above points apply to sex too. The difference between social relationships in fandom and in the mundane world is the fan tend to be more open. You can still offend someone and be told "where to go."

SOME KEY TERMS

BEM--bug-eyed monster, a near extinct species or prozine cover fauna.
 BNF--big name fan, with or without sufficient reason. WNF, well known fan, a step less.
 CoA--change of address, be sure to send them when you move. Fans move like mad.
 DNP--DNQ, don't print & do not quote (NFP, not for print). If you ignore such requests, the requester will never speak or write to you again.
 Egoboo, egoboost, that which fuels most fan projects.
 Faan--one more interested in fan than sf.
 Fafia--forced away from it all, when one changes jobs, starts school, etc.
 Faunch--to crave something.
 Feghoot--an especially nasty disease manifesting as a 1/2 page story turned pun.
 Feud--obnoxious dispute between fan. When supporters are asked--run away!!!
 FIANOL, FIWAGH--fandom is a way of life; ...just a godum hobby? Actually part each.
 Filk song--folk song with sf fan words, we kidnap tunes
 Dramatic presentations--these days can be plays, slideshows, or similar.
 Gafia--getting away from it all, dropping fandom for voluntary reasons.
 GoH--Guest of Honor. MC, master of ceremonies. Slightly different titles for these positions have slightly different connotations (e.g., Featured Speaker).
 Huckster--a fan selling stuff. A "dealer" may be in it just for the money.
 LoC--letter of comment, response to a zine.
 Neo or neofan--a new fan who ignores pointers 1 & 2 above.
 Robins--letter to several people where each puts in their response and passes in a circle removing their previous response. Dupletters (multicopies) work better.
 Sci Fi--a rhyme with hi fi used by 12yr old "Famous Monsters" fans and the less literate media or those they influence. Actually should rhyme with "akippy", the peanut butter, and produce a profound cringe in "truefan" listeners.
 SF--ess eff, that which is read by trufen. Produces a "sense of wonder."
 Sercon--serious/constructive, activities by those opposite of faans.
 TAFT--TransAtlanticFanFund, a charity in fandom which alternates between bringing a Eurofan or Anglofan to Northamerica for a con, then from here to there.
 Subfandom--an offshoot or convergent subculture such as SCA, Trekfans, Burroughphiles, and Friends of Darkover. In order: Society for Creative Anachronism (the medievalists), StarTrek fans, E.R. Burroughs fans, Marion Zimmer Bradley fan. There are also comixfans, movie/video types, and sf-art subfandoms.
 SMOF--secret masters of fandom, either mythical stuffed shirts or the nonsecret people who do the work and start cons, clubs, zines, etc.
 Smoofing--gathering to chatter on plans and possibilities.
 Snogging--gathering, often by twos, closeley and affectionately.
 Hugo--voted by interested members of World SF Con, sf version of Oscar, etc.
 Croggled--astounded, amazed, bemused. (cause of typing things out of order too)
 Propeller beanie--traditional headgear of mythical fan.
 "Smooooth"--ritual invented by Bob/Wilson Tucker involving passing JimBeanBottles.
 Tuckerization--using your friends(?) names as names in pro books/etc.
 WhiteSpace:



a princess for the Republic?

13

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***One of the most obvious things to criticize about STAR WARS if one has any political knowledge is that a self-proclaimed Princess is a prominent leader in the forces fighting for the restoration of "The Old Republic." This article is an effort to reconstruct the political history of the region involved in the struggle, and to explain how such a situation could have arisen.

A probable date for the origin of the Republic arises from Obi-Wan's statement that the Jedi Knights served the OR for a thousand generations. This is several millenia. One may reasonably envision a small democratic group of related planets (Mother World and colonies?), fostering an order of martial mystics, like Shaolin samurais crossed with a less nihilist sort of Chantry Guild, with a Confucian-style devotion to serving the nation and its laws. As this central cluster developed and spread, thru contact with humanoid and other races, it was apparently able to maintain a republican form of governance able to gain the allegiance of other peoples. (Note, however, the dominance of pale pseudo H.Sapiens.)

