

# TABOO OPINIONS #21

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**9-30-04** Bladder woke me at 5:53a, commanded me to empty it (as much as possible, given my prostatitis) and let me go back to doze for an hour.

While semi-conscious I ruminated on Why Should I Write (and Rewrite) My Wonderful Spec-Fic and Post It on eFanzines.com If Nobody Reads It?

They read my Taboo Opinions.

Concluded it's a mug's game to whore after readers and toss my fiction jewels into an empty pigpen. So much for completing the rewrite of One Immortal Man. So much for writing new short fiction. Even though---cosmic joke here---I know I'm writing better fiction than ever: better technique, better concepts...

Whazat you say? Send it to the mags and anthologies? Eh! Too much work and low-grade anguish to print it, mail it and **wait** months and months for a response, and then wait months for a measly check. Like, currently, I've got a short story with an editor who has had it for over a YEAR! and who I'm positive couldn't find it in the piles of slush, could-be and likely-buy stories piled on his desk if his life depended on it.

His problem and my problem is the twenty million would-be university-educated would-be writers out there, world-wide, who are sending stories---some of them good, publishable stories---who are clogging the system. And our collective problem is that few people anymore want to pay for and read fiction. They have fiction up the whazoo in movies and TV and cable. 75 years of fiction of all kinds in easy-to-enjoy visual formats.

So why should they work at **reading** fiction?

Damn if I know.

What we need is a computer software program which gives the fiction creator ready-to-adjust people, clothes, locations, vehicles...of great detail and realism, so that we can 'write' our stories visually.

Because---except for a few Big Names & Romances---text

fiction is Stone Age. It ain't like it used to be when I broke into writing fiction in 1959. I could and did make \$1000-\$2000 (in today's purchasing power) per story, per week, in my first year of writing, and \$10,000 per novel after that (and I wrote and sold five or six novels per year).

Now I can't sell (or even cajole anyone to read for free) one story per year. If that one story sold nowadays I'd get the equivalent of \$20 in purchasing power. I weep for the dying fiction writing profession. I realize I am a dinosaur.

Where was I? Oh. Yeh. My prostate. It's a bother.

I turned on my TV and watched CNBC financial hi-jinks for a while, and then Bloomberg News because they give running commodity prices and dollar valuations and other arcane data.

Unemployment claims are up more than expected. Personal spending was flat in the latest month. Crude oil is still close to \$50 per barrel. All the 'analysts' put on camera are optimistic about the economy. Never mind that they all have blatant conflicts of interest: they profit if suckers pour more money into the stock markets.

I await the crack of economic doom. But we'll see a slow decline for a while longer. Gotta keep up the illusion of good-enough times until after Bush is re-elected.

I suppose I have to watch at least some of the Presidential Debate charade tonight.

Later.

END TABOO OPINIONS #21