But sapient lifeforms even of a single species are notorious for the variety of politico-social arrangements under which they live. It would be inevitable that some would be willing or even eager to join the growing Republic, but unwilling to abandon completely the old ways by which they had lived for centuries. Within the feudal system, oddly enough, there is a way for these matters to be arranged. A nation in a feudal system something akin to Great Britain would simply require the King, Shah, Emperor, Panjandrum, or whatever to swear fealty to the Republic itself!

The Republic would have no real reason to kick and the new members would retain whatever pomp and ceremony they were willing to pay for.

During several millenia, uprisings, coup d'etat, and civil wars are bound to come upon even the most perfect of governments. It only takes one side to make a war. Envision the period covered by STAR WARS as one of these occasions. Just as the USA had a birth defect which threatened to be fatal (slavery), the OR had a similar flaw-- the droids.

The planet Tatooine is depicted as an impoverished backwater, and the family of Skywalker as lower middleclass family farmers. Yet they can afford a whole "nest" of droids and machineries of varying and dazzling complexity. If such a backwoods place has a population of droids which exceeds that of organic beings (this is reasonable from street scenes), then in the Empire as a whole, the ordinary person is a droid owner several times over.

One of the most powerful (non-ethics) reasons for the abolition of slavery is that it is degrading and destructive to the owner of slaves, as well as to the slaves. While many machineries of the Republic were undoubtedly just that--machineries--there was a rising tide of mechanical and artificial beings who were nonetheless clearly sapient. Yet these specifically intelligent creatures were traded and sold as if they were so many typewriters or tape recorders. As these beings-- called droids-- became widespread, there was degradation to the minds involved in the tawdry trade in thinking beings.

If you can by mere money have total control over a sapient



creature like yourself, why should you respect other creatures who are clearly not as wise as you (else they would agree with you on everything, as well as recognizing your obvious superiority). The only reason the Athenians were able to escape total degradation as slave owners was that their slaves, by and large, were themselves freeborn captives. It was possible YOU would be a slave yourself someday. The Spartans had hereditary slaves, the Helots, and all the grotesqueries of Spartan culture can be traced to the necessity of keeping a force capable of subduing a slave uprising.

The spread of droid ownership meant the spread of unconscious or even openly aristocratic political attitudes. We do not know the reason for the actual end of the OR--perhaps disorganization arising out of the Clone wars, perhaps some kind of overt conspiracy-- but fall it did. In one of the SW books, reference is made to the Imperial Charter. After the overthrow of the Republic, a shadow of a constitutional monarchy was set up as a sop to believers in democracy. The last vestige of this structure was the Senate whose abolition was announced in the course of the film. One may also suppose the presence of Leia in this body is a reflection of the increasingly aristocratic trend even of so supposedly free and democratic an institution as the Senate.

Thus, by the time of the start of the film the Empire is becoming more and more openly oligarchic, abolishing the vestiges of constitutionality. It has been in existence, one suspects, for some decades (no more, surely). Overt military resistance is increasingly evident. Some call them Rebels. To others they are the true defenders of the Old Republic. High in the councils of this resistance is a certain Princess.

Why this particular Princess is supporting the Rebel forces, that is a matter of individual psychological analysis. The French Revolution had among its most fervent supporters such aristocrats as the Marquis de Lafayette and Donatien Alphonse Francois, Comte de Sade (NOT Marquis!). Even allowing for the lunacy of the latter, rebellions invariably draw a certain amount of support from the upper classes of rulers. I will not comment on the account given of Leia's reasons in *SPLINTER IN THE MIND'S EYE* because I am not entirely certain of the canonicity of that (a one-armed Darth Vader????) (Sorry Mike, it's true canon...ed) It may be assumed that if the Old Republic is restored, the Princess would simply become a plain old-fashioned politician although she might keep using the title as the last of a destroyed nation and its living representative.

This is probably far from the first civil war the Republic ever suffered, and probably not the last either. But, there are signs the Rebel forces will be far more egalitarian regarding droids. Some century soon they may be at least as free as Blacks in 1920's Mississippi. While this can present its own problems eventually, it will avoid the obvious and degrading consequences of 'droid slavery'-- a step in the right direction.

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How to Run a Round Robin for thirty-five People

By Lynne Holdom

15

I have always liked to write letters. In fact when I first joined the N3F, I was something of a letterhack and actually answered mail within two days of receiving it. ***Will those who have not heard from me in over three months please stop laughing.*** Anyway in those days I was glad of the chance to discuss SF and fantasy. I had so few opportunities to do so in the mundane world. Most people thought I was crazy just for reading the stuff.

In those days I was willing to discuss a wide variety of SF. I had a great many favorite authors and novels. However I seemed to end up discussing the Darkover novels more than anything else. I'm still not sure why, as these are not my favorite SF --- sorry, Friends of Darkover but it's true. I like Poul Anderson, most early Heinlein novels, Jack Vance, Ursula LeGuin, Asimov's FOUNDATION series and have recently discovered the writings of Jack Chalker. (Why MIDNIGHT AT THE WELL OF SOULS was not a Hugo nominee is beyond me except as an example of the stupidity of fen.) Oh well. It also seemed that I got asked the same questions about Darkover time and again. Then I got the brilliant idea of starting a Round Robin. This way I could answer all the questions at once and pass the answer around the pike so to speak. It would also give me more time to answer other questions and explain why the sexist attitudes in TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE bugged me so much. (I wanted to see someone, anyone, tell ol' Laz off. Alas, no

such luck.) The trouble was that more and more people wanted to get in on the Round Robins. I heard from people I didn't know had ever even heard of Darkover, let alone getting into a Round Robin to discuss it. (When someone tells you he can't take stories with pseudo science or any sort of fantasy, you do not think he will appreciate Darkover somehow.)

Nor was this the only such case; I got letters from people I hadn't heard from in years, wanting to get in. I heard from people whose names were totally unfamiliar, asking if they could join a Round Robin. I began to wonder what the mail would bring. (Not that I'm complaining, I've met a lot of nice people this way but they have caused



DO YOU REALIZE HOW
PHALLIC ALL THESE MIKES
ARE? IT'S A MALE
CHAUVINISTIC
PLOT!

a lot of problems as well. At first I had seven members in my Round Robin which is a bit unwealdy but not hopelessly so. Then a few more wrote, and a few more, and before I knew it, I had thirty five people involved. Luckily both Pat and Ken work with computers and are mathematical. They worked out flow charts and all sorts of interlocking loops which I need an enormous notebook to keep track of but..... Now my only major problem is the P.O. which has lost one Round Robin so far (though in two years, that's not bad.) Also one got snowed in in Buffalo but you'd think it would have thawed by now. Or don't they have summer in Buffalo? Still they come regularly but my basic problem remains: how do you run a Round Robin for thirty-five people? Anyone have any ideas? Just don't ask to join a Darkover Round Robin.

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Lynne is the editor of TIGHTBEAM which appears in the odd months (and some are pretty odd). This was originally written for SDNY, an apa run by John Robinson. Despite rumors to the contrary, Lynne does want to hear from those interested in discussing Darkover via the Round-Robin. She also publishes a zine JUNEAX which discusses Darkover and anything else she feels like including. A single copy is \$1.50.

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A Round Robin is a sort of circular chain letter which can be about anything at all. Some are devoted to story writing. The head of the Round Robin Bureau in the N3F is Hank Heath, 250 Dale Dr., Cassadaga, NY 14718. He would be glad to get anyone who wants to join a Round Robin, into one --- hopefully NOT for thirty five people.

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Hank Heath also did the drawing on page 15.

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For anyone who has not heard, these are the Hugo Winners:

Best novel: GATEWAY by Fred Pohl

Best Novella: "Stardance" by Spider and Jeanne Robinson

Best Novelette: "Eyes of Amber" by Joan Vinge

Best Short Story: "Jeffy is Five" by Harlan Ellison

Best professional Editor: George Scithers

Best Dramatic Presentation: STAR WARS

Best Professional artist Vincent di Fate

Best Amateur Magazine: LOCUS

Best Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis

Best Fan Artist: Phil Foglio

Gandalf Award for Grand Master of Fantasy: Poul Anderson

Gandalf Award for best Book length fantasy: THE SILMARILLION

John W. Campbell Award for best new writer: Orson Scott Card

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This is being distributed to N3F members with either the September or November TIGHTBEAM. The offset version was distributed to non-Neffers by Irvin Koch at IguanaCon. Hopefully there will be another N3F Annual at SeaCon. The tentative editor is/will be Greg Hills. This years editor was Irvin Koch and the mimeographed version is being run off by Lynne Holdom, P.O. Box 5, Pompton Lakes, NJ 07442.

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